MARGARET

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MARGARET

A Screenplay
By Kenneth Lonergan

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1 EXT. MANHATTAN. BROADWAY. UPPER 70S. DAY.

1

From across Broadway we see a little girl waiting at the curb. She steps off the curb toward us --

A TRUCK BARRELS into frame -- The long lens' flattened perspective makes it look like she's just been crushed. But the truck flashes by and she's fine. More traffic passes to and fro through the frame.

CREDITS BEGIN OVER:

2 EXT. ANOTHER CORNER. DAY.

2

The LIGHT CHANGES and a crowded corner full of New Yorkers step off the curb and into the crosswalk -- Before the first foot lands on the street we go to SUPER SLOW MOTION as the mid-day work crowd crosses the street.

3 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS. DAY.

3

MONTAGE -- Slow motion shots of New Yorkers, mid-day, all kinds, going all different ways, all over the city.

CREDITS END with some high school kids with book bags, walking among the crowds.

4 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM. DAY.

4

An 11th-grade math class at the Ralph Waldo Emerson School, one of the few remaining Manhattan '60s-inspired progressive schools. About twenty kids, mostly white secular Jewish. A sprinkling of black and Hispanic kids.

The teacher, MR AARON, late 20s, is returning test papers.

MR AARON Abrams...Allende...

One after the other the students get up to collect their tests, glance at the results and drag themselves back to their chairs.

On LISA COHEN, just 17. Not the best-looking girl in her class but definitely in the top five. She listens listlessly, somewhat bad-temperedly.

MR AARON (CONT'D)
Bernstein...Cohen...

At "Cohen" LISA gets up and heads for the desk.

LISA'S POV, closing in slowly on MR AARON who glances up at her as she approaches. Their eyes meet. Aaron has the classic handsome young teacher's no-nonsense expression on his face as she reaches out her hand --

LISA

Thank you, Mr Aaron.

She walks back. On her test he's written: B- "SEE ME!"

5 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM. DAY. LATER.

5

AFTER CLASS -- The last students go out as Mr Aaron gestures for Lisa to take a seat.

MR AARON

Take a seat, Lisa. I just wanna talk about your test for a minute.

LISA

(sitting)

Sure.

MR AARON

Now...I know you had a little help...

LISA

Well -- I mean -- I didn't <u>cheat</u>, if that's what you mean.

MR AARON

I'm just saying I know you had a little help.

LISA

A lot of people did.

MR AARON

Be that as it may --

LISA

I mean I'll take it over again if you want, but like, what would be the point? It's not like I'm ever gonna actually need to know this stuff in my daily <u>life</u>...

MR AARON

Well, Lisa, that's just not necessarily true. Haven't you ever developed an interest in something you didn't initially think you were going to develop an interest in?

LISA

Um, no, not really.

Mr Aaron looks down for a moment to hide his amusement. Lisa looks at him with secret adoration. He looks up.

LISA (CONT'D)

Anyway, it was open book. So what's the big difference between using a book and like, I don't know, using somebody else's mind who's like, really good at math? It's not like this person did the whole test for me.

MR AARON

Oh no?

LISA

No. I did some of it.

She smiles at him. He is no longer smiling back.

MR AARON

Well, next time I'd appreciate it if you did all of it. OK?

LISA

You are so fair.

6 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY. DAY.

6

TRACKING LISA from behind as she walks through the halls past her fellow students. She walks through a door --

7 EXT. ALLEY. DAY -- CONTINUOUS.

7

-- where kids are smoking. Lots of butts on the ground. The walls covered with graffiti. Lisa goes to her friend BECKY and takes out her cigarettes. A kid named KURT smokes nearby.

BECKY

What did he say to you?

LISA

Nothing...Mr Aaron and I have an understanding about my math problem.

Becky laughs. Lisa laughs.

LISA (CONT'D)

He is so appealing.

A long-haired kid comes out, followed by a somewhat preppier girl, KIRSTEN, and her look-alike friend LESLIE.

KIRSTEN

OK, Mr Ferrar is such an asshole.

KURT

What'd he do, call on you?

KIRSTEN

Fuck you, Kurt.

8

LESLIE

Kirsten is really upset.

KURT

I'm sorry.

KIRSTEN

(to Leslie)

Let me have one of those, will you?

Leslie gives Kirsten a cigarette and lights it for her.

BECKY

Kirsten, I didn't know you smoked.

KIRSTEN

I don't. I'm just really angry. (to Leslie) Check out what he said to me last week.

She drops her voice. They whisper and then both laugh. Lisa watches them.

LESLIE

Are you serious?

Lisa overhears MONICA, an elegant 12th-grader, talking to some other girls seated on the steps.

MONICA

...I just don't think you can really know a quy until you've slept with him.

Lisa, listening, is not so sure, but wouldn't know.

INT. AMERICAN HISTORY CLASS. DAY.

The class is taught by two teachers; MR KLEIN, 50s, and MR LEWIS, 30s. On the blackboard are scrawled the words

"STRIKERS" "PINKERTONS" and "PREZ. McKINLEY."

KLEIN

... So the President of the United States, William B. McKinley, authorized the use of private detectives to break the strike, and they went out there and shot them down!
Just like they did in Virginia, just like they did in Pennsylvania. Because they did not care! They did not care!

LEWIS

(low, rumbling) And that's basically it... That's basically all there is to say.

KLEIN

All right? Go ahead, uhhhhh: Becky.

BECKY

Well, Mr Klein...I mean, was there ever a good President of the United States?

There is some laughter from the students.

KLEIN

I don't know, Becky. I think that's a good question. What do you think? You. Lionel. What do you think? Did we ever have a good President?

LIONEL

Um...I don't know. I guess most of them have just been totally corrupt.

LEWIS

Lisa?

LISA

Can I just say, I'm not necessarily like a big fan of all the Presidents of the United States, especially the current one, but I still don't think it's necessarily all that useful to categorize every President as universally corrupt, because that just seems very general to me. Especially if you're going to judge them by the standard of — whatever they're supposed to traditionally be <u>like</u> in some mythical version of America that probably never existed to begin with.

ANTHONY, an intellectual smart-ass, leans back in his chair.

ANTHONY

Lisa has raised a salient point.

There are some laughs from the class.

9 EXT. SCHOOL. DAY.

9

School is letting out. LISA walks away from the building. A short energetic kid named DARREN falls in step with her.

DARREN

Hey, how'd you do?

LISA

Oh hey Darren. It was fine. Thank you so much.

DARREN

So he didn't give you a hard time or anything?

LISA

Well, he knows I'm not planning to like, go into Mathematics or anything...He was totally cool about it. He's so cool.

DARREN

Oh yeah, everybody loves Mr Aaron.

LISA

What's that supposed to mean?

DARREN

Nothing. The man is very lovable.

They stop at the corner.

DARREN (CONT'D)

What are you doing now?

LISA

I was gonna go look for a cowboy hat.

DARREN

Why would you want to buy a cowboy hat?

LISA

Because my Dad is supposed to take me and my brother to this ranch in New Mexico to go horseback riding, and I don't think it would be right to appear on horseback in New Mexico without the appropriate equestrian paraphernalia, Darren. You wouldn't understand these things.

DARREN

That is a definite possibility.

LISA

Anyway...Thanks again...

DARREN

Before you venture forth on your bizarre quest for a cowboy hat...?

LISA

Yes, Darren?

DARREN

...what are you up to later? Like tonight.

LISA

I don't know.

DARREN

You wanna go to a movie?

LISA

What do you mean, like on a date?

DARREN

No, not on a date, just go to a movie. I don't know if it's a fucking date!

LISA

All right. Calm down. What do you wanna see?

DARREN

I don't know, I don't even know what's playing! I don't know if it's a date! Let's just forget it! I hate the fuckin' movies anyway. They're just bullshit. They're all bullshit!

LISA

OK, take it easy, I was just asking! I'm sorry!

DARREN

What if it was a date, anyway? Would that be so horrendous?

LISA

Oh my God. Are you like -- are you asking me <u>out</u>? (Pause) Are you? (Pause) Hello...? Earth to Darren.

DARREN

I don't know. Yeah. I mean... I feel like we're already really close...

LISA

Oh my God...

DARREN

...and I think we'd be a really good match - - What?

LISA

Nothing. This is -- Nothing.

DARREN

So -- Yeah. I would. I mean, yes. I am. Yes I am.

LISA

Wow. I mean -- I am <u>really</u> flattered. But I would definitely not want to do anything to mess up our friendship.

DARREN

I view this as a way of <u>strengthening</u> our friendship.

9 CONTINUED: (3) 9

LISA It would definitely change it... DARREN I know: It's a fairly dangerous move. LISA Well...I would definitely have to think about this... DARREN Absolutely. Give it some thought. LISA OK, I will. Pause. He is looking at her like he wants something. LISA (CONT'D) Why do you <u>look</u> like that? DARREN Like what? LISA What do you want from me? DARREN Not a thing! LISA All right. I'll see you later. DARREN All right. She turns and walks away, pleased by the conversation. EXT. LISA'S STREET -- WEST '80S. DAY. 10 Lisa walks down her street and lets herself into the prewar apartment building. 11

INT. COHEN APARTMENT. DAY. 11

10

She lets herself into the narrow apartment. A long hall covered with framed pictures, photographs and play posters opens onto a cramped living room crammed with books, plays, and magazines. A stereo, TV and computer are stuck in the corners. Beyond this is the kitchen and another hallway leading to the bathrooms and bedrooms.

LISA

Hello...!

Lisa drops her bag and goes into the kitchen. She opens the refrigerator. Her brother CURTIS, 11, comes in.

CURTIS

Hi.

LISA

Is Mom home?

CURTIS

She went to the store.

Lisa gets out some cold pizza and sits down with it.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Use a plate.

LISA

Don't be such a little fuckin' goody twoshoes.

CURTIS

Fuck you.

LISA

Please don't say "fuck," Curtis.

CURTIS

You just said it.

LISA

Yeah, that's because I know what it means.

CURTIS

So do I.

Uh, no you don't, Curtis. Take my word for it.

CURTIS

What does it mean?

She looks at him and speaks very slowly and deliberately.

LISA

It's when a man puts his penis inside a woman's vagina and moves it around really fast until they both have an orgasm and he ejaculates sperm inside her body.

Pause.

CURTIS

No it's not.

LISA

Yes it is.

CURTIS

Gross.

LISA

(resumes eating)

It is gross.

She eats. He watches her.

CURTIS

Do you want to play a game?

LISA

No.

CURTIS

Please!

LISA

I don't <u>feel</u> like it, Curtis. Quit <u>bugging</u> me.

CURTIS

Can I have some pizza?

She gives him a piece of pizza. He sits. They eat together.

11A INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

11A

Curtis is practicing the piano.

12 INT. LISA'S MOTHER'S BEDROOM.

12

Lisa, on her cell phone, rummages in her mother's bureau. During the following she finds a small supply of cash and steals forty dollars.

LISA

(On the phone)

What are you up to tonight? ... Nothing: Darren wants me to go to the movies with him. You want to come? ... I guess around eight?

13 EXT. BROADWAY. DAY.

13

POV LISA: slowly passing by Broadway clothing store windows. No cowboy hats. She walks down Broadway window shopping, enjoying herself.

14 EXT. ANTIQUE CLOTHING STORE. DAY.

14

Through the window, we see Lisa talk to the pretty, mid-20s SALESGIRL with an embroidered cowboy hat.

14A

14A TIME PERMITTING

15 EXT. BROADWAY. DAY.

As Lisa slowly passes by and looks in various store windows. She stops and looks at some shoes.

REFLECTED IN THE WINDOW, behind her, a city BUS pulls up to a bus stop and wheezes as the doors open.

16 EXT/INT STREET/BUS. SIMULTANEOUS.

16

15

The BUS DRIVER is wearing a cowboy hat. He is in his 30s and kind of good-looking. Past the disembarking passengers we see Lisa's back as she scans the shoe store.

ON LISA -- She turns around and sees the Bus Driver. She sees his cowboy hat and just as the doors shut --

LISA (to Driver)

The bus lurches away. Lisa takes off after it.

IN THE BUS -- CLOSE on the Bus Driver, oblivious to Lisa, who we can see out the door and window, falling behind.

ON THE STREET -- The bus falls behind a slow-moving car and Lisa catches up.

IN THE BUS -- Lisa appears at the bus doors, waving and calling out. The Bus Driver sees her, smiles and waves back.

ON THE STREET -- Lisa is running alongside the bus.

