

HAPPINESS

Written and Directed by  
Todd Solondz

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

The sign is illuminated.

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

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

JOY

Stuart?... Are you okay?

STUART

Yeah. Sure. I'm fine.

JOY

Good. Well. I had a really nice time.

STUART

Yeah. Me too.

JOY

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

STUART

Same here.

JOY

But...

STUART

Yeah.

JOY

You understand.

STUART

Unh.

JOY

And you don't hate me?

STUART

No.

JOY

'Cause you know I could never hate you. At the same time, I just don't think I could ever...you know... you. In the way you should be..

STUART

Yeah.

JOY

And deserve to be.

STUART

Unh hunh.

JOY

Well. The food here was excellent- I'm gonna recommend it to my sisters! How many stars did it get?

STUART

Three and a half.

And the dam cracks wide open. He bawls. A pause.

JOY

Do you feel better now?

(STUART nods)

Me too.

STUART

I'm sorry.

JOY

It's really good we had this talk.

STUART

Yeah.

JOY

Before things went too far...

You know, got too serious.

STUART

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

JOY

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

STUART

No, it's me.

JOY

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

STUART

Okay.

Pause.

JOY

'Cause I mean...

STUART

I know.

JOY

The thing is, I want to do what's right - for both of us. I spent a lot of time...examining...my heart. And I felt that you deserved my honesty.

STUART

Thanks.

Pause.

JOY

Now I just want to make you whole again.

STUART

I'm whole.

JOY

Really?

STUART

Really.

JOY

...'Cause I was afraid we wouldn't be able to be friends anymore.

STUART

(laughing, sort of)

Oh, Joy!

JOY

Oh, but you know how it is.  
And well, most guys...

STUART

I'm not most guys.

JOY

I know. If only most guys were  
like you.

STUART

But then I'd be like most guys.

JOY

(laughs)

Oh, Stuart. If only I felt the way  
I'd like to feel with you... Life is  
so unfair. It's all my fault.

STUART

I know.

(a beat)

Are you sure...?

JOY

Yes.

Pause.

STUART

Is it someone else?

JOY

No, it's just you.

Pause.

STUART

I want to show you something  
I got for you.

JOY

For me?

STUART

(hands her a gift)

Open it up.

JOY

(discovers a pewter ashtray)

Oh, but Stuart. This is...oh,  
this is beautiful.

STUART

Thanks. It's a Gainsevoort

reproduction. Boston, late 1800's.  
I sent away for it just after  
we had our...first date.

JOY

Oh, I just love it. It's a...it's a  
collector's item.

STUART

Yeah, it is pretty special.

JOY

(laughs)

It almost makes me want to start  
smoking again!

STUART

Look at the bottom.

JOY

(examines more closely)

Ooh.

STUART

Forty karat gold-plate inlaid base.

JOY

Oh, Stuart. Thank you. This really  
means something to me. I'll always  
treasure it...as a token...

STUART

No, you won't.

(retrieves his gift;  
a sudden shift in emotion:)

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

3. EXT. ROAD - NIGHT.

3.

Thunder. Rain. STUART'S car drives by.

4. INT. STUART'S CAR - NIGHT.

4.

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

5. EXT. JOY'S PLACE - NIGHT.

5.

The car pulls over.

JOY

Well, good night.

STUART

Good night.

JOY gets out. STUART drives away.

FADE TO BLACK.

6. INT. BILL'S OFFICE - DAY.

6.

ALLEN talks to his psychiatrist, BILL MAPLEWOOD.

ALLEN

...I dunno, but whenever I see her I just want to...you know...I want to undress her, I want to tie her up and pump her pump pump pump till she screams bloody murder. And then I want to flip her ass over and pump her even more and so hard my dick shoots right through her and so that my come squirts out of her mouth... Not that I could ever actually...do that... Oh, if only she knew how I felt, how deep down I really cared for her, respected her, she would love me back. Maybe. But she hardly even knows I exist. I mean, she knows I exist - we are neighbors, we smile politely at each other... But I don't know how I could ever begin to really talk to her, what can I talk about? I have nothing to talk about. I'm boring. I know. I've been told before, so don't tell me it's not true. 'Cause it's a fact. I bore people. People look at me and they get bored. They listen to me and they zone out, bored... And for her to see how boring I am...no, no, no... It's better I say nothing... and hope... though right now, I have to say, if I were to suddenly jump out of my window, she wouldn't care. I mean, she'd care, of course, she'd care,

I mean, she is human, but I mean she'd care the way you care about a stranger you read about in the paper that jumps in front of a running subway train, a stranger whose name you're never sure how to pronounce, if it's even printed. I'd be an anecdote...maybe. But you know what I'm going to do? When I see her next time, as soon as I see her, I'm just going to tell her...tell her I find her...attractive. And that'll be that. Then...then we'll see...

7. EXT. HIGH RISE - EVENING.

7.

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

8. INT. HIGH RISE LOBBY - EVENING.

8.

HELEN walks towards the elevator and waits beside ALLEN.

ALLEN mumbles something. HELEN is oblivious.

ALLEN

How's it going?

HELEN

Okay.

The elevator arrives.

9. INT. ELEVATOR - EVENING.

9.

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

10. INT. HALLWAY - EVENING.

10.

ALLEN and HELEN emerge from the elevator.

ALLEN

See ya.

HELEN

Yeah.

And they walk their separate ways.

11. INT. ALLEN'S APARTMENT - EVENING.

11.

ALLEN drops his stuff.

He takes a shower.

He lies down.

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

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

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

ALLEN

Hello, is this Claire?

WOMAN (V.O.)

Who is this?

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

12. INT. TRISH'S PLACE - DAY.

12.

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

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

TRISH

Oh, Timmy! Look who's here!

TIMMY

(aiming a laser at JOY)

Die, Aunt Joy! Die!

TRISH

Timmy!

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

JOY

Oh, leave him alone, Trish.  
He's just going through a phase.

TRISH

Oh, I know, but...

JOY

(trying to make light)

It's okay. I'm strong enough.

JOY suddenly bursts into tears.

TRISH

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

JOY

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

TRISH

Did another guy dump you?

JOY

No! I...oh, I feel horrible.

TRISH

Aww. Timmy didn't mean it.

JOY

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

TRISH

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

JOY

What?

A weighty pause.

TRISH

You've got to eat red meat.

JOY

Oh, Trish...

TRISH

Oh, I knew that's how you'd react,  
but it's true. I've been watching you  
and, well... My doctor says just  
once a month...

JOY

I know...

TRISH

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

JOY

What's wrong with my skin?

TRISH

It's fine now, but in another  
few years... Please, Joy.

I'm speaking for your own good.

JOY

Oh, I know. Thanks.

A tender moment: TRISH and JOY hold hands.

JOY

I'm so happy.

TRISH

Are you really?

JOY

Being around you and the kids...

TRISH

Oh... And I'm so happy you're happy.  
'Cause all this time I've been  
thinking you were so miserable.

JOY

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

TRISH

It's just, what with your  
music career never really...

JOY

My career's fine!

TRISH

Oh, I know, it will be!  
I just know it! And then you'll  
move out of Mom and Dad's...

JOY

Real soon!

TRISH

And you'll meet Mr. Right!

JOY

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

TRISH

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

JOY

That's right.

Pause.

TRISH

You know, Joy, I've never told you this before, but now that we're older, and I feel so bonded to you, well...the truth is - oh, I know this sounds horrible, but I feel I have to be fully open with you, get beyond all the old barriers, sibling nonsense - well, the truth is I always thought you would never amount to much. That you'd end up alone, without a career or anything. Really, it's what we all thought. Mom, Dad, Helen...everyone... I'd always prayed we'd all be wrong, but you had always seemed to...doomed to failure. But now I see, it's not true. There is a glimmer of hope for you after all. Oh, I know I'm repeating myself, but, oh...

(tears well up)

I'm so happy for you...

13. EXT. PARK - DAY.

13.

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

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

Bloodshed everywhere. Then silence.

VOICE

And how is this different?

14. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY.

14.

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

BILL

I don't kill myself at the end.

PSYCHIATRIST

Do you see this as something positive?

BILL

Gee, I don't know.

PSYCHIATRIST

How do you feel at the end?

BILL

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

PSYCHIATRIST

And you wouldn't kill people  
in real life.

BILL

No. I don't think so.

PSYCHIATRIST

You don't sound so certain.

BILL

I'm thinking about my patients.

PSYCHIATRIST

What about them?

BILL

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

PSYCHIATRIST

And what about your family?

BILL

Trish is good to me.

PSYCHIATRIST

But still no sex?

BILL

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

15. EXT. CAR - DAY.

15.

BILL is driving along.

16. EXT. PARK - DAY.

16.

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

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

He gets back in his car.

17. INT. BILL'S CAR - DAY.

17.

BILL is at the wheel again, a little tense.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TRISH  
So how was work today, Hon?

BILL  
Oh, fine.

KOOKI sniffs BILL'S pants, excited.

TRISH  
Kooki, no!

BILL  
Down, Kooki!

KOOKI calms down somewhat.

BILLY ENTERS, opens the refrigerator, pours himself a soda. He looks dejected.

BILL  
Hey, Billy! What's going on?

BILLY  
Nothing.

TRISH  
He's

(making quotation marks  
with her fingers)

"depressed."

