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AFTER HOURS

a screenplay by Joseph Minion

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4th Draft

Property of:

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1 INT. OFFICE - DAY.

Midtown Manhattan. A large, carpeted room with overhead fluorescent lights. There are many desks with word processing machines scattered about the room, each with MEN and WOMEN of various ages operating them. PAUL HACKETT, 28, is at one of the desks. WALTER DITMAN, 35, the supervisor of the department, taps PAUL on the shoulder.

PAUL

Hey, Walter.

WALTER watches what PAUL is working on.

WALTER

Jennings Lang?

PAUL

Hmm-hmm.

Pause.

PAUL

Proofreader's corrections.

WALTER

So you're almost done?

PAUL

Almost.

Pause.

PAUL

Why?

WALTER

Because I have a trainee for you--

PAUL

Oh come on, Walter---

WALTER

Twenty minutes...I'm too busy,
really...

Pause.

PAUL

You know, it's humiliating enough
to be a word processor...but to
teach it---

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

WALTER
Look at it this way...it'll break
the monotony.

PAUL
(doubting)
Hmm-hmm.

Pause. PAUL looks down, away from WALTER.

PAUL
Walter, I feel...I don't know...
I really feel like I'm just wasting
away here...I need some kind of
change or something, I don't know...

Pause. WALTER lets this blow over him.

WALTER
Paul...I need this...I'm too busy.

PAUL turns around and sees, sitting on a chair against a
wall, a young man, about 23 years old.

WALTER
Come on...he was a philosophy
major, just like you...you could
talk to each other about "nothing-
ness" or something...

CUT TO:

2 INT. OFFICE - LATER.

At another desk PAUL is sitting next to LLOYD, the trainee,
who is operating a word processor. He is just finishing
a practice run. LLOYD presses a key.

LLOYD
...Now "File"...and it's in Memory,
right?

PAUL nods.

PAUL
And just mark down the prefix code
in the blue book.

LLOYD
Oh, right, right...

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Well...I'm sure you'll do just
fine.

LLOYD
Well, it's only temporary anyway.

PAUL seems distracted.

PAUL
Hmm?

LLOYD
I say it's only temporary...Oh,
don't tell Mr. Ditman I said that,
will you?

PAUL
Hmm?...No, no...

During these next lines of LLOYD's we see that PAUL is looking around at the other WORD PROCESSORS in the office; they've each decorated their work areas with little personal touches: Polaroids, little stuffed animals, etc. They are mostly older than PAUL.

LLOYD
...Because I really want to get
into publishing...there just
aren't too many openings right
now. Actually I'd eventually
like to start my own magazine...
not really underground, but sort
of, you know...counterculture...
like a forum for writers and
intellectuals who can't get into
print anywhere else--

At this point LLOYD turns to see that PAUL is no longer there.

CUT TO:

3 INT. ELEVATOR.

PAUL is alone in the elevator, rubbing his temple. We see that the elevator is descending by the floor indicator.

CUT TO:

4 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - UPPER EAST SIDE.

PAUL steps into the apartment, shutting the door behind him as if he's shutting out the world. He stands there

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

several moments, against the door, looking blankly at his apartment -- the accouterments that make up his life.

CUT TO:

5 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - LATER (EARLY EVENING).

PAUL, standing in front of a bookshelf, pulls a bound volume. It is his high school yearbook. He sits on the bed and opens the book to the class portraits. He finds a picture of a very pretty girl, PAMELA ROGERS, and under her name and list of class activities is printed her life dream: "To hang ten at the beach at Waikiki". PAUL smiles slightly to himself, nodding.

After a beat PAUL reaches for the phone and dials "0".

PAUL
Operator, what is the area code
for Waikiki Beach, Hawaii?

Pause. He hangs up, dials the area code and information.

PAUL
Um, in Waikiki, please, do you
have a Rogers, first name Pamela?
...I have no address...Yes?!...
Hold on...

PAUL reaches for a pencil and paper.

PAUL
Go on.

He writes down the number.

PAUL
Thank you.

He hangs up. He seems surprised to have gotten this far. Another beat and he is on the phone again, dialing that number. After one ring, the phone is answered, the voice on the other end sounding very far away.

PAMELA
Hello?

PAUL
Hello...Pamela?

PAMELA
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

PAUL

Pamela Rogers? From Teaneck,
New Jersey?

PAMELA

Yes.

PAUL

Pamela...This is Paul Hackett...
We went to Teaneck High together!
God, I don't believe it! This
is amazing! I mean...I mean I
just...I just opened our high
school yearbook and it said under
your picture that your life dream
was to surf in Waikiki and I
thought, well, "Let's see if she
did it! Let's see if she got to
Waikiki!" And you did! My God,
I mean you're really there! You're
there and you surf and everything
...just like you wanted! I mean,
you're surfing, right?

PAMELA

Yes, I surf, sure.

Pause.

PAUL

I mean...My God, that's great!
You know, you...you did it! You
knew then what you wanted to do
and you're really doing it! Your
dream! It's...it's so great,
really...I just can't believe
you're really there! Really there
in Waikiki...living your fantasy!
Oh God! You must be one happy
person! Goddam!

Pause.

PAMELA

Right, well...I really gotta go...

PAUL

Wait wait wait...do you...do you
remember me?

PAMELA

Uh, yeah, I think so...Paul Hackett
...yeah, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

Pause.

PAUL
 Uh...Well...Pamela, I just think
 it's so great...you're there in
 paradise, surfing and everything
 ...I mean isn't it fantastic?!

PAMELA
 It's all right.

Pause.

PAUL
 But...It's...It's fantastic!
 It's really, really great! It's
 ...uh! I don't know! It must
 be really paradise!

Pause.

PAMELA
 Yeah, yeah, it's all right.

Pause.

PAUL
 Yeah...well....

PAMELA
 Well, gotta go...nice of ya to call.

PAUL
 Uh, right, well, bye!

Pause.

PAUL
 Aloha---!

He is hung up on. PAUL sits there, humiliated.

CUT TO:

6 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

PAUL is drugging himself with television, changing channels constantly, disgusted with each show. He presses the long row of cable channel buttons; each yields a boring, arcane program. Defeated, he shuts the set off and sits there for several moments in complete darkness.

CUT TO:

7

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER THAT NIGHT.

PAUL is sitting at a table eating a chicken salad sandwich and coffee. He reads a paperback edition of Henry Miller's Tropic of Cancer. Soon MARCY, 25, sits down near him. They are the only customers, and are obviously strangers.

MARCY

Great roast beef.

Pause.

PAUL

It always tastes better when it's thinly sliced.

MARCY

This is thinly sliced.

Pause.

MARCY

But it's just good meat, too.

PAUL

Well...I'm sure...

MARCY

Is Citicorp closed now?

PAUL points to his mouth indicating that he'll answer her as soon as he finishes chewing.

PAUL

The public area?

MARCY

Yeah, those little tables.

PAUL

I don't know.

Pause.

PAUL

Can't go home for some reason?

MARCY

No, I can't. I had exterminators come today. I have to keep out of my apartment for twenty-four hours. I'm allergic to that stuff.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Twenty-four hours?

MARCY
Yep.

PAUL
So where're you going to stay
tonight?

MARCY
Over at a friend's. She's got
an extra bedroom.

Pause.

PAUL
Were they doing construction
near your apartment -- sidewalk
restoration or something like
that?

MARCY
How'd you know that?

PAUL
Whenever that happens, that's
when rats show up...cockroaches,
whatever...Their homes are being
upset. They've got to go some-
where.

MARCY
Sounds like you're talking from
experience.

PAUL
Do you want another coffee?

MARCY
Uh, no, that's all right.

MARCY notices the book in PAUL's hand.

MARCY
I love that book.

PAUL
Oh...yeah...I think Miller is
great.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

MARCY

"This is not a book. This is a prolonged insult; a gob of spit in the face of art; a kick in the pants to Truth, Beauty, God"... something like that!

PAUL

Very good!

MARCY gets up and seats herself right at PAUL's table.

MARCY

Well, that's all I remember.

PAUL

I've read it before...I just felt like reading it again for some reason. I don't re-read books that often.

MARCY

(whispering)

Let me ask you...does that cashier seem a little weird to you?

PAUL turns to look at the CASHIER.

MARCY

Just keep watching him. He makes these strange movements.

They both stare. The CASHIER is motionless.

MARCY

Keep watching.

PAUL

What does he do?

MARCY

Keep watching.

The CASHIER does a travesty of a pirouette. PAUL and MARCY stifle laughter.

PAUL

I guess he's waiting to be discovered.

Pause.

PAUL

You sure you don't want some more coffee?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

MARCY

No...I'm gonna head over to my friend's.

PAUL

Which way you headed?

MARCY

Downtown. Soho.

PAUL

Nice...loft?

MARCY

Yeah...she's a sculptress. Lately she's been making these plaster of Paris bagels and cream cheese.

PAUL

Really?

MARCY

Yeah...She tries to sell them as paperweights...You want to buy one?

PAUL, studying MARCY, tries to figure out if she's serious.

PAUL

Well...I don't know...How much do they cost?

MARCY shrugs and gets up.

MARCY

Well, if you think you might be interested, the number is 431-3770. Her name is Kiki Bridges.

MARCY hoists her pocketbook over her shoulder.

MARCY

Nice talking to you.

She leaves. PAUL pulls out a pen and tries to write the number on the placemat, but the pen is out of ink. He gets up and approaches the CASHIER.

PAUL

Can I borrow your pen for a second?

The CASHIER stares at PAUL for a second, then pirouettes.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

CASHIER

Sure!

He hands PAUL his pen.

CUT TO:

8 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT.

PAUL puts a record on -- something like Albinoni's Adagio. Eventually he pulls out the paper with MARCY's phone number. He dials the number: two rings, three, four -- after the fifth, PAUL is about to hang up when KIKI does answer.

KIKI

(panting)

Yes?

PAUL

Yes...may I speak to Kiki Bridges?

KIKI

(panting)

This is her...may I help you?

PAUL

Sorry...did you just get in?

KIKI

(laughing)

Well...I've...I've never quite heard it put that way before... Who's this?

PAUL

My name--- You don't know me... I'm calling because I'm interested in your paperweights.

PAUL waits. He hears KIKI's panting slowing down.

PAUL

You're the sculptress, right?

KIKI

Uh-huh.

PAUL

Someone I met tonight...the girl who's staying with you tonight... told me about your paperweights.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

Pause.

PAUL

Uhh...so I'm interested in taking a look at them. I can't spend much...

KIKI

The girl who's staying with me?

PAUL

Yes...for tonight. I met her and she told me---

KIKI

(interrupting)

Hold on.

PAUL hears a distant mumbling; then MARCY picks up.

MARCY

Hello?

PAUL

Hi...This is Paul Hackett...Uh, we met earlier---

MARCY

Hi! Sure, I remember...How are you?

PAUL

All right, you know...I just got home, emptied my pockets, found the number you gave me and figured, why not, it's not that late...

MARCY

Good...good...I'm glad you called ...So...

PAUL

So do you work near that diner... or you were just in the neighborhood...or...

MARCY

No, I was just over at a good friend of mine's. Actually, we had a terrible argument.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

PAUL waits for her to elaborate. She doesn't.

PAUL
That's too bad...

MARCY
Well...

PAUL
Whatever it was, I'm sure you'll
straighten it out.

MARCY
You think so? You think I should
try to make up?

PAUL
Well, I don't...I don't know, for
sure...maybe you're better off...
I mean I don't know what the
circumstances were...It's really
none of my business...

MARCY
So how's Henry Miller doin'?

PAUL
What is your name, anyway? I just
realized...

MARCY
Sorry!... "Marcy".

PAUL
"Marcy"...Is that short for some-
thing?

MARCY
Maybe...not in my case...I changed
it from something else.

PAUL
Oh...

MARCY
So...why don't you come over?

PAUL
Now?

MARCY
Sure.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

PAUL
All right. Wait a minute, let
me get a pen.

Pause.

PAUL
Okay.

MARCY
It's 495 Broome Street.

PAUL
Yeah, I know where that is.

MARCY
The name on the buzzer is "Franklin".

PAUL
Not "Bridges"?

MARCY
No, "Franklin".

PAUL
All right. About 45 minutes?

MARCY
Great. See you later. Glad you
called.

PAUL
Me too. Bye.

CUT TO:

9 INT. PAUL'S BATHROOM.

CLOSE-UP: A mirror clouded with steam. PAUL wipes it
clean with his hand. He has shaving cream on his face.

PAUL
(to his reflection)
Why am I doing this?

CUT TO:

10 EXT. EAST 91ST. & 2ND AVE. - NIGHT.

PAUL hails a cab heading south. He opens the back door.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Listen, I only have a twenty...
can you change it?

DRIVER
Sure.

PAUL gets in the cab. It takes off with a jolt.

