

"GHOST WORLD"

by

**DANIEL CLOWES**

and

**TERRY ZWIGOFF**

**OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE - EVENING**

We MOVE through the city in a series of brief shots that define and establish our setting, from commercial district to residential neighborhood. Eventually we find ourselves moving down a street of two-story apartment buildings. Many of the windows are lit from within by an EERIE BLUE LIGHT. As we track past at window-level we see:

TODDLER A glum, sedated-looking COUPLE watching TV. An ignored runs amok behind them as a cheery commercial plays..

An empty room...

shorts, A large, hirsute MAN, wearing only Lycra jogging watching the Home Shopping Network while eating mashed potatoes with his fingers...

A dazed old woman staring out the window.

The silhouette of a TEENAGE GIRL dancing by herself.

We enter her room and see the TV SCREEN. The source of the production THEME MUSIC is A VIDEO of an insane East Indian number from the 1960's. The room is cluttered with heaps of clothes, old records, odd knick-knacks. We see her silhouetted back as she dances along to the video while trying on a **GRADUATION CAP AND GOWN.**

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION - AFTERNOON NEXT DAY.**

banner  
A modern high school auditorium. Over the entrance a  
with a "Coca Cola" logo reads: "GRADUATION TODAY 2 PM."

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - SAME DAY**

bland  
first,  
her  
who is  
an  
devices.  
A graduation ceremony is in progress. We DOLLY PAST the  
faces of teary-eyed graduates until we stop on ENID. At  
we only see the top of her mortarboard; as she lifts  
head we see that she's trying desperately not to laugh.  
She makes eye-contact with REBECCA, another graduate,  
also trying to stifle her laughter. The SPEAKER is in  
elaborate wheelchair with severe-looking traction

**SPEAKER**

High school is like the training  
wheels for the bicycle of real life.  
It is a time for young people to  
explore different fields of interest  
and to hopefully grow from their  
experiences. After all, that which  
we learn from our mistakes can be as  
valuable as what we learn from our  
textbooks, and often we can turn the  
negative experiences that are common  
to all high-schoolers into positive  
steps toward personal growth and  
achievement. In coming to terms with  
my own personal setback, which I'm  
sure you've all heard about, I've  
been able to learn a lot about myself.  
I've learned for one thing that I  
don't need to rely on drugs and  
alcohol

**(APPLAUSE)**

and that I'm very lucky-that more  
people besides Carrie and myself  
weren't hurt in the accident; I've  
learned that I'm blessed with  
wonderful parents, teachers and above  
all the best classmates in the world --  
I love each and every one of you  
guys!!

**(APPLAUSE)**

and I've learned that to get through  
life's obstacles you need faith,  
hope and, most of all, a sense of  
humor.

**(BIG APPLAUSE)**

black)  
rapping.  
A trio of TEENAGE GIRLS (one white, one Asian, one  
come running out from the wings and start dancing and  
The audience loves them.

**EBONY**

No more eduCATION...

**VANILLA**

It's time for celeBRATION...

**JADE**

'cause this is the day of our high  
school GraduATION...

**EBONY**

We've stayed for the durATION...

**VANILLA**

Achieved matricuLATION...

**JADE**

Now we're the newest members of the  
general popuLATION...

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - LATE AFTERNOON**

Rebecca  
release.  
The auditorium door opens and GRADUATES emerge. Enid &  
run away from the crowd, triumphantly holding rolled up  
diplomas. They run toward the school playground, nearly  
bursting with excitement over their long-awaited

THE  
FINGER. They sit on a see-saw, out of breath.

**ENID**

God, what a bunch of retards...

**REBECCA**

I thought Chipmunk-face was never  
going to shut up.

**ENID**

I know, I liked her better when she was an alcoholic crack addict! She gets in one car wreck and all of a sudden she's Little Miss Perfect and everybody loves her.

**REBECCA**

It's totally sickening.  
(she unrolls her

**DIPLOMA)**

Let's see if they gave me the right diploma...

Enid opens hers. Instead of a diploma, it's an OFFICIAL  
LOOKING DOCUMENT with a pink Post-It note on the front

page.

**ENID**

What?... Oh suck my fucking dick!

**REBECCA**

What?

**ENID**

These assholes are saying that I have to go to Summer school and take some stupid art class!

**REBECCA**

Why?

**ENID**

Remember that stupid hippie art teacher who failed me sophomore year? I didn't think that just because you get an "F" that means you have to take the class over again.

**REBECCA**

You loser.

**EXT. "DAYS INN" HOTEL - EVENING**

The sign reads "Welcome Graduates".

**INT. "DAYS INN" HOTEL - EVENING**

Party in progress in the "Gold Room". A band plays TOP-  
"lite" rock

**REBECCA**

(watching band)

This is so bad, it's almost good.

**ENID**

This is so bad it's gone past good  
and back to bad again...

six or

CLOSE-UP ON ENID, we see the party from her POV: The  
seven MOST POPULAR STUDENTS huddle closely together.

**ENID**

Just think, we'll never have to see  
any of these creepy faces ever again.

**REBECCA**

Unless they're in your Summer school  
class!

**ENID**

Shut up!

**REBECCA**

Uh oh... don't turn around...

**ENID**

What? Why?

**REBECCA**

Forget it...

MELORRA, an ambitious, incessantly upbeat classmate,  
approaches them.

**MELORRA**

Oh my God, you guys! I can't believe  
we made it!

**ENID**

Yeah, we graduated high school --  
how totally amazing.

**MELORRA**

So what are you guys doing this  
Summer?

**ENID**

Nothing.

**MELORRA**

I'm going to be in this actor's workshop, and I'm hoping to start going on auditions soon. I'm so excited to finally have some free time. We have to get together this summer!

**ENID**

Oh yeah, that'll definitely happen...

**MELORRA**

(spotting better people  
to talk to)

Well, bye you guys... CONGRATULATIONS!

Melorra leaves.

**ENID**

Since when is she an "actress"?

**REBECCA**

I know, she needs to die immediately.

TODD, a friendly but slightly below-average-looking  
guy,  
approaches from behind.

**TODD**

Hey Rebecca!

**REBECCA**

Oh... hi...

**TODD**

(pause)

So... we finally --

**ENID**

What about me? Am I not even here?

**TODD**

Oh, hey Enid...

(starting over)

So... we finally made it!

**REBECCA**

Yep.

**TODD**

(awkward pause)

So... where are you going to college?

**ENID**

(before Rebecca can  
answer)  
We're not.

**TODD**

Really? Both of you?... Why not?

**ENID**

Just because.

**REBECCA**

We have other plans.

**TODD**

I guess I should have figured that  
you two would do something different.

**ENID**

What are you going to be when you  
grow up, Todd?

**TODD**

Well I'm going to major in Business  
Administration and, I think, minor  
in Communications.

**ENID**

See, that's exactly the kind of thing  
we're trying to avoid.  
(pause)

something off Todd starts to talk again but Enid has noticed  
to the side.

**TODD**

So... I --

he Enid grabs Rebecca and turns her away from Todd before  
can finish his sentence.

**ENID**

Oh my god, look! Is Stacy Himmeler  
going out with Rod Harbaugh?

**REBECCA**

How perfect.

**ENID**

He better watch out or he'll get

AIDS when he date-rapes her.

maudlin  
around  
Todd, forgotten, walks away. The singer wails a sappy, ballad. Enid spots DENNIS, the class loser, wandering by himself.

**ENID**

God, just think, we'll never see Dennis again.

**REBECCA**

Good.

**ENID**

God, think about that... that's actually totally depressing.

**INT. THE QUALITY CAFE - DAY**

ISH  
sit  
The QUALITY CAFE is Enid and Rebecca's hangout. A 50-MAN with shaved head, and his VAGUELY DIABOLICAL WIFE eating lunch. Enid is drawing a picture of them in her sketchbook when Rebecca arrives.

**REBECCA**

Hi.

**ENID**

Look at these people behind you. I'm totally convinced they're Satanists.

**REBECCA**

Why?

**ENID**

Just look at them!

She  
REBECCA turns and makes eye contact with MR. SATANIST. calmly turns back to face Enid before cracking up.

**REBECCA**

So, when are we going to start looking for our apartment?

**ENID**

Soon... I have to wait and see how

this Summer class goes.

**REBECCA**

Did you sign up yet?

**ENID**

Yeah, I just picked the one that sounded the easiest.

**REBECCA**

God, it's so weird that we're finally out of high school... We've been waiting for this our whole life! Now we can get our own apartment and do anything we want. It's such a weird feeling.

**ENID**

I know, it hasn't really hit me yet.

perpetual  
Enter JOHN ELLIS, an obnoxious young man with a smirk.

**JOHN**

Well, if it isn't Enid and Rebecca, the little Jewish girl and her Aryan friend.

**ENID**

You're late, asshole.

**JOHN**

Fine, and how are you?

**ENID**

Did you bring that tape?

He puts a videotape on the table, just out of reach.

**JOHN**

You never paid me for that tape with the Indian dance routine.

**ENID**

I did too!

**JOHN**

Tsk! You Jews are so clever with money...

**ENID**

Fuck you, you stupid redneck hick!

**REBECCA**

Hey, look, the satanists are leaving!

**ENID**

We should follow them!

even As the SATANISTS walk outside, they open umbrellas,  
though it's a bright, sunny day.

**REBECCA**

Totally... Oh my God, look!

videotape. The girls get up to follow them. Enid grabs the

**ENID**

(to John)

Thanks for the tape - I'll have to  
pay you later, I'm broke.

**JOHN**

Hey, where are you going?

**ENID**

Later, "Dude".

**REBECCA**

Much later.

**ENID**

In fact, never.

**EXT. QUALITY CAFE - DAY**

block Under harsh, glaring sunshine, the girls follow a half-  
behind the SATANISTS.

**REBECCA**

What do you do if you're a satanist,  
anyway?

**ENID**

You know, sacrifice virgins and  
stuff...

**REBECCA**

That lets us off the hook.

**EXT. ACROSS FROM WOWSVILLE - TEN MINUTES HAVE PASSED**

still  
The SATANISTS continue slowly along with Enid & Rebecca following.

**ENID**

Maybe there's some weird secret satanic society that meets at the Quality Cafe and all of the other regular customers are in on it except for us.

**REBECCA**

Or maybe not.

**ENID**

Maybe they're slowly poisoning us or they're planning to brainwash us and --

**REBECCA**

Okay, okay!

**EXT. WOWSVILLE DINER - CONTINUOUS**

**ENID**

Hey, look at this...

Enid points at the mini-mall in front of them. A new restaurant - we see their banner: "GRAND OPENING.

WOWSVILLE -

**THE AUTHENTIC 50'S DINER".**

**ENID**

"Authentic 50's diner"? Since when were there mini-malls in the 1950's?

**REBECCA**

God, it's so totally pathetic.

**INT. WOWSVILLE DINER - DAY**

accurate  
80's  
They're in a booth looking at menus. It's a less version of "Johnny Rockets". A golden oldie from the plays on the jukebox.

**REBECCA**

Who can forget this great hit from the 50's?

**ENID**

I feel as though I've stepped into a time warp!

The WAITER approaches. He has an ostentatious 70's-style perm.

**REBECCA**

Check out the awesome "fifties" hairdo on the waiter.

**WAITER**

Hi, my name is Allen, and I'll be your waiter this afternoon.

**ENID**

Hi, Al!

**REBECCA**

Can we call you "Weird Al"?

**WAITER**

Heh heh. Our specials today are pasta Vasilio, which is a pasta salad with a light basil vinaigrette--

**ENID**

That was a popular dish in the 50's, huh Weird Al?

**AL**

I imagine so! Also, we have a spinach tortellini in a ricotta sauce. Both of those are \$6.95... shall I give you a few minutes to mull it over?

**ENID**

I just want an order of onion rings.

**REBECCA**

I might actually get the pasta special.

**ENID**

You loser!

**AL**

Pasta special and an order of onion rings. Very good.

Al leaves.

**ENID**

Did you notice all those weird things  
on the menu? Like "The Salad  
Explosion"?

**REBECCA**

I know... and instead of "dessert"  
it says "Mindbenders."

**ENID**

What does that even mean?

**INT. WOWSVILLE DINER - TEN MINUTES LATER**

Enid spots an abandoned newspaper, THE FREE WEEKLY, on  
the adjoining table.

**REBECCA**

Check out the Personals... maybe our  
future husbands are trying to contact  
us.

**ENID**

God, this paper is so boring. Who  
reads all this shit?

(flips through it  
until she gets to  
the Personals)

Here we go...

(reading)

"Windsurfing Doctor, Mensan IQ,  
maverick Sagittarius. Let's hit the  
clubs, make each other laugh!"

**REBECCA**

You can have that one.

**ENID**

Okay, well here's yours...

(reading)

"Who said all the most eligible  
bachelors are taken? Not this one!  
Stunning bod, very snugglelicious  
ocean sunset dreamer."

**REBECCA**

Gross.

Al returns with their food.

**AL**

Can I get you ladies anything else,  
or are you all set?

**ENID**

Later I might be interested in one  
of those far-out "mindbenders."

Al leaves. Enid goes back to the paper.

**ENID**

Jesus! Listen to this one: "Do you  
remember me? Airport shuttle, June  
7th. You: striking redhead with yellow  
dress, pearl necklace, brown shoes.  
I was the bookish fellow in the green  
cardigan who helped you find your  
contact lens. Am I crazy, or did we  
have a moment?"

**REBECCA**

God, that's so pathetic. I bet she  
didn't even notice him.

**ENID**

I know. And he's like psychotically  
obsessing over every little detail.

**REBECCA**

We should call him and pretend to be  
the redhead.

**ENID**

Oh, we totally have to.

Enid tears out the ad and puts it in her sketchbook.

CU of sketchbook.

**INT. OOMIE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

Enid and Rebecca sit with Rebecca's grandmother OOMIE  
in her

living room. They eat TV dinners while watching Oomie's  
favorite TV SHOW, which we hear but don't see.

**NASAL-VOICED GIRL (V.O.)**

So what happened next, Donna?

**DONNA (DUMB BLONDE'S V.O.)**

Then I told him he'd better take out  
his hose and pump me!

**NASAL-VOICED GIRL/ANOTHER GIRL**

(V.O.)

Don-na?!

**DONNA (V.O.)**

You guys! My car was out of gas!

LAUGH TRACK. Enid leans toward Rebecca.

**ENID**

(whispers)

Does Oomie really like this show?

**REBECCA**

(whispers)

Isn't it weird? It's her favorite.

**OOMIE**

Girls! Shh!

Enid and Rebecca exit.

**INT. REBECCA'S ROOM - EVENING**

fiddles  
VCR.

Rebecca looks through Enid's sketchbook while Enid  
with the remote, fast-forwarding through a tape in the

**REBECCA**

So what should we do?

**ENID**

Wait... I just want to see what's on  
this tape.

**REBECCA**

What is this?

**ENID**

I dunno. John Ellis always puts on  
all this sick stuff that I have to  
fast-forward past to get to the good  
stuff. There's supposed to be a Don  
Knotts movie on here someplace.

Sound of FAST-FORWARDING. Rebecca glances up from the  
sketchbook.

**REBECCA**

Wait, what is that?

we  
Enid stops fast-forwarding. We don't see the screen but  
hear weird sounds like BOOTS WALKING THROUGH DEEP MUD.

**ENID & REBECCA**  
**EEEEWWWW!**

the  
a  
Enid lurches forward to avert her gaze. She clicks off  
VCR, but leaves the TV on. She notices a PHOTO ALBUM on  
bookshelf under the television.

**ENID**  
Hey - why do you have this?

**REBECCA**  
You lent it to me in like tenth grade.

picture of  
a FIVE-YEAR-OLD ENID with glasses.  
ANGLE ON ALBUM as she leafs through it. We see a

**ENID**  
Look at how cute I am!

**REBECCA**  
What a little hosebag.

party.  
ANGLE ON PHOTO of ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD ENID & REBECCA at a

**ENID**  
Look, that's back when I hated you.

**REBECCA**  
I remember every minute of that party.

**ENID**  
(another page)  
There's my dad with Joanie.

**REBECCA**  
I can never keep them all straight -  
was she the super-bitch?

**ENID**  
No, she was the second wife. The

third one was the super-bitch -  
Maxine.

(finds a picture)  
There! Look at her!

ANGLE ON PHOTO of MAXINE.

**ENID**

What a fucking monster!

Something on TV catches Rebecca's eye.

**REBECCA**

Oh my God! This is that comedian I  
was telling you about! You have to  
see this guy -- he's the absolute  
worst!

A dead-pan comedian, JOEY McCOBB, is doing his stand-up  
routine in a standard brick-wall comedy venue. He has a  
contrived "I'm a weirdo" shtick.

**JOEY**

Just because I live with my mother  
people think I'm peculiar... so what  
if she's been dead for fifteen years!  
Hehn hehn...

(Peter Lorre laugh)

**REBECCA (V.O.)**

God, that's barely even a joke.

**JOEY**

As I always say, take my life...  
please!