BILL

Is something the matter?

BILLY

I don't wanna talk about it.

And he leaves for the TV room again.

TRISH

Ignore him. He's just doing it for  
attention. He thinks you'll be  
impressed. As if. So anyway...  
Joy came by today.

BILL

How's she doing?

TRISH

Oh, God, I dunno, and frankly...  
I'm concerned. I mean, she's not  
like me. She doesn't "have it all."  
She pretends to be happy, but  
I can see right through her:  
she's miserable.

BILL

Why do you think that is?

TRISH

To be frank, I think she's lazy.  
She's not a go-getter, like me or  
Helen. And she's so picky. I gave  
Damien Ross her phone number, for  
what it's worth, and Joy sounded  
interested, naturally, but...I dunno.  
I'm afraid to have to say it, but  
truly it's what I believe: she'll  
always be alone.

BILL

We're all alone.

TRISH

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

BILL

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

TRISH

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

BILL

No.

TRISH

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

BILL

I know. 'Cause you're so secretive.

TRISH

Well, maybe not as secretive as you.

BILL

What secret would you like me to  
tell you?

TRISH puts her arms around BILL.

TRISH

(whispers coyly)

Like how come no matter how much  
you treat me like shit,  
I can't help loving you even more?

22. INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - LATER.

22.

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

BILLY

Dad?

BILL

Yes, Billy?

BILLY

What does come mean?

BILL

Come?

BILLY

You know...

BILL

Well, you know how sometimes your  
penis gets erect...well, sometimes  
it gets so excited that a sticky  
milky substance shoots out.

BILLY

...Dickwad?

BILL

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

(a beat)

Billy?

BILLY

Yeah?

BILL

Have you ever come?

BILLY

Yeah...

BILL

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

BILLY

Well, I have...

BILL

Billy...

BILLY

But everyone else in class had and..  
I want to come, too!

BILLY starts crying.

BILL

Awn, now, it's okay, it's okay.  
Have you tried playing with yourself?

BILLY

You mean...

BILL

With your penis.

BILLY

A little.

BILL

How did it feel?

BILLY

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

BILL

Do you want me to...show you?

BILLY

No! No! I'm not normal!

BILLY buries his head in BILL'S lap.

BILL

Aw, Billy. Don't worry. You're normal.  
You'll come. One day. You'll see.

23. INT. JOY'S PLACE - DAY.

23.

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

HELEN

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

JOY

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

HELEN

I can't. I'm giving another reading/book-signing over at Barnes & Noble, and then Jamal is taking me out - although I promised Fabiacho...Uch. Everybody wants me...

The phone rings.

HELEN

That's it, I'm going.

JOY

Wait!

JOY picks up the phone.

JOY

Hello?

VOICE

Hi! How are you?

JOY

Is this Damien?

VOICE

Yeah!... So, uh, how are you doing?

JOY

Oh, fine. Could you hold a second? Helen?

HELEN is almost out the door.

HELEN

See ya!

JOY

Thanks for stopping by!

HELEN leaves.

JOY  
(into phone)

Sorry. That was my sister leaving.

VOICE

Oh. Yeah...um...yeah...

Pause.

JOY

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

VOICE

Yeah, well...

JOY

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

VOICE

Same here.

JOY

Oh, really? That's so nice to hear.  
Most people seem so confident...

VOICE

Yeah...

JOY

Or, well, you know...  
They're just real jerks.

VOICE

Yeah...uh... What are you doing?

JOY

Oh, I'm sorry, I'm just trying to  
thaw this steak...but it's so hard  
and... I'm sorry.

VOICE

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

JOY

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

VOICE

No, no. Not at all.

JOY

Thanks.

VOICE

So...um... Are you alone now?

JOY

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

VOICE

What are you wearing?

JOY

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

VOICE

What are you wearing now?

JOY

Oh, just a pair of jeans. Why?

VOICE

Are they tight?

JOY

Not too tight. They fit okay.  
But why do you...?

VOICE

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

JOY

(starts looking inside her jeans)  
Underneath? Well, but Damien,  
underneath is just...

(pauses, suddenly alarmed)

This isn't Damien...is it?

VOICE

Are you getting wet?  
Is your pussy all-?

JOY hangs up.

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

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

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

The doorbell rings.

ALLEN rises.

ALLEN

Who is it?

VOICES

Your neighbor Kristina.

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

ALLEN

Hey, what's up?

KRISTINA

Did you hear what happened to Pedro?

ALLEN

Pedro?

KRISTINA

You know, the night doorman?

ALLEN

Oh, yeah. What?

KRISTINA

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

ALLEN

Uch.

KRISTINA

Yeah. And supposedly his penis is missing.

ALLEN

Uugh.

KRISTINA

Yeah, well, Carla in 2B is collecting money for the funeral, if you feel like it. Apparently he had no family, no known friends...Gee, if I'da know... I mean, I did always say hi, I think.

ALLEN

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

Pause.

KRISTINA

By the way, um, I've got an extra ticket to the play-offs tonight. Wanna come with me?

ALLEN

Nah. Thanks. I got too much work.

KRISTINA

Oh.

(a beat)

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

ALLEN

Thanks.

KRISTINA

See ya.

ALLEN

Yeah.

And he closes the door.

25. INT. HALLWAY - THAT MOMENT.

25.

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

26. EXT. FLORIDA/ARIZONA  
CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX - DAY.

26.

It is bright and sunny.

27. INT. CONDO - DAY.

27.

LENNY and MONA, in their 60s, sit at the kitchen table. There are dishes shattered on the floor.

MONA

Oh, I feel better now.

LENNY

Good.

(a beat)

I'm gonna clean up.

Pause.

MONA

I'm gonna lie down.

MONA rises, walks to her bedroom, lies down.

LENNY clears the table.

LENNY

I'm turning on the dishwasher!

And LENNY starts vacuuming up the debris on the floor.

MONA goes to the bathroom, opens the medicine cabinet.

MONA

(calling, faux calm)

Where's my valium?!

LENNY

What?!

MONA

(to herself)

Nevermind!

Fucking asshole.

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

The phone rings.

MONA

(to herself)

You answer it, Bastard.

LENNY (O.S.)

It's Trish!

MONA picks up.

MONA

Hi, Trish!

TRISH (V.O.)

Hi, Mom. How are you?

MONA

Oh, I'm fine. How are you?

TRISH (V.O.)

Fine..

MONA

Good.

TRISH (V.O.)

Did you watch Leno last night?... Mom?

Pause.

MONA

(she bursts into tears)

He's leaving me!

Your father's leaving me!

TRISH (V.O.)

Mom, what are you talking about?

MONA

Can you keep this secret? Top secret?

TRISH (V.O.)

Yes, yes, of course, Mom, but -

MONA

He says...he doesn't love me anymore.

TRISH (V.O.)

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

MONA

Well, he does fucking mean it!  
He wants a divorce!

TRISH (V.O.)

He said the word divorce?

MONA

You don't believe me? Talk to him!

(calling)

Lenny!

LENNY

Yeah?!

MONA

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

LENNY

(on phone)

Yeah, Trish?

TRISH (V.O.)

Is it true what Mom said?

LENNY

What?

TRISH (V.O.)

You want a divorce?

LENNY

I never used that word.

(calling)

Mona! What are you telling the kids?

MONA comes wobbling into the room.

LENNY

(to TRISH)

She'll call you back.

(hanging up; to MONA)

Did I use the word divorce?

MONA

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

LENNY

Answer my question: did I use  
the word divorce?

MONA

You said you didn't love me anymore!

LENNY

Did I say divorce?!

MONA

...No.

LENNY

Good. I just want that much clear.  
Now sit down now next to me.

Pause. The phone rings.

MONA

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

LENNY

What if it's Helen?

JOY

(on the machine)

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

Pause.

MONA

Lenny?

LENNY

Yeah?

MONA

Why?

LENNY

I dunno. I just want to be alone.

MONA

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

LENNY

Look: Things change... People change...  
Whatever. I want out.

Pause.

MONA

It's Diane.

LENNY

Diane?

MONA

You're in love with Diane Freed.

LENNY

Get outta here.

MONA

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

LENNY

Wrong.

MONA

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

Pause.

LENNY

I'm in love with no one else.

MONA

No one?

LENNY

No one.

MONA

Okay, then.

(a beat)

Schmuck.

28. INT. PHONE SALES OFFICE - DAY.

28.

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

JOY

(on phone)

Hi! Is this Mrs. Mammangakis?...  
Hi! I'm calling from UniCard  
of America because you've been  
such a good customer that-.

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

29. INT. ALLEN'S PLACE - DAY.

29.

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

ALLEN

Hello?

JOY

Hello, is this Mr. Mellencamp?

ALLEN

Yes.

JOY

Hi! I'm calling from UniCard of  
America because you've been  
such a good-.

ALLEN

Do I know you?

JOY

I'm sorry, I don't think so.  
But perhaps you're familiar with out-.

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

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

30. EXT. JOY'S PLACE - EVENING.

30.

JOY can be heard singing and playing her guitar.

31. INT. JOY'S PLACE - EVENING.

31.

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

The phone rings. She answers it.

JOY

Hello?

BERMAN (V.O.)

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

JOY

This is she.

32. INT. STUART'S PLACE - EVENING.

32.