LISA (CONT'D)
Hey! Where'd you get your cowboy hat?

IN THE BUS -- The Bus Driver can't hear her, but smiles at her with good-natured flirtatiousness.

ON THE STREET -- The LIGHT at the curb turns YELLOW.

THE SLOW-MOVING CAR in front of the bus floors it to make the light.

THE BUS DRIVER sees his way is clear and steps on the gas. He turns and waves goodbye to Lisa. She points at her head and then at him. He smiles, not quite getting it.

The LIGHT turns RED.

Still looking at Lisa, the BUS DRIVER lifts the hat off his head in a farewell salute as --

LISA sees the bus pass under the RED LIGHT --

An Upper-West Side WOMAN, 40s or 50s (Later identified as MONICA PATTERSON) holding some grocery bags steps off the curb between two cars to cross Broadway.

VERY FAST:

THE BUS DRIVER turns his head to look straight forward.

POV BUS DRIVER -- Monica is directly in front of him.

POV MONICA -- The bus roars up at her.

THE BUS DRIVER slams on the BRAKES.

POV LISA -- Monica is clipped by the huge bus and pulled tumbling underneath.

LISA SCREAMS. Pedestrians all over turn around.

MONICA is pulled and crunched in a horrible twisting tumble.

Everything stops.

TRACKING LISA fast as she runs across the street toward the accident. As she gets closer she sees Monica's leg sticking out from under the bus.

Then with some confusion, she realizes that Monica herself is right in front of her, and that her blood is spreading everywhere. Monica is reaching out vaguely, unable to speak. She is making choking sounds.

Lisa stands over her for a second, frozen. She crouches down and tries to do something but doesn't know what to do, where to put her hands. Other people start converging.

IN THE BUS -- The Bus Driver puts the bus in Park, opens the door and rushes out.

WE TRACK him as he comes around to where a crowd has already formed. He hangs back on the outside, but we break through till we find LISA kneeling next to the disoriented MONICA, holding her hand. They are both covered in blood. Several other people are shouting and talking all at once.

1ST MAN

Somebody call an ambulance! Call an ambulance! Everyone calm down!

KID

I'm calling one right now...!

The Kid is already dialing his cell phone. Other people are doing the same.

2ND MAN Get an ambulance!

1ST MAN

Someone's calling one!

LISA

Ma'am, can you hear me? Can you hear me?

MONICA

I don't know. Where am I? What is going on?

T.TSA

You're on Broadway and 75th Street in New York -- You were in a bad accident -- 1ST MAN
Don't try to talk!
You don't have to talk.

2ND MAN
Never mind, let her talk!

MONICA (CONT'D)

Who are you?

LISA

My name is Lisa.

MONICA

Am I dead?

LISA

No, you're not dead. You were in a traffic accident, but you're gonna be OK --

MONICA

What do you mean? What happened?

LISA

You were run over by a bus. .

MONICA

You've got to be kidding me. A bus?

LISA

(almost laughs)

Yeah --!

MONICA

So where am I now? Who are you?

LISA

We're on Broadway and 75th Street. You don't know me --

MONICA

I don't understand. Is it still happening?

1ST MAN

Is anyone a doctor? Could we get a doctor?

2ND MAN

Is there a doctor anywhere? *

1ST MAN

We're in the middle of the *
Upper West Side and there *
are no doctors? *

* * *

16 CONTINUED: (3)

LISA

No -- I mean yes -- The accident
is over, but I think you're a
little confused -
MONICA

2ND MAN

All right, never mind.

*

MONICA

I'll say I'm confused.

1ST MAN

Here, lemme try to see if I can --

He tries to detach Lisa's hand from Monica's.

MONICA

NO! Don't let go of me!

LISA

I'm not, I'm not gonna let go --

MONICA

Don't let go of me!

2ND MAN

She needs a tourniquet or she's going to die.

1ST MAN

OK, let me just -- Jesus

Christ!

2ND MAN

Oh my God!

ND MAN *

MONICA (CONT'D)

Oh my God what's happening to me!

LISA

You're gonna be all right!
The ambulance is on its way!
Just hold on until they get
here!

1ST MAN

I'm sorry! I'm just
trying to -- we're trying *
to put a tourniquet on you.*

MONICA

Thank you, honey. Just don't let go of me.

2ND MAN

We need to get a tourniquet * on you. (To 1st MAN) Do you *. have a belt? You can use * your belt. *

LISA

I won't. I swear. They just to put a tournquet on you.

1ST MAN

I can't even see where to -- (Takes off his belt)

*

*

MONICA (CONT'D)

What do you mean? Are they doctors? Who are they?

LISA

No -- they're not doctors.
They were just passing by.

1ST MAN

I can't even see -- .

MONICA

Well, get 'em the fuck away from me!

1ST MAN

Ma'am, we're only trying to help you!

2ND MAN

Never mind that! Try it higher up. Try to put it higher up!

*

16 CONTINUED: (5)

16

1ST MAN
You wanna do it? You know what to do.
Why don't you do it?

LISA

(To the 1ST MAN) Are you kidding me!

MONICA

I can't see anything. Are my eyes open or closed?

This silences everyone. Lisa looks at the 1st Man. He shakes his head, panicked; he doesn't know what to say.

LISA

They're open.

MONICA

(starts to cry) What do you mean?

LISA You were in a terrible accident! But you're going to be fine, so just hang on!

2ND MAN I'll try it. You want me to try it?

1ST MAN Hold on a second, I think I got it.

2ND MAN

Just put it higher up! Just move it -

KID

Try putting it higher up!

1ST MAN

There's nowhere to put it! I can't even --

Lisa looks at the incredible amount of blood still spreading everywhere, all over her, all over the street.

LISA

WILL SOMEBODY CALL THE FUCKING AMBULANCE!?!

1ST MAN

Calm down! We already called Take it easy!

them! So just calm down!

2ND MAN

KID

I called them two minutes ago, and somebody else probably called them too!

LISA

Well they're obviously not coming fast enough so maybe you should call them again! Why not call them again!

MONICA

Could somebody call my daughter?

Sure! We can call her. What's her name?

KID		*
You want my phone?		*
1ST MAN		*
OK, OK, hold on.	•	*
TTON	OND MAN	*
LISA	2ND MAN	*
Tell me her name and give me	You got it. Just pull it	
her	around. Here	*
MONICA	1ST MAN	*
	It's OK	*
It's Lisa.	IC B OK	*
		^
KID		*
	won want me to call	*
	you want me to call	*
her?		~

LISA It's No that's my name. Is that your daughter's name?	*
MONICA What? What are you talking about?	*
LISA (On 2nd "what")) I'm s I'm not trying to be confusing. My name is Lisa: Is that your daughter's name?	*
MONICA Jesus Christ, would you call her? Just <u>call</u> her!	
1ST MAN I got it. I got it!	*
LISA I can't call her if you don't give me the number	
2ND MAN Ma'am? You're gonna be OK.	*
KID You're gonna be OK!	* *
LISA What's your daughter's number?	* *
Monica starts breathing a horrible rattling choking.	
MONICA Oh sweetie, I don't think I'm gonna make it.	*
LISA Oh no please hang on. The ambulance is gonna be here any minute!	
Monica dies.	
LISA (CONT'D) Oh please hang on! Please hang on!	
1ST MAN OK. It's OK. She's gone.	· *
The 1st Man tries to pull her away.	
LISA NO! Let GO of me!	*

She holds onto the dead woman's hand and sobs. We see the BUS DRIVER standing just beyond it. O.C., a SIREN wails irrelevantly, stuck in traffic.

17 EXT. BROADWAY -- ACCIDENT SITE -- LATER. DAY.

17

There are several cop cars now, an ambulance, a police barrier, cops everywhere and a crowd of onlookers. Lisa is giving a statement to DETECTIVE MITCHELL. She is completely drenched in blood. Her clothes, boots, everything. A FEW YARDS AWAY the Bus Driver, very shaken, is giving his statement to another cop (MOS), but also trying to hear what Lisa is saying. Lisa keeps looking over at him.

MITCHELL OK, Lisa? Lisa? I just want to ask you a couple of questions, OK?

LISA

OK, sure.

MITCHELL

Now I want to ask you where you were, and what you saw when the accident took place. Just tell me everything you saw, even if you think it might not be important. OK? Think of it like a movie. Like you're watchin' a movie in your head, and all you gotta do is tell me exactly what you see in the movie. OK?

LISA

Yes. Thank you for the -- yes.

MITCHELL

OK? So, where were you, on the corner? Standing by the corner? Were you in the crosswalk -- ?

LISA

(on 2nd "corner")
No, I wasn't on the corner. I mean I was,
but I was running. I was trying to catch
the bus.

MITCHELL

OK, so you're on the corner? Northwest corner?

LISA

If that's what corner it is.

MITCHELL

So, you're standing across the street. Northwest corner.

LISA

Yes, except I wasn't standing I was running.

MITCHELL

So the bus goes by and you start running.

LISA

No! I was already running! I was trying to catch the bus and I happened to pass the corner! I wasn't standing on the corner!

MITCHELL

Whoa whoa whoa. Slow down a sec. So you're tryin' to catch the bus --

*

* * *

* * * *

*

*

*

*

* * *

*

LISA

(starts to cry)
Yes! Yes! I was trying to catch the bus! I
was trying to catch the bus!

MITCHELL
I'm sorry Lisa, but we gotta ask you this while it's still fresh in your mind. I know this is hard for you. I'm just tryin' to do

my job, OK?

LISA
I understand! I don't mind, I'm just upset!

MITCHELL OK, Lisa, hang in there. You're doin' great.

LISA Could somebody call my mother?

MITCHELL We already called your Mom; but I'm gonna have 'em put another call into your mother right now, OK?

LISA Yes. Please stop patronizing me.

MITCHELL
I'm not tryin' to patronize you. I'm just
tryin' to get the information down while
it's fresh in your mind. I know some of
these questions might seem like they don't
make a lotta sense right now --

LISA
They <u>do</u> make sense. Just <u>ask</u> me!

Well, that's what I'm doin'. Now: I'm gonna ask you: From where you're standing could you see the traffic light? (Pause) Could you see if it was red? Green? Yellow? Just picture it in your mind. What color was the light?

Lisa looks over at the Bus Driver. He looks back at her.

IISA
I guess it was green? I didn't really see it. I think it was just an accident.

Behind the Bus Driver somebody moves from where they were, and Lisa gets a clear view of the woman's covered body.

17A

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE - LISA'S STREET. DAY. 17B 17B Lisa is being walked home by a big YOUNG COP. YOUNG COP You go to school around here? LISA Yes. YOUNG COP What's that a private school? LISA Yes. - YOUNG COP What are you studyin'? LISA I don't know. YOUNG COP You don't know what you're studyin'? YOUNG COP LISA That don't say very I know what I'm studying. much about your teachers...! LISA American history! 18 18 INT. COHEN APARTMENT. DAY. Curtis, watching TV, looks up as LISA comes passes through the room. CURTIS sees she is covered in blood. CURTIS What happened to you? LISA Nothing: I saw a woman get her leg cut off by a bus. She goes down the hall and into her room. JOAN, her mother, 40s, appears from the kitchen. JOAN Hello? INT. LISA'S ROOM. DAY. 19

The room feels small and distorted. Odd. She starts to take

off her blood-soaked jacket, but her purse is over her shoulder. She drops the purse and takes off the jacket.

19

She doesn't know what to do with it. She hangs it on the closet door.

She sits on the bed and then gets up and looks at where she sat. There's an imprint of blood on the white bedspread.

LISA

Good one, Lisa.

She starts breathing heavily. She goes into her bathroom --

20 INT. BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS.

20

She kneels down next to the toilet and opens it. She waits. She throws up into the toilet. Joan knocks on the door.

JOAN

Lisa?

LISA

Just a second...!

Joan comes into the bathroom.

LISA (CONT'D)

Just a <u>second!</u>

She throws up again.

JOAN

Oh my God, what happened to you?!?

LISA

It's OK, Mom, it's not my blood...!

JOAN

What do you mean? Whose blood is it? What happened?!

LISA

NOTHING!

Joan kneels down and tries to help her. Lisa screams and puts her arms around her mother and cries.

21 INT. LISA'S ROOM. DAY.

21

Lisa is putting on a bathrobe. Her hair and body are still matted and streaked with blood. Joan is picking up the bloody clothes and boots.

JOAN

I don't know if I'm going to be able to get these clean again.

LISA

Just throw them out.

JOAN

Let me see if I can get them clean.