**ENID (V.O.)**

If he's supposed to be so weird, how  
come he's wearing Nikes?

**ANNOUNCER**

Joey McCobb, ladies and gentlemen...  
Joey McCobb!

**(APPLAUSE)**

**ENID**

Joey McCobb is our God.

**REBECCA**

I want to do him!

**ENID**

I bet! Actually he reminds me of that one creep you went out with -- you always go for guys with some lame, fake shtick.

**REBECCA**

What are you talking about -- who?

**ENID**

That Larry guy -- what look was he going for? A gay tennis player from the forties?

**REBECCA**

Fuck you!

torn-out  
Rebecca turns the page of Enid's sketchbook to the personal ad.

**REBECCA**

Hey! We forgot to call the loser!

**ENID**

Which loser?

**REBECCA**

You know, the green cardigan guy.

**ENID**

Oh yeah.

Rebecca goes to the phone and offers the receiver.

**REBECCA**

You call.

**ENID**

Why do I always have to do it?

**REBECCA**

You're better at it.

**ENID**

(as she dials)

I remember when I first started reading these I thought DWF stood for "dwarf!"

**REBECCA**

(ear up to phone)

What does it stand for?

**ENID**

Shh, it's his answering machine...

(pause)

We hear the indistinct traces of a musical message followed by a faint

**BEEP.**

**ENID**

Hi, it's me - your "striking blonde."  
Of course I remember you. Let's get together for lunch sometime... How about Friday at one o'clock?... Why don't you meet me at my favorite restaurant, "Wowsville"... It's in the mall on Century Parkway... I'll see you there, darling... and be sure to wear that sexy green cardigan...

As Enid hangs up they both start laughing.

**EXT. SIDEWINDER - DAY**

A franchise convenience store with a western motif.

**INT. SIDEWINDER - DAY**

humorless

JOSH, 19, is taking his apron off as his BOSS, a

Muzak

Greek immigrant, counts out the cash register. Cheerful plays.

**BOSS**

AH AH AH! What you think you doing?  
You still got five minutes left on  
you shift!

Enid (wearing wraparound shades) & Rebecca enter.

**ENID**

Well hello there, young employee of  
the Sidewinder.

**JOSH**

Look, I already told you I'm not  
going to give you a ride.

**ENID**

What can you tell me, young man,  
about the various flavors of "frozen

yogurt"?

**JOSH**

Look, I'll be done in a minute.  
Just wait outside.

**ENID**

I'm afraid I don't understand. I  
simply wish to know --

**BOSS**

**JOSH! WHAT YOU DOING!?**

**JOSH**

**(SIGHS)**

The flavors we're featuring this  
week, in addition to old favorites  
chocolate and vanilla, are Six-Gun  
Strawberry, Wild Cherry Round-up,  
and Ten Gallon Tangerine.

**ENID**

I don't believe I care for any of  
those.

specimen  
wearing  
Rebecca giggles. A customer, DOUG, enters: a lowly  
with bad hair-cut, mustache, and jail-house tattoos,  
filthy designer jeans and no shirt.

**DOUG**

Hey, Josh... I need two packs of  
smokes. I'm on a double shift  
tonight... fuckin' sixteen hours,  
man.

packs  
Doug brings a 40-ouncer to the counter. Josh has two  
of Newports waiting for him.

**DOUG**

Hey, and gimme six of these beef  
jerkys too - I'm hungry enough to  
chew the crotch out of a rag doll!

Doug pays.

**BOSS**

Hey! I told you: No shirt, no service!

**DOUG**

(as he leaves)  
Fuck you, man!

**ENID**

So Josh...

**JOSH**

Look, can we talk in a minute? I'm almost done.

off  
shades  
Enid looks at herself in the security mirror. She takes her hat and messes up her hair. She then takes off her and replaces them with her standard horn-rims.

**REBECCA**

(nudging Enid, points outside)

Look at this!

drinking a  
BOSS  
Outside we see Doug practicing with nunchuks and beer. Heavy metal music blares from his car radio. The sees this and goes out to yell at him.

**BOSS**

You get out of here!

Josh joins Enid & Rebecca on the other side of counter.

**ENID**

That guy rules!

**JOSH**

Who, Doug? He spends more time here than I do...

**ENID**

So Josh, will you give us a ride? Please? Pretty please? It's going to be super fun!

**JOSH**

No.

**REBECCA**

Please Josh?

**JOSH**

Forget it, there's no way... find

some other poor sucker to abuse.

**EXT. JOSH'S CAR - DAY**

relaxing  
Josh is driving, chauffeur-like, with the two girls  
in the back seat.

**JOSH**

Why do you even need a ride? You  
could walk there in two minutes.

**ENID**

It's just an excuse for us to spend  
time with you.

Enid and Rebecca giggle.

**REBECCA**

So Josh, if this guy freaks out,  
will you protect us?

**JOSH**

He has every reason to freak out --  
this is a totally fucked-up thing to  
do to somebody!

**ENID**

God, I think Josh is too mature for  
us.

**REBECCA**

I know, look at the way he drives...  
he's like an old man.

**ENID**

Yeah, Josh, c'mon... MOVE IT!

**EXT. GAFFEY STREET - DAY**

Their car accelerates.

**INT. WOVSVILLE DINER - 12:35 PM.**

from  
The three of them are seated at a corner booth. A song  
any decade other than the 50's PLAYS on the jukebox. A  
BUSINESSMAN enters.

**REBECCA**

Look, maybe that's him!

**ENID**

It's still twenty-five minutes early.

**JOSH**

Aren't there a million places like this?

**ENID**

This is the ultimate. It's like the Taj Mahal of bad, fake 50's diners.

**JOSH**

So, where's "Weird Al"?

**ENID**

SHH! He's back there. I can see his hair bobbing up and down.

**REBECCA**

I want to "make love" to him.

**ENID**

I'm going to tell him you said that.

WEIRD AL approaches with menus.

**AL**

So nice to see you again, ladies.

**ENID**

Hey, Weird Al, there's something my friend wants to tell you --

**REBECCA**

**SHUT UP!**

**ENID**

She says she wants to MMPH!

Rebecca puts her hand over Enid's mouth.

**CUT TO:**

**A PUSH SWEEPER, SWEEPING THE CARPET.**

ANGLE ON: OLD WOMAN slowly sweeping.

WE FOLLOW HER BACK TO: Enid, Rebecca & Josh. They're

now

eating: ten minutes have passed, it's 12:45.

**ENID**

So Josh... Becky and I are trying to figure out what makes you tick. Tell us about your political beliefs.

REBECCA laughs.

**JOSH**

Yeah, right.

**ENID**

No, I'm serious. Give us your whole basic philosophy in a nutshell.

**REBECCA**

Oh my God, look, that's got to be him!

A GUY enters.

**ENID**

Is he wearing a green cardigan?

**REBECCA**

What exactly is a cardigan anyway?

The GUY joins a friend.

**ENID**

That's not him... Jesus, stop freaking me out.

**JOSH**

In answer to your question, I suppose I endorse policies that are opposed to stupidity and violence and cruelty in any form...

**ENID**

I figured something like that...

**REBECCA**

Oh my God!

They see a somewhat funny-looking guy in his late 30's, wearing a green cardigan, SEYMOUR, enter. Enid and

Rebecca

hunch down in their seats.

**ENID**

It's obviously him!

**REBECCA**

I can't believe it!

Seymour sits down and looks around. Weird Al brings a menu.

more ANOTHER ANGLE ON: WEIRD AL bringing his milkshake. Ten minutes have passed, it's 12:55.

**REBECCA**

What's going on now? What's he doing?

**ENID**

Oh my god, he just ordered a giant glass of milk!

**JOSH**

(bursting her bubble)  
It's a vanilla milkshake.

Seymour FIFTEEN more minutes have passed - it's 1:10 PM. looks around, still hopeful. His date is now TEN MINUTES **LATE.**

**REBECCA**

What's he doing now?

**ENID**

He's still just sitting there. God, this is totally unbearable!

**JOSH**

I agree.

**REBECCA**

I wish I could see him.

**ENID**

Go ahead and look, but don't make it too obvious...

Rebecca turns around and pretends to look past Seymour. gets It's now 1:30 PM. His date is 30 MINUTES LATE. Seymour up and walks sadly towards the cashier (Weird Al).

**REBECCA**

Do you think he knows?

**ENID**

I dunno...

while They watch him leave. Enid goes up to pay the bill  
Josh and Rebecca go outside.

**ENID**

Hey Weird Al, did that guy say  
anything to you before he left?

**AL**

Not a thing.

dollars. Al Enid goes back to the table to leave a tip, two  
passes behind her.

**AL**

(cheerfully  
professional despite  
her abuse)

Thank you and come again.

at Al, Enid hesitates, overcome with guilt. She glances back  
dollars then digs every penny out of her pocket (about seven  
in coins and wadded up bills) and adds it to his tip.

**EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY**

pick-up The trio drive in silence. Suddenly, an extra-wide  
to vrooms past Josh, cutting off the driver (SEYMOUR) next  
obscurities. him. SEYMOUR bobs violently as he screams silent

**JOSH**

Jesus, look at this guy.

**ENID**

Oh my God, that's HIM!

**REBECCA**

Are you sure?

**ENID**

Totally! Look!

out of

ANGLE ON: SEYMOUR really having a fit now. Once it's his system, he reverts to an amiable poker-face.

**ENID**

He's insane!

**REBECCA**

We should follow him home.

**JOSH**

Forget it.

**ENID**

Come on, Josh... don't you want to see where he lives?

**JOSH**

No.

**ENID**

But this guy is like a one-of-a-kind, rare butterfly, and we have to follow him back to his natural habitat...

**JOSH**

You need counseling.

**EXT. SEYMOUR'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Several minutes have passed. Seymour parks.

**REBECCA**

God, he lives right in our neighborhood!

Seymour gets out and disappears up the steps of his building.

**ENID**

He doesn't even look that bummed out, really.

**REBECCA**

I know... wouldn't you be totally pissed off?

**ENID**

This kind of thing must happen to him all the time.

**INT. EXPERIMENTAL FILM - DAY**

travels up  
rhythmic  
("LALALALALALA").

FULL SCREEN: grainy B&W video footage. The CAMERA  
a shadowy flight of stairs. We hear FOOTSTEPS, a  
POUNING, and a deranged CHILDREN'S CHOIR

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

(cheap echo effect)  
Returning to the house of my  
Fatherfatherfatherfather...

that  
crucifix. We  
little  
doll  
around.

The CAMERA reaches the top of the stairs, we see a door  
slowly CREAKS open. We move into the room beyond, it's  
decorated with stuff from the 50's and a giant  
HEAR a televangelist's sermon. We MOVE CLOSE on a  
girl's doll. Very slowly a MAN'S HAND reaches for the  
and drags it into the shadows. The hand throws the now  
mutilated doll into a toilet; water and blood swirl

angrily  
A

We see grainy footage (shot off of TV) of Christians  
picketing an abortion clinic. CREDITS come up: THE END.

**FILM BY ROBERTA ALLSWORTH.**

**INT. ART CLASS - DAY**

shut  
year-old  
schoolgirl  
class.

The lights go on, the VIDEO ends and the monitor is  
off.  
There are about a dozen students, mostly pimply 14-  
boys, a few 14-ish girls, and Enid, dressed in  
outfit. The teacher, ROBERTA ALLSWORTH, addresses the

**ROBERTA**

That piece is entitled  
"Mirror/Father/Mirror." I like to  
show it to people I'm meeting for  
the first time because it says so  
much about who I am and what it feels  
like to inhabit my specific skin.

And this is exactly what I'm hoping to get from each of you over the course of this Summer: a picture of your own self-exploration. My own background is in video and performance art, but I'm hoping that doesn't influence you and that you'll find your own ways of externalizing the internal. At the end of the Summer, this class has been invited, along with several others in the area, to participate in a show of High-School art at the Neighborhood Activity Center. The title of the show will be "Brotherhood and Community: Art as Dialogue." I think the "Brotherhood" theme ties in nicely with the theme of self-discovery that I'd like to emphasize in this class. Are there any questions so far?

(she's completely  
lost them)

Great...

**EXT. SEYMOUR'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

Enid and Rebecca stand in front of Seymour's apartment.

**ENID**

This is way too creepy.

**REBECCA**

He won't see us... we'll just stalk him from a distance.

**ENID**

I'm afraid if I see him, I'll start feeling really bad again.

A pause.

**ENID**

So what should we do? We can't just hide all day waiting for him to come out...

**EXT. SEYMOUR'S BUILDING - MAILBOX**

There are three mail slots. Enid pulls the mail out of

the

HOME

first one. We see FLOWER BULB CATALOGUES, and LADIES  
**JOURNAL.**

**ENID**

This is girl mail.

She grabs the mail out of SLOT NUMBER TWO.

**ENID**

This is all computer catalogues and  
stuff...

Rebecca is looking at the mail from SLOT NUMBER THREE.

**REBECCA**

The W.C. Fields Fan Club Newsletter...  
(she flips through  
the mail)  
Oh my God, The National Psoriasis  
Foundation!

**ENID**

Bingo!

grabs  
corner.

She shoves back the contents of slot number two and  
the mail from Rebecca. We hear MALE VOICES around the

**REBECCA**

Wait! Do you hear that?

Enid jams the mail back in the slot in a panic.

**ENID**

Shit!

They slowly walk around the bushes toward the voices.

**INT. SEYMOUR & JOE'S GARAGE SALE - DAY**

spotted

They see the GARAGE SALE, in progress. They've all  
each other.

**REBECCA**

What should we do? What if he  
recognizes us?

**ENID**

Come on, it's too late now...

as  
MONGOOSE

A middle-aged HOUSEWIFE browses with little enthusiasm  
Enid & Rebecca tentatively approach. Enid spots a  
VS. COBRA taxidermy piece near Joe...

**ENID**

Ew, look at this...

**REBECCA**

Gross!

**ENID**

I think it's cute - look at his little  
weasel teeth.

**REBECCA**

Ew, it's like some gross rat...

**JOE**

(hardly looking up  
from TV)  
It's a mongoose.

**REBECCA**

Mm...

**ENID**

A what?

**JOE**

A mongoose... they eat snakes... you  
never heard of a mongoose? That's a  
classic piece of vintage taxidermy.  
Nobody alive today knows how to do  
work like that.

**ENID**

(looking underneath  
it)  
How much is this?

**JOE**

Umm... That's not officially for  
sale... I might have to hang onto  
that for the time being.

wanting to  
Joe shuts off the TV. He turns to the girls, not  
lose the rapport he's established with two potential  
customers.

**JOE**

So, are you looking for anything in particular? There's a lot of other stuff in storage...

child's

He picks up a plastic Casio-type guitar/keyboard (a toy) and starts noodling pre-programmed rock licks.

**JOE**

Perhaps the "Jam-in-ator" appeals to you. Absolutely no practice necessary. You shread like a giant. Just press a button.

**ENID**

That's okay...

She notices several modern jazz LPs on Joe's table.

**ENID**

Do you have any other old records besides these?

**JOE**

Seymour does.

**ENID**

Who does?

**JOE**

Him. Seymour. He's the man with the records.

name:

laughter,

Enid glances at Rebecca and mouths the implausible "Seymour?!" Rebecca snorts, unable to control her and turns away from the table. Enid keeps her cool...

**ENID**

Do you have any old Indian records?

**SEYMOUR**

Indian records?

**ENID**

You know, like weird 1960's Indian rock n' roll music.

**SEYMOUR**

I don't have anything after about 1935. I may have one Hindu 78 from the twenties in my collection, but it's not really for sale. I don't really collect "foreign."

78s. Enid drifts over and begins thumbing through a box of

**SEYMOUR**

Those are all 78s... Can you play 78s?

**ENID**

Sure!... Wait, maybe not 78s, but I can play regular records...

He points her to a nearby box of LPs.

**SEYMOUR**

There's some good stuff in here... do you like old music?

**ENID**

Sure, I guess.

**SEYMOUR**

Well there's a few choice LPs in here that re-issue some really great old blues stuff.

continues Rebecca tugs on Enid's sleeve. Enid gets free and looking through the records. She stops on one with an especially wacky cover.

**ENID**

Is this one any good?

**SEYMOUR**

Nah, it's not so great. Here's the one I'd recommend.

ITEMS, He pulls out a bland-looking record: "COLLECTOR'S VOLUME THREE." Rebecca shifts impatiently behind her.

**SEYMOUR**

This track alone by Memphis Minnie is worth about \$500 if you have the original 78. She was one of the greatest guitar players that ever

lived, and a great singer and songwriter as well. I know the guy who owns the original and lent it for use on this reissue.

**ENID**

Wow!

Rebecca snorts at Enid's over-exuberance. Enid kicks her.

**ENID**

How much is it?

**SEYMOUR**

A dollar seventy-five.

**ENID**

Okay.

She pays him.

**SEYMOUR**

If you don't like it bring it back for a refund. We're here every Saturday.

He puts the record into a bag.

**ENID**

I'm sure it's fine.