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

BERMAN

I'm sorry to disturb you,  
Ms. Jordan, but I'm afraid  
I have some bad news for you...

FADE TO BLACK.

33. EXT. OFFICE BUILDING COMPLEX - DAY.

33.

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

34. JOY'S OFFICE - DAY.

34.

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

NANCY

What's the matter, Joy?

JOY

Stuart's dead!

NANCY

Stuart...?

JOY

Yes!

Pause.

NANCY

Who's Stuart?

JOY

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

NANCY

You mean where Pam is sitting?

JOY

Yes.

NANCY

Was he kind of tall and a little hunched?

JOY

No, he was...well...shortish, squarish...

NANCY

Oh, Joy. I'm not sure. Did he work here long?

NANCY calls across to another neighbor, KAY.

NANCY

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

KAY

No. Why? What happened?

NANCY

He died.

KAY

Huh. Now which one was he?

NANCY

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

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

TOM

Sorry, Nancy, I don't. I mean, I do vaguely remember some guy who worked over there - I think... but I'm not really sure.

KAY

How did he die anyway?

NANCY

Yeah, how did he die, Joy?

JOY's phone rings. She picks up.

JOY

Sales, can I help you?

VOICE

Is this Joy Jordan?

JOY

Yes.

VOICE

This is Stuart's mother.

(a beat)

I hope you fucking rot in hell.

The VOICE hangs up.

TOM

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

NANCY

Yeah, you know, like Edward James Olmos?

JOY

(a beat)

Yeah. Sure. That's him.

TOM

I knew it.

NANCY, KAY, and TOM continue discussing and disputing STUART's identity.

35. INT. HAPPY'S RESTAURANT - DAY.

35.

HELEN and TRISH sit together.

HELEN

(picking at her food)

Uch. I don't know why I suggested this place. Joy recommended it..

TRISH

Well, at least we're together. I never get to see you, you're so busy.

HELEN

No, you're so busy.

TRISH

No, you are...

HELEN

Well, I guess I am.

TRISH

Me too.

HELEN

In fact, if I have to do one more interview...

TRISH

I guess it's hard, all this success.

HELEN

It's just I'm so tired of...of being admired all the time. All these men... I mean, they're all beautiful, artistic minds, great sex, the whole package...but hollow, you know what I mean? I feel nobody's really honest with me. Nobody wants me for me.

TRISH

They're not family.

HELEN

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

TRISH

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

HELEN

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

TRISH

Maybe I will write one.

HELEN

Oh, you should... Just try...

Pause.

TRISH

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

HELEN

Uch, listen to us. We who have everything while Joy... What does she have?

TRISH

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

HELEN

Last night she called - I was in bed with Vilmos - no, Huraki - and she was in tears. She told me she'd quit her job...

TRISH

Oh, but...but that's her lifeline!

HELEN

She said she wanted to "change" her life. Do "good" work with the poor, the needy...

TRISH

I don't get it.

HELEN

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

TRISH

And what about her music career?

HELEN

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

TRISH

Oh.

(a beat)

But she told you.

HELEN

She felt she could trust me.

TRISH

'Cause I always thought I was someone she could confide in.

A BUSBOY comes by, refills their water glasses, leaves.

TRISH

Did you speak to Mom?

HELEN

You mean about the split-up?

TRISH

Oh. I-I thought it was top secret.

HELEN

Just for Joy. Sensitive Joy.

Everyone else knows.

TRISH

Oh.

A WAITER comes by.

WAITER

Can I help you with anything else?

HELEN

Oh, no thanks.

The WAITER leaves the check, clears the plates, goes off. TRISH picks up the check, looks at it.

HELEN

Thanks for lunch. I really enjoyed this.

36. EXT. PARK - DAY.

36.

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

BILLY

You can do it, Johnny!

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

JOE

Don't fuck up, Johnny.

BILL observes JOHNNY's TEAMMATES muttering to themselves.

TEAMMATE #1

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

TEAMMATE #2

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

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

RONALD

Let's beat him up afterwards.

JOHNNY concentrates. The pitcher throws the ball and...STRIKE!

BILLY

C'mon Johnny!

JOE

My kid is a fucking spaz.

TEAMMATE #2

Do we have to stay and watch this?

Strike two.

BILLY

Concentrate, Johnny! You can do it!

JOE

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

PARENT #1  
(to BILL)

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

Strike three.

37. INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY.

37.

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

JOE

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

BILL

Well, I don't know. That depends...

JOE

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

BILL

How come you're so sure he's...gay?

JOE

What, are you kidding?

BILL

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

Pause.

JOE

What do you think would happen if  
I got him a professional...you know...

BILL

A professional?

JOE

Hooker. You know, the kind that  
can teach things...first-timers,  
you know...break him in.

BILL

But Joe, he's 11.

JOE

You're right, you're right.  
It's too late. He is...what he is.  
Forget I said anything.

BILL

Maybe you ought to discuss it with Betty.

JOE

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

BILL

Hmm. That's a problem.

JOE

Things aren't too good between us...

BILL

Not too good.

JOE

No.

Pause.

BILL

Are you...?

JOE

No.

(a beat)

She's a dyke.

BILLY and JOHNNY approach.

BILLY

Dad, can Johnny sleep over tonight?

BILL

Well, that's up to Joe here.

JOE

(pause)

Sure. Whatever.

JOHNNY AND BILLY

Yeah!!!

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

JOE  
(to himself)

Like girls.

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

The lights are on. The TV is on.

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

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

BILL is preparing hot fudge sundaes. He mixes some powdered drugs into the fudge before pouring it onto the ice cream.

He brings a tray loaded with bowls of sundaes into the TV room.

BILL

Come and get it!

TRISH

Oh, Bill. You shouldn't have.

BILL

Here, take. You only live once.

Everyone grabs a bowl, except JOHNNY.

BILL

Aren't you having, Johnny?

JOHNNY

No, thank you, Dr. Maplewood.

BILLY

Johnny hates chocolate fudge.

BILL

Well, is there something  
you'd like instead?

JOHNNY

No, thank you.

BILL

What about to drink?

TRISH

Oh, leave him alone. He's fine.

BILL

No, but there must be something...

JOHNNY

Do you have any grape Hi C?

BILL

Do we, Trish?

TRISH

I'm afraid not.

BILL

I could go pick some up.

TRISH

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

JOHNNY

Do you have any tuna salad?

BILL

Would you like a sandwich?

JOHNNY

Yes, please.

BILL

Coming right up!

TRISH

I'm going to bed, Bill.

BILL

I'll be there soon.

TRISH

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

(to BILLY and JOHNNY)

You boys, don't stay up to late!

TRISH shuffles off with little CHLOE and TIMMY.

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

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

BILL

Here we are!

JOHNNY

Thanks, Dr. Maplewood.

BILL

What happened to Billy?

JOHNNY

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

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

BILL

Aren't you going to eat the sandwich?

JOHNNY

In a minute.

BILL

Take your time.

BILL waits.

JOHNNY

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

BILL

(not losing his self-control)

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

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

BILL

How is it?

JOHNNY

Actually, it's really good.

BILL

Enjoy it.

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

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

BILL

(testing)

Johnny? Johnny?

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

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

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

The TV is left on.

40. EXT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - MORNING.

40.

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

41. INT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - MORNING.

41.

TIMMY, BILLY, and JOHNNY are in the TV room watching TV.

TRISH snuggles in bed next to BILL. They are very kissy-kissy.

TRISH

Oh, Honey. I feel so good now.

BILL

Me too.

TRISH

I haven't slept so well in so long.

BILL

Me neither.

TRISH

It's weird. I feel as if we... Bill,  
did we? I mean, did you... Did I...?

BILL

Yes.

Pause.

TRISH

I don't remember...

BILL

That's okay. It doesn't matter.

TRISH

It matters.

BILL

Forget about it.

TRISH

Okay.

(a beat)

It's funny, 'cause I remember  
I was dreaming and you were there...  
and Billy...and Timmy and Chloe...  
and Johnny Grasso...

BILL

Oh?

TRISH

I can't really remember anything more,  
except...I don't know. Oh, Bill.  
Please don't get mad at me. I know  
you hate it when I ask, but...  
Do you still?

BILL

Oh.

TRISH

Oh.

Pause.

BILL

Yes. Very very much.

TRISH

Oh, Bill, and I do too!  
I'm sorry I need to keep being  
reminded, it's just...

BILL

I know.

TRISH

And we haven't been...

BILL

I know. And it's my fault.

TRISH

My fault.

BILL

Trish, I-.

TRISH

I know.

BILL

No, I...I-.

Just when things get hot and heavy, CHLOE starts screaming o.s.

Pause.

TRISH

(kisses him)

Later.

She rises and leaves the room.

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

TIMMY runs around in the b.g.

BILL

Where's Billy?

JOHNNY

Watching TV.

BILL

How come you're not playing together?

JOHNNY

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

(a beat)

Dr. Maplewood?

BILL

Yes?

JOHNNY

Can you drive me home now?

BILL

Well, sure, but...are you  
having a good time?

JOHNNY

I'm not feeling so well.

BILL

What's the matter?

JOHNNY

I don't know. I think-.

He throws up on the funnies.

43. INT. CAR - DAY.

43.

BILL is driving JOHNNY home.