LISA

(Starts crying)

Why? Just throw them out!

JOAN

(Gently)

OK.

21A OMIT 21A

22 INT. SHOWER.

22

21

Lisa stands under the faucet letting the water take the blood out of her hair and hands. She looks very young and little in the shower, little feet and face.

23 INT. LISA'S ROOM. SIMULTANEOUS.

23

O.C. we hear the shower. Joan scrubs at the bloody boots.

24 INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

24

Joan, Lisa and Curtis eat dinner. Lisa has combed wet hair. She is very subdued.

JOAN

Does anybody know who she was?

LISA

I don't know. I guess she lived around here. She had all these Fairway grocery bags.

CURTIS

What did they do with her leg?

LISA

I have no fucking idea.

JOAN

Hey. Come on...

25 INT. LISA'S ROOM. NIGHT.

25

Lisa is getting made up to go out. Joan knocks and comes in.

JOAN

Lisa? Are you sure you don't want me to call in...?

LISA

Oh, no thanks Mom. I mean thank you:
That's really sweet. But I'm supposed to go
see Becky anyway.

(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)

I don't really want to sit here thinking about it all night. Go to work. I'll be alright.

*

Joan doesn't look so sure.

26 EXT. MOVIE THEATER - UPPER WEST SIDE. NIGHT.

26

25

Darren, under the marquee, sees Lisa and Becky coming toward him. He's not happy to see Becky.

LISA

Hey.

BECKY

Hey, Darren.

- DARREN

Hey.

LISA

Did you get the tickets?

27 INT. MOVIE THEATER. NIGHT.

27

Lisa, Darren and Becky sit, the light from the movie flickering on their faces. Darren is mad. Becky is enjoying their discomfiture. Lisa is having trouble concentrating. She gets up and walks out. Darren and Becky look at each other -- not sure if she just went to the bathroom or left altogether.

28 INT. THEATER. NIGHT.

28

An upscale Off-Broadway theater. The cast is taking a curtain call. Joan, the lead, is in the middle.

29 INT. JOAN'S DRESSING ROOM. NIGHT.

29

Joan is taking her stage makeup off. There's a knock.

STAGEHAND (O.S.)

Joan? You got some flowers.

JOAN

Can you bring 'em in?

30 INT. THEATER LOBBY. NIGHT.

30

A very well-dressed, 55ish, interesting-looking man is waiting in the middle of the room. This is RAMON. He is watching Joan, across the room, say good-night to a group of friends and admirers.

JOAN

Thank you guys so much for coming...! It was really great to see you...!

She breaks away and crosses toward Ramon. He speaks with a Colombian accent.

*

*

30

JOAN (CONT'D)

Hi -- are you Ramon?

RAMON

Yes. Hello. You were wonderful -- again.

JOAN

You're so sweet, thank you. And thank you for the beautiful flowers...!

RAMON

Oh you're very welcome. I hope you didn't mind...

JOAN

No, I'm very flattered. And you've seen the show before...?

RAMON

Yes, two times.

JOAN

Gosh. That's very -- That's a lot!

RAMON

Oh no. It's a beautiful performance. And I think it's still in previews...?

Yeah, we're on kind of a weird schedule...

RAMON

I think you will have a big success.

JOAN

Well, at the moment we're just trying to focus on what we're doing...

RAMON

I don't know if you are busy, but will you allow me to buy you a drink? There's a place right down the street... If you like to ask your friends... Or if you didn't eat dinner...

Joan sees Lisa sitting across the room waiting.

JOAN

Oh -- No -- thank you. I can't. I'm just on my way home.

CONTINUED: (2)

RAMON

OK, it's no problem. Tomorrow I'm going to London for a few days on business. Perhaps when I come back...

*

JOAN

Um -- Well --

30

RAMON

If it's not convenient, it's no problem.

30 30 CONTINUED: (3)

JOAN No no no, it's OK, um Yeah.	*
RAMON I will send a word backstage? Or if you like to	* * *
JOAN Oh no, anything's fine. I'm sorry. I really have to go	* *
RAMON It's no problem.	*
JOAN Anyway, thank you so much for the flowers!	*
RAMON It's a privilege to meet you.	*
They shake hands. She heads over to Lisa as Ramon heads for the stairs to leave the theater.	*
JOAN I thought you were at the movies!	
LISA Yeah It wasn't very good. Who's that?	*
JOAN I don't know. He sent me flowers.	
LISA Go out with him.	
JOAN You think?	
LISA Um, yeah!	*
Ramon disappears up the stairs. Joan and Lisa look at each other.	*
JOAN Hi, sweetie!	
LISA Hi	*

She kisses and hugs Lisa, squashing her a little. Lisa gets a little tearful. Joan squeezes her tighter.

31 INT. THEATER BAR/RESTAURANT. NIGHT. 31

Lisa is out with Joan and some of the other actors from the show. They are laughing and having a good time.

VICTOR

(to Joan)

Do Shirley Temple! Shirley Temple!

Joan does a very excellent Shirley Temple imitation. Everyone laughs. Lisa laughs and smiles proudly. Joan glances at Lisa, checking to see if this frivolity is really helpful or not such a good idea.

32 INT. COHEN APARTMENT. DAY.

32

At the door, Lisa is ready to go to school. Joan, in a bathrobe, kisses her goodbye.

LISA

'Bye Mom.

JOAN

I love you.

LISA

I love you too.

Lisa goes out. We stay with Joan, who looks fretful.

33 EXT. BROADWAY. DAY.

33

Lisa walks down the street in SLOW MOTION. She passes through a gang of boys who hassle her as she goes by.

34 EXT. SCHOOL. DAY.

34

Still in slow-motion, she arrives at school. Becky, smoking outside, sees her and approaches, throwing away her cigarette as we resume normal camera speed.

35 INT. HUMANITIES CLASS. DAY.

35

Lisa sits in class dully. The class is reading paperbacks of <u>King Lear</u>. The teacher, JOHN, is a rather high-strung slightly harsh enthusiast with glasses and a beard.

JOHN

Matthew, if you would read France... And Anthony, you read Burgundy....

ANTHONY

(With mock relish)

Ah. Burgundy.

JOHN

And I guess I'm gonna hog the part of Lear again...

36 INT. HUMANITIES CLASS. MOMENT LATER.

36

John is walking back and forth, play in hand. The students are all reading along.

ANTHONY

"Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness
Offer'd, nor will you tender less."

JOHN

"Right, noble Burgundy, When she was dear to us, we did hold her so; But now her price is fall'n."

37 INT. UPPER WEST SIDE DINER. DAY.

37

Lisa and Darren sit in the diner eating club sandwiches. Two NEIGHBORHOOD LADIES, 70s, sit in a booth nearby.

If you didn't want to go to the movies alone with me Friday, you could have just told me that. You didn't need to bring Becky along as your bodyquard.

LISA

I didn't bring her as a bodyguard.

NEIGHBORHOOD LADY 1 Oh, he's wonderful. He drives all the way to see her every Saturday.

DARREN Then why did you?

NEIGHBORHOOD LADY 2 That's a long drive.

NEIGHBORHOOD LADY 1 You know he has three sisters? The older ones don't speak. They haven't spoken in fourteen years.

NEIGHBORHOOD LADY 2 You don't say.

NEIGHBORHOOD LADY 1 Oh that whole family's crazy.

NEIGHBORHOOD LADY 2 Fourteen years!

NEIGHBORHOOD LADY 1 And she has a little dog that used to belong to the father, very ugly face. But does she love that dog. When I saw that dog I says that's the ugliest dog I ever saw. She says good! Nobody'll steal him.

NEIGHBORHOOD LADY 2 Who's gonna steal him?

NEIGHBORHOOD LADY 1 Who's gonna steal him?

NEIGHBORHOOD LADY 1 That's what I said.

NEIGHBORHOOD LADY 2 What's the name of it?

NEIGHBORHOOD LADY 1 It's called a bull terrier.

LISA

I forgot I told Becky I would do something with her Friday night, so I invited her along. I didn't think it was gonna sully our whole relationship.

DARREN (mutters) What relationship?

LISA What are you muttering?

DARREN Nothing. I'll try to improve my diction. (Pause) What's the matter?

LISA Nothing.

DARREN Something obviously is...

LISA Everything's just fucked up...

DARREN Like what?

LISA Just everything.

DARREN But what specifically is fucked up?

LISA (very low) Nothing.

*

NEIGHBORHOOD LADY 2 No, what's the name of the dog?

NEIGHBORHOOD LADY 1

Barnaby.

The two ladies keep on talking.

LISA

(Very low, eyes down) So...I've been thinking about your suggestion...

DARREN

Uh huh...?

LISA

I quess I don't think it's a very good

DARREN

Why not?

LISA

I quess I don't feel that way about you.

DARREN

But those kinds of feelings can develop. I definitely feel like there's a connection there.

LISA

(very low) I know there is.

DARREN

I just think you're scared. I think you're scared of your own feelings. I think you've been hurt in the past by other guys and I think what it would feel like to have a real feeling is really terrifying to you.

She wipes her eyes because tears are running down her cheeks.

DARREN (CONT'D)

What's the matter? (Pause) What's the

matter?

She won't look at him. O.C. AUDIENCE APPLAUSE takes us to:

INT. BAR/RESTAURANT. NIGHT. 38

Joan and Ramon are having a drink at a small table.

RAMON

My family are from Colombia... My father worked in the diplomatic service...

-	ידידאו	אדי	UED	•
	TA T	TIA	حريين	٠

JOAN

Really. Wow.

RAMON I grew up five years in Panama, four years in Holland, then nine years in Paris. After I finish university, I moved back to Colombia. So: when I'm speaking French, they think I'm Spanish. When I'm speaking Spanish, they think I'm french.

JOAN

And what do you do, Ramon?

RAMON

I have a company: We design computer software to help companies in South American countries that use an incompatible software, so the computers can't talk to each other. It's a big problem in Central and South America, where there is not usually so much coordination in computer communications. So right now there's a big opportunity for us, because for the big software companies it's still in the backwoods. That's changing already, but in the last ten years we have done extremely well. It's the next ten years we're going to see what happens.

JOAN

Uh huh? God...

INT. BAR/RESTAURANT. LATER. A39

Joan and Ramon are leaving the restaurant:

RAMON

Can I give you a lift?

Oh -- no -- Thank you, I'm just gonna grab a cab, but thank you.

RAMON

May I call you sometime?

JOAN

OK, sure, that would be great.

Pause.

RAMON

May I have your telephone number?

A39

opens.

	JOAN Oh my God, I'm sorry, of course. Duh! Hold on a minute: Do you have a pen?		* * *
	Ramon takes out his cell phone.		*
	RAMON What's the number?		*
	JOAN Um 212		*
39.	OMIT.	39	*
40	INT. COHEN APARTMENT. NIGHT.	40	
	Joan lets herself in to the dark silent apartment.		
41	INT. JOAN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.	41	
	Joan lies awake, restless. She starts masturbating. She kick off the covers and hikes her nightgown up. Just as she's getting worked up there's a KNOCK on the door and it partly	B	

LISA

Mom...?

JOAN

(startled)

Just a second!

LISA

(opening the door) Can I come in?

Just one second, honey. Hold on! (covering herself up) Come in.

Lisa comes in and sits on the edge of the bed.

LISA

Can I talk to you?

JOAN

Sure. What's up.

	LISA How was the show?		*
	JOAN It was OK. Are you all right?		*
	LISA Not really.		¥
	JOAN What's wrong?		
	LISA MomI have to tell you something.		
	JOAN OK.		
42	EXT. NIGHT. FROM ACROSS THE STREET. SIMULTANEOUS.	42	
	A slow pan across the building. We pick out Lisa talking to Joan in one little window.		*
43	INT. JOAN'S ROOM. NIGHT. A MINUTE LATER.	43	4
	They sit there. Long pause.		4
	LISA So what do you think I should <u>do</u> ?		4
	JOAN Wellit doesn't sound like it was anybody's <u>fault</u>		1
	LISA But don't you think I should say something to them now?		1
	JOAN I don't know, sweetie. I mean, that bus driver probably has a family to supportHe could probably lose his jobSo I think you should really think about that before you say anythingYou might end up feeling even worse		4
	Lisa was not expecting this response and doesn't like it.		
	LISA OK		
	Joan isn't sure what she's done wrong.		

OK...?

JOAN

KLEIN (O.C.)

Think of the implications of what you're saying!

44 INT. HISTORY CLASS. DAY.

44

ANGIE, a Syrian-American girl, has her hand up.