CUT TO:

11 INT. TAXICAB.

Loud music comes from the cab radio. The ride is uncomfortable. PAUL looks out the window to see the numbers on the street signs get smaller. At one point PAUL pulls out his \$20 and puts it in the change cradle but a gust of wind blows the money out the window. The cab soon slows down and stops at 495 Broome St.

DRIVER
That's six-thirty.

PAUL
Listen, I think my money flew
out the window...I stuck it in
here when you turned and now I
don't see it...I'm sorry...I
have no more money.

The DRIVER turns around and stares angrily. After a few seconds the DRIVER turns back around and PAUL gets out.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. BROOME ST.

PAUL once again regards the DRIVER.

PAUL
Really...I'm very sorry.

The cab takes off.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP: PAUL's finger running down the names on the intercom, stopping at "Franklin", obviously written over another name. PAUL presses, then grabs the doorknob. He hears only a window opening overhead and he steps back to see a young woman, KIKI, looking down.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

KIKI
 (shouting)
 Are you Paul?

PAUL
 Right.

KIKI
 Catch!

A set of keys bounces off PAUL's palm, onto the ground.

KIKI
 Sorry!

PAUL picks them up and tries inserting one into the keyhole, but it doesn't fit. He tries another and, unlocking the door, steps inside.

CUT TO:

13 INT. KIKI'S LOFT.

PAUL enters the loft, the door slightly ajar. It is quite large, with artist's materials strewn about. KIKI, wearing jeans, sneakers and a bra is working on a life-size sculpture of what appears a horribly victimized man. PAUL occasionally glimpses KIKI's breasts. He shuts the door.

KIKI
 Hi!

PAUL
 Hi. Your keys...

KIKI
 Oh, you could just put them on the table over there.

KIKI points to a large, paint-stained draftsman's table.

PAUL
 (looking at sculpture)
 I like that.

He drops the keys on the table.

KIKI
 Do you?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

PAUL

Yes...It reminds me of that Edvard Munch painting...what is it...
"The Shriek"?

KIKI

"The Scream".

PAUL

"The Scream", right...Sort of a three dimensional version.

KIKI

That's some compliment.

PAUL

I mean it...Is Marcy here?

KIKI

Uh, she had to go out to the all-night drug store. Take your coat off.

PAUL

She all right?

KIKI

It's under control.

Pause.

PAUL

It's nice of you to let her stay here tonight.

KIKI

You can help yourself to some coffee if you want.

PAUL

No thanks. Mind if I look around though?

KIKI

Not at all. Just be careful. I have rats.

PAUL walks farther into the loft, which is even larger than it first appeared, turning out to be a huge L-shape. There are dirty dishes piled high in the kitchen sink, and all sorts of strange paraphernalia that, with the

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

help of several small lights with colored gels, give the place an eerie ambience.

PAUL
 (walking back
 towards KIKI)
 This place is huge. You share
 with anyone?

KIKI is standing in front of the statue.

KIKI
 Hey, would you like to work on
 this for a while? I could use
 a break.

PAUL
 What?

KIKI
 It's not hard.

PAUL
 What are you talking about...
 It's yours...How would I know
 what you want?

KIKI drops the strip she is holding into the bowl.

KIKI
 Here, grab some of this stuff
 and slap it on. I need a smoke.

KIKI lights a cigarette. PAUL works on the sculpture.

PAUL
 So, Kiki, I thought you had some
 plaster of Paris paperweights
 for sale...

The telephone rings, and KIKI walks far into the loft to answer it. As PAUL applies strips of newspaper to the sculpture he sloppily gets the sticky liquid on his shirt. He can overhear KIKI's talking.

KIKI (O-S)
 ...Well of course he's here...you
 invited him...that's your problem
 ...well I'm not gonna tell him...
 I can't talk any louder...

KIKI hangs up and begins back towards PAUL.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

KIKI
How's it goin'?

PAUL
Just fine. I gave him a shoulder.

KIKI sees PAUL's soiled shirt. PAUL looks down at his shirt as well, looks up and laughs, shrugging.

KIKI
Gimme the shirt, I'll throw it
in the washer...

PAUL
Oh, no, it's all right...it'll
come off...

KIKI will not take "No" for an answer. PAUL hesitates.

KIKI
You wanna look nice for your big
date, don't ya?

Pause.

PAUL
All-- All right...

PAUL takes his jacket and shirt off and hands them to KIKI, who walks towards the laundry room as PAUL continues working on the sculpture. He scratches his left shoulder, but as there is newspaper stuck to his finger, the strips come off on his shoulder, unbeknownst to PAUL. KIKI returns holding another button-down shirt which she throws to PAUL. He catches it and begins putting it on.

KIKI
You know, you do that all day
and your own shoulders get pretty
sore.

KIKI rubs her left shoulder.

PAUL
You want a massage?

KIKI
You read my mind -- would you?
It's just that constant dipping...
you feel it after awhile, you
know?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

She sits on a couch. PAUL sits behind her.

PAUL
I'm not very good at this...
A few basic moves...

KIKI
Just make it hurt and you're on
the right track, that's all I know.

PAUL
(massaging)
You have a good body.

KIKI
Yes...not a lot of scars.

PAUL
Uh...true...it never occurred to
me---

KIKI
I mean some women are covered with
scars. Head to toe. I'm not one
of them.

PAUL
Scars?

KIKI
Horrible, ugly scars.

Pause.

KIKI
I'm just telling you now.

PAUL
Well, I don't know. I know when
I was a kid...I had to go to the
hospital to have my tonsils removed
...Well, they were out of space
and after my operation they had
to put me in the burn ward. Before
they wheeled me in a nurse tied a
blindfold around me and told me
never to take it off...that if I
did my tonsils would grow back.
I said I didn't understand why,
but she insisted that if I took
it off I would regret it for the

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

PAUL

(cont'd.)

rest of my life. Well, that night
 ---at least I thought it was night
 because it was so quiet---I reached
 my hand up and started to untie my
 blindfold...

KIKI begins to snore. PAUL gets up and tiptoes to the door. When he opens it he can see the top of MARCY's head and right arm as she ascends the staircase. He tiptoes back in and sits down, next to the asleep KIKI. MARCY enters and smiles brightly upon seeing PAUL.

MARCY

Hello again! Sorry about this --
 I was detained---

PAUL

Hey, don't worry about it...So
 how are you?

MARCY lightly pecks PAUL on the cheek.

MARCY

Good...good...Listen, let's go
 into my room and get away from
 all this mess.

PAUL follows MARCY down the hall. MARCY notices KIKI sprawled on the couch.

CUT TO:

14 INT. MARCY'S BEDROOM.

MARCY takes off a light jacket. PAUL sits on the floor.

MARCY

(sitting on the bed)
 Don't be silly...sit on the bed.

PAUL

You don't mind?

MARCY

(patting the bed)
 Come on.

PAUL sits on the bed. He looks at her, smiling warmly.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

MARCY

(flatly)
What'd you do to her?

PAUL draws away slightly. Pause.

PAUL

I...I didn't do anything to her.
She fell asleep...what can I say?
She was tired. What do you mean,
what did I "do" to her?

MARCY

Hey!--Calm down, it was an innocent
question!...Listen, I'll be right
back, I'm gonna take a quick shower,
okay?

PAUL

Sure...you had a rough day...I
think a shower would do you good.

MARCY ruffles PAUL's hair.

MARCY

I knew there was something special
about you!

She gets up, takes her shoes and stockings off and
rummages through her small suitcase for a towel and robe.

MARCY

I hope you don't have to get up
early tomorrow or anything...

PAUL

No...no, I don't.

MARCY

Because I think you're somebody
I can really talk to...

MARCY begins heading out the bedroom.

PAUL

Talk to...

MARCY

And tonight I feel like...oooh...
I don't know...like I'm just gonna
let loose...maybe...maybe...

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

MARCY

(cont'd.)

I don't know...I don't know...
I'm glad you're here.

PAUL

I'm glad I came.

MARCY

(pointing to her
suitcase)

If you want to smoke a joint,
there should be a couple in
there. Feel free...

PAUL

Thanks. I don't think so.

MARCY winks at him and leaves. PAUL looks at his watch.
It is ten past one. The phone rings. After two rings
PAUL answers.

PAUL

Hello?

MAN'S VOICE

Is Marcy there?

PAUL

Marcy?...She can't come to the
phone right now...can I take a
message?

MAN'S VOICE

Could you just tell her Greg
called?

PAUL

Sure.

There is a click. PAUL hangs up.

PAUL

Shit.

KIKI, topless, walks past the door, yawning.

KIKI

She back?

PAUL nods. KIKI frowns and walks on. After several
moments PAUL regards the drug store bag MARCY brought

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

and quietly opens it, removing a bottle of ointment, the label showing that it is some kind of burn medication. He hears MARCY approaching and puts the bottle back. She enters in her robe, hair wet, carrying her clothes.

MARCY

Ahhh...that felt good...

She shivers.

PAUL

Want me to close the window?

MARCY

That's all right, I got it.

MARCY, with much effort, manages to shut the window.

MARCY

Whoever lived here before must've been a body-builder. Jesus!

PAUL

Well, who's "Franklin"?

MARCY

(scoldingly)

Hey, I thought I told you to sit on the bed!

PAUL sits on the bed.

MARCY

I'm going to ask you to wait here just one more minute...I promise.

PAUL

(unenthusiastically)

All right.

MARCY

You're the best.

MARCY leaves with the drug store bag. PAUL hears MARCY and KIKI giggling from inside the bathroom. Looking out the window he sees a couple making love across the shaft-way, in another building. He watches.

MARCY (O-S)

What, Paul?

She enters.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

PAUL

What?

MARCY

What did you say?

PAUL

I didn't say anything.

MARCY

You didn't just say something...
just now?

PAUL

No...I didn't say anything.

Pause.

MARCY

I could swear I thought I heard
you say something in here.

PAUL

Well...I didn't.

MARCY

This loft is full of strange noises.
I don't think I'll be able to sleep
at all tonight.

She sits on the bed, next to PAUL. PAUL sniffs the air.

PAUL

What is that...linseed?

MARCY

Just skin moisturizer...I have dry
skin.

PAUL

Hmmm...

PAUL touches MARCY's face.

PAUL

Feels pretty nice to me.

PAUL leans forward to kiss her. MARCY draws back.

MARCY

Please...

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

PAUL
What's the matter?

MARCY
Nothing...I think you're very
nice. I do. Could we just talk
a little while?

PAUL
Of course...Sure.

Pause.

PAUL
Greg called before.

MARCY
Oh...how'd that little faggot
find out I was staying here
tonight?...Probably wants to
whine about his latest boyfriend.

PAUL sticks his chest out slightly.

PAUL
It's hard to deal with friends
like that sometimes.

MARCY
Well...that's what friends are
for...

PAUL
Well, sure--

MARCY
I just can't deal with it tonight.
Not tonight. Does he want me to
call him back?

PAUL
He didn't say.

MARCY
Well, since you answered the phone
he probably figured I was--

She gets up, closes the door and sits back on the bed.
Pause.

MARCY
I'm frightened. I---

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

PAUL

Tell me what's wrong...

MARCY shifts. PAUL gets a fleeting glimpse of her inner thigh, which appears to be covered with scars.

MARCY

I was raped once...as a matter of fact it happened right here in this room...I lived here once.

She points to the window.

MARCY

He came in through there, off the fire escape. He held a knife to my throat and said if I made any noise he'd cut my tongue out. Then he tied me to the bed. He took his time...six hours.

PAUL

Was he ever...did you call the police?

MARCY

No.

Pause.

MARCY

Actually, it was a boyfriend of mine. To tell you the truth, I slept through most of it.

Pause.

MARCY

So, there you are.

PAUL looks out the window. The WOMAN who before was making love is now drawing the curtain. He looks back at MARCY; for an instant it appears as though she were grinning, but a second later looks appropriately serious.

At this point the phone rings. Neither PAUL nor MARCY answer it.

CUT TO:

15 INT. KIKI'S BEDROOM.

A single shot of KIKI holding the receiver, giggling.

CUT TO:

16 INT. MARCY'S BEDROOM.

The phone rings and rings, PAUL and MARCY just sitting there, a mood of uncertainty pervading the room. Finally, MARCY stands up.

MARCY

Do you want to go for some coffee?
I feel like getting out of here.

PAUL

Absolutely. There's some place
open this late?

MARCY

Sure...it's not even two yet.

PAUL gets up.

MARCY

Hold me.

As PAUL puts his arm around MARCY he looks at his watch.
It is five to two.

MARCY

Do you think I'm just wretched?

PAUL

I don't know what to think anymore.
Come on, get dressed.

MARCY

How 'bout waiting up front?

PAUL

Sure.

PAUL leaves the bedroom.

CUT TO:

17 INT. KIKI'S LOFT.

PAUL walks into the main room. The sculpture now appears finished. PAUL pulls on one of the strips of paper on the chicken wire seeing that it is a twenty-dollar bill. He re-applies it and steps back, hearing some noise in the back of the loft.

PAUL

Kiki?