**INT. QUALITY CAFE - DAY**

reading Enid & Rebecca sit in their usual booth. Rebecca is

**THE FREE WEEKLY.**

**REBECCA**

That was truly pathetic.

**ENID**

I know... I still can't get over that his name was "Seymour."

She Rebecca starts looking through the APARTMENT LISTINGS. takes a pen out of her purse.

**REBECCA**

He was so excited when you bought that record -- you're a saint!...

God, these apartments are super expensive...

**ENID**

It was so cute how he had his own little bags. I thought I was going to start crying!... Do you think they're gay?

**REBECCA**

What about the "striking redhead in the yellow dress"?

**ENID**

Oh yeah...

**REBECCA**

He should totally just kill himself... Hey, here's one  
(circles it)  
...Oh wait...  
(crosses it out)  
you have to share it with a non smoking feminist and her two cats...

**ENID**

I dunno... I kind of like him... He's the exact opposite of everything I really hate... In a way he's such a clueless dork that he's almost cool...

**REBECCA**

That guy is many things but he definitely isn't "cool"... This one would be okay, but there's no kitchen...

**ENID**

Yeah, but... you know what I mean.

**REBECCA**

Not really...

**ENID**

Forget it, I can't explain it...

Awkward silence. Melorra enters.

**MELORRA**

Oh my god, what are you guys doing here?

**ENID**

What are you doing here, Melorra?

**MELORRA**

My acting workshop is across the street from here. I'm just on my break.

**ENID**

Well, we won't keep you.

**MELORRA**

I love this place... it's so - you know, "funky."

Enid and Rebecca look at each other.

**MELORRA**

What are you guys up to?

**REBECCA**

We're looking for an apartment.

**MELORRA**

God how cool. Where are you moving?

**ENID**

We're not sure yet, that's why we're looking.

**REBECCA**

Somewhere downtown.

**MELORRA**

God that's so exciting!

(looks at clock)

Oops, I should go. Bye you guys!

Call me.

Melorra leaves quickly.

**REBECCA**

"Funky"?

**ENID**

What, is she black now?

They watch her cross the street - she's dressed in expensive "casual" clothes with a fancy backpack.

**REBECCA**

I've been thinking about when we look for our apartment how we have to try and convince people that we're like these totally rich yuppies...

**ENID**

What are you talking about?

**REBECCA**

That's who people want to rent to. It's a known fact that it's way easier to get a job and everything if you're rich... All we have to do is buy a few semi-expensive outfits and act like it's no big deal... it'll be fun.

**ENID**

You just want an excuse to dress like some stupid fashion model without me making fun of you.

**REBECCA**

Just promise you'll do it.

**ENID**

Okay, okay, I promise... Jesus, you're out of your mind.

**INT. ENID'S BATHROOM - DAY**

bedroom  
her  
she's  
the  
Loud water running; PUNK ROCK blares from adjoining as Enid, her head in the sink, sings along, making up own words. As she straightens INTO FRAME, we see that dyed her hair green. She grabs a towel and heads into bedroom.

**INT. ENID'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

green  
Her DAD enters with a mixing bowl, oblivious to the hair and loud music.

**DAD**

(over music)

Have you seen my blue spatula?

**ENID**

Nope. What are you making, pancakes?

**DAD**

Not if I don't find that goddamn spatula.

while  
doorway.

Dad leaves. Enid messes up her hair in different ways singing along to the tape and looking at herself in the mirror. Rebecca opens the door and stands in the

**REBECCA**

(disdainful)

When did you do that?

helps

Enid turns around, startled, but instantly regains composure.

**ENID**

What? How long have you been standing there?

**EXT. COMMERCIAL AREA/NEAR ACME SHOES - DAY**

**REBECCA**

Did you have to buy new hair dye or did you still have some left over from eighth grade?

**ENID**

Fuck you, bitch!

STORE, in  
there

They walk past a sad-looking ACME SHOES AND REPAIR a distinctive old building, that looks as if it's been forever. They stop and peer through the window.

**ENID**

We still have to go in there sometime.

**REBECCA**

It's always closed...

**ENID**

I bet they have tons of incredible shoes hidden in the back.

They continue walking.

**ENID**

Hey look, it's the pants.

We see a pair of discarded jeans on the sidewalk.

**REBECCA**

Where are we going?

**ENID**

Let's go hassle Josh.

**REBECCA**

"Hassle"?

threadbare  
rusty  
service."  
They see a MIDDLE-AGED MAN dressed in a shabby  
suit and hat sitting at what was once a bus stop. The  
sign has a red sticker on it that says "No longer in

**REBECCA**

There he is...

**ENID**

As always.

**REBECCA**

Waiting for the bus that never  
comes...

**ENID**

I wonder if he's just totally insane  
and he really thinks a bus is coming  
or --

**REBECCA**

Why don't you ask him.

bench,  
Enid sits next to THE MAN. Rebecca stands behind the  
taken aback that Enid is going to end the long standing  
speculation.

**ENID**

Hi... what's your name?

**MAN**

(looks at watchless  
wrist, then down the  
street)

Norman.

**ENID**

...are you waiting for a bus?

**MAN**

Yes.

**ENID**

I hate to tell you this but they cancelled this bus line two years ago... There are no buses on this street.

**MAN**

You don't know what you're talking about.

**EXT. JOSH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

second  
door;

Enid & Rebecca are on the outside porch/walkway on the floor of Josh's building. Enid POUNDS on his pasteboard the windows RATTLE with each hollow THUD.

**ENID**

**JOSH!**

**REBECCA**

**JOSH!**

**ENID & REBECCA**

**JOSH!**

**ENID**

He's probably in there jerking off.

**REBECCA**

I'll bet he never jerks off...

**ENID**

Yeah, he's beyond human stuff like that.

**REBECCA**

Should we leave a note?

flyer.  
Enid finds a piece of paper - the back of a pizza

**ENID**

Do you have a pen?

"Dear  
door.  
She writes, while Rebecca looks over her shoulder.  
Josh. We came by to fuck you but you didn't answer the  
Therefore you are gay. Signed, Tiffany and Amber."

**REBECCA**

You're not really going to leave  
that are you?

Enid pushes the note over his doorknob.

**EXT. ENTERING ZINE-O-PHOBIA BOOKSTORE - DAY**

**REBECCA**

Why are we going here? I hate this  
place.

**ENID**

It'll only take a second.

**INT. ZINE-O-PHOBIA BOOKSTORE - DAY**

"Make  
rack.  
They enter. We see racks of books-with titles like  
Explosives At Home." Rebecca walks over to the magazine

**CREEP #1**

-- I'm telling you, you're wrong --  
carpet beetles are the only way to  
get the flesh off a corpse... Boiling  
is strictly for amateurs!

**ENID**

Don't you creeps ever talk about  
anything nice? Don't you ever talk  
about fluffy kittens or the Easter  
Bunny?

**CREEP #1**

Look who's talking - little miss  
badass...

**CREEP #2**

Yeah, nice outfit - who are you  
supposed to be, Cyndi Lauper?

**ENID**

Blow me, doofus!

box

John Ellis emerges from the back and begins to unload a  
of books onto the shelves. He stops and looks at Enid.

**JOHN ELLIS**

Didn't they tell you?

**ENID**

Tell me what?

**JOHN ELLIS**

Punk rock is over!

**ENID**

I know it's over, asshole, I --

**JOHN ELLIS**

If you really want to "fuck up the  
system" - you should go to business  
school -- that's what I'm gonna do:  
get a job at some big corporation  
and fuck things up from the inside!

**ENID**

That's not even --

**JOHN ELLIS**

Yeah yeah yeah. Do you have my money?

She wads up a twenty-dollar bill and throws it at him.

**JOHN ELLIS**

Oh, how "punk."

**ENID**

That tape sucked, by the way!

**JOHN ELLIS**

I'm so sorry if you were offended!

He heads toward the back room with the empty box.

**ENID**

Go die, asshole!

**JOHN ELLIS**

Get a job!

He exits. Rebecca walks over to Enid.

**REBECCA**

What was that all about?

**ENID**

It's not like I'm some modern Punk dickhead... It's obviously supposed to be a 1977 Punk look, but I guess Johnny Fuckface is too stupid to get it!

**REBECCA**

I didn't get it either.

**ENID**

Everybody's too stupid!

**INT. ENID'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM - EVENING**

bathroom.  
right box  
punk  
tape and  
corner.

Enid dejectedly enters and heads straight for the She rummages through a cabinet until she finds the (black hair dye). She wets her hair, then goes into the bedroom and mechanically turns on her boom box. The rock song we heard earlier plays. She yanks out the flings it away. She skims through her records and CDs, dismissing them all. She notices Seymour's bag in the

is  
bathroom.

She takes out the record and puts it on. The first tune an upbeat instrumental number. She returns to the

(and  
haunting  
nerve.

Several minutes pass. TRACK TWO begins on the LP. She we) slowly begin to take notice. It's a strange, old BLUES RECORD. We see that the tune has struck a

**INT. ENID'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Her  
picks

The song continues. Enid sits in her bean-bag chair. Her hair is now dyed back to black. As the song ends, she picks up the needle and starts it again.

**INT. SEYMOUR & JOE'S GARAGE SALE - DAY**

**ENID**

Yeah, it took a while before I got a chance to play it, but when I heard that song it was like --

**SEYMOUR**

So you really liked it? Yeah, there's some really rare performances. You liked that Memphis Minnie, huh?

**ENID**

Yeah, that's good too... the whole record was good, but that one song, "Devil Got My Woman" -- I mostly just keep playing that one over and over... Do you have any other records like that?

**SEYMOUR**

The Skip James record? Yeah, that's a masterpiece. There are no other records like that! I actually have the original 78 of it in my collection. It's one of maybe five known copies.

**ENID**

(nearly sincere)

Wow!

**SEYMOUR**

Do you want to see it? I can run upstairs and get it...

**ENID**

Yeah, sure, I guess...

**SEYMOUR**

(to Joe, he always says this when he leaves his table)

Watch my stuff.

the Seymour exits. An uncomfortable pause as Enid stands at table. She touches the mongoose's tooth.

**JOE**

(not looking up)

You still interested in that?

**ENID**

I thought it wasn't for sale.

**JOE**

I'm thinkin' maybe I could let it go...

**ENID**

It's kind of falling apart.

Seymour returns with the 78, holding it like a precious object.

**SEYMOUR**

Here it is. It's only about V minus and has an incipient lam crack, but plays decent as I recall.

holds it Seymour passes the 78 to Enid who follows suit and carefully by the edges.

**ENID**

Wow...

Enid pretends to drop the record.

**ENID**

Oops! I dropped it!

**SEYMOUR**

**NO!!!**

**ENID**

Hey, I was only kidding!

She hands the record back to Seymour, who's shaken and embarrassed.

**ENID**

Jesus, Seymour... are you all right?

**INT. ART CLASS - DAY**

school Starts with a PAN ACROSS a wall of unimpressive high traced art: dumb drawings of fighting Chuck Norris-types, table, centerfolds, highly sexualized horses, etc. And, on a a wire sculpture made from two coathangers.

**ROBERTA**

I'm not going to start a discourse on the subject of "good" art vs. "bad" art; these judgments are for each person to make on his own. I merely want to help each of you find the best way to look within yourselves the best key to your particular lock. Last week I asked you to-try and create a piece of artwork that responds to something that you have strong feelings about.

Enid enters late and puts her sketchbook on the table.

**ROBERTA**

And it looks like we have some really interesting work up here....

Roberta peruses some of the art, then points to a very  
violent drawing.

**ROBERTA**

What can you tell, us about your piece... uh...  
(struggles to read signature)  
...Phillip?

**PHILLIP**

(very stupid and nervous)  
Uh... it's uh... it's about The Mutilator...

**ROBERTA**

My goodness!

**PHILLIP**

It's this really great video game about a guy who kills people with a big hammer...

**ROBERTA**

(trying to make a joke)  
I thought maybe this was supposed to be your father.

sketchbook  
No response from Phillip. Roberta nicks up Enid's and leafs through it.

**ROBERTA**

And what can you tell us about this...  
(searches for name)

**ENID**

Enid. It's sort of like a diary I  
guess.

We see several sketches, including the drawing of the  
SATANISTS. Roberta shows a few pages to the class.

**ROBERTA**

I think that Phillip and Enid can  
help us to see that there are many  
different ways we can express  
ourselves. We can do things like  
these cartoons that are amusing as a  
sort of light entertainment or we  
can do work that is more serious in  
scope and feeling and that deals  
with issues; emotional, spiritual,  
political; of great importance. I  
hope that you will each have the  
tools to do that type of work by the  
end of this class.

(pause, points at

**WIRE SCULPTURE)**

Who is responsible for this?

**MARGARET**

I am.

**ROBERTA**

Talk to us about it...

**MARGARET**

It's my response to the issue of a  
woman's right to choose... it's  
something I feel super-strongly about.

**ROBERTA**

Isn't this a wonderful piece, class?  
This definitely falls into that higher  
category of art I was speaking of  
earlier.

MARGARET glances over at Enid. Enid gives her a dirty  
look.

**INT. "MASTERPIECE VIDEO" STORE - AFTERNOON.**

On a monitor, a generic trailer is playing.

**MASTERPIECE EMPLOYEE #1**

Hello and welcome to Masterpiece video. How may I help you this afternoon, sir?

**CUSTOMER**

I'm looking for a copy of 8 1/2.

**MASTERPIECE EMPLOYEE #1**

Yessir! Is it a new release, sir?

**CUSTOMER**

No, it's the classic Italian film.

**MASTERPIECE EMPLOYEE #1**

Let me look that up on the computer for you, sir!

**(FIDDLES WITH COMPUTER)**

Yes, here it is - 9 1/2 WEEKS with Mickey Rourke. It's in our "Erotic Dramas" section.

**CUSTOMER**

No, not "9 1/2", 8 1/2 , the Fellini film.

**MASTERPIECE EMPLOYEE #1**

I'll check that for you sir. How do you spell the actor's name - F-I-L-E-E-P-E-E...?

WE SEE Enid & Rebecca, dressed up in sexy outfits.

**REBECCA**

How about this one?

**ENID**

Hey, you have to see my new good luck charm.

FLUSHING

World"

She pulls out a small porcelain figure of a MAN HIMSELF DOWN A TOILET with the words "Goodbye Cruel on the base.

**REBECCA**

Ew ... when did you get that?

**ENID**

This morning at Seymour's garage sale.

**REBECCA**

God, aren't you tired of Seymour yet?

Rebecca picks up another tape.

**REBECCA**

How about this?

**ENID**

Forget it. I'm sure it sucks. All these movies suck.

add  
the  
video monitor.

them.  
Another MASTERPIECE EMPLOYEE reshelves videos near

**MASTERPIECE EMPLOYEE #2**

(overly cheerful)

Hello! How are you young ladies this evening? May I help you find a particular Masterpiece movie?

**ENID**

No.

They walk by him.

**ENID**

Let's get out of here, this place makes me sick.

**REBECCA**

We have to do something fun tonight this is my last weekend of freedom before I start my stupid job.

**ENID**

I know a party we could go to...

**REBECCA**

What? Where?!

**ENID**

It's a surprise.

**REBECCA**

I don't believe you.

**ENID**

If I promise you there's really a party with a lot of guys, do you promise you'll go?

**INT. SEYMOUR & JOE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

&

RECORD

A depressing COLLECTORS' GET-TOGETHER in progress. Enid  
Rebecca sit on an old sofa in the corner. Nine or ten  
COLLECTORS mill about.

**JEROME**

There are some records I will pay serious money for, provided they're a sincere V plus. Other than that I'd prefer to just have them on CD.

**STEVEN**

CDs will never have the presence of an original 78.

**JEROME**

WRR-ONG! A digital transfer adequately mastered will sound identical to the original. Do you have a decent equalizer?

**STEVEN**

I have a Klipsch 2B3.

**JEROME**

Obviously the problem! You expect a ten-band equalizer to impart state of-the-art sound? Dream a little dream! etc...

Enid & Rebecca are sitting nearby.

**REBECCA**

I totally, totally hate you.

**ENID**

Aw c'mon, this is a fun party.

pushy,  
food

ANGLE ON: Joe stands talking to GERROLD, an obnoxious,  
fast-talking guy who keeps eyeing Rebecca. He shovels  
into his mouth as he speaks.

**GERROLD**

So what's the story with the two  
cheerleaders over here?

**JOE**

They're Seymour's.

**GERROLD**

Seymour? You gotta be kidding me!

**JOE**

Don't worry about it. He's not gettin'  
any and neither are you.

**GERROLD**

(poking Joe in the  
chest)

Let me tell ya somethin', Joe...  
Listen to me, Joe... you can't hit a  
home run without swinging the bat!

**JOE**

Right.

on

Gerrold walks over to where Rebecca is sitting. He sits  
the arm of sofa next to her.

**GERROLD**

Mind if I sit here?

**REBECCA**

(staring straight  
ahead)

Yes.