KLEIN

...I'm saying what is the frame of reference for the average Arab on the street? Angie!

ANGIE

Yeah, my family is from Syria? And I just want to say that Americans have <u>no idea</u> how much people hate them all over the world. OK?

BECKY

We don't?

ANGIE

And all my relatives in Syria think that what we did in <u>Afghanistan</u> was terrorism. Not to mention <u>Iraq...</u>

ANTHONY

Syria is a theocratic military dictatorship.

ANGIE

Um, no it's not: Sorry.

ANTHONY

Syria is not a theocratic military dictatorship?

LISA

Um, I think we have a pretty good idea how much people hate us now actually, Angie.

ANGIE

No we don't.

LEWIS

One at a time --

LISA

They blew up our <u>city</u>, OK? So yeah, I think we have a pretty good idea, and personally I don't give a shit.

There is some laughter from the class.

ANGIE

You should!

-- because the people who blew up the World Trade Center were a bunch of sick monsters -

ANGIE

Oh they were monsters?

LISA

Yes!

ANGIE

Why? Because they're Arabs?

LISA

No, because they killed three thousand people for no reason.

KLEIN

Hey, hey, one at a time...!

ANGIE

Maybe they think they had a reason!

LISA

Like what? They didn't even have any demands! They just wanted to kill people!

What do you think we should've have done?

THE CLASS They don't care about civilian casualties! And Iraq has nothing to do with Afghanistan! It has to do with oil!

LEWIS

Come on guys, one at a time! Anthony.

ANTHONY

They did have a reason.

ANGIE

Thank you.

ANTHONY

They want to establish a medieval Islamic caliphat in the Middle East and destroy Western civilization.

ANGIE

Oh, where did you read that?

KLEIN

Hey, hey, hey!

ANGIE

Why did we drop bombs on innocent people in Afghanistan? We're still doing it! Why did we invade Iraq?

BECKY (on "we're") Because, they declared war on us, Angie!

ANGIE

No they didn't! Iraq didn't declare war on anybody! They didn't do anything to us!

44 CONTINUED: (2)

ANTHONY It's on their website.

ANGIE

Okay, forget it.

KLEIN

Angie!

ANGIE

No! Forget it!

KLEIN

Go ahead with what you were saying!

ANGIE

No! Why should I?

44

But why are you defending somebody who murdered three thousand people!

ANGIE

I'm not! Why are you defending a country that unilaterally invaded two Muslim countries and supports the Israeli occupation of Palestine?!

The class ROARS.

LISA

Oh give me a break!

ANGIE

-- and drops bombs on women and children and then calls other people terrorists for doing the exact same thing!

KLEIN

LISA

OK -- OK --

Because it's not same thing!

ANGIE

Yes it is!

KLEIN

Lionel! Go ahead.

LIONEL

Yeah, I just want to ask like, why is OK to drop bombs on men, but it's not OK to drop bombs on women and children? Isn't that just reverse sexism?

I don't know. That's an interesting point. I agree it's a bullshit term.

LISA

This is totally stupid.

KLEIN

(Looking for hands) Uhhhhhh...Monica!

MONICA

Yeah, I think this whole class should apologize to Angie, because all she did was express her opinion about what her relatives in Syria think about the fact that we bombed the shit out of a practically medieval culture --

ANGIE

Thank you!

44 CONTINUED: (4)

MONICA

-- and everybody started screaming at her like she was defending the Ku Klux Klan!

They are the Ku Klux Klan! They like to throw acid in women's faces!

MONICA

Who does? The Afghanistans? Afghanies? The Iragis?

LISA

Yes! No! The Taliban! Do you wish they were still there?

ANTHONY

The correct term is Afghans.

ANGIE

Why don't you drop bombs --Then why don't you drop bombs on the Ku Klux Klan? Because they're white?

LIONEL

There's six people with their hands raised before you, Lisa!

MONICA

(To LISA) But I'm not even saying I disagree with you! I'm only saying I think it's pathetic the way people in this class treated Angie just for saying something they don't agree with.

KLEIN

Because that's censorship, right? Right?

MONICA

Yeah! (a joke:) Right on!

ANGIE

Thank you...!

LISA

It's not censorship...! This class is not the

government!

ANTHONY

That's not technically

true.

LEWIS

It's censorship.

Oh my God, no it's not!

LISA

45 INT. COHEN APARTMENT. DAY. 45

Lisa is sitting in the living room, ready to go out. Joan enters, coat on, purse in hand.

JOAN

Ready?

EXT. LOCAL POLICE PRECINCT. DAY. 46

46

Joan and Lisa go into the station.

46A	INT. LOCAL POLICE PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.	16A	
	Mitchell walks Joan and Lisa into the interview room.		
	MITCHELL We actually work outta Highway One? Up in the Bronx? So for somethin' like this we just borrow a local precinct		* *
	JOAN Uh huh		*
47	INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY - LATER.	47	
	Lisa and Joan sit with Mitchell.		*
	MITCHELL Would you say you had a clear line of vision?		*
	LISA Yes.		
	MITCHELL OK, just describe what you saw to me in your own words?		
	Lisa glances at Joan. Joan smiles at her encouragingly.		
	LISA She just stepped out in the street?		*
48	OMIT.	48	*
49	EXT. SANTA MONICA KARL'S HOUSE. DUSK.	49	*
	WIDE: A shabby bungalow house off Route 1 in Santa Monica. The phone is ringing inside.		
50	INT. KARL'S HOUSE/INT. COHEN APARTMENT. SIMULTANEOUS.	50	
	KARL answers. He is 45ish with longish hair. A displaced New Yorker who never quite calmed down. WE CUT BETWEEN THEM.		
	KARL Hello?		*
	LISA Hi Dad!		*
	KARL Yeah! Hi!		*
	LISA How are you?		*

KARL I'm great. I'm looking at a beautiful sunset over the ocean. Doing a little workHow are you?
LISA I'm OK.
KARL Practicing your horseback riding?
LISA (laughs) Oh yeah, I'm really riding a lot. I'm gettin' these really bad saddle sores.
KARL OK. Well. I would actually seriously recommend you go over to, uh, to Claremont Stables and see about getting some lessons.
LISA No, I was actually really thinking about doing that
KARL So how's everything going? How's school?
LISA School's OK. I'm kind of fucking up in geometry
KARL OK?
LISA But my teacher's really cool. So I guess it's not too serious
KARL Yeah. Math was never my strong suit either.
LISA Well, I am definitely following in your footsteps in that regardHow are you?
KARL I'm fine. I'm good. Things are picking up a little bit, which is good. How's the boyfriend situation?
LISA Oh the same. They're all kind of the same.

	Uh huh? Well, next time you come out here I'll try to hook you up with some more interesting people than you seem to be meeting at the moment.	* * *
	LISA Thanks, Dad, I don't really go for the California type.	* *
	KARL Well I don't either, per se. It somewhat depends on who it is, obviously	* *
	LISA Hard to argue with. I think I'll stop generalizing now!	* *
	KARL OK. Well, that's about all on my end, babe. I'll give you a call in a week or two. Give my love to Curtis, and say hello to your Mom.	* * * * *
	LISA OK, I can't wait for our trip.	*
	KARL Yeah. I think we're gonna have a really good time.	* *
	LISA KARL OK. Well, I love youIt's gonna be really fun. Um Love you too.	* *
	LISA Bye Dad.	*
	KARL Bye sweetie.	*
51	EXT. KARL'S HOUSE. DUSK. 51	*
	Karl steps onto his deck. We hear the Route 1 traffic O.C.	
52	INT. LISA'S ROOM - LATER. 52	
	Lisa lies on the bed next to the hung-up phone.	
53	INT. THEATER. NIGHT. 53	
	Joan is on stage with fellow actor Victor.	4
	JOAN It's true. Two years of college. Two years at the magazine. Two years with you.	

(MORE)

JOAN (CONT'D)

(Bursts into tears) I'm kind of a two-year gal...!

ж ж

IN THE LAUGHING AUDIENCE -- Lisa watches, unamused.

54 INT. CAB (MOVING) NIGHT.

54

Joan and Lisa sit silently in the rattling cab.

JOAN

What did you think of the play?

LISA

It was OK.

Silence.

- JOAN

Well, thank you, honey.

LISA

What do you want me to say? I thought it was OK! Next time I'll <u>lie</u>!

JOAN

Nothing! You said it!

JOAN (CONT'D)
Don't come next time!

LISA

I won't!

55 INT. STUDENT LOUNGE - OUTSIDE THE THEATER OFFICE. DAY.

55

PAUL, a droll handsome senior, is holding court, feet up on a desk, an unlit cigarette in his hand.

PAIIT.

Yeah, like I would be in a movie, only I would be doing exactly what I'm doing right now: like I'd be sitting here smoking a cigarette, and I'd have my feet up on the desk, but the camera would be on me and I'd just be acting, except I wouldn't do anything differently from how I'm doing it right now.

Nearby, BECKY and LISA are looking at a poster for "Guys and Dolls." It says "ONLY 3 WEEKS BEFORE THIS EARTH-SHATTERING MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA HITS THE EMERSONIAN STAGE!

BECKY

I still don't get why you didn't even audition. You're such a good singer.

		LISA I still might do lights or something. But I'm not gonna make a fuckin' ass out of myself parading around in a play so I can ask everyone how great I was for three years afterwards like my fuck-ass mother.		*
56	EXT. ALLE	Y. DAY.	56	
	Everyone	is smoking. Lisa is holding forth to some girls.		
		LISA Did I tell you guys I saw a woman get her leg cut off by a bus?		
		GIRLS What? Really? Are you kidding?		
		LISA Check out my boots.		
		GIRLS Oh my God! What happened? Where were you? What did you see, etc?		
	Becky loo first she	ks at Lisa, surprised and hurt that this is the 's hearing about this.		*
56A	INT. THEA	TER RESTAURANT. NIGHT.	56A	*
	Joan is a	t a table with Ramon again.		*
		JOAN You do know I have two kids, right?		*
		RAMON Yes. I'd like to meet them.		*
		JOAN You are really smooth.		*
		RAMON I would love to meet your kids. I have two boys myself. I'm not smooth. (Pause) Would you like to have a nightcap?		* * *
		JOAN Oh, God.		*
57	OMITTED		57	*
58	INT. BECK	Y'S ROOM. NIGHT.	58	*
	Becky and	Lisa are smoking pot. They are dolled up.		

BECKY

Are you aware that things have gotten to the point where I now have to hear things about you from other people and I can't even correct them because I no longer have any first-hand information about you myself?

LISA

What are you talking about?

BECKY

Nothing. I just feel like we used to be really close -- like, up until a few days ago. And I'm not really getting that from you anymore.

LIŚA

Becky. Give me a break.

Pause.

BECKY

I can't believe you just said that to me. That was really hard for me to say, and that's you response?

LISA

Can we just go please?

BECKY

(sarcastic)

Fine. Would you like to smoke any more of my pot before we leave or have you had as much as you want now?

LISA

(sarcastic back)
Oh, I'd like to have a little bit more please.

BECKY

Fine. Get fuckin' out of my house!

LISA

Fine. But this is totally stupid because we're both going to the same party.

59 INT. PARTY HOUSE -- BATHROOM. NIGHT.

The door opens and we catch a glimpse of a big party in a brownstone full of circulating kids. LISA and PAUL cram into the bathroom and shut the door again.

A MOMENT LATER - She is sitting on the toilet. He is on the hamper unscrewing a small vial of coke.

59

It's very hard to be cool under these circumstances.

PAUL

You don't have to be cool. All you have to do is snort it up your nose.

LISA

I'll try...!

He gives her the spoon. She snorts it.

PAUL

And then you wanna do the other nostril because you always want to be symmetrical. Very important.

She snorts some up the other nostril. Paul does some too and closes the vial.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Symmetry.

LISA

You are so funny...! (Pause) So what do we do now?

PAUL

Now we make out.

LISA

Paul...! What about your girlfriend?

PAUL

I'm sorry. It just sounded like you just asked me about my girlfriend.

LISA

Oh, never mind....

They make out. He immediately starts feeling her up. She pushes his hand away.

PAUL

You're not serious.

LISA

Oh... No.

He moves his hand back. She lets him.

60 INT. PARTY HOUSE -- STAIRWELL. NIGHT.

60

Lisa comes down around the stairs at a mellow drunken pace. She sees Darren sitting by himself on the floor at the end of a dark hallway. She walks over to him and crouches down.