Seconds later MARCY comes out of the bedroom, dressed and heavily made-up.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

MARCY
Ready?

PAUL
Hmm-hmm.

They leave.

CUT TO:

18 INT. DINER.

PAUL and MARCY sit at a booth. There are only two other customers.

MARCY
You want to get something to eat?

PAUL
Shit!...I just remembered, I have no money...

He pulls out all his change and counts it: 97¢.

MARCY
Well, I didn't bring my pocketbook.

PAUL
Well, we have enough for two cups of coffee, but then I won't be able to get home tonight. No tokens.

Pause.

MARCY
Well, it's up to you...

The WAITER arrives.

WAITER
Yes?

PAUL
Two coffees.

The WAITER nods and leaves.

MARCY
How come you didn't bring any money?

PAUL
I had twenty dollars. I took a cab

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

PAUL

(cont'd.)

down to the loft, and my money
flew out the window.

MARCY

Gee, now I kind of feel like I
owe you something!

PAUL

You know...I've been wondering
all night...who's "Franklin"?

MARCY

Franklin...Franklin is my husband.

PAUL

Really? So it's your husband's
loft?

The WAITER arrives with two coffees.

MARCY

He owns it, yes.

PAUL looks at his watch. 'It is a quarter to three.

PAUL

Well, may I ask...don't you live
with him?

MARCY

No...he's in Turkey right now.

PAUL

Well is he coming back?

MARCY

No.

PAUL

Don't you miss him?

MARCY

Look, I stayed with my husband
for three days. I was very young
when we got married and my husband,
well, he was young, too. My
husband was a movie freak.
Actually, he was particularly
obsessed with one movie...

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

MARCY

(cont'd.)

"The Wizard of Oz". He talked about it constantly. I thought it was cute at first.

Pause.

MARCY

On our wedding night -- I was a virgin -- well...when we made love...you've seen the film, haven't you?

PAUL

"The Wizard of Oz"?

MARCY

Yes.

PAUL

Yes, I've seen it.

MARCY

Well...when we made love... whenever he...you know...when he came...right at the moment of...orgasm...he would just scream out: "Surrender Dorothy!" That's all, just "Surrender Dorothy!" I mean, you know, instead of moaning or saying "Oh, God" or something normal like that...

PAUL .

Wow...

MARCY

I mean, you know...it was pretty creepy, and I told him I thought so but he couldn't stop. I mean, he said he didn't even realize it, can you imagine?? So I just broke the whole thing off.

PAUL

I'm sorry, I guess I'm really putting you through the mill tonight.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

MARCY

Well, I'm used to it. You know, I still love him very much. In fact, we write each other every day. Naturally I don't like to talk about it.

She takes PAUL's hand.

PAUL

(to WAITER)

Check, please.

WAITER

On the house!

PAUL

Really?

WAITER

Sure, what the hell...it's late. Different rules apply when it gets this late, know what I mean? You know..."after hours".

PAUL

Well, thank you!

MARCY

Thanks, Peter.

WAITER

Sure, Marcy...have a good evening.

He winks at her. PAUL releases MARCY's hand.

MARCY

Allons-nous!

They leave, MARCY blowing the WAITER a kiss.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. WATT ST.

PAUL and MARCY are walking closely; PAUL pulls away.

MARCY

Why are you so tense?

PAUL

(flatly as he stares ahead)
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

A cab passes, the PASSENGER waving towards MARCY.

PASSENGER

Hi, Marcy!

MARCY waves.

MARCY

Wow, what a small world.

PAUL

Who's that?

MARCY

Oh, just Horst. I must call him.

Pause.

MARCY

God, it's cold out, isn't it?
But then again, I've got "thin
skin".

PAUL puts his arm around her.

PAUL

It's all right. Nobody's perfect.
Don't be hard on yourself.

MARCY

Really?

PAUL

You have nothing to be ashamed of.

By this time they have arrived at the loft building and MARCY unlocks the front door, PAUL following her in.

CUT TO:

20 INT. STAIRCASE, LOFT BUILDING.

On the third floor landing PAUL gently spins MARCY around and kisses her passionately. She begins to cry.

PAUL

It's all right...It's all right... .

CUT TO:

21 INT. KIKI'S LOFT.

They enter, MARCY leading PAUL to her bedroom.

CUT TO:

22 INT. MARCY'S BEDROOM.

PAUL enters, but MARCY stays in the hall.

MARCY

Wait a minute...I'll get a candle.

PAUL sits on the bed, removing his watch, jacket and shoes. He hears indecipherable whispering outside the room. Then, he puts on a small night light near the floor and notices a book leaning against MARCY's suitcase. He picks it up and begins flipping through it. It is a medical book dealing with burn treatment.

Inside are graphic, hideous photographs of human third degree burn victims. Finally, PAUL, disgusted, throws the book against a wall. MARCY enters, wearing only a robe and holding a lit candle. She shuts off the night light.

MARCY

Well, here we are.

She kisses PAUL on the lips, then sets down the candle.

PAUL

How about a joint?

MARCY

Yeah...good idea.

PAUL gets on the bed as MARCY gets a joint out from her suitcase. She lights it with the candle flame.

PAUL

(smoking)

What type of pot is this?

MARCY

Hmm?...Uh, it's Colombian.

They pass it back and forth.

PAUL

That's a lie.

MARCY

What?

PAUL

This isn't Colombian. I don't even think it's pot.

MARCY

Well, that's what the person who sold it to me said.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

PAUL

Well he was lying. This is shit.

MARCY

Don't get upset...It's not important.
I just won't buy any more from him.

PAUL

Lying bastard!

MARCY

Whoa!...Who cares...forget about
it...I didn't spend that much.

PAUL

Where are those plaster of Paris
paperweights...that's what I came
here for in the first place...
Since I've been here I haven't
seen one plaster of Paris paper-
weight.

MARCY

What's the matter?

PAUL

Please, I would like to take a
look at a plaster of Paris bagel
and cream cheese paperweight.

MARCY

Right now.

PAUL

Right now.

MARCY

They're in Kiki's bedroom.

PAUL

Please, get me a few samples.
As we sit here chatting there
are important papers flying
rampant all over my apartment
because I don't have anything
to hold them down with.

MARCY

Fine. I'll be right back.

MARCY leaves. Quickly, PAUL puts his shoes back on.

CUT TO:

23 INT. KIKI'S LOFT.

PAUL walks down the hallway, his jacket and watch back on. Behind him he hears MARCY crying.

KIKI (O-S)
It's all right, it's all right...

PAUL hurries to the door. From his POV we see the sculpture which, in the dark, looks very human. He leaves.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. LOFT BUILDING.

PAUL emerges from the building. It is raining very hard. PAUL puts his collar up and runs.

CUT TO:

25 INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM.

PAUL gives the ATTENDANT 90¢. The ATTENDANT shakes his head, pushing the change back under the window.

ATTENDANT
A dollar-fifty.

PAUL
What?

ATTENDANT
Fare went up to a dollar-fifty
as of midnight.

PAUL
Are you kidding?

The ATTENDANT shakes his head.

PAUL
Look, it's raining like mad
outside...

He takes out the rest of his change.

PAUL
I've got ninety-seven cents.

ATTENDANT
No.

PAUL
Oh come on, gimme a break...
I just wanna get home...

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

ATTENDANT

Sorry, can't do it. I could
lose my job.

PAUL

Who the hell would know?

ATTENDANT

I could get drunk at a party...
talk about it to someone...who
knows.

PAUL

Oh God, wouldja just give me
the goddam token?

ATTENDANT

No.

There is a far away rumbling sound.

PAUL

Come on, hurry up, I hear the
train.

The ATTENDANT just stares at him, immoveable. Behind PAUL, the subway begins pulling in, screeching to a halt. PAUL, resolute, jumps the turnstile, but as soon as he does he sees a COP swing around from behind a girder, glaring angrily. PAUL jumps back over the turnstile and runs up the stairs.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE.

PAUL runs up to the ground level, into the pouring rain. He dashes across Sixth Avenue.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. SOHO BAR.

PAUL, now very wet, sees that the bar is open.

CUT TO:

28 INT. SOHO BAR.

PAUL enters. Besides a BARTENDER and a WAITRESS, who wears a beehive hairdo, there is only a COUPLE, slow-dancing. PAUL sits at a small table, panting.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

The WAITRESS approaches him. She is JULIE.

JULIE

Can I get you something?

PAUL

I only have ninety-seven cents.

JULIE

Hmmm...that's not very much.

PAUL

That's all right...Can I just sit here awhile and not order anything?

JULIE

Oh, sure...

JULIE walks back to the bar. PAUL tries to light a cigarette but his matches are too wet. He gets up and walks over to the cigarette machine, finding fresh matches at the bottom. He sits back down at the table and notices, face down, a check. It is the kind of check with "Thank You" printed on it.

PAUL turns the check over. Written in a nervous scrawl are the words: "I hate this job! Help me!" PAUL notices JULIE looking at him with an expression of desperate melancholy and tries to avert her glance. He gets up and makes for the men's room, ignoring JULIE's constant gaze.

CUT TO:

29 INT. MEN'S ROOM.

PAUL combs his hair in front of the mirror, then steps in front of the urinal. Standing there, he notices, on the wall, a drawing of a naked man, his penis erect and in the mouth of a shark. He leaves.

CUT TO:

30 INT. SOHO BAR.

PAUL sits at the bar, as he sees JULIE sitting at his table. Immediately the BARTENDER walks over.

BARTENDER

What'll it be?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

PAUL

Oh...I don't want anything.
I just thought I'd sit here.
Is that okay?

BARTENDER

Sure...but I'll tell you right
now, if you're lookin' to make
friends don't get your hopes up
...looks like a pretty slow night.

PAUL

Yeah, well...it is late.

BARTENDER

Not for this place. Things are
usually hoppin' around now.

PAUL

Well, that's all right. Actually
I just came in to get out of the
rain. I just wanna get home.
I hope it lets up soon.

BARTENDER

Aren't the subways runnin'?

PAUL

Well, I happen to be broke at the
moment, too.

BARTENDER

Oh, Christ, I'll give you the
money, poor guy...Jesus!

PAUL

Buddy...I can't tell you how much
that would mean to me...

At that moment the BARTENDER notices something outside.
PAUL turns to see a MAN in a raincoat run in front of
the bar, looking in towards the BARTENDER and, frowning,
indicating the number "4" with his fingers. The MAN
then runs on.

BARTENDER

Oh, Christ...

PAUL

What is it?

BARTENDER

Not another one...

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Another what?

BARTENDER
(nodding towards street)
Guy lives across the street from me. He's come in three times tonight to tell me about three separate robberies in this neighborhood...all tonight.

PAUL
Jeez...

The BARTENDER now looks preoccupied.

PAUL
What's the matter?

BARTENDER
Hmm?...No, I'm just trying to remember if I turned my burglar alarm on at home tonight... Sometimes I forget...

He thinks a few more moments, then looks at PAUL.

BARTENDER
Well, anyway...

Now, the BARTENDER tries to open the cash register. No matter what he does, it does not open, and the BARTENDER becomes increasingly violent in his attempts, sweat forming on his brow. PAUL raises his hand in a calming gesture.

PAUL
Hey, it's all right.

The BARTENDER slows down and stops.

BARTENDER
I just don't like not being able to open the cash register, you know? What if we got a rush now?

PAUL
I see your point.

PAUL looks over at JULIE, who still glares at him.

PAUL
Well, don't you have a key or something?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

BARTENDER

Yeah, but I keep it up in my apartment.

The BARTENDER looks at PAUL, getting an idea.

BARTENDER

Listen...I can't leave here now but...well, how'd you like to do me a favor?

PAUL

For subway fare?

BARTENDER

If you don't mind...

PAUL

You got it.

BARTENDER

Great.

The BARTENDER pulls out his house keys.

BARTENDER

I'm at 158 Spring. Top floor.

He begins to slide the keys over the counter at which time we see they're attached to a skull and crossbones key-chain. But he pulls back before PAUL can grab them.

BARTENDER

Wait a minute...what am I doing...

PAUL

Right...you don't know me. Look, I'm not gonna rip anybody off tonight, believe me...

Pause. PAUL takes out his keys, sliding them over.

PAUL

Here...my deposit...okay?? Really...if you had any idea what I've been through tonight you'd know all I wanna do is crawl into my nice, warm bed.

Pause. The BARTENDER studies PAUL.

PAUL

Come on, I insist...take them.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

The BARTENDER takes them and hands PAUL his own keys.

BARTENDER

All right...Now the keys are hanging on a hook over the light switch. The alarm is under the light switch. Make sure you see the beeping red light, okay?

PAUL takes the keys.

PAUL

158 Spring?

BARTENDER

Top floor.

PAUL

Be right back.

As PAUL leaves, JULIE tries desperately to grab him.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. 158 SPRING ST.

PAUL arrives and unlocks the door. He steps inside.