**GERROLD**

Whoa, that was cold! Hey, you're  
okay, you're pretty sharp. So uh...  
hey, you're wearing a green dress -  
whadda you Irish? I bet you're Irish.  
What's your name?

**REBECCA**

Melorra...

**GERROLD**

Melorra, listen to me - let me tell you something Melorra... you seem like an interesting chick - what are you doing hanging out with these losers here? Whaddya say you and me take off and hit some nightspots etc. etc.

**ENID**

I'll be right back, I'm gonna go get a beer.

**REBECCA**

(to ENID)

Wait...

Enid goes over to the beer keg. Nearby Seymour stands talking tie to PAUL - a humorless, middle-aged guy in a suit and who's contemptuously examining one of Seymour's 78s.

**SEYMOUR**

...but it plays like new. There's no groove wear.

**PAUL**

Oh please... It has an enlarged center hole and a hair crack.

Enid approaches them.

**SEYMOUR**

But the crack is so tight it's completely inaudible.

**PAUL**

A tight hair crack is just that - a crack. I don't collect cracked records.

(walking away)

I only pay a premium for mint records Seymour, you know that! Please!

**ENID**

What was all that stuff about enlarged holes and tight cracks?

**SEYMOUR**

I... I didn't think you would have any interest in this get together...

I mean if you had told me you were coming I would have warned you -- it's not like a real party or anything.

**ENID**

You're right about that.

(pause)

So this is your record collection?

**SEYMOUR**

Oh God no. This is just junk I have for sale or trade. The record room is off-limits.

**ENID**

Really? Can I see it?

**SEYMOUR**

Yeah, well sure... you can if you want to... it's just I don't want all these guys in there at once... you know...

**INT. SEYMOUR'S BEDROOM - EVENING**

containers  
about

Enid & Seymour enter his inner sanctum, beverage in hand -- nicely-displayed old collectibles cover just every inch of wall space.

**ENID**

Wow! This is like my dream room!  
Are these all records!

**SEYMOUR**

I have about fifteen hundred 78s at this point. I've tried to pare down my collection to the essential...

**ENID**

God, look at this poster! I can't believe this room! You're the luckiest guy in the world! I'd kill to have stuff like this!

**SEYMOUR**

Please... go ahead and kill me!  
This stuff doesn't make you happy, believe me.

**ENID**

Oh, come on! What are you talking about?

**SEYMOUR**

You think it's healthy to obsessively collect things? You can't connect with other people so you fill your life with stuff... I'm just like all the rest of these pathetic collector losers.

Enid writes her name in the dust.

**ENID**

No you're not! You're a cool guy, Seymour.

**SEYMOUR**

Yeah right... If I'm so cool, why haven't I had a girlfriend in four years? I can't even remember the last time a girl talked to me.

**ENID**

I'm talking to you... I'll bet there are tons of women who would go out with you in a minute!

**SEYMOUR**

Oh, right...

**ENID**

No really... I guarantee I could get you a date in like two seconds...

**SEYMOUR**

Good luck...

**ENID**

I'm totally serious!

**SEYMOUR**

Yeah, well...

**ENID**

I mean it -- You leave everything to me -- I'm going to be your own personal dating service!

**SEYMOUR**

I appreciate the offer but you really

don't --

**ENID**

Mark my words, by the end of this summer you'll be up to your neck in pussy!

**SEYMOUR**

Jesus! That's very nice of you Enid but I - I really --

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

As Enid and Seymour walk. A 20-ish secretary-type passes.

**ENID**

What about her? Would you go out with her?

**SEYMOUR**

I don't know, what kind of question is that? I mean it's totally irrelevant because a girl like that would never be caught dead with me...

**ENID**

But putting that aside for now, would you go out with her?

**SEYMOUR**

I really didn't get a good look at her.

A breasty, overweight 40-year-old walks by.

**ENID**

Okay, what about this one? Are you into girls with big tits?

**SEYMOUR**

(embarrassed)  
Jesus!

**ENID**

C'mon Seymour, I'm trying to collect data here! Don't you want me to find you your perfect dream girl?

**SEYMOUR**

I'm just not one of those guys who has a "type"...

**ENID**

Every guy has a type!

**SEYMOUR**

(he doesn't really  
mean this)

I mean as long as she's not a complete  
imbecile and she's even remotely  
attractive...

They walk by "the pants."

**ENID**

Hey look, there's Norman!

He's sitting as before at the defunct bus stop.

**ENID**

Hi Norman.

Norman nods politely. Seymour looks quizzically at

Enid.

**EXT. CITY STREET/NEAR SIDEWINDER - DAY**

They're in another part of town near THE SIDEWINDER.

**ENID**

We need to narrow this down somehow...  
we need to find a place where you  
can meet women who share your  
interests.

**SEYMOUR**

Maybe I don't want to meet someone  
who shares my interests. I hate my  
interests! Where can I go to meet  
the exact opposite of myself?

**ENID**

Yeah yeah yeah... Just tell me your  
five main interests, in order of  
importance.

**SEYMOUR**

(sighs)

Well, let's see... I guess I'd have  
to put Traditional Jazz, Blues, and  
Ragtime music at the top of the list,  
then probably...

**ENID**

Let's just say "music" - that way  
you only use up one...  
(spots The Sidewinder)  
Wait, we have to go in here for a  
second...

**INT. SIDEWINDER - DAY**

They enter. Josh has his back to the counter as he  
makes a complicated frozen yogurt sundae for a little girl.

**ENID**

Hi Josh.

**JOSH**

(without turning around)  
Hi.

**ENID**

I just stopped in to say hi.

**JOSH**

Yeah, well... hi...

He turns around non-chalantly, holding the sundae. He  
looks up and sees Enid with the guy from Wovsville (Seymour).

**ENID**

This is my friend Seymour.

Josh is startled and drops the sundae. The girl starts  
crying.  
satisfied,  
Josh immediately starts to clean up the mess. Enid,  
heads with Seymour for the door.

**ENID**

See you later, Josh!

As the door closes, we hear a familiar voice.

**BOSS**

**JOSH! WHAT YOU DOING!?**

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

Enid & Seymour continue walking.

**SEYMOUR**

(pause)  
So is that your boyfriend?

**ENID**

Josh? He's nobody's boyfriend...  
He's just this guy that Becky and I  
like to torture.

**SEYMOUR**

Well are --

**ENID**

(interrupts suddenly)  
Oh my god! We have to go in here!

They are in front of STAN'S, a porno shop.

**SEYMOUR**

Yeah, sure... very funny....

**ENID**

Please, Seymour... Becky and I have  
been dying to go in here but we can't  
get any boys to take us... Please?

**SEYMOUR**

I - I'd really rather not...

**ENID**

We'll just go in for one minute --  
it'll be a riot!

**SEYMOUR**

I don't think so...

**ENID**

PLEASE? We have to!

**SEYMOUR**

I really don't think it's a good  
idea.

**ENID**

Fine, I'll go by myself then...

**INT. ANTHONY'S II - DAY**

browsing  
Enid & Seymour enter. There are a half dozen MEN  
through the videos and magazines.

**ENID**

(whispering)  
Wow! Look at all these creeps!

**SEYMOUR**

Shh!

**ENID**

**OH MY GOD!**

in the  
store looks at them. Seymour blushes and sweats.

**ENID**

What kind of weirdo would actually  
have sex with this? We have to buy  
this!

She looks around, over-stimulated.

**ENID**

God, this place is a total riot!

She picks up a magazine.

**ENID**

Look at this -- "Lollipop Lolitas" -  
isn't child pornography totally  
illegal?

**SEYMOUR**

These are older women just dressed  
up to look young... I think.

ANGLE ON a pair of THIGH-HIGH LEATHER FETISH BOOTS.

**ENID (V.O.)**

Oh my god!

the  
WIDER ANGLE: She's in another part of the store near

**CASHIER.**

**ENID**

How much are these boots? Do you  
have these in size five?

**CASHIER**

That's the only pair of those I have  
right now. I'm getting a new order  
in next week...

store. She spots something and gasps. She yells across the

**ENID**

OH MY GOD SEYMOUR! You have to lend me the money to buy this.

He Everyone looks at Seymour as he sheepishly approaches. takes out his wallet.

**SEYMOUR**

Uh, I don't have much money with me right now.

**ENID**

C'mon, Seymour, please?

**CASHIER**

Why don't you come back in two weeks - we'll be having our annual Back-to-School sale.

**INT. THE COFFEE EXPERIENCE - LATE AFTERNOON**

YUPPIES. We Rebecca is at the counter serving a long line of today's can see a sign next to the counter that reads: "Answer trivia question and get a free small coffee".

**YUPPIE #1**

I'd like a medium latte for here.

**REBECCA**

Can I get you a biscotti to go with that?

**YUPPIE #1**

NO! Just the latte.

horns. Enid is next wearing a RUBBER BONDAGE MASK with devil

**ENID (V.O.)**

Give me all your money, bitch!

**REBECCA**

Where did you get that?

**ENID**

You won't believe it! Guess!

**REBECCA**

Where?

**ENID**

Anthony's II!

**REBECCA**

No way... when?

**ENID**

Just now... I went with Seymour.

**REBECCA**

You cunt!

fedora

FELDMAN is in line behind Enid. He's a poodle-haired, wearing eccentric in a motorized wheelchair-golf cart contraption.

**FELDMAN**

Excuse me - I can't read the trivia question!

Enid is in the way. She reads it to him.

**ENID**

"Where on the human body is the 'Douglas Pouch' located?"

while

DIGITAL

a

Feldman grunts and starts to tap away on his powerbook Rebecca, rolling her eyes, goes to get his coffee. A GRAPHIC of the FEMALE FORM on his computer screen. With few keyboard strokes he zeroes in on a schematic of the REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEM. An area behind the cervix BLINKS.

**FELDMAN**

Slightly below the uterus on a female.

He takes his coffee and putters towards the door.

**ENID**

That guy is totally amazing.

**REBECCA**

He does that every single day.

**YUPPIE #2**

Can I get a decaf mocha to go?

**REBECCA**

Can I get you a...

**YUPPIE #2**

NO, I don't want a biscotti with that.

YUPPIE #2 pays and leaves.

**ENID**

God, how can you stand all these assholes?

**REBECCA**

I don't know... Some people are okay, but mostly I feel like poisoning everybody.

**ENID**

At least the wheelchair guy is sort of entertaining...

**REBECCA**

He's a total asshole... He doesn't even need that wheelchair, he's just totally lazy!

**ENID**

That rules!

**REBECCA**

No, it doesn't. You'll see... you get totally sick of all the creeps and losers and weirdos.

**ENID**

But those are our people...

**REBECCA**

Yeah, well...

(pause)

So when are you going to get your job?

**ENID**

I'm working on it... I've got a few leads... it's just that right now I have, all these projects that take up all my time.

**REBECCA**

Like what?

**ENID**

Nothing. Don't worry... I promise I'll get a job next week.

**REBECCA**

(pause)

God, I can't believe you went to Anthony's without me.

**INT. ENID'S APARTMENT - DAY**

the Enid and her dad are eating breakfast. A 13" TV sits on kitchen counter behind them.

**TV COMMERCIAL (V.O.)**

(sincere)

Hope comes in all forms. To the endangered white stork searching for wetlands it comes in the form of a sanctuary provided by people who care. Do people care? Chevron does. That's why at Chevron we're just as concerned...

**DAD**

Are you still looking for a job? Do you have any leads?

**ENID**

Will you get off my back for once?

**DAD**

It's tough to find a good job without any kind of training.

**ENID**

Look, I told you I'm not going to college.

**DAD**

Well, I think it's good to keep all your options open. You can always enroll for the winter quarter. You could even live here and go to the city college part time, and still get a job if you wanted to.

**ENID**

Look at me -- I'm not even listening  
to a word you're saying.

Pause.

**DAD**

Did I tell you who I ran into at the  
bagel place?

**ENID**

(reading cereal box)

Who?

**DAD**

Guess.

**ENID**

How should I know?

**DAD**

Someone from the past.

**ENID**

Who?

**DAD**

Give up?

**ENID**

**YES.**

**DAD**

Maxine.

**ENID**

Not the Maxine?

**DAD**

Yup.

**ENID**

God, how horrifying.

**INT. COLLEGE COFFEE HOUSE DAY**

Enid and Rebecca sit in a semi-crowded college hang-  
out.

**REBECCA**

...you don't have to make a million  
dollars -- just get any stupid job  
so we can at least start looking for

an apartment.

**ENID**

(thoughtful pause)

I wonder if I hang around with you because you're like my surrogate mother figure or something. Like I have this subconscious biological need to be nagged and bitched at constantly.

**REBECCA**

You hang out with me because nobody else can stand to be around you.

**ENID**

Or maybe... did you ever think that deep down we really might be lesbos? Maybe that's why we spend so much time together.

**REBECCA**

You're gross.  
(pause)  
See that guy?

**ENID**

Which one?

**REBECCA**

He gives me a total boner!

**ENID**

He's like the biggest idiot of all time!

The guy, a COLLEGE SOPHOMORE, walks by them with two friends.

**COLLEGE SOPHOMORE**

Are you guys up for some reggae tonight?

**REBECCA**

Okay, you're right.

**ENID**

(whispers)  
Heads up.

An earnest "ALTERNATIVE-ROCK" GUY approaches Rebecca.

He

hands her a flyer.

**GUY**

Hey, my band is playing here on Friday night and uh... there's gonna be a bunch of cool bands playing and stuff and you don't have to pay if you show this flyer at the door... you should come check it out.

**REBECCA**

(shyly)

Thanks...

(she looks away)

of Enid takes the flyer from Rebecca. There are a bunch of bands listed.

**ENID**

Which one is your band?

**GUY**

Alien Autopsy.

**ENID**

(sarcastic)

Bitchin'.

**GUY**

(embarrassing pause;  
then, to Rebecca)

Yeah, well... maybe I'll see you there...

(pause; walks away)

**ENID**

What a dork!

**REBECCA**

You're just jealous.

**ENID**

Yeah, right... Believe me, at this point I'm over the fact that every single guy likes you better than me!

**REBECCA**

Face it, you hate every single boy on the face of the earth!

**ENID**

That's not true, I just hate all these obnoxious, extroverted, pseudo-bohemian losers!

(sad pause)

Sometimes I think I act so weird because I'm crazy from sexual frustration.

**REBECCA**

Haven't you heard about the miracle of masturbation?

**ENID**

(sighs)

...maybe we should be lesbos...

**REBECCA**

Get away from me!

**INT. ENID'S FANTASY - EVENING**

Starts on full moon in night sky, framed right --

**DISSOLVE TO:**

...a dark moonlit room. Enid lies on her stomach in bed. We thoughts, of  
MOVE IN CLOSER to her head as though entering her which slowly fade in: WE MOVE TOWARD a vertical sliver of light -- a cracked-open bathroom door.  
WE MOVE into the bathroom and see Enid taking a shower. Josh enters, dressed in a black suit, holding a large bouquet of flowers. CUT. We start again, exactly as before, only without the flowers. He starts to take off his clothes. CUT. He enters again and gets right in the shower, fully clothed. opens. They begin to kiss. After a passionate moment, the door Rebecca stands there, stunned.

**CUT BACK TO:**

We see only the slightest trace of Enid in the darkness. She

sighs.

**INT. ART CLASS - DAY**

CLOSE-UP ON a charcoal portrait of DON KNOTTS.

**ROBERTA**

Who is this, Enid?

**ENID**

It's supposed to be Don Knotts.

**ROBERTA**

And what was your reason for choosing him as your subject?

**ENID**

I dunno... I just like Don Knotts.

**ROBERTA**

I see... interesting...

She moves on.

**ROBERTA**

What do we have here, Margaret?

**MARGARET**

It's a tampon in a teacup...

Class GIGGLES.

**ROBERTA**

I can see that... now what can you tell us about it? First of all, what kind of sculpture is this?

**MARGARET**

It's a "found object"... that's when an artist takes an ordinary object and places it in an artistic context and thus it becomes art.

**ROBERTA**

Very good. Now, what can you tell us about it in regard to your artistic intent?

**MARGARET**

I guess I see the teacup as a symbol for womanhood, because of tea parties in the olden days, but instead of

tea I was trying to kind of confront people with this... like...

**ROBERTA**

This shocking image of repressed femininity!

**MARGARET**

Right, exactly!

**ROBERTA**

I think it's really a wonderful piece, Margaret!

Enid gives Margaret another dirty look.

**ROBERTA**

This illustrates perfectly what I was saying about not being afraid to use controversial imagery, class...

**EXT. SEYMOUR'S CAR - DUSK**

Seymour drives. Enid plays with the radio stopping on obnoxious AM Disc Jockey.

an

**DISC JOCKEY**

KFTO comin' atchya on this beautiful evening.

**SEYMOUR**

God, that asshole's voice is so hateful! No wonder I never listen to the radio!

**ENID**

(shutting it off)  
Relax, Seymour, relax...

**SEYMOUR**

That thing is just so shrill and piercing and loud - it's like someone jabbing me in the face!