LISA

Hey.... You know I really love you, right?

DARREN

Not really.

Pause. She kisses him softly and they make out for a minute.

LISA

I guess I'm not very consistent.

DARREN

I don't mind.

He kisses her again. She draws back slightly.

LISA

I gotta go home.

DARREN

OK...

61 INT. RAMON'S BATHROOM. NIGHT.

61

Joan sits on the toilet seat naked, smoking, hair tousled, a little overexcited. Ramon KNOCKS. She jumps.

RAMON (O.C.)

Joan? Are you all right?

JOAN

Yes! Fine! Be out in a sec.

She gets up, flushes the cigarette, looks in the mirror, tousles her hair, snaps off the light and opens the door.

62 OMIT 62

63 INT. GEOMETRY CLASS. DAY.

63

The last students file out except Lisa. Mr. Aaron is erasing the blackboard.

MR AARON

Yes, Becky? Um -- Lisa?

LISA

Are you still mad at me about the test?

MR AARON

What's going on, Lisa?

64 INT. GEOMETRY CLASS - A FEW MINUTES LATER. DAY.

64

Lisa and Mr Aaron sit at his desk.

... Because maybe my mother is right, and the bus driver is completely devastated as it is. And I'm just gonna be this little rich girl who calls up the cops to ease her conscience, and then ends up ruining somebody's life, when I'm the one who was distracting him in the first place.

MR AARON

What does your being rich have to do with anything?

LISA

You know what I mean.

MR AARON

No, I don't.

Oh my God, I don't mean <u>literally</u> rich. My Dad makes like one bad TV commercial like, every two years, and my Mom lives from like, Voice-Over to Voice Over. I mean rich compared to the bus driver.

MR AARON

OK...But I still don't see what any of that has to do with what you do or don't want to tell the investigating officers about the accident you witnessed.

LISA

Nothing, I guess. I'm sorry. When you're raised to be a knee-jerk Liberal you tend to think about these things.

Lionel and a girl open the door.

MR AARON

Lionel? Tamara? It's gonna be five minutes.

LIONEL

I just thought you'd want to know there's like a lot of people out here and it's getting kind of hard to breathe.

MR AARON

You better close that door now, Lionel.

Lionel closes the door.

MR AARON (CONT'D)

All right: I have to let those guys in. I don't want to leave you hanging...If you're really hurtin'...we could get a cup of coffee after school...

I'd do that.

Mr Aaron sighs a little.

64A TIME PERMITTING.

64A *

65 EXT. COFFEE SHOP. DAY.

65 *

Through a window we see Mr Aaron and Lisa talking (MOS).

66 INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

66

Lisa is watching TV. Joan comes in dressed for the opera.

JOAN

Does this make me look fat?

LISA

Um, a little.

JOAN

Well, there's nothing I can do about it.

LISA

Where are you going?

TOAN

The opera...!

LISA

Why are you going to the opera?

JOAN

It turns out he's a really big opera fan...! Anyway, don't you think it's kind of fun? We should all go sometime.

LISA

Uh, no thanks.

JOAN

Why not? I bet you'd like it.

LISA

I don't like that kind of singing.

JOAN

But you like classical music.

LISA

Yes. That's true. But I don't like opera singing.

JOAN

But when have you ever --

LISA It's like their entire reason for existing is to prove how loud they can be. I don't really find that all that interesting.

JOAN

Yeah. I know what you mean. But it's not <u>all</u> like that. You like <u>The Magic Flute</u>.

LISA

OK. I guess I'm wrong. I guess I do like opera singing. I just didn't realize it.

JOAN

What is the matter with you?

LISA

Nothing at all! Why are you pushing this? I don't want to go to the opera!

Yes! OK! It's called an invitation. I'm not pushing anything! All you have say is "No thanks!"

LISA

I did! And then you were like, "Why not?" So then I told you, and then you started like, <u>debating</u> me! Like you assume I've never thought this through for myself! Which I have! Many times!

JOAN

OK, well, that was a really contemptuous assumption on my part. I don't actually like the opera that much myself. But I'm trying to expand my mind. Maybe that's wrong! (Pause) I'm sorry. I guess I'm a little nervous about you guys meeting Ramon.

Why? What's the big deal? Why are you so influenced by what me and Curtis think? What Curtis and I think.

JOAN

Because obviously if I'm seeing somebody new it would important to me that you guys would like him and that he like you. Why wouldn't I be nervous about that?

LISA

I guess you would. Withdrawn.

JOAN

Hey...Why does everything I say annoy you?

LISA

Jesus Christ, I'm just sitting here!

JOAN

Here: you be me, and say anything, and I'll respond the way you've been responding to me this whole conversation.

LISA

No...!

JOAN

Go ahead: say something to me and I'll say something to you the way you say everything to me -- Why not?

LISA

No! I'm not gonna do that.

LISA

Because it's dumb! I'm horrible! I get your point!

JOAN

(like Lisa)
"OK, uh, whatever."

LISA

Was that supposed to be an imitation of me?

JOAN ("")

"Um, OK: Withdrawn."

LISA

Well, for someone who's supposed to be a professional actress that's a pretty lameass impersonation of someone in your own family.

Lisa shakes her head and watches the TV. Pause.

JOAN

Are you coming to my opening night?

LISA

I will if I have to.

Pause.

JOAN

You're a little cunt, do you know that?

LISA

Yes. You're a big cunt.

CONTINUED: (3)

JOAN

OK. Let's not start talking to each other that way.

LISA

You just called me a cunt, Mom!

JOAN

OK, I'm sorry I said that. But if you're really saying --

LISA Why? It's refreshing!

JOAN

-- If you're really saying you're not aware that you've been really annoyed with me, or really irritable with me -- and it doesn't matter if I express it exactly accurately: you know what I'm trying to say --!

LISA

Not really.

JOAN

-- if you're saying you're completely unaware of that, then I have to say I don't think you're being honest about it. Now maybe I'm doing something really horrible to you without being aware of it, but I have a show opening in two weeks, I'm very nervous about it, I'm seeing a new person and I'm obviously anxious about you and Curtis liking him -- whether you think I should be or not! -- you were involved in a horrible traumatic accident, you're going on this crazy horseback riding trip with your father --

LISA

Oh my God!

JOAN

-- which sounds like a recipe for <u>disaster</u> to me! And on top of everything else, Lisa, ever since I told you about Ramon you've been treating me like I'm insane!

LISA

Um, I think you're exaggerating slightly.

JOAN

Now what am I supposed to do?!

LISA

Just --

JOAN

What am I supposed to do?!

Just stop whining about everything! It doesn't matter. None of that matters at all! You've been in a million plays, you always get freaked out because of what some dumb critic is gonna say about your dumb play, I don't frankly give a shit about Ramon or who you're going out with this week --

JOAN

I never go out with anyone! Don't <u>talk</u> to me that way! I've barely had a <u>date</u> in the last two years! LISA Right! I don't care!

LISA (CONT'D)

But I don't care about any of this! It doesn't matter! Your boyfriend doesn't matter! Your play doesn't matter, except to you! I don't care about New Mexico, because to tell you the truth I'm probably not even going --

JOAN

What do you mean?

LISA

-- and you want to know something else, Mom? There are more important problems in the world than our <u>relationship!</u> There's a whole city out there full of people who are <u>dying!</u> So who cares if I like your fucking <u>boyfriend</u>? It's so <u>trivial!</u> Why are you bothering me about all this? It doesn't matter!!!

Pause. The intercom buzzer buzzes. Joan hesitates.

JOAN

Well -- should I have him come up now? Or should I have him wait downstairs...?

LISA

Do whatever you want. I don't care!

JOAN

I don't even know what we're talking about.

LISA

I know you don't. That's the problem.

JOAN

Oh give me a break.

67 EXT. LINCOLN CENTER. NIGHT.

67

Ramon and Joan walk toward the Metropolitan Opera House.

RAMON

Everything is all right?

JOAN

Oh, yeah. I'm so excited to be going to the opera! I don't think I've really gone more than one or two times!

RAMON

Well, I wish it wasn't Norma but it's still fun to go.

JOAN

(a joke:)

What if we just went to see something else instead?

RAMON

You don't want to hear Norma?

JOAN

No -- I don't mean that. I just meant wouldn't it be funny if we just walked into one of the other events, like if we just went to see the Daniel Goldfarb play instead.

RAMON

I think you will enjoy this.

68 INT. METROPOLITAN OPERA. NIGHT.

68

Joan and Ramon sit in the audience listening to Norma. Joan leans in toward Ramon and whispers:

JOAN

It's beautiful...!

RAMON

(smiling at her)

Shhh.

69 INT. LISA'S ROOM/PAUL'S ROOM. NIGHT.

69

Lisa dials a phone number off a slip of paper. The line rings. WE CUT BETWEEN THEM.

PAUL

(answering the phone)

Yo.

LISA

Hey, Paul.

PAUL

Hey.

LISA

It's Lisa Cohen.

PAUL

Yeah, how's it going?

LISA

OK. (Pause) What have you been up to?

PAUL

Seeing some questionable movies. Not deciding where to go to college...

LISA

Sounds good...(Pause) So...I was just thinking...This is gonna sound really queer, but...by any chance would you want to meet somewhere and like, take away my virginity?

PAUL

Um...all right.

LISA

Really? God, I'm so flattered.

PAUL

To what do I owe this inconceivable honor?

LISA

Actually it's because of my deep passionate feelings for you, Paul.

PAUL

That's pretty much what I figured...(Pause) So, do you want to come over here? Should I come over there...?

LISA

Well, my Mom just went out for the evening... Except my little brother's getting dropped off at some point, come to think of it, so I'm actually supposed to be here when he gets home.

PAUL

All right. (Pause) Do you want to give me your address?

LISA

(blushing almost to death) It's 252 West 85th Street...

70 INT. DARREN'S ROOM/LISA'S ROOM. NIGHT.

70

Darren lies on his bed, depressed. He dials the phone.

LISA

(on the phone)

Hello?

DARREN

Hey. What are you up to?

LISA

Hey, nothing. Writing my King Lear paper.

DARREN

Really? That's impressive.

LISA

Not really.

DARREN

I've just never known you to be so devoted to your studies before.

LISA

Well, I don't want to fail Humanities.

DARREN

You're not gonna fail Humanities.

LISA

No, probably not.

DARREN

So what did you do tonight?

LISA

Actually, Darren...I don't really feel like talking right now.

Pause.

DARREN

OK.

LISA

OK?

DARREN

Yeah. I'll talk to you later.

LISA

OK.

DARREN

OK, bye.

CONTINUED: 70

LISA

Bye.

70

CONTINUED: (2) 70

Darren hangs up and starts crying.

71 INT. HALL. NIGHT. 71

Lisa, dressed up a little and wearing some makeup, opens the door for Paul. He's not dressed up at all. He's smoking.

PAUL

Hey.

LISA

Hey, come in.

She steps aside. He passes her and comes in.

PAUL

I think I just alienated one of your neighbors by smoking in the elevator.

LISA

Oh really? What did they say?

PAUL

She basically said there was no smoking in the elevator.

LISA

That's original...

TRACKING them as they come into the living room...

LISA (CONT'D) So this is the living room.

PAUL

Very livable.

LISA

We like it...My Mom hasn't read any of these books, by the way.

PAUL

Have you?

LISA

Some of them. Not all of them.

Paul looks at The Rise And Fall Of The Third Reich.

PAUL

This book is a very cool book.

LISA

Yeah, I think the Third Reich may be a little bit too much for me right now.

 ${ t PAUL}$

It's pretty hard to put down once you get started.

LISA

Do you want anything to drink?

PAUL

I'd take a beer.

72 INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

72

Lisa has two beers out and is looking through drawers.

LISA

OK, I have no idea where the bottle opener is.

PAUL

Here, lemme have them.

He takes the beers and opens them on the edge of the counter. He makes two marks in the counter doing this.

LISA

Thanks.

PAUL

Whoops. I think I just permanently damaged your kitchen counter. Sorry.

LISA

Oh -- that's OK. Don't worry about it.

PAUL

Won't your "Mother" be "Upset?"

LISA

How come everything you say always sounds so ironic? You don't even have to do anything and it just comes out sounding like, totally ironic and funny.

PAUL

It's just a gift.

She laughs nervously. They drink beer.

LISA

So...do you want to see my room?

PAUL

Sure.

73 INT. LISA'S ROOM. NIGHT.

73

They come into her room. She closes the door.

This is my room. Ta da.

PAUL

Very nice.