CUT TO:

32 INT. 158 SPRING ST.

PAUL, climbing the stairs, circles a landing, then climbs what appears to be the highest staircase. He opens the door at the top, which has no lock, only to realize that he has climbed to the roof. For a few seconds he gazes at the street below, then goes down one flight and unlocks the door on that landing.

CUT TO:

33 INT. BARTENDER'S APARTMENT.

PAUL enters and flicks on the light, closing the door behind him. He immediately finds the burglar alarm right over the switch, a beeping red light indicating that it is "on". There are plenty of rock posters on the walls, and record jackets lying all around. PAUL heads for the bathroom.

CUT TO:

34 INT. BARTENDER'S BATHROOM.

PAUL splashes water on his face and, finding no towel, takes some Kleenex from a box to dry off. He throws the Kleenex in the toilet and flushes, but the pipes are clogged and the clear water swirls upward, rising rapidly and finally overflowing. PAUL steps away.

CUT TO:

35 INT. BARTENDER'S APARTMENT.

PAUL puts his foot up on a table in order to tie his shoe. As he does he notices a small terrarium with a gecko inside, lapping its forked tongue at PAUL. PAUL finishes tying his shoe when the telephone rings and the BARTENDER's answering machine comes on.

BARTENDER'S VOICE

Hi, this is Tom. Please leave a message when you hear the beep.

There is a beep tone. Then, a WOMAN's voice:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hello, Tom, this is your mother
...I know you're there, Tom...
answer the phone...I'm telling
you, you better pick up or you'll
be asking for it...

PAUL begins heading out the door.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Stop right there, Tom...Now...
don't you walk away when I'm
talking to you...

PAUL reaches for the receiver, then backs away and opens the door.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Tom! Get back here! Now! That
is a direct order! Tom! Tom!!!

PAUL steps out.

CUT TO:

36 INT. 158 SPRING ST.

PAUL heads down the stairs. Nearing the bottom landing, he overhears voices with gay inflections.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

1st MAN (O-S)
Oh look...a postcard from Phil!

2nd MAN (O-S)
Oh, I don't wanna read it. I'm
jealous. He even sounded tan
on the phone.

PAUL begins down the last staircase. The MEN look up at
him, suddenly becoming serious.

1st MAN
Well, I wonder if this is our
local friendly burglar!

2nd MAN
(to PAUL)
You get what you wanted, or did
we get here too soon and spoil
your fun?

PAUL tries to leave but the 1st MAN grabs him. He stops,
noticing a sign taped on the door behind the men:
PLEASE MAKE SURE DOOR IS LOCKED TO PREVENT FURTHER
BURGLARIES.

1st MAN
Well...who are you? You don't
live here.

PAUL
Hey, leave me alone. I'm a
friend of Tom's.

2nd MAN
Tom who? There are three "Tom"'s
living in this building.

PAUL
Let go of me. I'm not a burglar.
Now, let go.

PAUL tries to pull away.

1st MAN
He asked you which "Tom".

PAUL
Look, I don't know his last name.
He lives on the top floor.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

1st MAN
How'd you get in here?

PAUL sighs, shaking his head. He pulls out the BARTENDER'S keys.

1st MAN
All right. Sorry. It's just that there've been about eight break-ins in the neighborhood just this week.

PAUL nods and leaves.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. SPRING ST.

PAUL begins heading in the direction of the bar when, crossing a street he sees, to the south, two FIGURES, one carrying a TV set and the other that life-size sculpture from KIKI's loft. The FIGURES stop behind a van parked on the street. PAUL runs toward them.

PAUL
Hey!

Hearing this, both FIGURES drop what they're carrying. They quickly climb into the van and drive off, speeding by PAUL who soon reaches the TV, the tube broken, and the sculpture. He straddles the latter behind him, piggy-back style, and carries it toward Broome St.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. LOFT BUILDING.

PAUL presses KIKI's buzzer, then looks up at the fourth floor window. KIKI pops her head out, but she is gagged and, apparently, bound. Her head disappears, then pops out again with her keys dangling from her mouth. She lets them fall.

CUT TO:

39 INT. LOFT BUILDING.

PAUL rounds a landing with difficulty, the statue an awkward burden.

CUT TO:

40 INT. KIKI'S LOFT.

PAUL enters. KIKI is huddled in a corner, tied up. PAUL moves over to her and removes her gag.

KIKI
Paul...

PAUL
Kiki...

KIKI
It's raining!

PAUL
No, it isn't.

PAUL begins to untie her.

PAUL
How'd they get in?

KIKI
How'd who get in?

PAUL
The burglars.

KIKI
What burglars?

PAUL stops untying her, confused.

PAUL
The guys I just saw with your sculpture...and a TV set.

KIKI slowly breaks into a grin.

KIKI
Neil and Pepe?...I just sold them my television. What are you doing with my sculpture?

At that moment HORST enters, dressed in black leather clothing, with spurred boots and spiked bracelets.

KIKI
(to PAUL)
I'm sorry, but you can't stay the night. Not after the way you walked out on Marcy. Regular ladykiller, aren't ya?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

HORST

This the guy?
(to PAUL)
I'm Horst.

PAUL

Paul. Could you...?
(indicates sculpture
still on his back)

With a little force, HORST gets the sculpture off PAUL's back, setting it back where it was before. It is cracked in many places. HORST sits down at a baby grand piano.

HORST

That was rude of you before,
Paul. You really ought to be
ashamed of yourself.

PAUL

I am. I don't know how I could've
been so thoughtless.

Pause.

PAUL

Lack of discipline?

HORST glares at PAUL.

KIKI

Well...it's not too late for you
to finish what you started. That
goes for all of us.

All three stares at each other. PAUL sneezes.

HORST

Better not kiss her on the mouth.

HORST begins playing a slow, dirge-like piece on the piano.
PAUL walks to MARCY's bedroom and goes in.

CUT TO:

41 INT. MARCY'S BEDROOM.

PAUL closes the door. MARCY is lying in bed, on her side,
the covers up to her shoulders. PAUL sits on the floor
across from her. She is looking right at him.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

PAUL

Look...I know it was pretty disgusting of me to walk out on you the way I did...and I'm sorry.

Pause.

PAUL

I just got a feeling that it wasn't gonna work out between the two of us...I guess I just wanted to avoid exactly this type of scene...I know I was leading you on...I admit...and that was a mistake. It was just...well, you know...I was kinda horny and well...well...you know...

Pause.

PAUL

I mean, all of a sudden I felt this bad karma coming from you ...I mean, that stuff about your husband...your boyfriend...are you kidding or what?

Finally PAUL touches MARCY, discovering that she is dead, an empty bottle of sleeping pills next to her.

PAUL

Oh, shit...

PAUL tries to leave, but the door is locked. He shakes it violently, calling out. Then he runs into it with his shoulder and it flies open, PAUL crashing to the ground. He picks himself up.

CUT TO:

42 INT. KIKI'S LOFT.

PAUL runs into the main room.

PAUL

Kiki!?!

He runs to the back of the loft.

PAUL

Kiki! Are you here...!??

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

He runs back to the main room and finds a note on the piano: "P & M -- Horst & I went to Berlin for drinks. Join us if you feel up to it. (Corner W. B'way & Grand) See ya! --K". He stuffs the note in his pocket, then goes back to MARCY'S bedroom.

CUT TO:

43 INT. MARCY'S BEDROOM.

PAUL picks up the phone and dials "0".

PAUL
Operator, get me the police.

VOICE
4th Precinct.

PAUL
I want to report a death.

VOICE
Who is the deceased?

PAUL
Uhh...her name is "Marcy". I think. I just met her tonight.

VOICE
Was there an accident?

PAUL
Look...I don't really know what happened. I just found her here dead. I think she killed herself.

VOICE
Where are you?

PAUL
495 Broome. Fourth floor.

VOICE
Stay right there.

PAUL
I guess there's gonna be a lot of question-asking.

VOICE
Huh?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Forget it. Yeah, all right, I'll
be here.

He hangs up, then sits on the edge of the bed. He looks curiously at MARCY, then begins pulling down the sheet, slowly, revealing a perfect, beautiful body, a skull and crossbone tattoo on her inner thigh.

PAUL
Shit!

He pulls out the BARTENDER's keys (on skull and crossbone keychain) and rushes out the bedroom door.

CUT TO:

44 INT. KIKI'S LOFT.

PAUL is now carrying a stack of signs, each with the words "Dead Person" written with Magic Marker and a little arrow. One, sans arrow, he tapes on the door to MARCY's bedroom. He places another along a wall in the main room.

CUT TO:

45 INT. STAIRCASE, LOFT BUILDING.

PAUL tapes up a couple more "Dead Person" signs.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. BROOME ST.

PAUL sticks his comb in the door to KIKI's building and runs in the direction of the bar. It is again raining. He hears a noise from behind a mailbox.

JULIE (O-S)
Psssst! Psssst!

JULIE pops up, holding an umbrella. PAUL runs under it.

JULIE
I did it! I quit my job!

PAUL
Well what do you want me to do
about it?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

JULIE

Let's go celebrate! Let's have
a drink! Tier 3 is open---

PAUL

Will you shut up! Look, lady,
I don't know what your problem
is but I can't go "have a drink"
with you. In fact, I've got to
get back to the bar and get my
keys so I can go home!

JULIE

You poor boy!

PAUL

So how about walking me over there
so I don't get drenched again?

JULIE

(frantic)
No! No! I can't go back there.
If I go back, he'll make me start
waiting tables again!

PAUL

I thought you quit.

JULIE

Well, I didn't tell him.

PAUL

You left a note?

JULIE

Well, no.

PAUL

You just walked out?

JULIE

Actually, this is my break.

Pause.

PAUL

Then you haven't really quit.

JULIE

Well, no...I really need the
money.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. SOHO BAR.

PAUL and JULIE arrive to find the bar closed, with a sign on the door: "Had to step out -- Back in 1/2 hour".

JULIE
Business is slow tonight.

PAUL
Now what...

JULIE
You hungry?

PAUL
Huh?

JULIE
I live across the street. How
'bout a TV dinner?

At that moment NEIL and PEPE drive their van past the bar, the one PAUL saw earlier.

PAUL
Hey!...Neil!...Pepe!...Wait a
minute!...I didn't know---

They speed away.

JULIE
Who are they?

PAUL looks painfully beleaguered. JULIE smiles warmly.

JULIE
My place?

They cross the street and enter an apartment building.

CUT TO:

48 INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT.

A large studio, with a kitsch/pop-sixties decor: vinyl curtains with pictures of Albert Einstein on them, a lava lamp, sketches of JFK, Dylan, Warhol, etc. JULIE turns on a light and removes her plastic see-through raincoat. She hangs it and PAUL's wet jacket on a light pink coat rack. PAUL sits in a potato-chip chair.

PAUL
Goddam rain.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

JULIE

Yeah, I know...New York City'll
get you every time.

PAUL, confused at this, just frowns as JULIE goes to her refrigerator-freezer and pulls out a Swanson TV Dinner. She dangles it, facing PAUL.

JULIE

Yes?

PAUL shakes his head. He lights a cigarette.

JULIE

Suit yourself.

JULIE puts the TV Dinner back, then goes to a stereo.

JULIE

You like the Monkees?

PAUL shrugs. JULIE puts a record on, then joins PAUL.

PAUL

What's your name?

JULIE

Julie.

PAUL nods.

PAUL

I'm Paul.

JULIE

Rough night, Paul? You look
depressed.

They stare at each other. PAUL speaks with difficulty.

PAUL

I---I---I just---I came down-
town tonight just---she invited
me---I didn't---Oh-----

PAUL breaks down, his cigarette falling to the floor. JULIE, nonplussed, changes the record to Joni Mitchell.

JULIE

Is that better? "Chelsea Morning"?

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

JULIE

What is it?...Paul??...Talk to me...

PAUL

(sniffing)

Look...I'm sorry to bother you... I'll get out of here as soon as they open up downstairs and I can get my keys.

JULIE

Oh no! I have to sketch you first!

JULIE goes to a desk and removes sketching materials. She sits across from PAUL and begins an outline.

PAUL

What are you doing?

JULIE

So talk about it...tell me your problems.

PAUL

I'd rather not.

JULIE

Come on, lighten up.

PAUL

When the hell are they coming back?

PAUL gets up and looks out the window. Across the street, the bar is still closed. JULIE keeps sketching.

PAUL

What the hell time is it?

JULIE

It's late.

PAUL looks around at the various sixties paraphernalia. Around JULIE's bed PAUL notices a circle of mousetraps.

PAUL

(to himself)

Jesus...

(to JULIE)

So you really hate that job, huh?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

JULIE
I hate both my jobs.

PAUL
What else do you do?

JULIE
I work in the Xerox shop downstairs.

PAUL
Downstairs?

JULIE
We're right on top of it. I've
got the keys. Wanna see it?

PAUL
That's all right...I've had enough
excitement for one night.

JULIE
It's a lousy job, but I can make
free copies whenever I want.

PAUL
Gee whiz.

JULIE
Hey...what is that: "Gee whiz" --
you humoring me? I don't have to
take that kind of shit.