(imitating insincere DJ voice)

KFTO comin' atchya on this beautiful evening...

She changes the subject and holds up a 78 record.

**ENID**

So, why did you bring this along?

**SEYMOUR**

I brought it for him to autograph. He's going to be amazed to see it - it's one of two known copies... I can't believe they have him for the opening act and not the headliner. What an insult!

**ENID**

This bar's going to be packed with girls for you to pick from.

**SEYMOUR**

I'm not holding my breath in that department.

OVERWEIGHT  
cross..

Seymour waits at a stop sign for two OBLIVIOUS WOMEN, each with TODDLERS and baby carriages, to

**SEYMOUR**

What are we, in slow motion here?! What are ya, hypnotized? Have some more kids, why don't you?... For Christ's sake, would you move!?

**ENID**

Jesus, Seymour.

**EXT. BLUES CLUB - NIGHT**

CHATMAN"

A marquee reads, "TONITE: BLUESHAMMER also FRED

**INT. BLUES CLUB - NIGHT**

He's  
by  
interested

FRED CHATMAN, age 82, plays an acoustic blues number. good, but he's being politely ignored for the most part the TWENTY-SOMETHING PATRONS. Most of them are more in a baseball game showing on a big-screen TV.

**SEYMOUR**

I can't believe these people! They could at least turn off their stupid sports game until he's done playing!

mic. FRED finishes to POLITE APPLAUSE. An M.C. takes the

**M.C.**

Let's hear it for Fred Chatman.  
(a little more APPLAUSE)  
Hey don't go away because we've got  
Blueshammer coming up in just a  
minute!

her A CUTE GIRL, mid-20's, stands near their table sipping  
as drink. Enid nods in her direction for Seymour's benefit  
if to say, "check it out."

**SEYMOUR**

Yes, that would certainly do...

**ENID**

Well, offer her a seat! You want me  
to do it?

**SEYMOUR**

Wait a minute! Hang on! Jesus, I  
gotta think of something to talk to  
her about. No! No...

**ENID**

Just wait here.

CUTE Enid gets up before Seymour can stop her and talks to  
join GIRL who looks back at Seymour and smiles. She goes to  
him. Enid walks off in the direction of the bar, giving  
Seymour a "thumbs up."

**CUTE GIRL**

Hi.

**SEYMOUR**

Hello. Uh... that was great music,  
huh?

**CUTE GIRL**

(sitting down)  
Yeah, I just love blues.

**SEYMOUR**

Actually, technically what he was  
mostly playing would more accurately

be classified in the "ragtime" idiom. Although of course not in the strictest sense of the more classical ragtime piano music like that of Scott Joplin or Joseph Lamb. Authentic Blues has a more conventional twelve-bar structure in its stanzas.

**CUTE GIRL**

Oh if you like authentic blues, you've just gotta see Blueshammer! They're so great!

Seymour and  
people  
stop  
He  
cue  
  
off  
purse  
interrupted  
pretty

ANGLE ON: Enid standing alone at the bar. We see Cute Girl from her POV. Her gaze drifts to the other in the bar. WE MOVE OVER the faces of all the guys and on a skinny, introverted-looking guy with a pool-cue. He makes a shot and instantly goes into an ostentatious twirling routine. Her gaze drifts on. She sees herself in a mirror behind the bar and takes her hat reconfiguring her hair. She reaches into her and puts on a bulkier pair of glasses. This is interrupted by BLUESHAMMER taking the stage. Young, white, cocky, pretty boys.

**LANCE**

**(LEAD SINGER)**

All right people! Are you ready to BOOGIE? Cuz we gwine play you some authentic, way-down-in-the-delta blues to rock your world! One, Two, Three...

feet,  
  
still  
her.

A din of loud noise. CUTE GIRL immediately leaps to her boogeying to the music. Several horny ALPHA MALES press in on Seymour (who's sitting), spilling his drink as they vie to dance with her.

toward

Seymour extricates himself from the table and walks  
the bar where Enid sits.

**SEYMOUR**

What did you tell that girl?

**ENID**

I told her you were a big record executive and you were thinking of signing that band to your label.

**SEYMOUR**

Jesus...

**INT. SEYMOUR'S CAR - NIGHT**

**SEYMOUR**

Now I remember why I haven't gone anywhere in months. I'm not even in the same universe as those creatures back there. I might as well be from another planet.

**ENID**

We just need to figure out a place where you can meet somebody who isn't a total idiot, that's all.

**SEYMOUR**

Look, I really appreciate your help, Enid, but let's face it, this is hopeless.

**ENID**

It's not hopeless...

**SEYMOUR**

Yeah, well it's simple for everybody else - give 'em a Big Mac and a pair of Nikes and they're happy! I just can't relate to 99.9% of humanity.

**ENID**

Yeah, well, I can't relate to humanity either, but I don't think it's totally hopeless...

**SEYMOUR**

But it's not totally hopeless for you... I've had it. I don't even have the energy to try anymore. You

should make sure you do the exact opposite of everything I do so you don't end up like me...

**ENID**

I'd rather end up like you than those people at that stupid bar... At least you're an interesting person... at least you're not exactly like everybody else...

**SEYMOUR**

Hooray for me.

**INT. SEYMOUR'S APT. - NIGHT**

Enid walks in behind Seymour.

**SEYMOUR**

I'm not sure I have anything to drink... there might be some --

**ENID**

It doesn't matter, I'm not staying long... I just want to make sure I convince you not to give up yet.

**SEYMOUR**

"Yet."

**INT. SEYMOUR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

They both have drinks now. He puts on a jazz record, an instrumental.

**ENID**

(picks up an antique knick knack)  
Wow, this is so cool...

**SEYMOUR**

If you don't mind my asking -- why do you care so much if I get a date or not?

**ENID**

I dunno... because I can't stand the idea of a world where a guy like you can't get a date...

Enid finds a PAINTING leaning in a pile of stuff  
against the

stereotype  
smile.

wall in the corner. It's an old-fashioned cartoony  
of a black man's head, with big lips and a huge toothy

**ENID**

What the fuck, Seymour?! What is  
this?

**SEYMOUR**

What?... Oh that... I borrowed that  
from work about fifteen years ago...  
I guess it's mine now.

**ENID**

What, are you a klansman or something?

**SEYMOUR**

Yeah, right, I'm a klansman - thanks  
a lot!... Do you know the Cook's  
Chicken franchise?

**ENID**

(quoting TV commercial  
in deep voice)  
"Four-piece Cook's special deep fried  
with side n' slaw it's OUT RAY-GEOUS"!

**SEYMOUR**

Yeah, well "Cook's" is just a made  
up name. When they originally opened  
back in 1922 they were named "The  
Coon Chicken Inn" -- that's an early  
painting of their first logo.

He takes out a scrapbook.

**SEYMOUR**

I'm obsessed with all this stuff -  
this lost culture of the 20th century.

Chicken  
then  
"Cook's  
90's  
labels

She looks through the scrapbook - we see the Coon  
logo transform first into a less stereotyped black man,  
into an older distinguished black chef with the logo  
Chicken Inn." Then to a white version of the same chef,  
followed by a female white chef, then to a streamlined  
version. On another page is a collection of cosmetic

tracing the design evolution of a different company.

**ENID**

Why doesn't everybody know this?

The record ends. Seymour gets up to take it off the turntable.

**SEYMOUR**

(somewhat bitterly)

It's ancient history. The same reason nobody knows about this Lionel Belasco record.

He puts on another record.

**SEYMOUR**

Actually, I was a whole lot more interested in the Cook's phenomenon when I was about your age. I've kind of lost interest since I've been working for them...

**ENID**

You work at Cook's Chicken?

**SEYMOUR**

For nineteen years...

**ENID**

What are you, a fry cook or something?

**SEYMOUR**

Nothing so glamorous... actually, I'm an assistant manager at their corporate headquarters.

**ENID**

Jesus, I'd go nuts if I had to work in an office all day.

**SEYMOUR**

Hey, I get good benefits, a good early retirement plan, nobody ever bothers me...

**ENID**

Yeah, but still...

**SEYMOUR**

I make enough money to eat and buy old records... what more do I want?

Enid puts down the scrapbook, stares at the painting.

**ENID**

So, I don't really get it -- are you saying that things were better back then

(points at painting)  
even though there was stuff like this?

**SEYMOUR**

No, in a lot of ways things are better now... I dunno... it's complicated. Everybody still hates each other, but they know how to hide it better, or something...

**ENID**

(suddenly)  
Hey, can I borrow this?

**SEYMOUR**

What? Why?

**ENID**

I promise I'll take good care of it.

**SEYMOUR**

I dunno... they're very sensitive at work about all this stuff. Maybe it would be better if you --

**ENID**

Don't you trust me, Seymour?

**INT. ART CLASS - DAY**

by We see another wall of student art dominated this time  
Enid's (Seymour's) 3' x 4' painting.

**ROBERTA**

Let's address some discussion to this piece.

**SNOTTY GIRL**

I don't like it.

**ROBERTA**

Can you tell us why?

**SNOTTY GIRL**

I don't know.

**HIPPY-ISH BOY**

I think it's totally weak.

**BLACK GIRL**

Yeah, it's not right.

More kids respond at once. Even Margaret is confused.

**ROBERTA**

These are all valid comments, but I think we should see if the artist has anything to bring to this.

**ENID**

Well, I got the idea when I was doing some research and I discovered that Cook's Chicken used to be called Coon's Chicken, and so I decided to do my project based on this discovery as kind of a comment on racism... and the way racism is whitewashed over in our culture...

**ROBERTA**

Did you actually do this painting?

**ENID**

Well, no - it's more like a "found art object."

**ROBERTA**

And how do you think this addresses the subject of racism?

**ENID**

It's complicated... I guess I'm trying to show how racism used to -- more out in the open and now it's hidden, or something...

**ROBERTA**

And how does an image like this help us to see that?

**ENID**

I'm not sure... I mean...

(thinks)

I guess because when we see something like this it seems really shocking

and we have to figure out why it's  
so shocking?

A long pause as Roberta and the class stare at the  
painting.

**ROBERTA**

I don't really know what to say,  
Enid...  
(another over-long  
pause)  
...It's a remarkable achievement.

**INT. REBECCA'S ROOM - EVENING**

Enid is lying on her back with her head on Rebecca's  
stomach.

Both stare blankly at the ceiling.

**REBECCA**

Are you kidding? It's a dream job!  
I can't believe you got a job like  
that without even trying... God, I  
wish that was my job...

**ENID**

(trying to generate  
some enthusiasm)  
Yeah, maybe it'll be okay. At least  
I'll get to see every movie for free,  
I guess... I had to lie and tell  
them I already graduated...

**REBECCA**

When are you finally going to get  
your diploma?

**ENID**

I dunno, but next week is my last  
class...

**REBECCA**

Anyway, now we can start looking for  
the apartment...  
(waits for some  
response from Enid,  
but there is none)  
Do you remember when we first came  
up with that whole idea of renting  
our own apartment?

**ENID**

Wasn't it like eighth grade?

**REBECCA**

Seventh... you wanted to move out right then!

**ENID**

That must have been when my dad was married to Maxine...

**REBECCA**

I remember our big plan was as soon as we got the apartment we were going to trick Daniel Dusentrieb into coming over and then fuck him.

**ENID**

We were such desperate sluts back then.

**INT. PACIFIC THEATER - AFTERNOON**

orange  
Enid is behind the candy counter dressed in a brown and uniform.

**MANAGER**

I'm gonna let you handle the four thirty crowd by yourself - that way I can evaluate your performance while it's slow and ease you into the bigger crowds.

**ENID**

You can count on me, sir!

counter.  
A customer, an ALCOHOLIC LOSER, approaches the candy

**LOSER**

Do you serve beer or any alcohol?

**ENID**

I wish!... actually you wish... after about five minutes of this movie you'll wish to God you had about ten beers!

theater.  
LOSER stares blankly, hesitates, then goes into

**MANAGER**

(pulling her aside)  
What are you doing? You don't ever criticize the feature!

**ENID**

Why? What difference does it make?  
You already got his money...

**MANAGER**

Look, that's the policy... if you want to make up your own rules you can open your own theater...

**ENID**

But I was only trying to be friendly...

**MANAGER**

Look, we don't pay you to be a movie critic -- just do your job.

**ENID**

Okay, okay... I won't say a word...

ANOTHER ANGLE - an hour has gone by.

**CUSTOMER**

Medium popcorn.

**ENID**

That's three dollars.

**CUSTOMER**

Let me have plenty of butter on that.

**ENID**

Ewww!...  
(making a face)  
Here you go -- smothered in delicious yellow-chemical sludge!

**MANAGER**

(pulling her aside)  
What the hell is wrong with you?!

**ENID**

What? I'm just kidding around with the customers... It's my shtick!

**MANAGER**

Well lose it! And why aren't you

pushing the large sizes? Didn't you get training about upsizing?

**ENID**

But I feel weird... it's so sleazy.

**MANAGER**

It's not optional!

**ENID**

Jesus...

**CUSTOMER #2**

Can I get a medium sprite?

**ENID**

A medium sprite? Why sir, do you not know that for a mere twenty five cents more you could purchase a large beverage that has a volume of over twice that of a puny medium drink?

(she gives MANAGER a look)

...I'm only telling you this because we're such good friends -- Medium is strictly for suckers who don't understand the concept of value!

**INT. THE COFFEE EXPERIENCE - DAY**

Rebecca is behind the counter glaring at Enid.

**REBECCA**

What are you talking about? What kind of loser gets fired after one day?!

**ENID**

I told you - my manager was a total asshole! Don't worry, I'm going to get another job... and anyway, I have some ideas for how to make money in the meantime...

An angry CUSTOMER returns with her drink.

**CUSTOMER**

I'm not at all happy with this latte what do you intend to do about it?

**EXT. ENID'S GARAGE SALE - DAY**

front of

It's the next day. Enid has set up a GARAGE SALE in her apartment building. Rebecca arrives.

**REBECCA**

This is it? I can't believe you're selling some of this stuff.

**ENID**

Fuck it. Everything must go!

**REBECCA**

Oh my god, I remember this hat... this was during your little old lady phase...

the  
ridiculous

A trendy young HIPSTER happens along and looks through clothes, then to the table where he picks up a looking stuffed animal.

**HIPSTER**

How much is this?

**ENID**

That's not for sale.

**HIPSTER**

(noticing price tag)  
Wait, it says five dollars...

**ENID**

Oh, that's a mistake -- I decided not to sell it...

The HIPSTER looks around a little more and then leaves.

**REBECCA**

What was that all about? I thought everything must go!

**ENID**

Oh yeah right, like I'm gonna let some asshole with a goatee own Goofy Gus.

CLUBHOPPER  
long

A couple is browsing. The GIRL, a severely skinny, TYPE in platform shoes looks at the clothes; the BOY, a haired SKATEBOARDER, goes through her records.

**GIRL**

How much is this dress?

**REBECCA**

Oh my god, you're selling that?

**ENID**

(long pause)

That's five hundred dollars.

**GIRL**

What?

**ENID**

Five hundred.

**GIRL**

You're crazy -- it should be like two dollars!

**ENID**

I was wearing that dress the day I lost my virginity.

**GIRL**

Well why do I care about that?

**ENID**

Why do you even want it? It would look stupid on you.

**GIRL**

God, fuck you!

Enid turns to the boy - he's holding some records and a book.

**ENID**

Put that stuff back, it's not for sale.

**BOY**

What is this? Some fuckin' joke?

**ENID**

Yes! Go away!

They stomp off.

**REBECCA**

Now are you going to get a regular

job?

**ENID**

(defeated, quiet)  
Don't worry.

**REBECCA**

If it makes you feel any better, I don't think you could've gotten more than ten bucks for all this stuff.

**ENID**

Yeah, thanks.

**EXT. ENID'S GARAGE SALE - DAY**

packs  
Twenty minutes later. Most of the stuff is gone. Enid  
up one last box to carry inside.

**REBECCA**

Do you want to do something tonight?

**ENID**

I can't, it's Seymour's birthday...  
(suddenly)  
Shit! What time is it? I have to go  
to the store! I was going to make  
him a cake...

**REBECCA**

(miffed, sighs)  
Well, are we still going shopping  
tomorrow?

**ENID**

Yeah, I guess... call me...

watches  
She heads toward the stairs with the box. Rebecca  
her go.

**REBECCA**

Since when can you make a cake?

**INT. SEYMOUR'S ROOM - EVENING**

single  
Enid presents Seymour with a HOSTESS CUPCAKE with a  
lit candle in the center. The lights are off.

**ENID**

You can open your eyes now.

**SEYMOUR**

Oh... uh, thanks a lot Enid... I really appreciate it...

**ENID**

No, Doofus... blow it out!

abruptly

He leans forward and blows out the candle, then straightens up and holds the small of his back in pain.

Enid

turns the lights back on.

**SEYMOUR**

Arrrghhh! Ah Jeez... Christ...

**ENID**

Are you okay?

**SEYMOUR**

It's just my stupid back. I'll be all right in a minute...

She notices him adjust something under his shirt.