JOHNNY

Dr. Maplewood?

BILL

Yes, Johnny?

JOHNNY

I'm sorry I threw up.

BILL

Don't worry about it.

JOHNNY

'Cause I really had a good time.

BILL

Good. Billy did too. We all did.

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

JOHNNY

Dr. Maplewood?

BILL

Yes, Johnny?

JOHNNY

You're so cool.

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

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

44. EXT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - NIGHT.

44.

The lights are on. The TV is on.

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

45.

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

BILLY

Dad?

BILL

Yes, Billy?

BILLY

I was kind of wondering.

BILL

Yeah?

Pause.

BILLY

Nothing.

Pause.

BILL

Did you have a good time with Johnny?

BILLY

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

BILL

Oh. Yeah.

Pause.

BILLY

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

Pause.

BILL

I never measured.

BILLY

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

BILL

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

Pause.

BILLY

Why?

BILL

Things get a little more...tense.

Pause.

BILLY

What do you mean...tense?

Pause.

BILL

Have you been...practicing?

BILLY

...Yeah. But it's no use. Nothing comes.

BILL

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

BILLY

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

Pause.

BILL

Do you want me to measure?

BILLY

Nah, that's okay.

BILLY smiles, leans affectionately against his father.

46. INT. ESL OFFICE - DAY.

46.

Through the glass door a group of newly-arrived immigrants can be seen walking by.

SUPERVISOR looks JOY over.

SUPERVISOR

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

JOY

W-why are they going to strike?

SUPERVISOR

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

JOY

O-of course...I want to do the right,  
um, thing...I mean, I believe in, um,  
you know...being counted on...

SUPERVISOR

Do you know what these strikers are?  
Spoiled brats. Trust-funded artistes.  
They don't know the meaning of work,  
of giving... But just remember, if you  
hear the word "benefits," don't listen.

47. EXT. ESL SCHOOL - DAY.

47.

PICKETERS march along the sidewalk. JOY approaches and hesitates.

PICKETERS  
(chanting)

Don't cross the line!  
Don't cross the line!

JOY

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

PICKETER #1

Fucking management is in there.

JOY

But what about the refugees?

PICKETER #2

What about my benefits?

JOY

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

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

48. INT. ELEVATOR - DAY.

48.

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

49. INT. ESL SCHOOL TEACHERS LOUNGE - DAY.

49.

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

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

RHONDA

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

I feel sorry for them.

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

TEACHER #1

I'm sorry... It's nothing... Sorry...

TEACHER #2

It's okay.

TEACHER #1

It's just...well...

TEACHER #2

What is it? What happened?

TEACHER #1

...They called me a scab.

TEACHER #2

You're not a scab.  
You're a strike-breaker.

The bell rings.

50. INT. CLASSROOM - DAY.

50.

JOY enters. The STUDENTS do not have welcoming faces.

JOY

Good morning. My name is Joy Jordan.

She writes her name on the blackboard.

JOY

I am your new teacher. Now.

JOY is about to do roll-call when:

STUDENT #1

You are scab.

STUDENT #2

Where Marsha?

JOY

Marsha? Well, Marsha...er...

STUDENT #3

We want Marsha.

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

BORIS  
(in Russian)

Quiet!

They listen to him.

BORIS  
(to JOY)

Please.

JOY

...I'm not a scab.  
I'm a strike-breaker.

51. INT. HELEN'S PLACE - DAY.

51.

Intensity grips HELEN as she works on a poem at her desk. She rises, as if in pain, and starts pacing. Strange sounds emanate from her mouth. She pounds a fist against her head. Finally she leaps into bed, thrashing about as if possessed.

HELEN

I'm no good! I'm no good!  
I am nothing! Nothing! Zero!...

The telephone rings.

HELEN

Hello?

52. INT. ALLEN'S OFFICE - DAY.

52.

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

HELEN (V.O.)

...Hello?

ALLEN  
(voice disguised)

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

Pause.

HELEN (V.O.)

...Richard?

ALLEN hangs up.

53. INT. HELEN'S PLACE - DAY.

53.

HELEN presses \*69.

CUT BACK AND FORTH between HELEN and ALLEN.

ALLEN picks up.

ALLEN

Data Resources.

HELEN

Who are you?

ALLEN hangs up. He is shaking, sweating profusely.

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

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

ALLEN

What do you want?

Pause.

HELEN

I want you to fuck me.

Pause.

ALLEN

I...um...I don't think I can do that...  
I mean...I don't think I can do that.

(a beat; a CO-WORKER  
is approaching)

I gotta go.

HELEN

Call me tomorrow.

ALLEN

...Okay.

ALLEN hangs up. The CO-WORKER appears.

CO-WORKER

Hey, you see the play-offs last night?

ALLEN

(smiling/joking)

Yeah, pretty good! Pretty good!

54. EXT. LIQUOR STORE - EVENING.

54.

ALLEN hurries inside.

55. INT. LIQUOR STORE - EVENING. 55.

ALLEN buys some whiskey.

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

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

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

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

ALLEN

How's it going?

HELEN

Okay.

The elevator arrives and they step inside.

58. INT. ELEVATOR - EVENING. 58.

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

59. INT. HALLWAY - EVENING. 59.

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

ALLEN

See ya.

HELEN

Yeah.

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

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

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

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

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

61.

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

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

ALLEN

Who is it?

KRISTINA (O.S.)

It's me. Kristina.

ALLEN opens the door.

KRISTINA

Hey, how's it going?

ALLEN

Okay.

KRISTINA

I got some more info on Pedro.

ALLEN

Pedro?

KRISTINA

You know...the, uh-.

ALLEN

Oh, yeah. What?

KRISTINA

Well, um...

(sees ALLEN tottering)

Say, uh, are you alright?

ALLEN

No.

KRISTINA

Here.

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

ALLEN

...Pussy... Need pussy...

ALLEN passes out.

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

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

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

ALLEN

What the fuck are you doing here?

KRISTINA is too petrified to speak.

ALLEN

Get out!

KRISTINA leaves.

62. EXT. FLORIDA/ARIZONA REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY. 62.

Sunny. Well-tended landscaping. Attractive parking lot.

63. INT. FLORIDA/ARIZONA REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY. 63.

MONA is sitting in the waiting room when, ANN, a young and comely broker, appears.

ANN

Hi. Ann Chambeau.

MONA

Mona Jordan.

ANN

Wonderful.

(shaking hands with MONA.)

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

ANN escorts MONA to her office. They sit down.

ANN

Can I get you some tea? coffee?

MONA

No, thank you.

ANN

Okay. Now then. How can I help you?

MONA

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

ANN

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

(starts typing into her computer.)

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

MONA

Three.

ANN

Wonderful. Is this then for you and your husband?

MONA

No.

ANN

Just for yourself then?

MONA

Yes.

ANN

No children?

MONA

My children are grown.

ANN

No pets?

MONA

No.

ANN

So really just you alone then all by yourself?

MONA

Yes.

ANN

Wonderful.

ANN resumes interfacing with the computer.

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

ANN

Mrs. Jordan? Is something the matter?

MONA nods yes and no. Finally:

MONA

My husband is leaving me.

ANN

Oh, I'm so sorry.

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

ANN

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

MONA

Who said I was getting divorced?

64. EXT. ELYSIAN FIELDS - DAY.

64.

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

Easy Listening or Classical Lite is on the car radio.

ANN (V.O.)

You know, I'm a divorcee.

MONA (V.O.)

Oh?

ANN (V.O.)

I live in Phase IV.

65. INT. ANN'S CAR - DAY.

65.

MONA turns to ANNE as she pulls into a spot.

MONA

I am so sorry.

ANN

Mrs. Jordan?

MONA

Mona.

ANN

Mona. That's a beautiful name.

MONA

Er...thank you.

ANN

How long were you married?

MONA

Forty years.

Pause.

ANN

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

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

ANN

Really.

66. INT. CONDO LOBBY - DAY.

66.

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

ANN

(whispering discreetly)

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

67. INT. CONDO HALLWAY - DAY.

67.

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

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

ANN

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

68. INT. CONDO - DAY.

68.

ANN stands to the side while MONA wanders around. The place is bright and sunny. A lot of mirrors and glass...

In each room she enters MONA sees her reflection.

ANN

It was finished just a year and a half ago and they've really hardly spent any time here. Supposedly the third bathroom's never even been used. But I've flushed it, so I know it works.

MONA stands by the windows, looking out.

ANN

The views are spectacular, of course.  
But what's great is you can see  
the whole world and at the same time  
feel entirely alone. It's kind of a  
double bonus: you get the solitude  
you need for reflection and  
soul-searching and the thrill of  
being "top of the heap."

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

ANN

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

Pause.

MONA

I'll take it.

ANN

Wonderful!

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

69.

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

DIANE

Hi, Lenny. Mind if I join you?

LENNY

No.

DIANE arranges herself in a chair beside him.

DIANE

How's Mona?

LENNY

Fine.

DIANE

Inside on such a beautiful day?

LENNY

I dunno.

DIANE

Whadya mean you dunno?

LENNY

I dunno.

DIANE

Eh. Whatever.

(a beat.)

So how are your girls doing?

LENNY

Fine, I guess.

DIANE

And the grandchildren?  
Coming to visit anytime soon?