PAUL is ashamed. JULIE stops sketching.

JULIE
I mean, what is with people today?
You can't say anything without
some smart answer. You have to
be so goddam careful about every-
thing you say! You think I don't
notice? I know what's going on.
I hear customers in the Xerox store
when they make fun of me. I over-
hear people at the bar, talking
about how stupid I am.

PAUL
Hey, I didn't mean anything---

JULIE pulls away.

JULIE
No! All I ever do is try to be nice.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

JULIE

(cont'd.)
It was raining, but I didn't have to invite you up here, did I?

PAUL

You're not "stupid". Don't ever say that. I hate when people who aren't stupid say that about themselves. I mean, I don't hear it that often, but---

JULIE

I have trouble figuring out the tax on checks. So what. I mean, it's hard. -- 8%. In Jersey it's 10%. You know how much harder it is to figure out 8% than 10%? I mean, 8%'s a bitch when there's a rush. Just because I have a little trouble---

She begins to weep.

PAUL

Hey, hey...it's all right. You don't want the job anyway...

JULIE

But I need the money!!!

She holds her head. PAUL holds her. The record goes off. PAUL then sits down at the coffee table.

PAUL

Sit down here.

PAUL pulls out another chair and JULIE sits there.

PAUL

No more crying. You're a terrific artist. You have a very good eye. Just keep working hard and pretty soon, I know you won't have to wait tables anymore. I'm sure of it. I'm sorry if I was rude. Really.

JULIE

What about xeroxing? Do you think I'll have to keep xeroxing?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Of course not.

Pause.

PAUL
What a night.

JULIE
I still gotta go back to...work.

Pause.

JULIE
Whatever happened to you tonight,
I'm sorry.

PAUL
Yeah...well...

JULIE
Paul?

PAUL
Yes?

JULIE
Do you like my hairdo?

PAUL looks at her hair. Finally, he responds.

PAUL
Yes I do.

JULIE
Why don't you...touch it.

PAUL
Well...that's all right.

JULIE looks hurt.

PAUL
Well, are you sure?

JULIE nods. PAUL leans over and lightly touches her beehive hairdo. The hair is obviously hard and brittle.

PAUL
(forced)
Mmmmmmm...

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

As PAUL touches her hair, she smiles. A small bee crawls out from behind and flies away, PAUL not noticing. The sound of a metal gate is heard outside.

PAUL
Think he's back?

They both get up and look out the window, PAUL's hand still in JULIE's hair. The BARTENDER unlocks the gate.

PAUL
Thank God! I can finally go home!

JULIE pouts.

PAUL
Now what's the matter?

PAUL removes his hand from her hair. She stands straight.

JULIE
Well...I don't know...I mean, I kinda thought we had something here, you know?

PAUL
Julie...

JULIE
I mean...I don't have to go back to work...I can say I was sick... Even if I get fired...I don't really care...

PAUL
You know, it's late...

JULIE
Oh...I...I got the feeling you like me. No?

She pulls him close to her.

JULIE
You're not gonna walk out on Julie, are ya...after I take you in out of the rain? After I let you touch my beehive hairdo??

PAUL
Julie, do you have any idea what

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

PAUL
 (cont'd.)
 time it must be? I need some
 sleep!

JULIE
 There's a bed right there---

PAUL looks and sees a dead rat's tail.

PAUL
 Julie, I really just want to go
 home. I'll see you some other
 time. I promise.

JULIE begins getting nervous.

JULIE
 No, you won't. You're lying
 to me.

This plays on PAUL's guilt over MARCY. JULIE looks away.
 PAUL glances out the window.

PAUL
 All right, look...I'm gonna go
 across the street and give your
 boss back his keys, and I'm gonna
 get my keys back. Then I'll be
right back. I promise. I'll be
 back in two minutes.

JULIE
 (doubting)
 Yeah...

PAUL grabs his jacket and starts out the door.

PAUL
Two minutes.

PAUL leaves. JULIE picks up the sketch of PAUL, holding
 it to her bosom.

JULIE
 Please come back, Paul.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. SPRING ST.

PAUL exits the building and, as he crosses the street,
 notices NEIL and PEPE's van pass on an adjacent street.
 There are two motorcycles parked outside. He enters.

CUT TO:

50 INT. SOHO BAR.

The BARTENDER is pouring the two CYCLISTS drinks when he notices PAUL walk in. PAUL sits down at the bar.

BARTENDER

Well, well...what happened to you?

PAUL

Long, difficult story.

BARTENDER

Honestly, after you didn't show for so long I figured you did rob me blind. Closed up here to check it out...Neighbor let me in my building...said he did see you leave, in fact he wasn't too sure 'bout you.

Pause.

BARTENDER

...But, here you are. I gotta tell you, you had me worried...

PAUL

Yeah, I'm---, I'm sorry...

BARTENDER

So how about a drink...you look like you can sure use one!

The CYCLISTS, their backs to PAUL, are kissing.

PAUL

Yeah, well...I can use a Spanish fly, anyway...

BARTENDER

She won't put out, eh?

PAUL

It's not for her, it's for me--- I seem to have gotten involved with one of your cocktail waitresses... don't ask me how...

BARTENDER

Miss Beehive of 1965?

PAUL

Believe me, this is not my idea.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

BARTENDER

So, take off...what's she gonna
do, kill herself?

The bar phone rings. The BARTENDER answers it and, as he talks, PAUL walks to the jukebox, reading song titles. Seeing the BARTENDER off the phone, he walks back.

PAUL

You know, you're right. Just
give me my keys.

PAUL slides the BARTENDER's keys over to him, but he is obviously very depressed about something and does not respond. PAUL's expression changes.

PAUL

What's the matter?

The CYCLISTS stop kissing and also regard the BARTENDER.

BARTENDER

My...my girlfriend...she killed
herself...just a little while ago
...sleeping pills...

PAUL

No!

CYCLIST #1

That's terrible!

CYCLIST #2

How awful!

BARTENDER

We...we had a fight this after-
noon...I told her to get out of
my apartment...I...I...It's my
fault! Oh, God...!

He leans forward on the bar and cries, slamming his fist.

BARTENDER

Marcy! Marcy! Marcy!

PAUL and the two CYCLISTS exchange awkward glances.

PAUL

(to CYCLISTS)

I don't know what to say.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

CYCLIST #1
What can you say?

CYCLIST #2
Yeah...after all, it wasn't your
fault!

The CYCLISTS glare at PAUL. PAUL backs away from the bar, leaving the BARTENDER's keys there, as he seems to suddenly remember something.

PAUL
(to BARTENDER)
Try to calm down. I'll be right
back.

PAUL leaves.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. SPRING ST.

We PAN in the opposite direction as PAUL crosses Spring St. and buzzes JULIE's apartment.

CUT TO:

52 INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT.

JULIE lets PAUL in. He is panting heavily.

PAUL
You all right?

JULIE
Why...yes...

Pause.

JULIE
You said two minutes, though.

PAUL
I know, I know...Sorry...

JULIE
What's wrong?

PAUL
I...I was afraid you might do
something...foolish.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

JULIE

Did you miss me?

PAUL

Uh...Like I've never missed anyone before...I can't tell you how much I missed you.

Pause. JULIE smiles. She kisses PAUL passionately.

JULIE

I'm gonna give you a present.

PAUL

That isn't necessary...come on, I've only known you -- what -- an hour?

JULIE opens a bureau drawer, pulling out a white object.

JULIE

You said you'd come back and you did. These days, that's something to be commended...and rewarded.

JULIE brings to PAUL a plaster of Paris bagel and cream cheese paperweight.

PAUL

How nice.

A mousetrap snaps near JULIE's bed.

JULIE

I bought it from a local artist. Kiki Bridges. Ever hear of her?

PAUL

No, never...Look, Julie, I said I'd come back and I did. Now... I'll see you again, I promise... it's just that I really want to get home. I miss my bed. You can understand that, can't you?

JULIE's expression grows somber.

PAUL

Are you all right?

JULIE

You keep asking me that.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

Pause.

PAUL
Let's exchange phone numbers.

PAUL picks up JULIE's sketch pencil and a napkin.

JULIE
431-8289.

PAUL writes it down, then reaches for another napkin.

JULIE
Wait. I want to have it in my
address book. If I can find it.

JULIE looks around on her desk.

JULIE
You're not going to give me a
phony number, now.

PAUL
Of course not.

She continues looking, opening all the drawers.

JULIE
(to herself)
Ohhh...what did I do with my
brains today?

She continues searching, with desperation.

JULIE
What did I do with my brains?

JULIE moves to the couch, feeling between the pillows.

JULIE
I really seem to have misplaced
my brains today!

PAUL gets nervous.

PAUL
Listen, it's all right, really.
I'm in the book.

JULIE ignores, opening cupboards in the kitchenette.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

PAUL

You wouldn't leave it in the kitchen, would you?

JULIE

You never know.

JULIE opens the cupboard under the sink.

JULIE

Where have I put my brains!?

She reaches in and tosses out a natural sponge. PAUL whimpers.

JULIE

My brains! My brains! Where are they?

PAUL

Julie, it's all right, really...

JULIE opens the refrigerator. She takes out a breadbox-sized Tupperware casserole, only slightly transparent. Inside is some gray, bulbous mass swimming around.

JULIE

Where did I leave my brains?

She begins prying the lid open. PAUL holds her arms.

PAUL

(frantic)

IT'S ALL RIGHT, I SAID!!

He pulls her away and turns her around.

PAUL

Please...I am going home now. I am going home right now. My name is Paul Hackett. H-A-C-K-E-T-T. I am in the book. I promise. Good-bye.

PAUL leaves.

CUT TO:

53 INT. LANDING OUTSIDE JULIE'S APARTMENT.

PAUL leans against the wall. JULIE opens the door of her apartment, holding the plaster of Paris bagel out in front of her, thrusting it out at PAUL.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

PAUL
GO AWAY!!!

He runs down the stairs. JULIE begins to cry.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. SPRING ST.

PAUL runs out of JULIE's building, across the street to the bar, which he finds again closed. PAUL goes back across the street and presses JULIE's intercom.

JULIE (O-S)
Yes?

PAUL
Julie, it's me...Paul. Look,
I changed my mind...I would like
to stay with you...please...for
a little while...okay??

Pause.

JULIE (O-S)
Go away.

PAUL steps away from the doorway. He walks away.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. WOOSTER ST.

A single shot of PAUL walking, looking very anguished.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. BROOME & WOOSTER STS.

PAUL crosses Broome St. and runs into the BARTENDER, walking up from the direction of KIKI's loft. Behind him PAUL can see an ambulance parked, and two MEN carrying MARCY out on a stretcher, a white sheet over her.

PAUL
It's her?

The BARTENDER nods. Shakily, he takes out a note.

BARTENDER
She left this...under her pillow.
That's how they knew to call me.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

Pause.

BARTENDER
I wish I'd've never found out.

PAUL takes the note. The handwriting is jittery.

PAUL
"All I have to say is that this
act is not the fault of Thomas
Shorr, my beloved."

PAUL looks up. The BARTENDER is crazed.

PAUL
Some note.

The BARTENDER grabs PAUL, shaking him violently.

BARTENDER
What does it mean!? WHOSE FAULT
IS IT THEN??! WHOSE FAULT IS IT??!!

PAUL breaks away.

PAUL
Let go of me...you're hysterical.

BARTENDER
Sorry...

The BARTENDER wipes his nose.

PAUL
Listen...I know this is a bad time
to ask you but...do you happen to
have my house keys???

BARTENDER
Huh?

PAUL
Uhh...my house keys...the ones I
gave you before...I'd really like
to get home...

The BARTENDER forces himself to think.

BARTENDER
Oh...uhh...no...They're in the bar.

PAUL
Aaaah...

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

BARTENDER
I forgot all about them...Sorry.

PAUL
Oh...it's perfectly understandable.
No need to apologize.

BARTENDER
You...you still don't have a place
to sleep tonight, huh?

PAUL
Well...you know...the rain's let
up...I may just have to wait it
out 'til morning. Still, I will
have to walk all the way uptown.
I guess I can get my superintendent
to let me in...

BARTENDER
Nonsense...you can stay at my place.

The BARTENDER takes out his keys.

BARTENDER
Here...

PAUL
Aren't you coming?

BARTENDER
I've gotta go to the morgue...
Wanna come?

PAUL
No...I'm very sleepy.

PAUL takes the keys. They look at each other.

PAUL
I'm very sorry about what happened.

BARTENDER
Yeah...well...

PAUL
We'll talk in the morning...

They part.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. 158 SPRING ST.

NEIL and PEPE exit the building carrying large metal cases. They look all around, trying to see if anyone is watching them, as they stash their loot in the back of their van parked in front of the building.

NEIL

Wanna call it a night? My arms
are killing me.

PEPE

I'm sick about my sculpture.
Three hundred bucks. Let's
cruise Macdougall again, it's
gotta be there.