**ENID**

What is that?

**SEYMOUR**

Oh... uh... It's just this elastic thing I have to wear for lumbar support...

**ENID**

What, like a girdle?

**SEYMOUR**

Maybe now you understand why I can't get a date.

**ENID**

Yeah, well, you're not the only one. Everybody I know has totally fucked up problems... It seems like only stupid people have good relationships...

**SEYMOUR**

(sarcastically cheering her on)

That's the spirit!

**ENID**

I mean, I'm eighteen years old and I've never even had a real, steady boyfriend for more than like two weeks!

**SEYMOUR**

Really?

**ENID**

Never...

**SEYMOUR**

I'm starting to think that even if I did get a girlfriend it really wouldn't change anything.

**ENID**

I know. It's not like it makes all your problems go away.

**SEYMOUR**

Then again, that's easy for me to say, since I'll never even get a date. I'm sure you have hundreds of guys who are interested in you.

**ENID**

Actually, I've got a total crush on this one guy right now, but it's a really fucked-up situation...

**SEYMOUR**

Oh yeah?

**ENID**

Oh wait, you met him... remember that guy Josh? I'm like practically obsessed with him, but I can't do anything about it because Becky would freak out.

**SEYMOUR**

Why?

**ENID**

Never mind, it's way too complicated...

(pause)

Did you have problems like this when

you were my age - where you're totally confused all the time?

**SEYMOUR**

I won't even dignify that with a response.

He gets up and looks through his shelves for a record.

**ENID**

(looking at his records)  
I wonder if you really like all these old records or if you only like the fact that nobody else likes them?

**SEYMOUR**

(a sore subject)  
Who knows?

The phone RINGS. Seymour ignores it.

**ENID**

Aren't you going to get that?

**SEYMOUR**

Let the machine get it. I have no desire to talk to anyone who would be calling me...

hear  
fumbling  
After several more RINGS the machine picks up and we  
Seymour's message. After the BEEP there's a long  
pause...

**SEYMOUR**

I knew it... it's my mother.

**VOICE ON MACHINE**

Uh... HI! Uh... I'm calling for...  
um... you placed an ad in the Weekly  
over a month ago and... well, I'm  
the redhead in the yellow dress...  
at least I think I am... I saw the  
ad when you first placed it but I  
was in this relationship at the time  
so I cut it out, and now I'm not in  
the relationship anymore...

(giggles)

God, this is really confusing...  
anyway, if you still want to talk to  
me I can be reached at KL5-2603,

that's my work number and my name is  
Dana... um... BYE!

**ENID**

Wow!  
(feigning ignorance)  
What was that all about?

**SEYMOUR**

It's just somebody's idea of a joke...

**ENID**

That didn't sound like a joke to  
me... what, did you write a personal  
ad or something?

**SEYMOUR**

(still confused)  
Uh yeah. A long time ago... she called  
before once... it's just somebody  
trying to humiliate me.

**ENID**

Seymour! I promise you that wasn't a  
joke -- you have to call her back!

**SEYMOUR**

How can you be so sure?

**ENID**

Well, uh... I'm an expert-about stuff  
like this -- she was totally for  
real!

**INT. ENID'S APARTMENT - ABOUT 10 PM**

Enid enters - a light is on in the kitchen.

**DAD (O.S.)**

Pumpkin? Could you come in here for  
a minute?

She  
hauntingly  
sees, first, her Dad (wearing an apron) and then, a  
familiar MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

**DAD**

Pumpkin, do you remember Maxine?

**MAXINE**

Hi, Enid.

**ENID**

Hi.

(to Dad)

Look, I'm kind of tired - I think I'll go to bed.

**DAD**

I made spaghetti. Do you want some?

**ENID**

I-I really have to get up early for class tomorrow.

**MAXINE**

It's really quite something to see you all grown up like this, Enid.

(no response from Enid)

I'd love to hear about what you're doing. I can't help but feel that I had some small part in how you turned out...

(another silent pause)

What are you studying? You were always such a smart little girl.

**ENID**

I'm taking a remedial high school art class for fuck-ups and retards.

**INT. ART CLASS - DAY**

poorly- A toothy, zit-covered 14-YEAR-OLD BOY poses with a very made sculpture. A flash goes off and he jumps slightly, sending pieces of his sculpture flying.

front It's Roberta, taking photos. She moves on to Enid, in of her big painting.

**ROBERTA**

Smile, Enid...

off. Enid ad-libs a weird expression as... the flash goes

Roberta now turns to address the class.

**ROBERTA**

I'm going to miss you people... I feel that we've all done a lot of growing this summer. I hope that each of you feels as though you'll be taking away something from this experience; I know I certainly will be...

them. A long "poignant" pause as she smiles admiringly at

**ROBERTA**

Remember, the art show is this Saturday at seven-thirty sharp. Try to get there at least 15 minutes early.

The students get their things together and file out.

**ROBERTA**

Enid, can I talk to you for a minute?

**ENID**

Uh-oh.

**ROBERTA**

Don't worry - it's nothing bad. I was just wondering what your plans were for next year?

**ENID**

I'm not really sure - working, I guess...

**ROBERTA**

Well, I know this is really short notice, but I got a call from a very close friend at the Academy of Art & Design and she tells me that I'm allowed to place one student from your graduating class in a one year scholarship program... and, well, I hope you don't mind, Enid, but I took the liberty of submitting your name.

She gives her a booklet and an application form.

**ENID**

Hmm.

**ROBERTA**

As far as I know it includes housing  
and meals and everything... it is  
really quite an offer...

**ENID**

...wow...

**ROBERTA**

(pause)

So what do you think?

**ENID**

I dunno... Would I have to take  
classes and stuff?

**ROBERTA**

Well, yes...

**ENID**

I...

**ROBERTA**

Let me know as soon as you can, Enid.  
This could be a great thing for you.

**INT. INDOOR SHOPPING MALL - DAY**

looking at  
Enid & Rebecca are in a Crate & Barrel-type store  
housewares.

**ENID**

I think one of us should fuck Josh...

**REBECCA**

Go ahead...

**ENID**

No, really...

**REBECCA**

God, you're really obsessed...

**ENID**

I am not -- I just think it'd be  
funny to see what he'd do...

**REBECCA**

I thought we decided that Josh was  
way too cool to be interested in  
sex, and that he's the only decent  
person left in the world and we would

never want to bring him down to our level and all that...

**ENID**

Yeah, but maybe one of us should at least try...

**REBECCA**

No matter what happened it would be a big disaster... Let's just try and keep everything the way it is.

Rebecca spots some particularly fetching dishware.

**REBECCA**

Look, we have to get these...

**ENID**

I can't afford stuff like this right now.

**REBECCA**

I'm sick of waiting - we need to start getting stuff if we're ever going to move.

(pause, sees towels)

Aren't these the greatest towels?

**ENID**

Why do you care about this kind of stuff?

**REBECCA**

Don't you want nice stuff?

**ENID**

I can't imagine spending money on towels.

**REBECCA**

You don't have to. I'll pay for all the stuff right now and you can pay me back when you finally get a job.

**ENID**

You're insane.

**REBECCA**

Do you still want to go to that thing tonight?

**ENID**

What thing?

**REBECCA**

That guy's band is playing tonight...  
Alien Autopsy.

**ENID**

Oh yeah... maybe... Seymour's going  
on his big date tonight and I kind  
of want to be around when he calls,  
so I can hear how bad it went.

**REBECCA**

God, I'm so sick of Seymour.

**INT. DANA'S APARTMENT - EVENING**

for  
40. Seymour is just finishing the dinner DANA has cooked  
them at her place. Dana is an attractive redhead, about

**SEYMOUR**

That was great - jeez, thanks again  
for cooking all this.

**DANA**

Oh I love to cook. I guess most women  
wouldn't invite a man over on the  
first date, but I believe you should  
trust your instincts. When I talked  
to you on the phone you just seemed  
so... I don't know... harmless. Ready  
for ice cream?

his Dana heads for the kitchen. Seymour gets up to relieve  
backache. He walks over to a framed photo on the wall.

**DANA**

Here we are... it's mocha mint from  
Lickety Splits. Oh, isn't that  
photograph just heart-rending?

**SEYMOUR**

Yeah ... where is this? Bosnia?

**DANA**

Was it Bosnia? I forget...

(pause)

It's so sad, the tragedy of an entire  
country eloquently captured in the

face of one little boy.

(pause)

A Soul/Funk song starts up on the radio that catches her attention. She goes over and turns it up.

**DANA**

Oh, I just love this song! Isn't it great? Doesn't it make you want to dance? C'mon!

**SEYMOUR**

Uh, well, that's okay - I don't dance, heh, heh...

**DANA**

Don't be silly, anyone can dance. Here, just follow me... watch my feet.

**SEYMOUR**

No, really I --

She drags him around. He's still holding his ice cream.

**DANA**

C'mon Seymour, it's all in your mind. Just loosen up and feel the music! Here, put down your bowl of ice cream.

She takes his ice cream and puts it on a table.

**SEYMOUR**

(checking his watch)

Hey, it's nearly nine already - we're gonna have to leave now if we're going to make that movie.

**DANA**

Oh, all right... Party-pooper! Just let me put a few things away.

She shuts off the stereo as he sits and eats his ice cream.

**DANA**

I'm so excited to see this film - Dustoffvarnya is such a brilliant director! Did you see his last film, The Flower That Drank The Moon? It was simply glorious!

**SEYMOUR**

Uh, no. I missed that one. But what do I know? I like Laurel and Hardy movies.

**DANA**

Really? I never really cared for those. Why does the fat one always have to be so mean to the skinny one?

**INT. ENID'S ROOM - EVENING**

looks  
can't

It's 9:30 PM. Enid is drawing in her sketchbook. She impatiently at the phone. Time passes - it's 11 PM. She stand it anymore.

**INT. SEYMOUR'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

getting

Seymour picks up the phone. Dana is in the background getting some ice in the kitchen.

**SEYMOUR**

Uh... hello?

**ENID**

Hi, it's me...

**SEYMOUR**

Oh, hi...

**ENID**

So, what happened?

**SEYMOUR**

(almost whispering)  
Actually, it's kind of still happening... she's over here right now... I think everything's going pretty well...

**ENID**

What? You're kidding me...

**SEYMOUR**

Yeah, so I better go -- it's not really the best time to talk...

**ENID**

What, are you going to like have sex  
with her on your first date?

**SEYMOUR**

Jesus, Enid... I'll talk to you  
later... bye!

Rebecca. He hangs up. Enid is stunned... Now what? She calls

**INT. OOMIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Rebecca is sitting on the couch in her pajamas when the  
phone RINGS. She picks it up.

**REBECCA**

Hello?

**ENID**

Do you still want to do something  
tonight?

**REBECCA**

What happened to Seymour?

**ENID**

(still shocked by  
this)  
I can't believe it - he actually  
scored!

**REBECCA**

How repulsive!

**ENID**

So should I come over?

**REBECCA**

Actually, I'm just about to go out  
with some friends...

**ENID**

What are you talking about? Who?

**REBECCA**

Just some people from work...

**ENID**

I don't believe you.

**REBECCA**

Yeah well, you said you were busy...  
look, I'd better get going... I'll  
call you tomorrow.

Rebecca hangs up. Clearly, she's not going anywhere.

**EXT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT**

then she  
an  
Enid stands outside Josh's door. A tentative pause;  
knocks. Josh opens the door, stunned. Enid is wearing  
uncharacteristically "sexy" outfit.

**JOSH**

Hi... what's up?

**ENID**

Can I come in?

**INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

(Tiffany  
& Amber) is tacked to the wall.  
She goes in and looks around nervously... the note

**JOSH**

Are you the one who left that note?

**ENID**

I guess.

Pause. Enid sits down on futon/sofa.

**JOSH**

So what's up?

He picks up half-finished beer and drinks self-  
consciously.

**ENID**

I don't know... I'm totally  
confused...

Josh doesn't respond - there's another awkward pause.

**ENID**

Sit over here.

He sits, tentatively. Long pause.

**JOSH**

Do you want something to drink?

**ENID**

Why?

**JOSH**

What do you mean "why"?

**ENID**

Are you trying to get me wasted so you can take advantage of my womanly charms?

**JOSH**

Yeah, right...

**ENID**

"Yeah, right"... well why not? What's so wrong with me?

**JOSH**

Nothing.

**ENID**

Then why do you hate me so much?

**JOSH**

When did I say I hated you?

**ENID**

You've never once said anything even remotely nice to me.

**JOSH**

You make me nervous! I always feel like you're going out of your way to make me feel uncomfortable so you can laugh at me!

**ENID**

That's just the way I am!

**JOSH**

Yeah, well --

**ENID**

It's just my stupid way of getting attention! God, I practically love you, Josh!

Stunned pause, then she bravely leans forward and  
kisses

aggressor...

him. He kisses back but she is clearly the  
they get more and more into it.

**ENID**

Do you have any protection?

**INT. JOSH'S APT. - 1 AM.**

lies on  
to

Later, post-coital on the now unfolded futon... Enid  
her back, Josh is face-down on top of her with his head  
the side. Enid has a blank, disillusioned stare.

**JOSH**

(now he's romantic  
and sappy)

You must have known all along how I --  
you know -- how I felt about you --  
it must be totally obvious... God...  
I always used to dream about this...

**ENID**

(staring ahead)

Why do you have that stupid poster?

**INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - DAY**

awake and  
collection  
electric

It's the next morning. Josh is asleep. Enid, fully  
dressed, sits on the bed looking at him, thoroughly  
disillusioned. She pulls out a record from his  
and grimaces. She opens a closet door and finds an  
guitar.

**JOSH**

(waking up, groggy,  
happily surprised)

Oh, hi...

**ENID**

Why do all guys have to play stupid  
guitars? It's so typical... Either  
they're into cars or guns or sports  
or guitars... it's so obvious...

**JOSH**

How long have you been up?

**ENID**

I couldn't sleep... I should get going; I feel really weird...

**JOSH**

Do you want to go get breakfast somewhere?

**ENID**

I don't think we should... Look, you have to totally promise me you won't tell Becky about this.

**JOSH**

Why not?

**ENID**

Because if you do, I'll kill you!

**JOSH**

Okay... I promise.

**ENID**

Just take my word for it... if she ever finds out about this I'll never hear the end of it...

**INT. REBECCA'S ROOM - DAY**

outfit. She  
open  
the  
Rebecca is dressed in her best apartment-hunting  
sits on her bed, dialing the phone with the FREE WEEKLY  
on her lap. She circles something with her pen while  
phone rings.

**REBECCA**

Goddammit, bitch -- where are you?

**INT. ENID'S BEDROOM -DAY**

ceiling  
Enid lies perfectly still on her bed, staring at the  
while the phone rings.

**EXT. COOK'S CHICKEN INN - DAYTIME**

Establish the restaurant.

**INT. COOK'S CHICKEN INN - DAYTIME**

Seymour sits alone eating lunch. We see Enid approach stealthily from behind.

**ENID**

Boo!

**SEYMOUR**

(very startled)

**YAAA!**

She sits across from him.

**ENID**

Where have you been? I've been looking all over for you... I've been wandering the streets day and night trying to find you...

**SEYMOUR**

Really?

**ENID**

No, actually Joe told me you were here... so how come you never call me anymore?

**SEYMOUR**

I know, I'm sorry... I-I've been really busy...

**ENID**

Yeah, I'll bet! So, how's it going with what's-her-name? Dana?

**SEYMOUR**

(he looks nervously  
at his watch)

Oh... pretty well, surprisingly... you know...

**ENID**

So, what kind of stuff do you guys do together? Is she into old records and stuff?

**SEYMOUR**

Sort of... she doesn't dislike any of that stuff... she's trying, anyway... actually, we're supposed to go antique shopping for her apartment this afternoon...

**ENID**

(not convinced)  
Sounds good...

Seymour looks again at his watch.

**SEYMOUR**

We really should get together sometime soon... I-I'll definitely call you this week --

**ENID**

What, are you trying to get rid of me?

**SEYMOUR**

No... no, it's just that I should get going in a few minutes, and --

**ENID**

Aren't you even going to ask me how I'm doing?

**SEYMOUR**

I-I'm sorry... uh so... uh... how --

**ENID**

I dunno... okay, I guess...  
(pause)  
I fucked that guy Josh finally...

**SEYMOUR**

...so... is he your boyfriend now?

**ENID**

Maybe... I dunno... He wants to be, of course. I'm weighing several offers at the present time...

Suddenly, Dana enters.

**DANA**

Seymour?... uh... hello... I guess I'm a little early...

**SEYMOUR**

Dana! Hi!  
(pause as the gears  
whirl)  
Uh, Dana... this is Enid...

**DANA**

Hello...

**ENID**

It's great to finally meet you!

Dana sits next to Seymour, facing Enid.

**DANA**

(looking back and  
forth between Enid  
and Seymour)

How do you two know each other?

**ENID**

I'm surprised he hasn't mentioned me  
we're old friends.

**DANA**

Really?