She realizes she has some stuffed animals on the bed.

LISA

And these are my stuffed animals.

PAUL

Always important to meet the stuffed animals.

LISA

These are some drawings I did...Not that I should be showing them to <u>you</u>, because I know you're like a really good artist, right?

PAUL

I would <u>like</u> to be a really good artist. At this point I think it would be more accurate to say I'm good at drawing.

T.TSA

Yeah, I just do it for fun. But I've always really liked it...

He looks at her pictures.

LISA (CONT'D)

So...can I ask you a question?

PAUL

Yes?

LISA

This is probably gonna sound very immature, but how can you be so relaxed, knowing what we're about to do? Or is it just like no big deal to you? (Pause) OK, that was a really stupid question and I'm like totally embarrassed right now. I'm actually more embarrassed than I've ever been in my life. If you want to go home now that's totally OK.

PAUL

Easy there. Don't be embarrassed. It's basically like, the world's greatest activity, but it's not actually worth getting nervous about.

LISA

Yeah: I don't usually get nervous because I think it's worth it: I usually get nervous because I can't help the way I feel. Although I do think that if anything is worth getting nervous about, it's this. But maybe that's just really idealistic of me.

PAUL

There is that philosophy.

LISA

You are so funny...!

PAUL

Do you have an ashtray?

LISA

Oh you can just chuck it out the window.

Paul struggles to open the window and tosses his cigarette. He closes the window and comes across the room to kiss her.

LISA (CONT'D)

Are we starting?

PAUL

I was thinking about it, yeah.

LISA

And am I being really dorky right now?

PAUL

You're not suave.

LISA

I'm sorry. I guess I'm a little nervous. Please ignore.

PAUL

Don't be nervous. I promise this is gonna be a great experience for you. You're gonna have like four, five hundred orgasms at least.

He kisses her. They make out.

PAUL (CONT'D)

OK, let's talk about your kissing. Don't panic. It's just a technical thing.

Lisa collapses with her face in the bed out of shame.

LISA

What are you like the nicest guy in the world?

PAUL

No...

INT. LISA'S ROOM. NIGHT. LATER. 74

74

73

It's dark. Their clothes are off, but we don't see much. She is giving him a handjob.

LISA

Like that?

PAUL

(Not quite but close enough)

Yes...

LISA

Am I supposed to go really fast at the end or something?

PAUL

Yeah, but we're gonna move on before that...Here:

He shifts around and tries to go down on her.

LISA

You don't have to do that.

PAUL

I know. I want to.

She slides up away from him. Pause.

LISA

Don't do that, OK? I'm just embarrassed. Let me do it to you.

PAUL

All right.

INT. LISA'S ROOM. LATER. 75

75

He is positioning himself on top of her.

PAUL

Are you ready?

LISA

Yeah.

PAUL

OK. This is a little tricky: It's probably gonna hurt a little, at first, but then it's gonna get better...Just be patient. There are certain technical difficulties on my end that have to be addressed or it's not gonna happen.

OK: You sound insane.

They laugh.

PAUL

OK, ready?

LISA

(suddenly frightened)

Yeah.

PAUL

OK?

LISA

(in pain)

Mm hm.

PAUL

OK, hang on...

LISA

Ow!

PAUL

OK -- There we go. Does it hurt now?

LISA

Kind of, yeah.

PAUL

OK, just try to relax. It'll get better in a second...

LISA

Did you bring a condom?

PAUL

Uh huh...

LISA

Shouldn't you put it on?

PAUL

I will in a second.

LISA

This is really kind of hurting.

PAUL

OK -- one second.

LISA

I love you.

PAUL

What?

LISA

Nothing.

PAUL

OK -- hold on -- Shit --

LISA

What?

PAUL

OK, one second -- Ohh! Sorry -- Sorry --

He comes inside her. Silence. He carefully rolls over.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. Kind of got away from me.

T.TSA

Did any of it get inside me?

PAUL

I don't know.

LISA

(feeling around)
Yeah. It definitely did.

PAUL

Honest to God? It's probably OK. The odds are overwhelmingly that it's OK.

O.C. the doorbell rings.

LISA

That's my little brother.

She gets a bathrobe and goes out. We TRACK HER through the whole apartment. She opens the door for CURTIS.

LISA (CONT'D)

Hi, Curtis.

CURTIS

Hi.

We TRACK her back to her room. She shuts the door. PAUL has put on his underwear and is smoking a cigarette.

PAUL

Hey.

LISA

LISA (CONT'D)

(gives it back to him) I'm actually kind of mad at you...

PAUL

Why? (Pause) Why? (Pause) Because we didn't use birth control?

LISA

I quess so.

PAUL

It was at the ready...

LISA

Well, I don't really want to get AIDS, you know? And I really don't want to have an abortion, because I know when you have one at my age it can be really hard to get pregnant later on, and I definitely want to have children some day.

PAUL

Didn't you ever hear of the "Morning After The Guy Came Too Fast Pill?"

LISA

Oh, the "I'm A Total Fucking Moron" Pill?

PAUL

Well...that's the Canadian name.

LISA

Yes. I prefer not to put too many chemicals inside my body if I can avoid it. I'm sure it's fine...Or not...!

PAUL

Try to listen to me. Right about now is when you're traditionally supposed to freak out. So why don't you just not? You're not gonna get AIDS, because I don't have AIDS --

LISA

How do you know? Have you been tested?

PAUL

No, but I'm pretty sure I don't have it, because of my demographic. And the odds are you're probably not gonna have to have an abortion either. And since this was your first time, it might as well be a basically happy memory instead of a shitty one.

LISA

I'm sorry. I'm not completely in control of my emotions. (Pause) Anyway...Thank you for deflowering me.

PAUL

You're welcome.

LISA

Did it freak you out that I said I love you?

PAUL

No...It didn't freak me out.

LISA

You don't have to say it back, because I know you probably have like no feelings at all for me.

PAUL

I think I just proved I have <u>some</u> feelings for you.

LISA

You should probably go now...

76 INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

76

Lisa walks Paul past Curtis who is practicing the piano.

PAUL

Yo.

LISA

That's my brother.

PAUL

What's up?

CURTIS

Hi.

Lisa walks Paul to the front door.

77 INT. LISA'S ROOM. NIGHT.

77

She changes into her pajamas.

78 LISA'S BATHROOM. NIGHT.

78

She washes her face and brushes her teeth.

79 INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

79

She comes out and settles down next to Curtis to watch TV.

80 INT. METROPOLITAN OPERA. NIGHT.

80

The audience applauds the opera cast thunderously. Near Joan and Ramon a male opera enthusiast is standing.

OPERA FAN

Bravi! Bravi!

81 EXT. LINCOLN CENTER. NIGHT.

81

Joan and Ramon walk arm in arm away from Lincoln Center.

JOAN

Oh, I loved it! It was so exciting!

RAMON

Good! We should go again!

TOAN.

But how about those people yelling "Bravi!" and "Brava!"

RAMON

How do you mean?

JOAN

It's just so pretentious. "Bravi!" "Bravi!"
Why can't they just say "Bravo?"

RAMON

Well, it's the plural.

JOAN

I know --

RAMON

It's the plural of "bravo." It's what they say to acknowledge the ensemble.

JOAN

No, I know, I know it's correct, it just -don't you think there was something a
little pretentious about those people?

RAMON

Pretentious?

JOAN

I don't mean they didn't really enjoy it...But you know how you can really be enjoying something — but you're also kind of looking around out of the corner of your eye — because you know people are watching you enjoy it...? Does that make sense at all?

RAMON

Yes, but I wouldn't say that it was pretentious. In Italian you say "Bravo" for a man and "Brava" for a woman, and "Bravi" for the whole company.

JOAN

Uh huh? OK, I see what you mean.

RAMON

You use the masculine for the male singer and the feminine for the female singer.

JOAN

Yeah...Anyway, I really enjoyed it. Thank you.

RAMON

We'll have to go again.

JOAN

It was so glamorous...!

82 INT. SCHOOL THEATER -- LIGHTING BOOTH. DAY.

82

Lisa is on a headset. Below, on the stage MATTHEW is singing to a girl.

MATTHEW

(sings)

"My time of day is the dark time..."

LISA

Cue thirty-six, go.

GARY THE THEATER TEACHER (O.C.)

OK, hold up a second.

LISA

(into headset)

OK, we're gonna do that one more time please. Let's back it up please...

MATTHEW

Why are we stopping?

83 INT. SCHOOL THEATER. NIGHT.

83

All the kids in the show are sitting more or less in a circle. GARY the theater teacher, 30s, has the floor.

GARY

Now I know there's been a lot of shit going on between a lot of the people in this room. But I wanna tell you something: You've worked too fucking hard for this show to be derailed now by the kind of bullshit I know has been going on around here. Now, I'll bet you there's not one person working on this show who hasn't got somebody they want to say something to, including me. So I'm gonna start. Matthew?

MATTHEW

(slowly)
By "Matthew," I assume you mean me?

GARY

Yes. I mean you.

Matthew comes slowly into the middle of the circle.

MATTHEW

Yes?

GARY

You are probably one of the most talented kids who's ever performed at this school. But you're too Goddamn lazy, you think you can just waltz through this part, and it's pissing me off. Because this show cannot come together until you learn your fucking lines. OK?

MATTHEW

So you'd like me to memorize them.

Everyone laughs.

GARY

Yes, I'd like you to memorize them! Now. (Brightly) Your turn!

MATTHEW

But I'm not mad at anyone. I just want everyone to think I'm a great guy.

Everyone laughs.

INT. SCHOOL THEATER. NIGHT. LATER. 83A

83A

BECKY and LISA are in the circle, both crying.

LISA

But I'm jealous of you...!

BECKY

Why would you be jealous of me...!

LISA

Because of everything! 'Cause you always get such good grades and your family never has to worry about money, and your parents are still together, and I'm really jealous of your other friends!

BECKY

Well, I'm really sorry if I hurt you!

LISA

Me too!

They embrace tearfully. Many of the kids are moved. Some are not. Becky leaves Lisa in the circle. Lisa wipes her eyes.

LISA (CONT'D)

Darren...?

Darren unglues himself from his perch on a table, and sits in the circle with her.

LISA (CONT'D)

I know that I'm not who you want me to be to you. And I know how much I've hurt you. But I still can't believe it means we can't be friends anymore! So much has been happening to me this semester --

DARREN

(with understanding)

I know. I know.

LISA

(in tears)

-- and it's like I can't even talk to you about it because I hurt you so bad!

DARREN

Yes you can. Of course you can. You can talk to me about anything.

LISA

I don't love anybody more than you! You're practically my best friend!

DARREN

I love you too. I really do...!

They hug and cry. LESLIE raises her hand.

GARY

Leslie?

LESLIE

Can I just say, I think this show is like two and a half seconds away from being fucking amazing, and if we could all just work together, instead of being AT each other all the time, I think we could all just be incredible.

Everyone applauds, except ANGIE, who raises her hand.

ANGIE

Yeah. (Long pause) Yeah. I'm gonna say it. I feel really fucked over by some of the people in this room. I'm not saying I'm not gonna do my job, but for some reason, a lot of the actors in this show seem to think that this whole show is about them. And I think I speak for a lot of the techies when I say that I feel really unappreciated and basically fucked over. And I don't know if I can get over it. I don't. That's all.

Nobody says anything. PAUL raises a hand. His pretty GIRLFRIEND is seated next to him.

GARY

Yes, Paul?

PAIIT

Yeah, I'm just playing in the <u>band</u>, you know? This is <u>high</u> school. You know? I don't really feel a strong need to like, all be on the same <u>team</u> with everybody. I just want to come to rehearsals, do the show, go up on the roof and smoke some pot, and then like, go on <u>home</u>. I don't really wanna cry and hug anybody.

There are laughs and some cheers.

GARY

Oh you wanna hug me a little, don't you Paul?

PAUL

OK, Gary, man, I'll give you a little hug. No kissin' though.

Gary charges over and hugs Paul. Everyone laughs and claps. Gary grabs Paul's face and kisses him on the cheek. Everyone is laughing.

Lisa looks at Paul, who settles back with his girlfriend. He sees Lisa looking at him and gives her a little salute. Lisa catches DARREN's eye. He is looking at her with the unwelcome gaze of love. She looks away. His heart hardens against her.