They close the back of the van and climb into the front. As PAUL reaches the entrance he sees NEIL and PEPE patch out. He enters the building.

CUT TO:

58 INT. BARTENDER'S APARTMENT.

PAUL enters. He turns the burglar alarm to "off". He sits on the BARTENDER's bed, very tired, and begins removing his shoes. On the night table he notices a little framed picture of MARCY. He turns it around. He lies down on the bed.

PAUL

Jesus...

He gets up to turn the light off. When he does, it is pitch dark, and he trips, crashing to the floor. He knocks a strobe light on and, with every few flashes of the white light he sees, all around him, that same picture of MARCY, the gecko in the terrarium, and the rock posters. He grabs his shoes and runs out.

CUT TO:

59 INT. 158 SPRING ST.

PAUL rounds a landing, putting his shoes on. He runs right past an apartment door where the two MEN he ran into earlier are calming another TENANT down.

TENANT

All my cameras...my lenses...all
stolen! I'm not insured!

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

The MEN catch sight of PAUL running past. Their expressions turn to anger.

MAN #1
Him again! Hey, you, wait a minute!

PAUL hears footsteps running down the stairs behind him as he bolts out the front door.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. MERCER ST.

A single shot of PAUL running, quite frantic.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. SIXTH AVE.

PAUL sees the Moondance Diner again.

CUT TO:

62 INT. DINER.

PAUL enters. The CASHIER is yelling at a BUM.

CASHIER
I said no goddam panhandlin' in my place...now get your grubby face outta here, ya hear??

During this PAUL makes his way to the men's room. As the BUM leaves, the CASHIER's attention turns to PAUL.

CASHIER
Uh, fella...the rest room is for customers only...

PAUL
Huh?

CASHIER
I mean...you didn't just come in here to use the rest room, did you? Because the rest room is for customers only.

PAUL
Uhh...No, no...I...I want to order something...Yes I do...

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

The CASHIER nods as if granting permission. PAUL continues on to the men's room.

CUT TO:

63 INT. MEN'S ROOM.

PAUL, in front of the sink, splashes water on his face.

CUT TO:

64 INT. DINER.

PAUL emerges from the men's room to find a booth ready with a glass of water, placemat and utensils.

CASHIER

Make yourself comfortable...
Menu's on the table.

PAUL sits down at a booth. He looks at a clock on the wall. It reads 11:20.

PAUL

That clock's not right, is it?

CASHIER

No.

PAUL looks out the window, across Sixth Avenue. He sees a WOMAN standing on the corner, just looking at him, dead still.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. SIXTH AVENUE.

The WOMAN is standing next to a telephone pole. She regards PAUL, across the street, and then a poster taped to the pole, although we cannot read what it says. She begins across the street towards the diner.

CUT TO:

66 INT. DINER.

PAUL sees the WOMAN walk right up to the window of the diner so that she is glaring right at him, accusingly. Finally she walks away, PAUL watching the whole time. PAUL pulls out a menu from between the salt and pepper shakers, placing it in front of him without opening it.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

From the back, putting on a coat, emerges the WAITER who had earlier waited on PAUL and MARCY.

WAITER
See ya tomorrow, Bobby.

CASHIER
So long.

The WAITER, seeing PAUL, smiles warmly.

WAITER
Can't resist our delicious coffee,
huh?

PAUL
Hmm? Oh,
(forces slight laugh)
just hadda pick up some food
for someone.

WAITER
Aaaah...Marcy?

PAUL
Hmm?

WAITER
Pickin' up some food for Marcy?

PAUL
Uhh...no, no...it's for someone
else.

WAITER
Oh! You dump Marcy already??
That sure was a quick romance!

PAUL
Oh, no, I...I don't know why you
say "romance"...we were...we're
just "friends".

WAITER
Oh, I don't know...I saw the way
she was lookin' at you...

PAUL
Whattaya mean?

WAITER
I can read people like a book...
She likes you!

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

PAUL

Oh...come on.

PAUL looks into the kitchen. The WAITER sits down.

WAITER

Are you kidding? How 'bout if I told you a little secret: Sometimes she used to describe what her ideal man would look like...You fit the description to a "T".

PAUL

Really.

PAUL hears something sizzling on the grill.

WAITER

I thought to myself, "My God, Marcy's finally met Mr. Right."

PAUL looks around impatiently.

PAUL

Is that right?

WAITER

It's uncanny.

PAUL

Well...what about her boyfriend?

WAITER

Oh, you know about him.

Pause.

WAITER

Listen, she keeps tellin' me she wants out o' that anyway...just lookin' for the right moment, you know?

PAUL

I see.

WAITER

You won't tell 'er I told you this, will you?

PAUL

No, I won't tell her.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

Pause.

PAUL
Well...

PAUL looks around the table. He opens the menu.

PAUL
It is late!

Pause.

WAITER
Yeah...well...I guess I'll get
outta here before my shift starts
again...

PAUL
Good idea.

The WAITER gets up.

WAITER
Well, say hello to Marcy for me.

PAUL
Will do.

The WAITER leaves. PAUL sits uncomfortably for a few moments, then, remembering something, pulls out the note KIKI left in the loft: "Berlin -- Corner Grand & W. B'way". He starts for the door.

PAUL
(to CASHIER)
Be right back, just gotta put a
quarter in the meter...I'll have
a burger and a Coke.

PAUL leaves.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. CLUB BERLIN.

A BOUNCER stands at the entrance, controlling a velvet-covered waist-high chain. He is dressed in new wave fashions. Music emanates from inside. PAUL approaches.

PAUL
May I enter?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

BOUNCER

I can't let you in at the moment.

PAUL

May I come in at a later time?

BOUNCER

It is possible...but not at the moment.

PAUL cranes his neck to see the crowd inside.

BOUNCER

If you are so drawn to it, just try to force your way in...but I'm warning you: I'm pretty strong and I'm the smallest bouncer. After me there's Russ, O.J. and Jett. He's a huge mother.

At that moment a GUY with a Mohawk haircut saunters up and the BOUNCER immediately opens the chain for him. PAUL tries to squeeze in, too, but is pushed back.

PAUL

Why'd you let him in?

BOUNCER

Tonight's "Mohawk Night"...If you have a Mohawk, you could go in.

PAUL

Oh come on, just let me in.

BOUNCER

You really wanna go inside?

PAUL

Yes...I'm looking for somebody. It's very important.

BOUNCER

You sure?

PAUL

Yes.

BOUNCER

Come on.

The BOUNCER opens the chain, waving him through. He holds PAUL by the arm and leads him behind a curtain.

CUT TO:

68 INT. HAIRCUT ROOM, CLUB BERLIN.

The BOUNCER seats PAUL in a wooden chair a few feet away from where JETT, another bouncer, is shaving another GUY's head with an electric razor.

BOUNCER
(indicating PAUL)
Mohawk this guy.

PAUL
Whoa...I'm not getting a Mohawk
just so I could go in the club...

JETT finishes the other head. He approaches PAUL.

JETT
With pleasure...

PAUL jumps out of the chair and, pushing the BOUNCER aside, runs into the main club area.

CUT TO:

69 INT. CLUB BERLIN.

PAUL pushes his way through the club, packed to the rafters. He finally sees, sitting at a table across the dance floor, KIKI and HORST, sipping drinks. He heads their way when the BOUNCERS grab him and begin pulling him back towards the haircut room.

PAUL
Kiki...! Marcy's dead!!! Neil
and Pepe are crooks!!! I'm broke!!!
Heeeeeeeeeelp!!!

CUT TO:

70 INT. HAIRCUT ROOM.

The BOUNCER and JETT force PAUL into the chair.

PAUL
Let go!

JETT starts the electric razor and brings it to PAUL's head, the BOUNCER holding him down as PAUL struggles.

PAUL
No! No! NOOOOOO!!!

JETT comes teasingly close to PAUL's head with the razor, grazing his scalp.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

PAUL
CUT IT OUT!!

He continues, PAUL squirming in the chair. Finally PAUL breaks free of the BOUNCER's hold. He runs frantically out to the street.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. WATT ST.

PAUL is running, feeling his hair all over.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. BROOME ST.

PAUL finds himself back in front of KIKI's loft building. His comb still in the door, he steps inside.

CUT TO:

73 INT. KIKI'S LOFT.

PAUL enters, the door unlocked. He walks slowly into the loft, passing the sculpture, down to MARCY's bedroom. He sticks his head in for a moment. He lights a cigarette and walks back into the main room. He examines the sculpture closely and this time peels the \$20 bill off the man's arm, placing it in his pocket.

PAUL walks to the window, and looking down he sees a small group of people on the street. They are all looking up towards him, one of them pointing at him. PAUL steps back from the window. He leaves the loft.

CUT TO:

74 INT. FOYER, LOFT BUILDING.

PAUL looks out the window on the ground floor to see the group of people disappear around a corner. He runs out onto the street, in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. BROADWAY & SPRING ST.

PAUL hails a cab. When it stops, GAIL, mid-thirties, steps out of the back and, swinging the door quickly open, jabs PAUL's arm with the sharp chrome corner of the window frame.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

GAIL
Oh God, I'm so sorry!

PAUL
(hurrying)
That's all right, it's all right...

PAUL starts for the cab but GAIL holds him gently.

GAIL
Oh, no...that's not all right!
I feel terrible!

PAUL
Really, don't worry about it...

PAUL gets into the cab. Through the rear-view mirror he could see that the DRIVER is the same one who drove him downtown earlier. He glares at PAUL.

GAIL
No, don't go yet, please...I really want to apologize...God, I really feel terrible about what I did to you...I feel so responsible...you know...I feel, oh, what's the word...?

PAUL
Right...You feel bad.

GAIL
No, no...that's not the word...

PAUL
"Ashamed".

GAIL
Ummmm...No, no...Oh, it's right on the tip of my tongue...I feel ...I feel...

At this moment the DRIVER swings around and bores right into PAUL, who is holding the \$20 bill out to him.

DRIVER
GUILTY! GUILTY! You feel GUILTY!

GAIL
Right, right...that's it: "Guilty".
I feel "guilty".

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

PAUL jumps out of the cab. He slams the door shut and the cab takes off.

PAUL
Jesus...

GAIL
Oh, look...your arm is bleeding.

PAUL looks at his arm. There is a spot of blood.

PAUL
Great.

GAIL
I feel terrible. Here, come with me, I'll get you a bandage...

PAUL
Oh, no, really...it's not that serious...

GAIL
No, I insist.

PAUL
Well...actually I would like to make a call...can I use your phone?

GAIL
Sure, come on...

CUT TO:

76 EXT. PRINCE ST.

PAUL and GAIL round the corner from Broadway.

GAIL
I hate this neighborhood...

PAUL
Do you?

GAIL
Absolutely hate it. It's gotten so chi-chi. I've lived here almost fifteen years. Used to work in one of these lofts when they were still used as factories.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

GAIL

(cont'd.)

Now it's all glitter and glitz...
and crime. I'm surrounded by
people with orange hair.

They arrive at GAIL's apartment building; across the
street, a small mob is converging, looking at PAUL.

CUT TO:

77 INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT BUILDING.

They start up the stairs.

GAIL

...And it's not just that. It's
New York in general, I guess,
or all big cities...people are
huddled together and they become
monsters.

They are almost at the second landing, GAIL ahead of PAUL.

PAUL

Why don't you leave?

GAIL suddenly swings around, her eyes bulging.

GAIL

(screaming)

WHATTAYA MEAN, "LEAVE"?!! YOU
THINK IT'S THAT EASY TO JUST GET
UP AND LEAVE??!! YOU THINK I CAN
JUST DROP EVERYTHING LIKE A HOT
POTATO??! YEAH, "LEAVE", RIGHT!!
MY GOD!! YOU REALLY HAVE ALL THE
ANSWERS, DON'T YOU, SLIM?? WHAT
PLANET ARE YOU FROM??!!

Awoken neighbors open their doors on that landing.

NEIGHBORS

You all right, Gail?...Everything
okay?

GAIL turns around angrily to face her NEIGHBORS.

GAIL

Listen, either go back to sleep,
you hard-ons, or come out here and
sit on my face.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

The NEIGHBORS close their doors, but can be heard.

NEIGHBORS (O-S)
How rude!...Jesus, what's the
matter with her?

GAIL turns back to PAUL.

GAIL
I get a little saucy sometimes...
Come on, you can use the phone...

She motions with her head. They go up another flight.

GAIL
By the way I'm Gail.

PAUL
Paul.

GAIL
Funny, you look more like a "Ned".

PAUL follows her into her apartment.

CUT TO:

78 INT. GAIL'S APARTMENT.

GAIL switches on a light. Her apartment is a large studio.
She looks at the floor, a bit despondent.

PAUL
Uh...your phone?

GAIL
Wait a minute...I wanna dress that
arm of yours...

PAUL
Forget the arm...I really just want
to call a friend of mine, okay?

GAIL frowns, then nods her head towards the back of the
apartment. There is a light blue princess phone on a
table next to a queensize bed.