**ENID**

Yes, we're very close... In fact, I  
was standing right next to Seymour  
the first time you called. If not  
for me, he would have never called  
you back!

**DANA**

Is that right?

Seymour begins to stammer some kind of response.

**ENID**

(phony)

Oops! Look at the time! I've got to  
run! I'll stop by to see you some  
time, Seymour...

(then to Dana)

It was really great to meet you!

**INT. ENID'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT EVENING**

Enid is in her room getting dressed. Dad enters.

**DAD**

I have some good news for you,  
Pumpkin.

**ENID**

(sigh)

What is it now?

**DAD**

Are you still looking for a job?

**ENID**

I guess.

**DAD**

Well, Maxine thinks she can get you a sales job at Computer Station. Normally you have to have references and at least two years of experience, but she thinks she can convince them.

**ENID**

Tell her to forget it - I don't need her help.

**INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - EVENING**

BROTHERHOOD

the

abstract

drawn

three

turn

clothes for

A homemade banner reads: "HIGH SCHOOL ART SHOW - AND COMMUNITY: ART AS DIALOGUE." Along one wall is all work from Roberta's class: a collection of eccentric bric-a-brac and Enid's large painting. The painting has a small crowd. We see a chain of events beginning with PARENTS talking to a matronly DIRECTOR/CURATOR who in seeks out Roberta (wearing make-up and fancy-ish the first time).

**DIRECTOR**

I'm afraid you're simply going to have to take that painting down. Several of the parents have complained.

**ROBERTA**

I will do no such thing.

**DIRECTOR**

Then you leave me no other choice than to remove it myself!

She marches towards it. Roberta runs after her.

**ROBERTA**

I think we should give the artist a

chance to talk to the parents about  
her intentions with this piece...  
We should be promoting discussion as  
a solution, not censorship.

Roberta sees Margaret and grabs her.

**ROBERTA**

Margaret, have you seen Enid?

A  
snaps  
Margaret shrugs "no." ROBERTA looks through the crowd.  
college-age news-hack-type with a FREE WEEKLY T-SHIRT  
a photo of the DIRECTOR removing Enid's painting.

**EXT. SEYMOUR'S APT. BLDG. - EVENING**

knocking  
Enid, dressed as though for a glamorous date, stands  
on Seymour's door.

**SEYMOUR**

Oh... uh, hi... What's up?

**INT. SEYMOUR'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS**

is  
ridiculous  
Enid worms her way past his unwelcoming stance. Seymour  
wearing designer stone-washed denim jeans that look  
on him. Joe can be seen in the kitchen.

**ENID**

I'm going to this stupid art show  
and I want you to be my date...  
There's something I have to show  
you...

**SEYMOUR**

I... I don't know. I don't really  
think I should...

**ENID**

Of course you should. C'mon, I'm  
already a million hours late.

**SEYMOUR**

...I better not...

**ENID**

(pause)

Well forget the art show... let's do something else.

**SEYMOUR**

I... I wish I could, Enid, but I really can't right now... I -- it's just that I --

**ENID**

Well when can we do something?

**SEYMOUR**

It's just that, well, you know, Dana just got out of a really bad relationship and I don't want to give her the wrong idea... you know...

**JOE**

(walking by with his sandwich)

Don't mind me, I'll just be in my room.

**ENID**

Where did you get those pants?

**SEYMOUR**

Oh, uh... they were a present from Dana.

**ENID**

And you like them?

**SEYMOUR**

Well, you know... what do I know about clothes... I've never been the most fashionable guy -- it's nice to have someone do all the work for me...

**ENID**

(pause)

So that's it? You don't ever want to see me again?

**SEYMOUR**

No, of course I do... It's just that right now I need to --

**ENID**

What's her problem anyway? Did she actually tell you you couldn't see

me?

**SEYMOUR**

No, no... not exactly... she just doesn't understand how I would know somebody like you...

**ENID**

What does she mean by that - "somebody like me"?

**SEYMOUR**

Just someone so young...

**ENID**

You must have done something to make her think you like me.

**SEYMOUR**

I... I don't think so.

**ENID**

Does that mean you don't like me?

**SEYMOUR**

No, of course not.

**ENID**

(looks him in the eye)  
So, do you like me, Seymour?

**SEYMOUR**

In what way do you mean?

**ENID**

In whatever way you think I mean.

**SEYMOUR**

(not sure what to say; long pause)  
I don't know... I'm sorry, but Dana's a very jealous person. I just don't want to screw that up right now... I'm sure she'll dump me soon and we can go back to being friends...

**ENID**

I don't think you understand how I really feel about you, Seymour.

**SEYMOUR**

...What do you mean?

**ENID**

(pause)

Nothing. Don't worry, I won't bother you any more.

**EXT. ENID'S NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING**

A LONG SHOT of Enid as she walks home alone.

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

Enid & Rebecca walk down the street. Both wear landlord friendly J. Crew outfits.

**ENID**

Where are we? This is a weird neighborhood...

**REBECCA**

It's a totally normal, average neighborhood!

**ENID**

I just mean it's weird to me... I've never been anywhere near here in my life.

**REBECCA**

Josh says this is a really good neighborhood...

**ENID**

What? When did you see Josh?!

**REBECCA**

He came into work.

**ENID**

Why? What did he say?

**REBECCA**

Nothing.

**ENID**

When was this?

**REBECCA**

I don't know! God, don't act so jealous I only talked to him for two minutes.

They walk along in conspicuous silence.

**REBECCA**

Twenty-seven fifty-three... do you see it?

(looks around)

That must be it...

**ENID**

(without enthusiasm)

Great...

**REBECCA**

What?! It looks totally normal... what's wrong with it?

**ENID**

I said "great"...

**REBECCA**

Oh yeah, I can tell you really love it!

**ENID**

Well, what am I supposed to say? "I can't wait to live in some depressing shit-hole in the middle of nowhere"?!"

**REBECCA**

There's something wrong with every single place we look at! Why don't you just come right out and tell me you don't want to move in with me?!

**ENID**

Because you'll freak out and act like a total psycho about it.

A few passersby stop to watch.

**REBECCA**

You're the psycho! You haven't been able to deal with anything since high school ended!

**ENID**

You're the one who's still living out some stupid seventh-grade fantasy!

**REBECCA**

(as she walks away  
giving her the finger)

FUCK YOU! Have fun living with your  
dad for the rest of your life!

**INT. ENID'S ROOM - LATER THAT DAY**

strewn  
Enid is on her bed, crying. Her jacket and shoes are  
about the floor.

**ENID**

God FUCK YOU TOO!

enters he  
before  
pretends  
We see her Dad standing outside her bedroom. As he  
tries to make enough noise so that she notices him  
she really embarrasses herself. She stops crying and  
to be asleep.

**DAD**

Pumpkin? What's wrong?

**ENID**

(her back to him,  
doesn't move)

Nothing.

her  
Dad sits next to her on the bed and puts his hand on  
shoulder.

**DAD**

If there's something wrong I wish  
you'd tell me about it...

side of  
Enid pulls away from him and sits up on the opposite  
the bed, facing away from him

**ENID**

It's nothing -- it's just some  
hormonal thing... don't worry about  
it...

**DAD**

I've got some important news to tell  
you, but it can wait till later if  
you're not feeling...

**ENID**

What?

**DAD**

(speaking slowly and  
methodically)

Well... as you know, Maxine and I  
have been seeing a lot of each other,  
and we decided it might be a good  
idea for all of us if she came back  
here to live at the end of the Summer,  
just so we can all get to know each  
other and to make sure this is what  
we want.

before Enid maintains a poker face for several long seconds  
she bursts into tears, utterly defeated.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALL - DAY**

into Enid, determined, walks down the empty halls. She goes  
a room marked "Art Class".

**INT. ART CLASS - CONTINUOUS**

Roberta is in there with a bearded EX-HIPPY COLLEAGUE.  
They're covering a STUDENT in plaster.

**ENID**

Hi I brought over my application for  
the art academy... I hope it's not  
too late...

Roberta, absorbed in her plastering, glances at Enid.

**ROBERTA**

Just a minute...

Then, realizing who it is...

**ROBERTA**

Enid! I'm so sorry about what  
happened.

**ENID**

What do you mean?

**ROBERTA**

The whole business with the art show  
and the newspaper -- it's absolutely --

**ENID**

Huh?

**ROBERTA**

Didn't Principal Jaffee call you?

**ENID**

I didn't check my messages...

**ROBERTA**

Oh my goodness... well, the whole thing is just ridiculous, and as soon as the school board is back in session next Fall I'm going to do everything I can to help you.

**ENID**

Help me what?

**ROBERTA**

Well they're forcing me to give you a non-passing grade in the class because of what happened at the exhibition... but don't worry -- I'm sure I'll be able to get you your diploma in the Fall!

**ENID**

(pause, overwhelmed)

But... can I still get that scholarship to the Art Academy?

**ROBERTA**

I'm sorry, Enid - you have to be an official high school graduate before I can nominate you. I had to give it to someone else... But I'm sure next year I can --

moaning  
The PLASTER-COVERED STUDENT makes an uncomfortable noise.

**EX-HIPPY COLLEAGUE**

(flustered, to Roberta)

Hey, can you help me out over here?

**EXT. QUALITY CAFE - EVENING (SAME DAY)**

the  
Enid walks the streets - it's dark out now. She goes by Cafe - it's CLOSED FOR REMODELING.

**EXT. COMMERCIAL AREA/BUS STOP - LATER**

from  
Suddenly,  
pulls

She continues walking until she's across the street  
Norman's bus stop. She sees him there, as always.  
a BUS, well-lit from the inside and completely empty,  
up to the stop and Norman gets on.

**INT. SEYMOUR'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (ABOUT 11 PM)**

pants,  
sees

A knock on the door - Seymour shuffles out in T-shirt,  
and goofy slippers. He looks through the peephole and  
Enid. He opens the door.

**SEYMOUR**

What are you doing here?

**ENID**

I had to see you.

**SEYMOUR**

What's up?

**ENID**

Can you at least let me in?

**SEYMOUR**

Uh... sure... come in.

**ENID**

(crying)

Look, I just need somebody to be  
nice to me for five minutes and then  
I'll leave you alone.

**SEYMOUR**

What's the matter?

**ENID**

Do you have anything to drink?

Enid goes to look for herself.

**SEYMOUR**

Uh... I think there's some root  
beer...

**ENID**

What about this?

She returns from the kitchen with a giant bottle of champagne.

**SEYMOUR**

That's Dana's - I'm supposed to be saving it for our two-month anniversary. You better not --

**ENID**

(as she starts opening)  
FUCK DANA. I'm sick of Dana.

She opens it and drinks straight from the bottle.  
Seymour's look says: "Oh well, I'm fucked, I give up."

**INT. SEYMOUR'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Enid & Seymour sit on the bed listening to old records and drinking out of the bottle.

**ENID**

You need a bigger place - this is like a little kid's room.

**SEYMOUR**

I could never move - I've got too much stuff.

Enid notices an extremely ugly modern sculpture in the corner.  
She goes over and picks it up.

**ENID**

Where did you get this?

**SEYMOUR**

Dana bought it when we went antique shopping. She said it didn't go with her stuff, so she gave it to me... she thought it fit in better with my "old time thingamajigs."

**ENID**

Jesus, how can you stand her?

Seymour takes another slug off the bottle.

**SEYMOUR**

God, she's going to kill me... this bottle is half-empty!

**ENID**

That's great! "Half-empty" - that's what I like about you, Seymour, you're a natural pessimist!

**SEYMOUR**

If you expect the worst, you're never disappointed.

**ENID**

What are you talking about? You're disappointed every minute of your life.

**SEYMOUR**

I'm just being realistic.

**ENID**

At least you're not like every other stupid guy in the world - all they care about are guitars and sports... they're all such fags!

**SEYMOUR**

I hate sports.

**ENID**

How come in all that time I was trying to get you a date, you never asked me out?

**SEYMOUR**

You're a beautiful young girl... I can't imagine you would ever have had any interest in me, except as an amusingly cranky eccentric curiosity.

**ENID**

Yeah, but still... it's kind of insulting for a girl to be ignored like that.

**SEYMOUR**

I mean... of course I... why wouldn't I want to go out with you?

**ENID**

I dunno... I always feel like

everybody secretly hates me. I'm just paranoid I guess. I mean, you like me don't you? We're good friends, right?

**SEYMOUR**

Yeah, sure. Of course.

**ENID**

(contemplative pause)

...Maybe I should just move in here with you... I could do all the cooking and dust your record collection and stuff until I get a job.

**SEYMOUR**

What about Joe?

**ENID**

Oh yeah... and Dana...

(says her name with whiny, disdainful voice)

You were a lot more fun before you met Dana. You've been acting way too normal lately... you're a bitter, twisted, fucked-up guy, Seymour, that's why I like you.

**SEYMOUR**

(more drunk than before)

Yeah, well I like you too...

**TEN MINUTES LATER**

The bottle is empty.

**ENID**

You know what my number one fantasy used to be?

**SEYMOUR**

(pause)

What?

**ENID**

I used to think about one day not telling anybody and just taking off and going to some random place... Do you ever think about stuff like that?

**SEYMOUR**

I guess I probably used to when I was your age.

**ENID**

It would have to be some totally average day when nobody was expecting it, and I'd just disappear and they'd never see me again.

**SEYMOUR**

Sounds like a healthy way to deal with your problems.

**ENID**

You know what we should do? Let's go get in your car right now and just take off! We could just drive away and find some new place and start a whole new life... fuck everybody!

**SEYMOUR**

I don't think I'm in any condition to drive.

**ENID**

I'll drive, then -- we'll go out in a blaze of glory!

**SEYMOUR**

So where would we go?

**ENID**

Who cares? Let's just go... what's stopping us?

**SEYMOUR**

I dunno, I...

**ENID**

I'm serious! I'm just so sick of everybody! Why can't I just do whatever I want?

**SEYMOUR**

What do you want?

**ENID**

What do you want?

**SEYMOUR**

I-I-I...

**ENID**

What's the matter with you, Seymour?  
Don't you like me? Be a man for once  
in your life!

back. She kisses him passionately. He's shocked but kisses

merciful This escalates, leading to the sex act, shown with  
brevity.

WE SEE Enid & Seymour, post-coital.

**ENID**

God, Dana's going to kill you!

**SEYMOUR**

...Do you really want us to drive  
away somewhere?

**ENID**

What?... Maybe... no... I dunno...

**SEYMOUR**

I will if you want to.

**ENID**

No... forget it...

**SEYMOUR**

(embarrassingly sappy)  
I-I never expected anything like  
this to happen...

**ENID**

Yeah, well... me neither...

**SEYMOUR**

You must know I always... did you  
really mean all that about moving in  
with me?

**ENID**

I was just thinking out loud...  
(doesn't want to hurt  
his feelings)  
I mean, you've got this whole thing  
with Dana -- I'm not going to let  
you fuck that up...

**SEYMOUR**

But, I...

**ENID**

Shhh... I really need to get some sleep.

that  
as  
arm  
relaxed

Enid turns her back to him. We see from REVERSE ANGLE she's only pretending to be asleep. She looks troubled, though she's just made a big mistake. Seymour puts his arm around her. It's the only time we've seen him look and happy.

**SEYMOUR**

Good night...

He kisses her arm and goes to sleep.

**INT. SEYMOUR'S ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING**

Seymour wakes up. Enid is gone.

**INT. DANA'S OFFICE - EXPANSION REALTY - DAY**

listens

Dana is on the phone. A lantern-jawed male COLLEAGUE in, his head pressed up against hers.

**DANA**

(into phone)

It's a thirty-year fixed at five and-a-half...

pleasantly

Seymour nervously enters her "workspace". Dana is surprised - she stops her conversation.

**DANA**

(covering receiver)

Seymour! Hello! What are you doing here?

**SEYMOUR**

Oh -- please - don't let me interrupt finish your phone call.

**DANA**

We're almost done.

(she continues into  
phone)

Hi. Yeah... no, it's excluded.  
They've already paid the earnest  
money... well, let them bring it up  
if they notice it at the final walk  
through. Right, great, sounds good!

She hangs up and high-fives her colleague. They bear-  
hug.

**COLLEAGUE**

Great job! I'm proud of ya! Well,  
I'll check you guys later. I'm gonna  
go start the paperwork.

Colleague leaves; Dana turns to Seymour.

**DANA**

Hey... so, what brings you down here?

**SEYMOUR**

I uh... I feel that I need to uh --  
there's something I feel I have to  
say... I uh, I've never said this to  
anyone before -- believe me, I've  
stayed in horrible relationships for  
years just so I wouldn't have to do  
this, but I uh...

**DANA**

What are you trying to say?

**SEYMOUR**

It's just that I feel like it's maybe  
not a good idea for us to keep going  
out.

Suddenly Dana sits down, staring ahead, stunned for a moment.  
she breaks down sobbing.

**SEYMOUR**

I-I honestly never intended for this  
to happen...

**DANA**

Please tell me it isn't that teenager!