LENNY

I dunno.

Pause.

DIANE

It's good to have a family together.  
A close family...I know. And you know  
how I know. 'Cause you know I know  
what it's like when things aren't...  
together. When there is pain and  
loss and...separation. You know how  
I understand these things.

(a beat.)

Lenny, I just think you should know;  
I heard about you and Mona.

LENNY

What?

DIANE

About your...getting divorced.  
I'm very sorry.

LENNY

We're not getting divorced.

DIANE

Divorced, separated, whatever.  
It doesn't matter. You're alone now.

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

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

DIANE

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

I'm here. And I care.

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

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

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

He leaves the bathroom without flushing the toilet.

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

JOHNNY

Mom?

BETTY

Yeah?

JOHNNY

There's blood in my BM.

(BETTY freezes.)

Can I stay home from school today?

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

A DETECTIVE is gently interrogating JOHNNY. BETTY sits beside him. JOE paces. A NURSE adjusts things. A DOCTOR examines charts. A POLICEMAN stands by the door.

DETECTIVE

How are you feeling?

JOHNNY

Okay.

DETECTIVE

You sure?

JOHNNY

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

DETECTIVE

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

JOHNNY

Yeah.

DETECTIVE

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

JOHNNY

Yesterday.

DETECTIVE

What happened?

JOHNNY

I threw up at my friend's house.

BETTY

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

DETECTIVE

Did you eat anything unusual?

JOHNNY

No. Just a tuna sandwich.

BETTY

He loves tuna salad.

DETECTIVE

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

JOHNNY

When I went to the bathroom this morning.

DETECTIVE

Now tell me - and it is very  
important that you be honest...

BETTY

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

DETECTIVE

Is there anyone in the last  
day or two who...hurt you?

JOHNNY

(a beat.)

I don't think so.

DETECTIVE

But someone did...hurt you. No?

JOHNNY

(looks at JOE, then  
back to the DETECTIVE)

No. No one hurt me.

JOE

Whadya mean no?!  
You've been fucking raped!!

A stunned silence. JOE hangs his head.

JOE

Sorry.

Pause.

BETTY

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

JOHNNY

Okay.

72. INT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - EVENING.

72.

The family is at the dinner table.

TRISH

More potatoes, Bill?

BILL

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

TRISH

The babysitter should be here  
any minute now.

BILL

When does the PTA start?

TRISH

We've still got half an hour.

BILL

(to BILLY)

So how was school today?

BILLY

Okay.

BILL

Was Johnny there?

BILLY

No.

TRISH

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

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

TRISH

Very funny, Timmy. And now you are

excused and can go right to bed.

TIMMY

But Mom—!

TRISH

Excuse me, Bill.

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

TRISH

Hello?... Yes, is there a problem  
Tawny?... Well, thank you for giving  
me so much notice... Yes, well, I'm  
sorry, too. You should have  
thought of that earlier. Good-bye.

TRISH hangs up, returns to the table.

TRISH

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

BILL

Isn't there anyone else you can get?

TRISH

Not at this late hour.

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

TRISH

(to TIMMY)

Now you can come with me and take a bath.

TIMMY

But I'm not finished!

TRISH and TIMMY continue to argue o.s.

BILLY

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

BILL

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

BILLY

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

BILL

Well, no.

BILLY

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

BILL

Well, if you want to change Chloe's diapers...

BILLY

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

BILL

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

BILLY

What if I were 12?

BILL

No.

BILLY

13.

BILL

(a beat.)

At 13, I think you'll be okay.

BILLY

Can you promise?

BILL

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

BILLY

I won't.

BILL

Okay. At 13, then.

73. EXT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - NIGHT.

73.

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

74. INT. BILL'S CAR - NIGHT.

74.

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

BILL

Hello, in Roseland, please.  
I'm looking for the address of  
a resident. The name is Farber...  
12 Angel Court?... Thank you.

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

BILL

Hello?

75. INT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - NIGHT. 75.

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

TRISH

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

BACK TO BILL

On his car phone.

BILL

Sure thing.

TRISH (O.S.)

Thanks! Love ya!

BILL

Love ya!

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

76. EXT. STREET - NIGHT. 76.

BILL's car moves on, joining the traffic.

77. EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT. 77.

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

BILL'S POV of people parking and walking inside the school. Chatter is  
audible. Someone waves hello at him in passing.

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

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

79. EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT. 79.

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

80. EXT. FARBER HOME - NIGHT. 80.

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

RONALD's silhouette can be faintly seen watching TV.

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

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

BILL sits, numb.

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

He looks at the car clock.

Finally, he opens his door.

81. EXT. FARBER HOME - NIGHT. 81.

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

82. INT. FARBER HOME - NIGHT. 82.

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

BILL slides into the house through a kitchen window.

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

The phone rings. BILL freezes. RONALD answers it.

RONALD

Hello?... Oh, hey, how's it going?...  
No, Billy Maplewood's selling me his...  
Five bucks, big deal... Yeah, I know,  
but Grasshole can't stay absent  
forever. He'll probably show up  
tomorrow... Yeah, he knows he's got it  
coming, he knows... Oh, okay. Yeah...Bye.

BILL pours the bottled liquid onto the handkerchief.

He pounces on the victim. Within moments, RONALD succumbs, unaware of his assailant's identity.

BILL looks around: the TV is still on; otherwise, silence.

He looks at RONALD, looks away.

FADE TO BLACK.

83. INT. 7-11 - NIGHT.

83.

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

84. EXT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - NIGHT.

84.

Bill's car pulls into the garage.

85. INT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - NIGHT.

85.

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

TRISH (O.S.)

Hon, is that you?

BILL

Yeah.

TRISH (O.S.)

You remember the milk?

BILL

Yeah.

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

TRISH

How was the meeting?

BILL

Okay.

TRISH

Bill, are you alright?

BILL

I think I have to lie down.

TRISH

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

BILL

I don't think so.

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

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

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

BILLY

Dad?

BILL

Yeah?

BILLY

I almost came.

BILLY closes his eyes again.

86. INT. BILL AND TRISH'S BEDROOM -  
LATER THAT NIGHT.

86.

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

BILL

Trish?... Trish?

TRISH

...Mmmyeah?

Pause.

BILL

Do you love me?

TRISH

Oh, Bill... Yes.

BILL

I mean, do you really love me?  
No matter what.

TRISH

No matter what...what?

BILL

No matter what...whatever...

TRISH

Bill. You have me. And you always will.

She holds him closer. A long pause.

BILL

I'm sick...

TRISH

Aww... Take some Tylenol.  
You'll feel better tomorrow.

87. EXT. STREET - DAY.

87.

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

BORIS

Joy! Joy! I am Boris! Your student!

JOY

Oh, hello, Boris. How are you?

BORIS

I am fine. How are you?

JOY

Oh, fine, fine.

Pause.

BORIS

I not believe you.

JOY

Really, Boris. I'm fine!

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

BORIS

Where you are go now?

JOY

Oh, I'm just on my way home.

BORIS

Tell me where do you live.  
I take you home.

JOY

No, no, I couldn't.

BORIS

Joy. Come in my car.  
I want give you ride.

JOY

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

BORIS

No. No train. I drive you home.

JOY

But Boris. I live in New Jersey!

BORIS

Good. I take you New Jersey.

JOY

Maybe you don't understand.  
Boris. New Jersey is far.

BORIS

Joy. You not understand. I am driver.  
My taxi. You come. You understand?  
You come.

Pause.

JOY

Are you sure you know?

BORIS

Boris knows. Come inside.

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

88. INT. CAB - DAY.

88.

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

JOY

I'm sorry.

BORIS

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

89. EXT. NEW JERSEY HIGHWAY - EVENING.

89.

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

90. INT. CAB - EVENING.

90.

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

91. EXT. MCDONALD'S - EVENING.

91.

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

92. INT. MCDONALD'S - EVENING.

92.

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

BORIS

I love New Jersey.

Pause.

JOY

Don't you miss Russia?

BORIS

Fuck the cunt of Russia.

Pause.

JOY

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

93. EXT. JOY'S PLACE - NIGHT.

93.

BORIS's cab arrives, parks in front.

94. INT. CAB - NIGHT.

94.

JOY turns to BORIS.

JOY

Well, thank you very much. That really  
was very nice of you. I'm sorry about  
before...um...it's very unlike me...

(a beat.)

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

BORIS is silent. He stares off at her place.

BORIS

Why you not married?

JOY

Oh, Boris. Life is different in America.  
Here a woman can - I know this is hard  
to understand - but a woman can fulfill  
her potential. There are opportunities  
here to do something, do good...really  
improve the world.

Pause.

BORIS

Do you like men?

JOY

(a beat.)

Yes...but...it's not so simple.

BORIS

Are you lesbian?

JOY

(a beat.)

No.

BORIS

It is alright if you are lesbian.  
I like lesbians.

JOY

I'm sorry, Boris. But I think  
this conversation has become  
a little strange for me.  
Thank you for the ride, and...um...

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

JOY

Oh. Well...um...good night then.  
I guess I'll see you—.

But BORIS grabs her for another, longer kiss instead. Pause.

JOY

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

BORIS

(a beat.)

Okay.

95. INT. JOY'S PLACE - NIGHT.

95.

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

JOY

I'll turn on the kettle.