PAUL
You wouldn't believe what I've
been through tonight.

(CONTINUED)

78

CONTINUED:

GAIL

Well, I'm an ice cream vendor.
Mr. Softee.

PAUL

Huh?...Oh!

(laughs slightly)

...No, no...you misunderstood...
I didn't ask what you do for a
living...I said "you wouldn't
believe what I've been through
tonight"...

GAIL

It's not boring, and I have my
own Mr. Softee truck. It's not
boring.

By this time PAUL has reached the phone.

PAUL

(patronizingly)

Ahhhh...

He sits on the bed, lifts the receiver and dials 411.

GAIL

Also, you need a Class 4 New York
State Chauffeur's License. And I
have one. Got it on my own.

PAUL hears the information operator pick up. As he speaks,
GAIL sits on the bed behind him.

PAUL

(into phone)

Yes, in Manhattan, Lawrence Rydell
on Mulberry Street? Yes, R-Y-D-E-L-L.

GAIL

Need a pencil?

PAUL

That's all right.

Pause, as PAUL memorizes the number. He hangs up, then
immediately begins dialing.

GAIL

(smiling)

Six...three...nine...seven...two...

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

PAUL stops dialing, distracted. GAIL smiles broadly.
PAUL again dials 411, forcing a chuckle.

PAUL
(into phone)
Manhattan...Rydell...R-Y-D-E-L-L,
on Mulberry Street.
(to GAIL)
Very funny. Ha-ha.
(into phone)
Thank you.

He hangs up and begins dialing.

GAIL
Five...seven...one...eight...zero...

PAUL slams the receiver down, again distracted. GAIL is giggling. PAUL looks at her gravely.

PAUL
Well...I have forgotten the number
again.

Pause.

PAUL
I have had a terrible, terrible
night. Terrible, do you under-
stand?

GAIL
I'm trying to entertain you.

PAUL
I don't want any entertainment!
I am unable to get home tonight,
and I am trying, desperately, to
find a place to sleep the rest
of the night. Actually, I can
get into an apartment on Spring,
but I don't want to.

GAIL
Why not?

PAUL
Because it's this bartender's
apartment and, well, his girl-
friend committed suicide tonight
and I think it might be because
of me.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

GAIL

I see. That's out, then.

PAUL

So, if you let me make this call, you'll really be helping me, you know?

GAIL

That can wait. I feel so guilty. I really want to dress your arm... Please.

PAUL puts his head in his hands.

PAUL

All right.

GAIL

Good! Now, off with that jacket!

GAIL helps PAUL off with his jacket.

GAIL

And your shirt...

PAUL unbuttons his shirt, a tiny bloodstain on the arm. As he takes it off we notice that his left shoulder is covered with paper-mache-dipped strips of newspaper. PAUL looks at this in horror. GAIL is just perplexed.

GAIL

How'd they get there, Ned?

PAUL

I...I don't know...I was dipping some paper-mache before but...

GAIL looks at him suspiciously.

GAIL

I don't know, Ned...I just don't know...

GAIL bends over, examining the newspaper.

GAIL

Hmmm...lookey here...

She pulls off a dangling strip of newspaper and reads:

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

GAIL

"A man was torn limb from limb by an irate mob last night in the fashionable Soho area of Manhattan. The man, who police are having difficulty identifying because not only was no form of I.D. found in his shredded clothing but because his entire face was pummelled completely beyond recog---"

PAUL jumps up wildly.

PAUL

Stop it!

Pause.

PAUL

Look, I don't know what this means...but...just help me take this stuff off, okay?

GAIL

Okay...

But the strips are quite stuck and do not peel off easily. As she tries to peel, GAIL whistles a tune.

GAIL

That's the jingle my truck plays. Pretty catchy, eh?

PAUL

You havin' any luck with that?

GAIL

I'll tell ya, Ned...it ain't comin' off. Stuck pretty good.

PAUL

Oh, Christ...

GAIL gets up.

GAIL

I know! We'll burn them off! Matches! I need matches!

She looks around for matches.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Forget it, lady, you're not
lighting any fires on my back!

GAIL ignores him and heads for the door.

GAIL
I'll ask a neighbor...

PAUL
Lady...No...No...

GAIL
Can't stop me, Ned.

She leaves. Seconds later PAUL quietly grabs his shirt and jacket and begins putting them back on as he heads for the door. He tiptoes out.

CUT TO:

79 INT. 2ND FLOOR LANDING, GAIL'S APARTMENT BUILDING.

PAUL runs into GAIL coming out of a NEIGHBOR's apartment. She holds a book of matches.

GAIL
Where do you think you're going?

PAUL
I'm going home. I'm going to
start walking...

GAIL
How far's home?

PAUL
East 91st.

GAIL
Are you kidding? Listen, I like
you...If you want, I'll drive
you home in my Mr. Softee truck,
how's that sound?

PAUL
Where's the truck?

GAIL
Right around the corner...

PAUL thinks for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

PAUL
(decisive)
Okay.

CUT TO:

80 EXT. MERCER & PRINCE STS.

GAIL and PAUL are rounding a corner as they pass a telephone pole, and something on the pole catches GAIL's eye. She stops dead in her tracks, still behind the pole as PAUL keeps walking, stopping a few steps later, beyond the pole. As GAIL stands there she reads a xerox copy that has been taped to the pole: It is JULIE's sketch of PAUL, and under it the words "THIS MAN HAS BEEN SEEN BURGLARIZING APARTMENTS IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD. STOP HIM!"

PAUL
Well, come on...

GAIL slowly begins to seethe.

PAUL
What's the matter?

Finally, GAIL begins walking again, looking straight ahead.

PAUL
Well what's the matter?

GAIL
Shut up.

PAUL
Wha---

GAIL
Shut up.

They arrive at the truck. Then, GAIL swings angrily around, looking at PAUL severely.

GAIL
You're dead, pal!

PAUL
What're you--...Wha--...?

GAIL
Limb from limb!

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

PAUL notices JULIE's sketch of him on the pole. GAIL takes out a whistle from around her neck and begins blowing it. PAUL, hearing voices in the distance in reaction to the whistle, begins running in the opposite direction of the voices. Seconds later he hears the Mr. Softee truck start up.

CUT TO:

81 EXT. WOOSTER ST.

PAUL runs down the street.

PAUL
They're after me...

PAUL presses various apartment building intercoms.

PAUL
Let me in! Please!!

PAUL climbs a fire escape. Through a window next to the fire escape a MAN and WOMAN can be seen arguing. PAUL watches the street; then he hears screaming through the window. He looks.

CUT TO:

82 INT. MAN & WOMAN'S APARTMENT.

The WOMAN jumps out of bed.

WOMAN
That's it! I've had enough!
I hate you!! I HATE YOU!!!

The WOMAN pulls a gun out of a drawer. She fires six shots into the MAN's chest, then gets back into bed and reads a magazine.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. WOOSTER ST.

PAUL
I'll probably get blamed for that,
too...

Again hearing the jingle, PAUL jumps down and runs.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. THOMPSON ST.

PAUL, very tired and limping, gets on his knees.

PAUL
(to sky)
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?? WHAT
HAVE I DONE?? WHY DON'T YOU
LEAVE ME ALONE?? I'M JUST A
WORD PROCESSOR, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!

In the distance, PAUL can see MARK, dressed in police leather walking towards him. Behind him he can hear the Mr. Softee jingle. PAUL runs up to MARK, grabbing him by the jacket, pleading.

PAUL
Will you take me home with you---
please??

CUT TO:

85 INT. MARK'S APARTMENT.

They enter, PAUL standing near the entrance as MARK flicks on a light. As MARK takes off his jacket, PAUL lights a bent cigarette. MARK then takes off his shoes.

MARK
I'm Mark.

PAUL
Paul.

PAUL walks to the window, looking down at the street.

MARK
You want a drink?

PAUL
Hmm? No, thanks.

PAUL hears the Mr. Softee jingle, then sees the Mr. Softse truck coming down the street, a bunch of people sitting atop it. He backs away, sitting on a chair.

MARK
Listen...I have to confess some-
thing before we start...

PAUL looks at him but is obviously distracted.

MARK
This is my first time with a guy.
And I'm kinda nervous.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Listen, can I use your telephone?

MARK
Sure.

PAUL stands and walks to the kitchen. There is a wall phone. He dials "0".

PAUL
Operator, get me the police...
hello?...yes, my name is Paul
Hackett...Listen, I am being
persecuted by a vigilante group
in Soho---

They hang up on him. PAUL stands there, thinking.

MARK
So anyway...like I was saying...

PAUL is pacing back and forth.

MARK
Are you listening to me?

PAUL just stares ahead of him.

MARK
Hey...?

PAUL
Yeah.

MARK leans forward.

MARK
You know...I'm trying to tell you
something very delicate here...

PAUL now looks at MARK, but he seems to look right past him.

PAUL
Uh-huh.

Pause.

MARK
I just...I thought I should explain,
you know...I've...I've been through

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

MARK

(cont'd.)

a very difficult, confusing
period...sort of getting my head
screwed on straight, you know?

Pause. PAUL just stares at him blankly.

MARK

I guess it pretty much started
in high school...I knew I was
different...but I figured, you
know, maybe I was going through
a stage or something...you know
how you are in high school...
you're going through so many
changes you don't know what's
going on. Shit, I was confused!
Well, I managed to get out alive
...then went to college like
everybody else...figured I'd
distract myself with books...
and I did, I did...for a while.
Then I met Brian in my junior
year. Oh, he was straight, Brian,
real womanizer, you know...
terrific athlete, too...I used
to watch him work out in the gym
...I mean...what can I say, it
was an infatuation, but I'll never
forget it...I mean...you must
remember your first big infatuation,
right?

Long pause.

MARK

I say you remember your first
infatuation, don't you?

Another long pause.

PAUL

There's an angry mob and a Mr.
Softee truck out there looking
for me so they can bash my
brains in.

PAUL gets up and walks to the window, then turns to MARK.

PAUL

Can I use your bathroom?

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

MARK nods numbly. PAUL enters the bathroom.

CUT TO:

86 INT. MARK'S BATHROOM.

PAUL runs some water, splashing it on his face. He looks at himself in the mirror. Finally he leaves.

CUT TO:

87 INT. MARK'S APARTMENT.

PAUL walks over to MARK, his head down.

PAUL

Look...I'm pretty mixed up right now...I just need a place to hang out for a while...Can I stay?

MARK raises his head. His eyes are red and moist.

MARK

Why don't you just go home?

PAUL

Pal, I've been asking myself that all night.

MARK

Well, what happened?

Pause. PAUL takes a deep breath.

PAUL

All right. I met...this girl... I got to know this girl. She gave me her phone number. In a cab on the way down to her friend's all my money flew out the window. Now when I got to know her better, I must say I didn't really like her, so I left. I mean, it just wasn't going to happen so I left. I tried to take the subway, but the fare went up...Did you know the fare went up tonight? I didn't know anything about that. Then I went back up to the street...This bartender, he wanted to lend me money but I couldn't get the money

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

PAUL

(cont'd.)

until I got the cash register key so he could open up his cash register to give me the money but he didn't...I had to get the key from his apartment. Then when I was leaving his apartment and I saw these burglars stealing the sculpture, the, of, the sculptress was the roommate of the girl I met tonight and they were stealing her sculpture so I chased them and they dropped it and I took it back to her place, but this one time they weren't burglars...they had actually purchased something, so of course the roommate was pissed at me but also because I walked out on that girl. So I was feeling sort of bad about the girl I met before and I went in to apologize but she'd killed herself. She... she...she's dead.

Pause.

PAUL

Just... So, then I saw the waitress who works at the bar, worked, I think she quit, I don't know... she invited me to her place. We became friends. Then I had to go back to the bar...he kept opening and closing the place all the time ...I don't know what that was all about...and a phone call came in and his girlfriend had killed herself...it was the same girl I came downtown to see in the first place...and then I thought...when I heard that, I thought it could have been because of me...then I got worried about Julie...Julie, who was the waitress, I told you, who was working at the bar. I ran right back, I said "I'll be right back," and I ran right up to her apartment, and I asked her if she was okay, you know because, like, for a second I thought "My God, what if another one kills herself?"

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

PAUL

(cont'd.)

because, I mean, that can't really happen, but who knows? The fare went up! And, uh, so I uh, I went back to uh, then I met this, uh, oh I went back to the Club Berlin to tell her about, the uh, that her roommate was dead, but... it was Mohawk night...I don't know if you knew that, and I wouldn't get a Mohawk to get in there. I just...it just isn't worth it... So I, uh, left there and then I met this woman who was kind enough to let me use her phone but then she became enraged at me and I couldn't, I still don't understand that...there was some poster of me ...she saw my face on some wanted poster, uh, so she wanted to, pretty much, she was gonna give me a ride home in her truck and changed her mind. You know...I just came down-town to get laid and now all these people wanna kill me...Maybe I, maybe I deserve it. Maybe I deserve to die, I don't know...They could be right...I don't know...