84 INT. COHEN KITCHEN. DAY.

Lisa is at the breakfast table, looking through a stack of back issues of <u>The New York Times</u>. She finds the item she wants:

84

UPPER WEST SIDE WOMAN KILLED IN BUS ACCIDENT. Monica Patterson, a long-time Upper West Sider, was struck by and killed by a city bus Friday afternoon on Broadway. The bus driver, Gerald Maretti, was not at fault, police said...

85 INT. COHEN APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM./INT. HIGHWAY ONE POLICE 85 STATION. DAY.

Lisa is on the phone. Curtis is watching TV.

MITCHELL

(on phone)
Accident Investigation. Detective Mitchell.

LISA

Hi, my name is Lisa Cohen. I was a witness in a bus accident case a few weeks ago...

MITCHELL

Yeah, hi, Lisa, what can I do for you?

LISA

Well, this is probably gonna sound a little weird, but are you allowed to tell me how to get in touch with that woman's family? I'm obviously probably too late to go to the funeral, but I really wanted to send some flowers or something.

MITCHELL

Yeah, I can --

LISA

Or is that like classified information?

MITCHELL

No no. Family's been notified...Lemme see what I got.

LISA

She mentioned she had a daughter...

MITCHELL

Lemme just... OK: I don't have anything for a daughter. The only contact I have is a cousin, Abigail Berwitz. I got a number in Arizona...

LISA

So did you have the trial, or whatever? Or did you make the -- did they have a ruling yet?

MITCHELL

Yes. It was, uh, No Criminality found. OK?

LISA

No Criminality.

MITCHELL

Right.

LISA

Wow. That's a -- great system you got. OK. Wow.

MITCHELL

OK?

LISA

Yeah.

86 INT. LISA'S ROOM./INT. ABIGAIL'S HOUSE. DAY.

86

Lisa is on the phone.

LISA

Yes, I'm trying to reach Abigail Berwitz?

ABIGAIL

This is Abigail.

LISA

Hi, my name is Lisa Cohen. You don't know me...I...

ABIGAIL

Yes? Hello?

LISA

Hi. Sorry. Yeah. I was actually calling about your cousin, Monica Patterson?

ABIGAIL

OK . . . ?

LISA

I was actually there when she had -during the accident. I didn't know her, but
I was the one who was with her when she
died...

ABIGAIL

OK...?

LISA

Yeah. I was sort of holding her hand at the time...

ABIGAIL

Yes? What can I do for you?

LISA

OK. Well, ummm, I saw her obituary in the paper, but I didn't see anything about a funeral. I assume they had one, because --

ABIGAIL

(On "assume"))

No. As far as I know they're doing something or other next week. But --

LISA

I'm sorry: and I was also wondering, she said something about her daughter?

ABIGAIL

No. Her daughter --No -- Her's daughter's not alive -- She passed away quite a long time ago.

LISA

She wanted someone to get ahold of her? -- I'm sorry:

LISA

Oh my God. Was it... Was she sick? Or was it --

ABIGAIL

She had leukemia.

LISA

Oh my gosh. And -- do you mind if I ask: Was her name Lisa?

ABIGAIL

Yes...?

LISA

OK, see, that explains it. See, I think she thought --

ABIGAIL

Could I just interrupt? How did you get this number?

LISA

Oh -- the police -- I asked the Accident Investigating investigator who to contact if I wanted to --

ABIGAIL

(On "if")

Well they really shouldn't be giving out my number. (blurts out) This is <u>harassment!</u>

LISA

(shocked)

I'm sorry! I'm not trying to harass
you --

ABIGAIL

I have been getting calls about this for three weeks! One of Monica's neighbors gave the police my number and all of a sudden I am the focal point for all these arrangements! And I gotta tell you people, I didn't have any kind of relationship with Monica whatsoever, unless you want to count the fact that she held up my children's inheritance for fifteen years. I guess we're just supposed to forget about all that now. And I am more than willing. But the person you should be calling is Emily Morrison, who was Monica's friend and is the person who has been dealing with all of this in New York. But it has nothing to do with me.

LISA

I'm sorry! I didn't really know who to
contact --

ABIGAIL

Now I can give you her number, but I would very much appreciate it if the calls would stop.

LISA

Yes -- Please. Can you hold on while I get a pen?

ABIGAIL

Yes, all right.

87 INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT/COHEN APARTMENT. DAY.

87

EMILY MORRISON, 40s, is on the phone in her Upper West Side apartment. She's on the phone with Lisa.

EMILY

I guess it would be all right...It's only going to be a few close friends, and some clients I imagine...

LISA

Oh so was she a lawyer?

EMILY

Monica? No. She was a social worker. She used to be, anyway. She had -- several careers.

LISA

Were you really good friends with her?

EMILY

Yes I was.

88 INT. COHEN APARTMENT. DAY.

88

Joan is reading audition sides. Lisa passes through, dressed somberly.

JOAN

Where you going, sweetie?

LISA

I'm going to that woman's funeral.

JOAN

Are you sure you don't want me to come?

LISA

Why? I don't even know her.

JOAN

I would be coming for you.

89 INT. EMILY'S CENTRAL PARK WEST APARTMENT. DAY.

89

EMILY opens the door for LISA. In the b.g. about thirty people are gathered. A mix of Upper West Siders, social workers, and Monica's multi-ethnic clients.

EMILY

Hi. Are you Lisa?

LISA

Yeah. Thank you so much for letting me come.

EMILY

Why don't you come on in? We're about to start. Do you want anything to drink?

LISA

Oh -- Um -- no thanks.

EMILY

We have bad hors d'oeuvres and good hors d'oeuvres.

LISA

Oh - that's quite all right, thank you.

90 INT. EMILY'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

90

Everyone is seated on Emily's chairs and borrowed chairs.

EMILY

Well...thank you all for coming.

WOMAN MOURNER
Thank you for doing this, Emily.

THE MOURNERS Yes, thank you, Emily.

EMILY

As you all know, Monica was not a religious woman. Anybody who ever had to sit through a wedding or a funeral with her knows how she felt about formal occasions. So Harry and Elise and I, when we were talking about this, decided we would just have everyone over and let anyone who wanted to talk about Monica just talk about her. Maybe share some remembrances of her. Some of us know each other, some of us don't. But we're all here because we loved Monica. (She stops. Gets a hold of herself) And because we want to pay tribute to her in a way that might conceivably not enrage her.

Everyone laughs slightly.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I don't want to tell anyone what to think, or how to feel. And I don't want to kid myself about the stupid, meaningless way she died, because it would really make her throw up. But I don't want it to become the summation of her life. Because it's not. When her Lisa died I said to her, "How can you stand it?" And she said. "First of all I can't. But I don't want to take away the twelve years she did have, and turn them all into leukemia. Because they weren't." So despite the fact that she got -- ripped off, I do think it's important to remember that Monica got a lot out of life. She was the most fully developed person I personally have ever known. She was also impossible to get along with, but that's another story.

Everybody laughs.

EMILY (CONT'D)

As most of you know, she had more than her share of trouble over the years. But that never diminished her compassion or stopped her from embracing life to the absolute fullest -- measure.

2ND MOURNER

She sure did.

EMILY

So. Now I've said my little piece. And now I want to talk a little bit about the first time we met. She was twenty one.

Emily stops so as not to cry. There is a long, charged silence.

WOMAN MOURNER

It's OK, Emily.

EMILY

I know...! (She waits) And I was nineteen! Even though it's impossible for my children to believe I was ever that young.

Emily's college-age kids, a boy and a girl, smile warmly at her from across the room.

91 INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT. LATER. DAY.

91

Everyone is milling around. Lisa is talking to Emily.

LISA

Emily, thank you so much for letting me be here.

EMILY

Don't be silly, honey. You were sweet to come by.

LISA

Didn't she have any family?

EMILY

No, she was the last one. Except for some cousins in Arizona. You talked to Abigail. She's the one who gave you my number...

LISA

Yeah...

EMILY

Well, she's a living nightmare. They never got along at all.

WOMAN MOURNER

Excuse me. Good bye, Emily. Thank you so much for doing this.

Emily and the Woman Mourner hug each other goodbye.

EMILY

Listen. I still can't believe this is happening...! (she starts crying) I mean what the fuck is wrong with her?

WOMAN MOURNER

I don't know!

EMILY

I don't understand why she didn't kill herself when Lisa died! And then Barry, and then after all that with her mother, and then her father, she gets hit by a fucking bus? It's like a joke! But that's Monica. Always the worst luck. Always. (noticing LISA) OK, sweetheart. Thank you for coming. Please don't stand there staring at me, OK?

LISA

(startled, embarrassed)
I'm sorry! I just wanted to say goodbye.

EMILY

It's OK. Thank you for coming. You're very sweet.

LISA

(to Woman Mourner) Goodbye.

WOMAN MOURNER

Goodbye.

As Lisa goes out she hears:

WOMAN MOURNER (CONT'D)

Who is that?

EMILY

That's a girl who was passing by at the time of the accident. She was right there when she died, and she wanted to come to the funeral. I told her there was no funeral, but she wanted to come anyway. I wouldn't have done that at her age, would you?

WOMAN MOURNER

No...

TIME PERMITTING.

94

 92
 TIME PERMITTING.
 92
 *

 93
 TIME PERMITTING.
 93
 *

95 EXT. LISA'S ROOM. NIGHT.

95

Lisa is on the phone. The <u>Times</u> article about the accident is on her bed. O.C. we hear Curtis practicing his scales.

LISA

No -- M A R E T T I ... What about Brooklyn? ... Thank you.

She writes down the number and hangs up. Looks at the number. Dials the phone. It rings once. She hangs up.

96 INT. ENGLISH CLASS. DAY.

96

Lisa is very disengaged from the discussion. John is walking back and forth, reading aloud from <u>King Lear</u>.

JOHN

(reading)

"We are to the gods as flies to wanton boys. They kill us for their sport." (Pause) We are to the gods as flies to wanton boys. They kill us for their sport." What do you make of that? Lisa? Lisa?

LISA

I don't know.

JOHN

Take a stab. What do you think Shakespeare is saying about human suffering here?

LISA

I don't know. Sorry.

JOHN

You know what, Lisa? That's not good enough. That's not good enough. Shakespeare wrote something: What's your response? And don't tell me you don't have one because I don't buy it.

LISA

I don't really have a lot to say. It seems pretty self-evident to me.

JOHN

(Pause. Then:)

Matthew?

MATTHEW

I think it <u>is</u> self-evident. I think he's saying that human beings don't mean any more to the gods than flies do to little boys who like to torture them for fun.

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Like as far as the gods are concerned we're just ants. Nothing. (like a newscaster turning to his colleague) Darren?

The class laughs.

DARREN

(responding in kind) Thank you, Matthew. Yeah, I agree. Only it's not Shakespeare saying it: It's Gloucester. Maybe another character would have a different point of view.

JOHN

OK: That's a valid point. Just because Shakespeare has one of his characters say it doesn't mean he personally agrees with it. Yes: David?

DAVID

Yeah, maybe Shakespeare isn't saying the gods don't care about us. Maybe he's saying there's a higher consciousness that we can't see. That the gods' perception of reality is so much more developed than ours that compared to their perception, our perceptions are like comparing flies to boys

JOHN

OK...I don't think that's what he's getting at...I think what he's getting at here is a very dark view of the arbitrary nature of human suffering.

DAVID

But maybe he's not. Maybe he's comparing human consciousness to divine consciousness, and he's saying that even though it seems to us that human suffering is just arbitrary, that's just because we're limited by our viewpoint.

JOHN

Well -- let's look at the text. Let's test David's hypothesis. "We are to the gods as flies to wanton boys. They kill us for their sport." I have to agree with Matthew, that seems pretty unambiguous.

DAVID

Yeah, because he's saying there's a higher purpose that we can't see. He's saying that what seems like them killing us for sport could just be because our consciousness isn't developed enough to see what the higher wisdom of their killing us is.

JOHN

OK, but -- I still don't think that's what he's trying to say. Um...

DAVID

No, like if you say they kill us for their sport, when our perception of the gods is so meager that we can't even tell what they're doing, then how can we be so arrogant as to think that they would bother to kill us for their sport?

JOHN

(lost)

I don't know...Um -- Monica?

MONICA

I don't think that's what he's saying at all. I think he's saying the gods don't give a shit about human beings and they just kill and torture us for fun --

MATTHEW

Yes. Much like flies to wanton boys. Anybody? Anybody?

MONICA

Yeah...!

DAVID

But if the gods' consciousness is so much more developed than ours that we seem like flies to them, then how can we be sure what they have in mind for us or why they do anything?