**SEYMOUR**

Enid and I were just friends. You  
know... we feel comfortable around

each other... she really likes my  
old records and...

**DANA**

I can't believe this! I thought at  
the very least a guy like you would  
never pull this kind of shit on me!

comfort She starts crying again. Seymour awkwardly tries to  
her.

**SEYMOUR**

Dana, I... um...

Dana pushes him away violently.

**DANA**

You disgusting pig! You're just an  
overgrown baby who can't deal with a  
woman your own age. You pathetic  
weakling! You make me sick!

**INT. ENID'S ROOM - THE SAME DAY**

the Enid is now utterly defeated. The phone rings. She lets  
machine pick it up. Maxine enters.

**MAXINE**

May I ask what you're doing?

**ENID**

Shhh!

**MAXINE**

I want to know what you think you're  
doing, staying out all night and  
worrying your father to death!

**ENID**

Oh yeah, like he even noticed.

**MAXINE**

Listen, young lady... I know you  
don't like me -- I don't really care  
whether you do or not -- but I will  
not allow you to treat your father  
the way you do.

We hear Seymour on the machine in the background...

**SEYMOUR (V.O.)**

I really want to talk to you. I've been thinking about what you said about moving in here...

**ENID**

I can treat him any way I want to - I'm an adult! Leave me alone!

up  
Maxine leaves. Seymour finishes his message. Enid picks the phone and dials.

**REBECCA (V.O.)**

Hello?

**ENID**

I need to talk to you.

**INT. THE COFFEE EXPERIENCE - DAY**

uniform.  
Enid & Rebecca sit at a table. Rebecca is wearing her

**ENID**

I'm sorry about the other day. I don't know what's wrong with me... I really do want to move in with you.

**REBECCA**

I don't know... I was thinking maybe I should live alone. I decided to rent that place we looked at. I'm moving in next week.

**ENID**

Please let me come with you. Please please please...

**REBECCA**

I don't know - I'm not sure it's a good idea.

**ENID**

Of course it's a good idea... it's our plan.

**REBECCA**

But how are you gonna pay rent and everything? You don't even have a job.

**ENID**

I'll get a job tomorrow, I promise.  
If I don't, you can totally tell me  
to fuck off.

**INT. ENID'S ROOM - LATE MORNING**

slightly  
Enid is putting on her shoes. Her Dad opens the door  
and sticks his head in.

**DAD**

Pumpkin, are you in there?

**ENID**

Are you going to yell at me?

**DAD**

About what?

**DAD**

Yeah, I heard about that.

**ENID**

I was in a horrible mood - tell her  
not to worry, I'll be completely out  
of her life in a few days.

**DAD**

She understands what you're going  
through and she really wants to help  
you. She says that job at Computer  
Station is still available if you  
want it.

**ENID**

I-I'm not sure... yeah, maybe.

**DAD**

Actually, I was just checking to see  
if you were here - your friend Seymour  
is on his way up.

**ENID**

What do you mean "on his way up"!?

**DAD**

I just buzzed him in.

Just then, three sharp KNOCKS on the front door.

**ENID**

What's wrong with you?! Tell him I'm not here!

**DAD**

But I can't --

**ENID**

**JUST DO IT!**

Dad goes to answer the door. Enid hides in her room.

**DAD (V.O.)**

I'm not sure when she'll be back...

Enid looks out the window and sees Seymour walking away. She has a terribly sad look on her face.

**INT. SEYMOUR'S BEDROOM - EVENING**

Seymour sits in dim light, dialing an antique "candlestick" telephone. In the background, a Peter, Paul and Mary concert plays on the TV. We hear three rings followed by Enid's answering machine message. He hangs up before it finishes. Joe walks by the doorway.

**JOE**

Well, here's where the fun never stops!

**SEYMOUR**

Yeah, I'm really, really happy. Really having a good time.

**JOE**

Still torturing yourself over that Enid, huh?

Seymour doesn't answer. He looks away.

**SEYMOUR**

Where else am I ever going to find another girl who likes Geeshie Wiley records?

(pause)

She could at least have the decency to call me back.

**JOE**

Maybe she was just using you to try  
and get back at some guy. Who knows?  
It could be a million things. It's  
wasted time trying to logically figure  
out the female brain, that's for  
sure.

Again no answer from Seymour, he stares off into space.

**JOE**

Maybe she's got another boyfriend.

**SEYMOUR**

(bummed out, wants  
Joe to stop)  
Yeah, well... thanks for cheering me  
up.

**JOE**

(deadpan)  
No problem.

compassion  
Seymour looks so miserable that even Joe has some  
for him.

**JOE**

Look at it this way - at least things  
can't get any worse.

Joe leaves. Seymour is left listening to the record.

**INT. COOK'S CHICKEN HEADQUARTERS - DAY.**

with  
Robbins-  
out.  
Seymour is at work, walking down a carpeted hallway  
many doors on both sides. A door opens and a Tony  
ish, 35 year-old MANAGEMENT EXECUTIVE sticks his head

**EXECUTIVE**

Seymour! Just the man I want to see.  
Step in here for a minute.

Seymour enters.

**EXECUTIVE**

Have a seat.

it's  
"Oh

He plunks down the current issue of THE FREE WEEKLY -  
open to a 1/2 page article on page 8 with the headline  
Brother!" and a photo of THE PAINTING being removed.

**EXECUTIVE**

What can you tell me about this,  
Seymour?

**INT. ENID & REBECCA'S NEW APT.**

shirt  
around  
apartment.

Enid is wearing a bright orange "Computer Station" T-  
and a yellow vest with a "trainee" tag. She's looking  
at her new home: a hopelessly drab, characterless

**REBECCA**

So, whaddya think?

**ENID**

It's fine.

**REBECCA**

So where's all your stuff?

Enid points to a small box with sketchbook, etc.

**ENID**

There.

**REBECCA**

That's all you're bringing?

**ENID**

I'm gonna finish packing tonight...  
I'll bring it over tomorrow sometime.

**REBECCA**

What time?

**ENID**

I dunno...

**REBECCA**

Make sure you're here by noon - we  
have tons of stuff to do... Oh yeah!  
I have to show you something else!

IRONING  
seen.

She drags Enid into the kitchen and opens a BUILT-IN BOARD as though it's the most amazing thing she's ever-

**REBECCA**

Isn't this the greatest?

**INT. ENID'S ROOM - LATE EVENING**

her  
Inside  
takes  
listening  
grabs  
It's  
folds  
orange

Enid is sorting her stuff into boxes. Digging through closet, she finds a box that she doesn't recognize. are her old children's records (45's). She excitedly one out and plays it. She folds her clothes while to this song, which clearly is getting to her. She mechanically for the next thing hanging in her closet. the uniform from her job at "Computer Station." She it, puts it in the box, then stops, staring at the fabric.

**INT. ENID AND REBECCA'S APT. - THE NEXT DAY**

stuff.

Rebecca is nervously arranging and re-arranging her

sets the  
The  
off and  
knock

She puts up her gigantic new kitchen wall clock and time to 12:45. She goes to the phone and calls Enid. machine picks up and Rebecca hangs up. She does another tedious, pointless task. IT'S NOW 3:30. She's pissed goes to the phone to call again. As it rings there's a on the door. Relieved, she hangs up and goes to answer.

**REBECCA**

(as she opens the door)

What's wrong with you, retard - it's three-thirty!

It's Seymour standing there, not Enid.

**SEYMOUR**

Uh... hi. Uh... Enid's stepmother told me I'd find her here?

**REBECCA**

She's not at home?

**SEYMOUR**

No... they said she was here...

**REBECCA**

What the fuck is she doing?! She was supposed to be here three hours ago!

**SEYMOUR**

Uh, do you mind if I wait? I really need to talk to her.

**REBECCA**

(allows him to step  
inside but leaves  
the door open)

Are you sure she wasn't there? Maybe she was just hiding from you.

**SEYMOUR**

Why would she be hiding from me?

**REBECCA**

I don't know... where is she, then?

**SEYMOUR**

Maybe she's with Josh?

**REBECCA**

Josh!? Why would she be with Josh?

**SEYMOUR**

I don't know.

**REBECCA**

Why? What did she tell you?

**SEYMOUR**

She just mentioned him a few times and said that they had been dating - I thought maybe she was...

**REBECCA**

What? Is she having some secret affair with Josh?

**SEYMOUR**

I have no idea - I just want to...

**REBECCA**

Why wouldn't she tell me? There's no way! She could never keep that to herself... you're crazy.

**SEYMOUR**

Really, I don't know enough about it to...

**REBECCA**

That slut!

**SEYMOUR**

(changing subject  
back to me)

Why did you say she might be hiding from me? Did she say anything to you about me?

**REBECCA**

(getting revenge on  
Seymour)

Yeah, she thinks you're a dork.

**SEYMOUR**

Did she say that?

**REBECCA**

Look, what do you expect? Considering how we met you.

**SEYMOUR**

What do you mean?

**REBECCA**

On that pathetic fake blind date.

**SEYMOUR**

What are you talking about?

**REBECCA**

Didn't she ever tell you about that? God, she really is pathological...

**SEYMOUR**

What fake blind date? What are you talking about?

box  
she  
Rebecca goes over and gets Enid's sketchbook out of the  
and flips through it. When she gets to the right page  
hands it to Seymour.

**REBECCA**

Here. Read it and weep.

SEYMOUR  
JOSH  
We see a pasted-up PERSONAL AD beside a DRAWING OF  
in Wowsville. On the facing page we see a drawing of  
with his name surrounded by RED HEARTS.

**EXT. SIDEWINDER - AFTERNOON**

into  
Seymour's car screeches into the parking lot. He bursts  
the store, ready for once in his life to make a scene.

**INT. SIDEWINDER - AFTERNOON**

machine,  
Doug is  
Josh is behind the counter cleaning the Slurpee  
with his back to the entrance, as Seymour storms in.  
over by the magazine rack reading a dirt bike magazine.

**SEYMOUR**

I hope you had a good laugh at my  
expense.

Seymour.  
Josh turns around - what's going on? He recognizes

**JOSH**

Huh... oh... hi... uh...

**SEYMOUR**

You want to see something funny?  
I'll show you something funny!

potato  
front  
trying  
As he says this he flips over a SMALL DISPLAY RACK of  
chips. Then he tries to flip over a BIG DISPLAY CASE in  
of the counter but is unable to budge it - he keeps  
and gets more and more frustrated.

**JOSH**

**HEY!**

get  
yelling.  
with  
freaked  
cry.

Josh runs from behind the counter to stop him before he creates a huge mess. He tries to grab Seymour and they into a ridiculous frantic scuffle. Seymour starts Suddenly Doug appears and gets Seymour in a choke hold his nunchucks. Doug ad-libs cop-style jargon. Josh is out. Seymour realizes what a fool he is and starts to

The Boss comes out of the back room...

**BOSS**

Josh! What going on here?!

**INT. ENID & REBECCA'S APARTMENT - AROUND MIDNIGHT**

clothes,  
loud  
she  
one  
BEEP  
of a  
over

The apartment is dark - lit only by a harsh, annoying streetlight. Rebecca sits on the couch in sweat exasperated. She goes to look out the window. Cars with radios can be heard driving by. She goes to the phone - checks it and hangs up. Pause. She picks it up again - last try. She dials the number and waits. We hear the of the answering machine. Rebecca hangs up. She gets into a sleeping bag (spread out in the center cold linoleum floor). She zips the zipper all the way her head and curls up into a whimpering ball.

**FADE TO**

**BLACK**

**TITLE CARD: "SEVERAL MONTHS LATER"**

**INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

fades.  
pastel

The dialogue begins in voice-over as the title card We slowly fade in to see Seymour, lying on a pink psychiatrist's couch, as he speaks to his THERAPIST, a

handsome, well-coiffed woman in her late 40s.

**SEYMOUR**

I have to admit, things have really started looking up for me since my life turned to shit.

**THERAPIST**

So tell me more about this job. What exactly will you be doing?

**SEYMOUR**

Well, mostly archival research, cataloguing old records and writing liner notes for their CD reissues. It's really... I can't believe it.

**THERAPIST**

Remember what I said when we first started -- this little breakdown might turn out to be the best thing that ever happened to you!

**SEYMOUR**

It doesn't pay very much, but I should be able to afford my own place in a few months... Do you think that's too soon? I'm really anxious to get my record collection out of storage...

**THERAPIST**

Why don't we start with that next week?

behind Seymour looks up. She nods toward the large wall clock  
walks him her: thirty seconds after five. Re gets up and she  
slowly toward the door.

**SEYMOUR**

Thank you, doctor.

**THERAPIST**

(as she opens the door)

Don't thank me. You're doing all the work.

A pause. They stand facing each other.

**THERAPIST**

Seymour?

**SEYMOUR**

Yes?

**THERAPIST**

Do you have a check for me?

In Seymour takes a filled-out check from his shirt pocket.  
the waiting room, we see SEYMOUR'S MOTHER.

**MOTHER**

Seymour? Are you done? Did you have a chance to think about what you might want for dinner while you were in there?

**SEYMOUR**

We can talk about it in the car,  
Ma...

the As they leave Seymour looks back and smiles weakly at  
doctor.

**INT. QUALITY CAFE - LATE AFTERNOON**

Wovsville The Cafe has been FULLY REMODELED and now resembles  
neighborhood more than the old Quality Cafe. There are no  
somethings. We "characters" anymore, only well-heeled twenty-  
a see that Rebecca is now a waitress here. She tears off  
shirted check and places it in front of a super-muscular, polo  
EUROPEAN HIPSTER, who is too busy tapping away at his  
POWERBOOK to notice.

1930's She walks toward the end of the counter to total up her  
receipts. She looks up and sees Enid, wearing tasteful  
style clothes, sitting across from her.

**ENID**

Hi.

**REBECCA**

Oh, hi... I almost didn't recognize  
you -- I think I need to get glasses;

you're all blurry!

**ENID**

(nodding toward  
muscular HIPSTER)  
You're lucky then, you can't see the  
veins on that guy's biceps.

**REBECCA**

Actually, he's a really nice guy.

We see at this point that Rebecca & Enid are no longer  
friends, but there are also no hard feelings evident.

**REBECCA**

Do you want anything?

**ENID**

Maybe an orange juice.

Rebecca goes to get it. Enid looks around, bemused and  
saddened by what The Quality Cafe has become.

**ENID**

Hey, look what I got...

out

She takes a crumpled envelope from her pocket and pulls  
her DIPLOMA.

**REBECCA**

Wow... finally.

**ENID**

It just came yesterday...

Pause. Josh enters. Enid turns around.

**JOSH**

Hi Enid.

**ENID**

Hey Josh.

**JOSH**

Are you ready to go?

then:

For a moment it's not clear who he's talking to, and

**REBECCA**

(still counting

receipts)  
Yeah, just one second...

behind She finishes, takes off her apron and emerges from  
the counter. She kisses Josh perfunctorily.

**REBECCA**

(to Josh)  
Did you remember to pay the phone  
bill?

**JOSH**

Yeah.

**REBECCA**

(to Enid)  
Call me sometime.

**ENID**

Definitely. We still have to go to  
that shoe store sometime.

alien Rebecca & Josh leave. Enid is totally alone in the now-  
calmly world of the Quality Cafe. A momentary pause as she  
TRAVEL stares into her orange juice. We see a small, round  
BAG at her feet.

**EXT. CITY STREETS/ACME SHOES - EVENING**

world. We see Enid walking down the familiar streets of her

noises. It's early evening, quiet except for distant street

It She walks toward the old ACME SHOES AND REPAIR STORE.  
stands looks the same, miraculously preserved, until she  
papered right in front of it. She looks through the partially  
fixtures: over window and sees WORKMEN inside installing new  
from a a modern counter and several small tables, all made  
"Coming FAMILIAR GREEN PLASTIC. A sign in the window reads:  
Soon: Another COFFEE EXPERIENCE.

**EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING**

calm  
startled by  
She  
perfect  
to the  
  
she

She continues walking as the sun has set and there is a stillness to the city. She turns a corner and is her reflection in a large window made of one-way glass. She stops and looks at herself. Everything about her looks for once; no need to change a thing. She moves closer to the glass and, shading her eyes, tries to look inside. She continues walking. Darkness is just setting in and has the street all to herself.

**EXT. COMMERCIAL AREA/BUS STOP - NIGHT**

She  
woman  
bathing  
thing  
another...  
rounds the  
  
bus  
moment  
moves  
and the

We see Enid at NORMAN'S BUS STOP, sitting on the bench. She looks at the apartment building across the street. A woman who has just arrived home from work turns on the TV, her living room with that EERIE BLUE LIGHT. The same thing happens in another window down the street... then another... Enid looks down the street. In the distance A BUS rounds the corner and heads toward her.

From a third-story window across the street, we see the bus as it arrives and stops, blocking Enid from view. A moment later it pulls away, leaving an empty bench. The CAMERA moves upward, farther and farther away as the music swells and the credits roll.

**EXT. BRIDGE - EVENING**

The bus disappears over the crest of the bridge.

**THE END**