Long pause.

MARK

You're completely deranged.

PAUL

It's the truth.

PAUL moves to the window. He sees, on the street, JULIE, riding a bicycle and slowing down by a telephone pole. She takes a sheet of paper from a stack in a basket in front of the bike and tapes it to the pole. PAUL opens the window.

PAUL

Hey!...Julie!...

Hearing him, JULIE looks up, then quickly gets on her bicycle and pedals away. Squinting, PAUL can make out the sketch of his face on the paper. He steps back from the window and starts towards the door.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

PAUL
What the hell...

He rushes past MARK, swings the door open and leaves.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. WOOSTER ST.

PAUL runs across the street to the telephone pole. Under the sketch of PAUL, JULIE has printed: "THIS MAN HAS BEEN SEEN BURGLARIZING APARTMENTS IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD. STOP HIM!" PAUL scrunches this into a ball and throws it. Then, hearing the Mr. Softee truck approaching from the direction of Houston St., he runs in the opposite direction, towards the Moondance Diner.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. GRAND ST.

As PAUL runs, we can see that all the telephone poles have these posters of PAUL taped to them. He tears them down, one by one.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. SIXTH AVENUE.

PAUL sees the light of the Moondance Diner ahead.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. MOONDANCE DINER.

Near the entrance PAUL can see, through the window, the BARTENDER sitting at one of the booths.

CUT TO:

92 INT. DINER.

PAUL sits down at the booth where the BARTENDER sits. He is panting very heavily.

BARTENDER
You...

PAUL looks desperately at the BARTENDER, only able to pant, trying to form words.

BARTENDER
What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

PAUL

You've...You've got to help me...

The BARTENDER leans forward.

BARTENDER

Get a hold of yourself...

(to CASHIER)

A glass of water, please!

PAUL

Tell them...I didn't do anything...

BARTENDER

Tell who you didn't do what?
You better make things a little
clearer, pal...I just got back
from the morgue...I'm not thinking
too straight either, you know...?

PAUL

Tell them...You know...Marcy...
That it wasn't my fault...None
of it--

BARTENDER

"Marcy"?? You knew Marcy??

PAUL

No, no, no...Marcy...You mentioned
Marcy...Didn't you say that name?
Before? I'm sorry...I don't...
Marcy, no, no...I don't know Marcy,
no...

BARTENDER

Stay here.

The BARTENDER gets up.

PAUL

Where're you going?

BARTENDER

To get you your keys. Now, just
relax.

The BARTENDER leaves. The CASHIER brings a glass of
water, as well as a hamburger and a Coke (PAUL's order
earlier).

PAUL

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

A punk-looking GIRL enters the diner. She looks around, then drops a piece of paper in front of PAUL. She leaves. PAUL reads the paper, which says: "You are invited to a 'Conceptual Art' party at Club Berlin, West Broadway & Canal -- This is a private party!" PAUL crumples the invitation. Soon, PAUL again hears the Mr. Softee jingle. Looking out the window he sees that the BARTENDER has been stopped by GAIL, who talks to him from her ice cream truck. They both turn to look, harshly, at PAUL. PAUL quickly gets up and leaves, heading in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. CANAL ST.

PAUL, running, opens the invitation in his hand.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. CLUB BERLIN.

A PUNK is standing by the entrance to the club. PAUL runs up and slaps the invitation in his hand and he opens the barrier for PAUL. PAUL steps inside.

CUT TO:

95 INT. CLUB BERLIN.

The only people there are a BARTENDER (#2) and a woman, JUNE, in her mid-fifties. PAUL walks over to the bar.

BARTENDER #2

Can I help you?

PAUL

Why so empty?

BARTENDER #2

Invitation only.

PAUL

Well where is everybody else?

BARTENDER #2

Got me. Just stayed home, I guess.

PAUL sits on a stool, then turns to regard JUNE.

PAUL

Who's she?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

BARTENDER #2

That's June...She's always here.
Usually nobody notices her.

Pause.

BARTENDER #2

Anyway...you better hurry...we
close up in a few minutes.

The BARTENDER nods toward JUNE. PAUL walks to the club entrance. Outside, he sees a few people standing around the Mr. Softee truck, facing the club. He walks over to where JUNE is sitting, nursing a drink.

PAUL

Hi.

JUNE

How's it goin'?

Pause. PAUL shrugs.

PAUL

Must be disappointing to come
all the way over here and find
out it's a dead night.

JUNE

Oh, that didn't bother me...I live
in the basement.

PAUL

Convenient.

JUNE nods. PAUL stands there awkwardly.

PAUL

You like new wave music?

JUNE

No.

PAUL nods, then walks to the entrance. There are even more people across the street. He walks to the bar.

BARTENDER #2

How's the action out there? Any
hot prospects yet? Eye contact?
Double entendres?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

PAUL walks past the bar, then back to JUNE.

PAUL
My name's Paul.

Pause.

PAUL
What's your name?

JUNE
June.

PAUL
Pretty...name.

JUNE darts a cutting glance at him.

PAUL
Do you like my name... "Paul"?

JUNE
Do you really want to go on with
this?

PAUL, slightly taken aback, walks to the bar.

PAUL
Where's the men's room?

BARTENDER #2
(pointing)
Second door on the left.

PAUL, on the way to the men's room, passes JUNE.

PAUL
The basement, eh?

He passes her and enters the men's room.

CUT TO:

96 INT. MEN'S ROOM.

Inside the stall, PAUL notices graffiti that says something
like: "Wanna easy lay? See June, 1 flight down, anytime."

CUT TO:

97 INT. CLUB BERLIN.

PAUL exits the men's room and, hearing arguing coming from
outside the club, walks to the bar.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

PAUL
Are they coming in?

BARTENDER #2
Invitation only...besides, we're
closing in five minutes.

PAUL
Five minutes.

The BARTENDER nods. PAUL walks to the middle of the club, then to the jukebox. He inserts a quarter and selects a song. Peggy Lee's "Is That All There Is?" is heard. PAUL walks to JUNE, forcing a charmed expression.

PAUL
Excuse me, miss, but I couldn't
help noticing you. I wonder...
would you like to share my very
last cigarette with me?

PAUL offers his cigarette, half-smoked down.

PAUL
I know it's not much but you
see...I happen to be, uh, at
the end of my tether, so to speak,
and this is my very last cigar-
ette. So...I obviously wouldn't
approach you in the state I'm in
if I weren't unusually intrigued.
Well...there...I've bared my soul
to you...

Pause. PAUL sits down at JUNE's table.

PAUL
It's so hard to trust people
nowadays...believe me, I know---

JUNE
I like this song.

Pause.

PAUL
Well...would you like to dance?

PAUL gets up, offering his hand to JUNE, who takes it. They begin slow-dancing.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

JUNE
Tell me something...Is there
anything written about me on
the men's room wall?

Pause.

PAUL
No. At least, if there was,
I didn't notice it.

Pause.

JUNE
That was a very good answer.

PAUL
Thank you.

PAUL can see many angry faces looking at him through the club window. He squeezes JUNE tighter.

JUNE
Why are you doing this?

PAUL
Huh?

JUNE
You flirt with me...You share
your cigarette with me...You
dance with me...You're nice to
me. Why are you doing this?

Long pause. The jingle grows louder in PAUL's head.

PAUL
I want...to live...

PAUL looks at JUNE.

BARTENDER #2
Closin' up!

PAUL hears a mixture of the jingle and the crowd.

PAUL
I just want to LIVE!

Pause.

JUNE
Come downstairs with me, Paul.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

PAUL nods. The BARTENDER is shutting off lights as JUNE leads PAUL by the hand through a metal door and down a long, dark staircase.

CUT TO:

98 INT. JUNE'S APARTMENT.

The walls are made of industrial gray cinder blocks. The furniture is antiquated. There is one small window close to the ceiling. Also, there are many potted plants and each seems to be stretching in the direction of this one window. JUNE puts on a small lamp. They sit.

JUNE

No one's ever asked me to dance before...

PAUL

Well, what do they usu--...Never mind, never mind...

JUNE

So...what do you do?

PAUL

For a living? What do I do for a living?

JUNE nods.

PAUL

I'm a word processor.

Pause.

PAUL

And...And you?

JUNE

Oh...you know...I'm a nuclear physicist.

PAUL

Really?...How interesting. I would have never thought you were involved with the sciences.

JUNE

Well...you know...I like it a lot.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

PAUL

I've always been kind of anti-technology myself...although I must admit I'd be out of work right now if it weren't for technology...but deep down I do feel that technology is the evil of our times.

PAUL hears a clammering noise in the club above.

PAUL

...one of the evils of our times...

JUNE

Uhh...well, you know...I only do that on the side...I'm actually a lawyer...I'm a lawyer.

PAUL

Oh, really...?

JUNE

Yeah...

Pause.

PAUL

What kind of law do you practice?

JUNE struggles terribly to answer this.

PAUL

Never mind, never mind...I'm such a busybody...it's none of my business, really...

JUNE's expression changes to one of relief.

PAUL

Wow...that's really incredible ...Next thing you'll tell me is you have a business degree to boot!

Pause.

JUNE

Engineering.

PAUL

Aaaaahhh...

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

Pause.

JUNE
So, what does a "word processor"
do?

At this point, there is a very loud clammering upstairs,
the muffled sound of angry voices.

PAUL
Oh Jesus.

JUNE
What is it?

PAUL gets up.

PAUL
Lady...do you have a gun?

JUNE
Of course not! Who needs a gun
in Soho?

PAUL
Christ!!

The sound of furniture being upturned can be heard.

PAUL
Look, lady, I have got to tell
you I am in big trouble...

JUNE
Trouble?...Well, I'm a lawyer,
maybe I can help...

PAUL
They're after me, lady...I'm
telling you they are going to
kill me, I mean really tear me
apart!!

PAUL looks all around.

PAUL
Is there any other way outta here?

JUNE shakes her head. PAUL runs to the wall with the
window, but the window is much too high to reach.

PAUL
Damn!

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

JUNE
Is there anything I can do to
help?

PAUL runs up to JUNE, shaking her. The sounds get louder.

PAUL
You a magician, too, lady?

JUNE
Well, I can do a few card tricks...

PAUL
Lady, you have to hide me...
somewhere...right now...the
people upstairs...they want to
hurt me...maybe kill me...do
you understand?

The clammering upstairs gets louder; voices are heard in
angry tones. JUNE looks down at the pleading PAUL.

JUNE
Hmm...that expression of abject
fear...hold that, will you?

PAUL
What?

JUNE walks next to the couch to uncover a tray filled with
paper-mache and strips of newspaper.

JUNE
It'll be the subject of my next
sculpture.

PAUL
You...

JUNE
That's right...I sculpt too!

She grabs a handful of newspaper strips and dips them in
the paper-mache.

CUT TO:

99 INT. JUNE'S APARTMENT - LATER.

PAUL is now completely covered in paper-mache strips.
Only his eyes are visible inside two peepholes. He is
in a position similar to KIKI's sculpture, with a look

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

of horror engraved on the face. JUNE steps back, admiring her work, as it were.

JUNE
Oh, beautiful...just beautiful
...That is really good.

PAUL
Hrmphmermfph.

JUNE
Now don't you worry...whoever they are, I'll just tell them you're not here, and if they wanna come down...fine...You -- you're a sculpture now. Don't forget to close your eyes!

JUNE walks over to the door. She leaves, and is heard climbing the stairs to the club. PAUL closes his eyes; his eyelids are covered with white powder. We hear JUNE:

JUNE (O-S)
Oh, no...he left...I invited him down but he said he didn't have time...Said he had to wash his cat...I don't know where he is...
(Etc.)

PAUL just sits there, immobile, for a little while, when finally we hear the sound of wood splintering. Then, in front of the camera, the one apartment window comes crashing to the floor, the glass breaking. NEIL and PEPE jump into the frame in the foreground, NEIL holding a crowbar. They begin picking up valuables from JUNE's apartment, throwing them in a big black bag.

NEIL
This is a goddam antique shop.

PEPE
I know this lady has one of those Tiffany lamps...I'm sure of it...

Suddenly PEPE sees the sculpture encasing PAUL.

PEPE
Hey!

NEIL turns and sees it, too.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

PEPE
My sculpture! The one I bought!

NEIL
That isn't your sculpture.

PEPE looks very closely at the sculpture.

PEPE
No...Looks a lot like it, though.

PEPE looks at NEIL. They grab the sculpture of PAUL.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. CLUB BERLIN.

NEIL and PEPE hoist PAUL through the window out onto the sidewalk, dropping him once, then lift him into the back of the van. Inside are televisions, stereos, etc. They close the door and get in the front, starting the engine.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. SIXTH AVENUE.

A CLOSE-UP of PAUL looking out the back window of the van through his paper-mache suit, his eyes filled with terror. Then the van heads north on the empty street, gradually becoming a tiny speck in the distance. We see the first rays of sunlight as dawn begins to break.

THE END