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

JOY

Yes, well...um...please take off  
your shoes. Make yourself comfortable.

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

JOY

It's my parents' place.  
I plan on moving out soon, though.

BORIS

How long you live here?

JOY

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

(a beat.)

So what did you do in Russia?

BORIS

I was thief.

JOY

Oh. Do you mean...the mafia?

BORIS

No. I am independent. I steal things on my own. Although I have many offers.

(sees JOY's guitar.)

You are musician?

JOY

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

BORIS

What kind songs?

JOY

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

BORIS

(a nod of understanding.)

Love songs.

(a beat.)

Play.

(JOY shakes her head, terrified)

I play.

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

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

They sit and drink tea. Then:

JOY

Would you like to see my macrame collection?

(BORIS looks confused)

Come. Follow me.

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

BORIS

(impressed)

You make?

JOY

Uh huh.

BORIS

All by yourself?

JOY

Uh huh.

Pause.

BORIS

Beautiful.

JOY

Thank you. I-I know it might seem  
childish, but sometimes I like to play  
with them and make up stories.  
These two here -

(lifts a pair of figurines)

I call them Chuckle and Giggle.  
They always make me laugh...

BORIS

You should build store. Start business.

JOY

Oh-h-h...

BORIS

(pointing to a doll)

This? Two hundred dollars. Easy.

JOY

Oh, but that's Punky!  
I could never sell Punky.  
I could never sell any of this.

BORIS lifts Punky, puts it back, dirty now.

BORIS

(sorry)

Oh.

JOY

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

BORIS

(smiles)

Ah. Machine washable.

JOY

(a beat)

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

BORIS  
(a beat.)

Your face is like love poem.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

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

BORIS

Do not be actress. Relax. Boris here.

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

BORIS

...Okay.

JOY

(a beat.)

Okay?

BORIS

(a beat.)

I go now.

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

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

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

RHONDA

How's it going?

JOY

Oh, hi, Rhonda!

RHONDA

Your students treating you okay?

JOY

Oh, they're just...great! And already I'm seeing improvement! But you know, the funny thing is...I feel it's me who's doing the most learning.

RHONDA

I know just what you mean.  
'Cause teaching is really about learning.

JOY

Yeah.

(pause)

But really I can't tell you how...  
gratifying it's been...I mean, I'm  
giving...and they're taking.  
I couldn't be happier.

RHONDA

I hate to have to say this, but:  
I told you so.

JOY

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

RHONDA

Oh, my students are just a hoot,  
always telling me how much they  
love me. But if you can keep a secret...

(lowers her voice)

There's this one Igor I've got  
such a crush on...

JOY

Oh?

RHONDA

Not that I'd ever...I mean, these Russians...

JOY

What?

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

JOY

Really? My students seem okay...

RHONDA

Well, then, you are lucky.

JOY

Yeah. I guess I'm lucky.

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

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

RHONDA

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

since the strike began.

JOY

Oh, well, I don't know.  
I just wish it were all over.

RHONDA

Me too. But you know, once you're  
here and you're teaching, it's as if  
it doesn't even exist. You forget.

Pause.

JOY

Rhonda?

RHONDA

Yes?

JOY

If your Igor...

RHONDA

...Used deodorant...

JOY

Do you think...?

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

ZHENIA

You teacher Boris?

JOY

Er... Yes.

ZHENIA spits into JOY's face.

ZHENIA

Whore!

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

RHONDA

My God! That woman was nuts!  
Are you okay?

JOY

(somewhat shaken)

Oh, fine... Thank you...

A bell rings. TEACHERS, ET. AL. Begin to disperse.

JOY gathers her stuff, RHONDA helping.

RHONDA  
(whispers)

Joy, you didn't...did you?

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

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

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

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

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

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

HELEN (V.O.)

Thank you for calling me again.

(no response.)

I'm sorry if I was a little bit...  
aggressive last time, but...I wasn't...  
prepared...and I'm not very good...  
on the phone... But U have to...  
meet you... Can we meet?...

ALLEN hangs up and unplugs the phone. Pause.

The door buzzes. ALLEN rises.

ALLEN

Who is it?

KRISTINA (O.S.)

Kristina.

ALLEN hesitates, then opens the door. Pause.

KRISTINA

I'm sorry about last night.

ALLEN

Yeah. Me too. I shouldn't have...um...

KRISTINA

I understand. See, I can admit it.  
I'm fat...ugly...

ALLEN

No, no...

KRISTINA

Yes, yes...

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

KRISTINA

Thanks.

Pause.

ALLEN

Say, you wanna go somewhere?

KRISTINA nods, grateful.

100. EXT. BAR - NIGHT.

100.

MUSIC flows outside.

101. INT. BAR - NIGHT.

101.

ALLEN and KRISTINA foxtrot by the jukebox.

102. INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT.

102.

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

KRISTINA

I have a confession to make.

ALLEN

Oh?

KRISTINA

Remember Pedro's penis?

ALLEN

You mean, the one that was...cut off?

KRISTINA

Yeah...well, it wasn't cut off.

ALLEN

What happened to it?

KRISTINA

(a beat.)

Nothing.

ALLEN

I-I don't understand. Why would you make something like that up?

(no response.)

Was Pedro even killed?

KRISTINA nods.

ALLEN

How do you know?

(no response)

What happened?

Pause.

KRISTINA

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

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

PEDRO opens the door for KRISTINA.

KRISTINA (V.O.)

...I had just come back late from the 24-hour Pathmark...

PEDRO

Good evening.

KRISTINA

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

PEDRO

No problem.

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

KRISTINA (V.O.)

Normally I don't need any help, but my back hurt and the bags were heavy. There was half-gallon of strawberry ice cream and a couple of boxes of fudge, a key lime pie... Really, I just couldn't wait to snuggle up under the covers and enjoy myself with the TV. You know...

104. INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT.

104.

PEDRO and KRISTINA get inside.

KRISTINA (V.O.)

It was in the elevator that I first got a funny feeling...like he was looking at me kind of funny...but I thought maybe he was just being friendly...

They get off and walk to her apartment.

105. INT. KRISTINA'S PLACE - NIGHT.

105.

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

KRISTINA

Well, thank you so much, Pedro.

PEDRO

No problem.

There is an awkward silence.

KRISTINA (V.O.)

But then he wouldn't move. I almost panicked, but then I realized he probably was just waiting for a tip. So I got out my purse...and then he surprised me.

PEDRO

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

KRISTINA (V.O.)

Well, isn't that nice and friendly, I thought. Thought I also thought, that's a little strange. I'm a little shy, you know, and also I had only one half-gallon. But he said, "Sure!" Well, then he sat down and started telling me about how he had no family, no friends... I started feeling really sorry for him...and I... Well, I guess I felt I shouldn't feel so superior. But then, all of a sudden, just as I was finishing scooping...

BACK TO ALLEN AND KRISTINA in the restaurant.

KRISTINA

...He started...kissing me...more and more... and longer and deeper...it was horrible... horrible! Next thing I knew he tore off my dress, my...everything! ...And he was climbing on top of me... He thought because I was fat and ugly I'd be...easy...

that I...wanted it. I tried to fight him off, but he was too fast for me, and next thing I knew he was...inside me, pounding away. Oh, Allen!

KRISTINA grabs a napkin to cry into. Pause.

The WAITRESS comes by.

WAITRESS

All finished?

ALLEN

Yeah.

KRISTINA

I guess so.

WAITRESS

Would you like to see a dessert menu?

KRISTINA

What kind of ice cream do you have?

WAITRESS

Chocolate, vanilla, and strawberry.

KRISTINA

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

WAITRESS

And you, Sir?

ALLEN

Just the check, please.

The WAITRESS smiles and leaves.

KRISTINA

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

106. INT. KRISTINA'S PLACE - NIGHT.

106.

PEDRO lies on top of KRISTINA.

PEDRO

How do you feel now?

KRISTINA

Kiss me again.

KRISTINA (V.O.)

Well, of course, that was just an act.

I let him kiss me one last time, and then...

BACK TO ALLEN AND KRISTINA in the restaurant.

KRISTINA

...Grabbed hold of his neck and...  
twisted it...backwards.

The WAITRESS comes by with the dessert.

WAITRESS

Here you are.

KRISTINA

Thank you.  
(while eating her sandae)

Anyway, so then I had to cut up  
his body, plastic bag all the parts...  
I've been throwing it out gradually  
ever since. There's still a little  
left in my freezer.

Pause.

ALLEN

So you did cut off his...

KRISTINA

No, I left it attached. I didn't  
want to have to touch it again.  
(a beat.)

Oh, I feel so terrible. You must  
think I'm a monster. But what else  
could I have done?... Anyway, I couldn't  
help myself. I hate...sex. I'm sorry,  
but just the idea of it...of someone  
all over...inside...me...I know it's not  
right, but... Can we still be...friends?

ALLEN

Um... I guess... Yeah... I mean, we all  
have our...you know...pluses and minuses...

Pause.

KRISTINA

It was a crime of passion.  
(a beat.)  
I'm a passionate woman.

107. INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT.

107.

ALLEN and KRISTINA come out of the elevator.

ALLEN

Well...

KRISTINA

I had a lovely time, Allen.  
Thank you. I hope we can do it again.

ALLEN

Good night.

KRISTINA

Good night.

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

KRISTINA

Oh, and Allen!

ALLEN

Yeah?

KRISTINA

You're a very good dancer.

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

108. INT. ALLEN'S PLACE - NIGHT.

108.

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

HELEN (V.O.)

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

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

109. INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT.

109.

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

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

HELEN (O.S.)

Hello?

HELEN opens the door, sees ALLEN.

HELEN

Yes?

Pause.

ALLEN

I'm the one.

HELEN

I'm the one.

(a beat.)

Oh.

She cannot disguise her disappointment, but tries.

HELEN

Come in.

ALLEN

Okay.

110. INT. HELEN'S PLACE - NIGHT.

110.

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

HELEN

Drink?

ALLEN

No...thanks.

Pause.

HELEN

This isn't working.

ALLEN

No.

HELEN

You're not my type.

ALLEN

No.

HELEN

I'm sorry.

ALLEN

It's okay.

HELEN

I made a mistake.

ALLEN

Me too.

HELEN escorts him out.

HELEN

Good night.

ALLEN

Good night.

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

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

He buzzes KRISTINA's door.

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

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

ALLEN and KRISTINA lie in bed, facing different directions.

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

It is hot and sunny. LENNY is golfing alone, isolated.

Suddenly, from afar, he hears a woman's cries. He looks up.

LENNY'S POV: An older woman is running around, hysterical. An older man lies on the ground. Ambulance men haul him onto a stretcher and into a waiting ambulance.

After the ambulance has left, a young caddie picks up the strewn golf equipment and transports it away.

114. INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY. 114.

LENNY sits across from the DOCTOR.

LENNY

Are you sure?

DOCTOR

Look, you see this?

(illuminates an x-ray)

You're the picture of health.

LENNY

So no tumors.

DOCTOR

Nope.

LENNY

...And my heart?

DOCTOR

Like an ox. Lenny.

You're gonna live to a hundred.

LENNY

Oh. That means I still have  
another 35 years.

DOCTOR  
(smiles)

Just stay off the salt!

LENNY  
(musters a return smile)

You bet!

115. EXT. CONDO ROADWAY - DAY.

115.

MONA is driving along.

116. INT. MONA'S CAR - DAY.

116.

MONA notices someone up ahead.

MONA'S POV of DIANE jogging.

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

ANGLE ON DIANE waving back in a pleasant manner.

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

117.

LENNY and MONA are preparing for bed, watching TV.

MONA

I met with Steven Zimmer this morning.

LENNY

You like him?

MONA

Yeah. I'm gonna hire him.

LENNY

Good. I'm gonna use Marty Blau.

MONA

Good. I feel so much better now.

LENNY

Yeah. It shouldn't take too long.

Pause.

MONA

Lenny?

LENNY

Yeah?

MONA

Can you sleep on the living room sofa?

LENNY

Why?

MONA

Steven Zimmer thought it would be  
a good idea.

Pause.

LENNY

Okay.

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

MONA

Lenny?

LENNY

Yeah?

MONA

You don't have to sleep there.  
You can stay with me if you want.

LENNY

Nah. It's okay. Good night.

MONA

Good night.

Pause. MONA turns back towards her bedroom.

LENNY

Close the door behind you.

MONA closes the door behind her.

118. INT. DIANE'S CONDO - DAY.

118.

LENNY rings the doorbell. DIANE opens the door.

DIANE

Oh, hello.

LENNY

I thought I'd say hi.

DIANE

Please come in.

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

DIANE

Gin and tonic?

LENNY

Okay. Thanks.

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

DIANE

Uch, it's so bright outside.  
It gives me a headache just  
looking out the window.

LENNY

It's supposed to rain tomorrow.

DIANE

I don't want to talk about the weather.

Pause.

LENNY

Well, it was good for playing golf.

DIANE

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

LENNY

Still, it passes time.

DIANE

I like to travel.

LENNY

I wen to Europe once.

DIANE

Have you ever been to Tahiti?

LENNY

No.

DIANE

What about Tunisia? A night in Tunisia!

LENNY

No.

DIANE

Vincent never liked to travel.

LENNY

I guess I'm like Vincent.

DIANE  
(laughs)

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

LENNY

I guess you've never lost your imagination.

DIANE

Lenny, I've got to get out of here... I can't breath... The women are all... pathetic gossips...and the men...

LENNY

...Just pathetic?

DIANE

I don't want to die here.

LENNY

You just don't want to die.

DIANE

Not alone.

They make love. Afterwards, LENNY turns away.

DIANE

Don't. Don't feel guilty.

LENNY turns back, looks at her.

LENNY

I don't. I don't feel anything.

119. INT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - EVENING.

119.

The family is at the table, eating dinner.

BILL

So how was school today?

BILLY

Okay. Ronald Farber was absent.

BILL

Oh?

BILLY

He was afraid of the math test.

TRISH

So he stayed home?

BILLY

Yeah. He cut.

TRISH

Oh, that's terrible. His parents...

BILLY

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

TRISH

Oh, are they gonna be upset.

BILLY

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

BILL

What happened?

BILLY

Mrs. Paley was absent also.

TRISH

(chuckles.)

Oh, gee!

BILL

Did you call Ronald and tell him?

BILLY

Yeah, but there was no answer.

TRISH

So was Mrs. Paley sick, then?

BILLY

Well, everyone says she was  
just too strung out.

TRISH

Now why do people say things like that?

BILLY

'Cause she's a drug addict.

TRISH

And how do you know?

BILLY

Mom. Everyone knows.

TRISH

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

BILL

No.

BILLY

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

TRISH

Well, if Mrs. Paley turns out, in fact, to be a junkie, then...she should be fired. Don't you think, Bill?

BILL

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

TRISH

Well, apparently it is. And no, in fact, I don't think it's a little harsh at all. I'm sorry, but when it comes to drug abuse...and children, my children... Uch, they should all be locked up and throw away the key. I'm serious. And Billy, I want you to know, if you ever even think of doing drugs, and end up dying in a hospital...I'd disown you. That's how strongly I feel. Now I know, Bill, I may sound harsh, but we're talking about our kids. Not to be too grandiose, but this is the future, the future of our country we're talking about, after all.

A pause. The telephone rings.

TRISH

I'll get it.

(answers the phone.)

Hello, who is this, pleas?...

Oh, hi... Sure, hold on...

(to BILL)

It's Joe Grasso.

BILL

Oh, great! Thanks!

(rises, picks up the phone)

Hey, Joe! Whay's up? How's Johnny doing?

120. INT. JOE'S PLACE - EVENING.

120.

JOE grips the telephone tightly.

JOE

You're a dead man.

He hangs up.

BACK TO THE MAPLEWOOD HOME where we see BILL's reaction to the telephone CLICK.

BILL

(fakes continuing  
the conversation)

Oh, good, good... No problem!... Right...  
Okay. Well, take care... Bye!

TRISH

How's Johnny doing?

BILL

Oh, fine, fine! Much better!

The doorbell rings.

TRISH

Now who could that be?

BILL

I'll get it.

BILL goes to the front door.

BILL

Who is it?

VOICE

Police officer.

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

BILL

Can I help you?

DETECTIVE

Are you William Maplewood?

BILL

Y-yes.

DETECTIVE

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

BILL

Did something...?  
(a meaningful silence)  
Come this way. We're just finishing  
dinner, but I-I'll be right with you.

BILL escorts them into the living room.

TRISH (O.S.)  
Bill, who is it?

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

BILL  
You take care of the kids.

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

BILL  
Sorry. Now...um...you said something  
about Ronald Farber?

The DETECTIVE is nonplussed.

BILL  
I'm sorry...er...I mean...I mean, Johnny Grasso?

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

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

He thinks he hears footsteps.

He looks up and sees JOHNNY

JOHNNY  
You're so cool.

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

TRISH  
(waking up)  
Bill? Are you alright?

BILL holds onto TRISH, embracing her, shivering.

BILL  
...Don't leave me...Please don't leave me...

TRISH comforts him.

122. EXT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - DAY. 122.

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

A schoolbus is waiting at the corner.

TRISH  
(calling to the bus)

One second!

(calling inside)

Hurry up, Billy! The bus is here!

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

123. EXT. PARK - DAY.

123.

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

BILL observes the pleasant tranquility from atop a hill. But this time he gently approaches everyone and starts hugging them. Many smiles and tears.

MUSIC SWELL.

PSYCHIATRIST (O.S.)

Beautiful.

124. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY.

124.

BILL sits opposite his PSYCHIATRIST.

PSYCHIATRIST

That's a beautiful dream.

BILL

Thank you. I take it as a sign.

PSYCHIATRIST

Of...

BILL

Trish and I are thinking of moving.  
Out into the country. The real country.

PSYCHIATRIST

How are things between you and Trish?

BILL

(a beat.)

Never better.

PSYCHIATRIST

Oh?

BILL

I don't know what happened, but all of a sudden, one night last week we were watching TV and...she turned me on. The kids went to bed and...we fucked. And on the weekend... in the morning, too...we fucked. My life is just one big fuck!

BILL laughs, the PSYCHIATRIST chuckles.

PSYCHIATRIST

I'm happy to hear that.

BILL

Thanks. But you know it's strange... I mean how like...now...just like that... everything's normalized.

A long pause. Then BILL rises.

BILL

Well.

PSYCHIATRIST

There's still ten minutes. Nothing more you want to discuss?

BILL

No, I guess not. Everything's fine.

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

BILL

Was that you?

PSYCHIATRIST

Yeah.

BILL

Hmmmph. You've changed.

125. INT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - EVENING.

125.

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

126. INT. LIVING-ROOM - EVENING.

126.

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

BILLY

Dad?

BILL

Yes, Billy?

BILLY

Everyone at school is saying things about you.

BILL

Who is everyone?

BILLY

Kids. You know. Everyone.

BILL

What are they saying?

Pause.

BILLY

That you're a serial rapist.

BILL

Oh.

BILLY

And a pervert.

BILL

You mean, like what they painted on the house?

BILLY nods. Pause.

BILLY

Dad...did you...did you...with Johnny Grasso and Ronald Farber...?

Pause.

BILL

Yes.

Pause.

BILLY

What did you...do?

BILL

I...I touched them...

BILLY

Whadya mean exactly...touched...?

BILL

I...fondled them.

Pause.

BILLY

What for?

BILL

I couldn't help myself.

Pause.

BILLY

What else?

BILL

I unzipped myself...

BILLY

Do you mean...masturbated?

BILL

No.

BILLY

Then...what?

BILL

I...made love...

Pause.

BILLY

What does that...mean?

BILL

I fucked them.

Pause.

BILLY

What was it like?

BILL

It was...great.

Pause.

BILLY

Would you do it again?

BILL

Yes.

Pause.

BILLY

Would you ever fuck me?

BILL

No...I jerk off instead.

BILL weeps.

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

BILL swallows half a dozen sleeping pills.

128. EXT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - NIGHT. 128.

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

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

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

BILL

It's true: I'm a pervert.

130. EXT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - DAYBREAK. 130.

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

TIMMY

Mommy, I'm—!

TRISH

Shh! Quiet!

They get in the hastily packed car and drive off.

131. INT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - DAY. 131.

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

BILL

Trish?

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

BILL

Billy? Timmy?

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

BILL

Hello?

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

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

132. EXT. MAPLEWOOD HOME - DAY. 132.

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

Pause. Then: BOOM!

FADE TO BLACK.

133. INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY. 133.

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

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

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

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

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

136. EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY. 136.

JOY comes up to the entrance of a seedy building. She hesitates, then walks inside.

137. INT. SEEDY BUILDING - DAY. 137.

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

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

JOY

Oh...er...I'm sorry...I just wanted to...  
er...Here...

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

ZHENIA

Boris!

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

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

BORIS

Come inside.

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

JOY sits opposite BORIS. ZHENIA brings her a cup of tea. ZHENIA'S MOTHER sniffles and shuffles about in the b.g.

JOY

(to ZHENIA)

Spacebo.

BORIS signals ZHENIA to scram.

BORIS

Joy. Why are you come here?

JOY

I just wanted to...um...say  
I was sorry...to your wife.

BORIS

Zhenia is not my wife.

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

ZHENIA

(to JOY)

I am not wife Boris.

BORIS corrects Zhenia's grammar.

ZHENIA

I am not...Boris's wife.

BORIS

(to ZHENIA)

Thank you.

And he dismisses her once more.

BORIS

Her English very bad. I try teach,  
but Zhenia...slow.

JOY

So you mean you're really not married?

BORIS  
(laughs)

I am in America! I am free man!

ZHENIA

Is Zhenia a free woman?

BORIS rolls his eyes. Pause.

BORIS

Zhenia loves me. It is problem.  
She want be my wife, but she don't  
listen. What can I do? What can I do?

(a beat.)

Come. You want me to drive you  
New Jersey? We go shopping mall?

JOY

No, thank you. I don't think that's really..

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

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

BORIS

Joy. I must ask you question.

JOY

Yes?

BORIS

But I very ashamed.

JOY

I'm sure I'll understand.

BORIS

Okay. Can I borrow money?

JOY

Oh. Well...

BORIS

It is very important.

Pause.

JOY

Well, I guess it's better borrowing  
than stealing..

BORIS

Yes. It is better.

JOY

And money is...only money.

BORIS

Yes. It is only money.

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

JOY

How much would you like?

BORIS

One thousand dollars.

JOY

A th-thou-.

BORIS

Alright. Five hundred. I need money now.

JOY

W-well I guess I could go to  
a cash machine...

BORIS

I know where is ATM.

BORIS rises quickly. JOY hesitates.

JOY

Boris?

BORIS

Yes?

JOY

Do you think I could have my guitar back?

139. EXT. STREET - EVENING.

139.

BORIS and JOY, guitar in hand, are walking.

BORIS

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

JOY

Yeah. Probably.

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

JOY

Here.

BORIS

Joy. I love you.

JOY

You love New Jersey.

BORIS

(laughs, embraces JOY.)  
New Jersey is America!

I give you back Monday.

JOY

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

BORIS

Why no?

JOY

I don't know, but for some reason...  
now I have more sympathy for the strikers.

(a beat.)

See ya.

BORIS watches JOY walk away with her guitar.

BORIS

(mutters to himself)

Stupid American.

BORIS pockets his money and walks off in the opposite direction.

TITLE CARD: "THANKSGIVING"

140. EXT. MONA'S CONDO - DAY.

140.

BILLY stands on the terrace and looks down. He sees palm trees. He sees the ocean. He sees a beautiful woman sunbathing by the pool. Talk of turkey and weather filters out to him.

KOOKI stands beside him.

141. INT. BOCA RATON CONDOMINIUM - DAY.

141.

LENNY, MONNA, HELEN, TRISH, and JOY sit at a long table filled with holiday food. TIMMY watches TV in the b.g. CHLOE sleeps in her crib.

HELEN

...Anyway, so the police came and looked  
in her freezer and found baggies filled  
with the super's genitals.

Pause. LENNY salts his food, a heavy dose.

MONA

I use baggies.

JOY

Me too.

HELEN

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

TRISH

I can't relate to it.

Pause.

HELEN

...In any case, there's a guy I've met, Joy, that I think you'd like. He's into computers, I think,

JOY

How do you know him?

HELEN

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

JOY

I'll call him.

HELEN

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

TRISH

What about me?

HELEN

I'm looking, I'm looking.

TRISH

I like computers.

HELEN

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

MONA

And what about me?

HELEN

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

LENNY

Don't look for me.

HELEN

Have you found someone?

LENNY

No. There is no one.

Pause.

MONA

I heard Diane Fred had a stroke.

LENNY

She'll recover.

MONA

That's good.

JOY

Where there's life there's hope.

TRISH

That's right.

HELEN

You bet.

MONA

Absolutely.

LENNY

Yeah.

Pause.

JOY

Could you pass over the  
sweet potatoes, please?

TRISH

Sure.

Pause. Lenny resalts his food.

HELEN

Could you pass down the stuffing, please?

LENNY

Here.

Pause.

TRISH

Anyone watch Leno last night?

Everyone shakes his head or mumbles no.

Pause.

MONA

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

HELEN

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

(a beat.)

I wish I'd gotten to know her better.  
We might have found we had something  
in common.

Pause.

JOY

Maybe you'll write a poem about her.

HELEN bursts out laughing.

HELEN

I'm sorry. But don't worry.  
I'm not laughing at you.  
I'm laughing with you.

JOY

But I'm not laughing.

HELEN stops laughing.

142. EXT. CONDOMINIUM TERRACE - DAY.

142.

CLOSE ON BILLY as his face expresses mounting excitement.

BILLY'S POV of the beautiful woman sunbathing. She unhooks her bikini top.

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

143. INT. CONDOMINIUM - DAY.

143.

The meal is painfully silent. Finally:

MONA

Let's make a toast.

JOY

To happiness.

EVERYONE ELSE

To happiness!

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

TRISH

Kooki!

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

BILLY

I came!

SHOT OF A FULL MOON.

144. INT. CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT.

144.

The CAMERA DOLLIES across the living room and bedrooms. Everyone is in bed, but unable to shut their eyes.

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

JOY

Don't, Mom. 'Cause the thing about family is...no matter how distant you are from each other, separated, estranged, divorced, whatever...no matter how little you can relate to each other...it doesn't matter: you're still family. You're not along... Ya see?

MONA smiles, weakly.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

The sound of a telephone ringing. Then:

145. SPLIT SCREEN: EXT. ESL SCHOOL/  
INT. ALLEN'S PLACE - DAY.

145.

JOY stands at a payphone, a placard resting on her shoulder. Strikers pace in the b.g.

ALLEN sits half undressed on his bed, phonebook at his side. He answers the phone.

BOUNCY MUSIC.

ALLEN

Hello?

JOY

Hello. Could I please speak to Allen Mellencamp?

ALLEN

Speaking.

JOY

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

ALLEN

Oh, then you must be Joy. Hi.

JOY

Hi. Gee, you sound so familiar.

ALLEN

You do too.

JOY

But in a good way, a way I like.

ALLEN

Me too.

JOY

Huh.

ALLEN

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

JOY

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

ALLEN

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

JOY

Er...yeah.

ALLEN

Is Happy's no good?

JOY

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

ALLEN

Happy's at eight! See ya!

They hang up, happy, perhaps even smitten.

CUT TO:

BLACK.