JOHN

David, I think you've made your point. But it's not what Shakespeare meant. Scholarly opinion is pretty consistent that he's trying to say something about human suffering here --

DAVID

Scholarly opinion...!

JOHN

And in this particular play what I think he's trying to say is pretty <u>black</u> -- pretty <u>bleak</u> --

DAVID

But what are you saying? A thousand Frenchmen can't be wrong?

JOHN

No, I'm <u>not</u> saying that. But I would like to move on --

DAVID

I think he is saying that, because he's comparing human consciousness to flies, and he's saying that we can't see the truth around us because our consciousness is undeveloped.

JOHN

No David, that's not what Shakespeare meant! He says it somewhere else in the play, but I don't want to get hung up on this any more because it's not what Shakespeare meant, and I would really like to move on.

David laughs derisively.

97 97 TIMO

98 INT. LISA'S ROOM. NIGHT/KARL'S HOUSE. DUSK. 98

Lisa is on the phone with Karl. WE CUT BETWEEN THEM.

LISA

Hi Dad.

KARL

Yeah! Hi! How's everything been going?

LISA

OK. How are you?

Not too bad. Pretty good. I'm sitting here listening to some music. Having a glass of delicious beer.

LISA

That sounds pleasant.

KARL

Yeah. Yeah. How are you? How's the boyfriend situation?

LISA

Well...there's this one guy I sort of had something going with. But he kind of has a girlfriend, so...

KARL

Uh huh?

LISA
I realize I'm incredibly enthralling...

*

You are. You're a beautiful girl. And you've got brains. That makes you dangerous.

LISA

Don't forget mature.

KARL

Well -- I'm hoping you're not too mature.

LISA

No...Don't worry.

KARL

OK good. That was a good answer.

LISA

Anyway, I do think it's a pretty long-standing relationship...

KARL

OK, then you know what? You do nothing. You do absolutely nothing. And one of two things will happen. Either he's gonna start doing back flips to get your attention, or you're gonna send him a crystal clear signal that if he doesn't do back flips he's not gonna get your attention. OK?

LISA

Well, I think he already knows I like him.

KARL

Uh huh? OK...

LISA

...I think I might have spilled the beans on that one a little --

KARL

That's OK. Because <u>now</u>, if now you <u>stop</u> acknowledging him, you just suddenly give him <u>nothing</u>, he's gonna go <u>berserk</u>. Unless he's just not interested. In which case, you gotta take your lumps. OK? Which is tough.

LISA

Well, thanks, Dad. I'll be sure to try out the technique next time I see him.

KARL

Yeah. Lemme know what happens.

LISA

I will.

*

KARL

OK. Well, everything's OK here...A little slow --

LISA

Actually, Dad? I definitely want to hear how things are with you in a minute, but I actually have something kind of serious I want to ask you about...I'm kind of soliciting people I respect for their views on this...

KARL

OK. What's up?

99 EXT. KARL'S HOUSE. DUSK.

99

Wider, through the glass doors of Karl's bungalow as he listens to the story.

100 INT. LISA'S ROOM. NIGHT./KARL'S HOUSE. DUSK.

100

LISA

...so do you think I should go back to the police, or what?

KARL

OK, well, first of all, I'm very glad you told me. Second of all, I think you should let me call my friend who's a lawyer, just to get some idea of what the ramifications would be.

LISA

You mean to protect myself before I go back?

KARL

There's nothing wrong with knowing what you're getting into. I'm gonna call my friend Lorne, I want to see what he says.

ANNETTE, Karl's, girlfriend, 40, lets herself into the house.

ANNETTE LISA

Hey...!

de

KARL

Actually, Dad? Please don't call anybody. Seriously. I appreciate your taking charge and

Hi babe.

everything, but --Hello?

ANNETTE Did you get my message?

KARL

Um -- I got a message.

_

About the	ANNETTE flowers? For my mother?	· ·
I don't kr LISA) I'm walked in.	KARL now. Yes. Hold on. (To sorry, Annette just	•
	LISA That's OK.	•
	ANNETTE Who are you talking to?	
	KARL I'm It's could I just	;
	LISA Anyway, I guess I would just later that I would have dor thing by myself, if you see Because I don't think I have	ne the right e what I mean.
	KARL Uh huh?	
Who is tha	KARL	LISA Not that I'm trying to make this woman's horrible death into my own personal moral gymnasium
	ANNETTE you please ask her	to quote George Bernard Shaw.
I'm sorry, second.	KARL Lisa. Hold on one	· •
	LISA OK.	
	KARL (To ANNETTE) Yes.	; ;
	ANNETTE Will you please ask her if we don't know about that sh the trip? Because I have to because they do all the mea	e won't eat? For tell the ranch,
	KARL Yes: I will: We're just in something.	the middle of

ANNETTE

Karl, I was supposed to call them last week. You said you were gonna call her and you didn't. So then <u>I</u> called her, and she never called me back. So what do you want me to do?

KARL

OK, you know what? I want to talk about this, not right now.

ANNETTE

-- and if there's anything she can't eat and they put it in the hampers, she's not gonna have anything to eat. The last time she came out here we went to three different places and she couldn't eat anything on the menu.

KARL

I'm going to ask her. I will. We're right in the middle of something.

ANNETTE

OK. Tell her I said hi.

LISA

Hello?

KARL

(to LISA)

Hi.

101 INT. LISA'S ROOM. NIGHT.

101

Lisa puts a new cowboy hat in her luggage. She tries to zip the bag but it won't zip. (This is a dream)

102 INT. LISA'S ROOM. NIGHT. LATER.

102

Lisa is asleep. The room is dark. She stirs. She realizes JOAN is sitting on the edge of her bed, her back to Lisa.

LISA

Mom? What's wrong?...Did you have a bad show? What time is it?

Joan starts coughing. Blood starts coming out with every cough, first a little, then a gruesome amount --

LISA WAKES UP -- breathing hard short breaths. The room is dark and quiet. She calms down and gets up.

103 INT. BATHROOM.

103

She comes in without turning on the light. She turns on the faucet. In the dim bathroom the water looks strangely dark. She switches on the light --

BLOOD is streaming out the faucet and filling the basin.

She looks up. MONICA the dead woman is standing behind her in the mirror. Lisa jumps --

104 INT. LISA'S ROOM.

104

Lisa wakes up sharply, breathing hard, drenched in sweat.

104A INT. LISA'S ROOM. DAY.

104A

She dials Maretti's number. It rings...

MARETTI

(on phone)
Hello? (Pause) Hello...?

She hangs up.

105 INTERCUT. SUBWAY (MOVING) DAY.

105

Lisa rides the subway past Brooklyn stations.

106 EXT. BAY RIDGE. DAY.

106

Lisa emerges from the subway station. The Verrazano Narrows Bridge dominates the background.

107 EXT. MARETTI'S STREET. DAY.

107

Lisa turns the unfamiliar corner. Little kids play in the street. She checks the address on the piece of paper.

108 EXT. MARETTI'S HOUSE. DAY.

108

She rings the doorbell. Inside she hears kids playing. The door opens. It's MRS MARETTI, around 35.

MRS MARETTI

Hi, can help you?

LISA

Hi. I'm sorry to bother you. My name is Lisa Cohen. I was involved in the same accident that Mr Maretti was involved in a few weeks ago...

MRS MARETTI

Oh my God, were you? Oh my God, what a thing, huh?

LISA

Yeah...I was just wondering if I could talk to him for a minute. Is he home?

MRS MARETTI

Ummmmm, yeah, sure. Whyn't you come in.

109 INT. MARETTI'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

109

Lisa follows Mrs Maretti into the small apartment. O.C. we HEAR two small BOYS running around and shouting. MARETTI is watching TV. Mrs Maretti goes over and speaks to him, low. He sees LISA and slowly gets up.

T.TSA

Hi. I'm really sorry to bother you...We never met. My name is Lisa Cohen...

MARETTI

Yeah...What can I do for you?

LISA

Well...do you remember me? From the bus accident?

MARETTI

I don't know...What's this about?

LISA

Well, would it be OK if I talked to you for a minute?

MARETTI

What do you want to talk about? I don't understand.

LISA

I'd just like to talk about the accident for a minute. I don't want anything, and I'm not here to do anything bad. I just wanted to talk to you about it.

MARETTI

How did you get my address?

LISA

It's in the phone book. I was gonna call first...

MARETTI

Well, it would been better if you would called. We're about to sit down...

Mrs Maretti has drifted back toward them.

MARETTI (CONT'D)

I don't get what, uh...Yeah all right. Let's go outside.

LISA

I'm sorry: Could I use your bathroom?

MARETTI

No, let's just go outside.

MRS MARETTI

Oh Gerry, let her use the bathroom.

MARETTI

No, I don't want her to use the bathroom. I don't understand what this is.

MRS MARETTI

It's right over there, honey. (turning)
Will you kids settle down, please! I'm not
kiddin'!

Lisa goes in the bathroom.

MARETTI

What's the matter with you?

MRS MARETTI

Who is she?

MARETTI

She's some girl who was at the accident --

MRS MARETTI

Nothin's the matter with me, let her use the fuckin' bathroom.

110 INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

110

Lisa latches the door of the cluttered little bathroom. She sits on the toilet and tries to pee. After a minute a tiny amount of pee comes out.

111 INT. THE LIVING ROOM -- A MOMENT LATER.

111

Lisa comes out. The Marettis are waiting for her as before. O.C., we hear the boys yelling at each other.

112 EXT. MARETTI'S HOUSE. DAY.

112

Maretti, Mrs Maretti, and Lisa come out.

MARETTI

(to MRS MARETTI)

Honey, just do me a favor, wait inside.

MRS MARETTI

No. I wanna hear what this is.

LISA

Well...If it's OK, I'd rather talk to Mr Maretti in private.

MRS MARETTI

No it's not OK.

MARETTI

OK. We're just tryin' to...OK: What?

Lisa looks at them, wishing Mrs Maretti would leave.

LISA

OK. I hope this isn't going to insult you too much...

MARETTI

Insult me...?

LISA

...I was just wondering if you felt bad at all about what happened.

MARETTI

Do I feel bad about the accident?

LISA

Yeah.

MRS MARETTI

You know, honey? Are you just upset about the accident...?

LISA

Yes! I'm upset about the accident! I'm very upset about the accident! I was covered in blood! I've never been covered in blood before, and I wanted to talk to you about it for a minute! Why is that so strange!?

MRS MARETTI

Gerry... why don't we all go inside and sit down?

LISA

(On "why")
Could I please talk to you alone?

MRS MARETTI

OK, what is goin' on here?

MARETTI

Nothin's goin' on here. So whyn't you calm down? Look: Go ahead inside. Let me find out what this is. Meantime whyn't you make sure those kids aren't killin' each other, all right?

MRS MARETTI

All right.

As Mrs Maretti goes inside:

MARETTI

(more jovially)
No, you know what? Let 'em kill each other.
Give us all a rest. (To LISA) All right, Lisa. What.

LISA I just...Well, I just want you to know... MARETTI Yes? What? Speak! LISA Well...you probably already know, obviously, that I told the police on the police report that I thought the whole thing was an accident... MARETTI Uh huh. Right. Because it was an accident. LISA Well -- I mean, I know you didn't do it on purpose. MARETTI On purpose...? LISA But it wasn't like... MARETTI What. (Pause) Speak. Talk! What! LISA Well...I mean...We were looking at each other... MARETTI Who was looking at each other...? You and me? LISA Well...Yeah...I mean...not like... romantically or anything... MARETTI Romantically...! LISA OK, scratch that. 'Cause that's not even... relevant... MARETTI (On "even") You're not comin' through very clearly! LISA OK. I can see the way this is.

MARETTI The way what is? What! Speak to me! What?

LISA

I am -- !

MARETTI

Don't drag me outta my house on a Saturday afternoon and then make me stand here pullin' teeth to find out what you're talkin' about.

(MORE)

MARETTI (CONT'D)

I've got my kids inside: You're an attractive young lady, you show up at the house -- Please! Get to the point or go home. Because I don't care enough, frankly, to stand around here tryin' to figure out what you're doin' here! (Pause) What! What! What!

LISA

All right! Well...the way I remember the accident is that you were wearing this cowboy hat --

MARETTI

Yes, it's my cowboy hat that I wear sometimes to amuse myself on the bus, yes. I was probably wearing my cowboy hat, yes. What.

LISA

If you could just let me...! From my point of view, I was out that day trying to buy a cowboy hat, so I was waving at you, becase I was looking for one...and you were kind of waving back...And I know the police already decided it was No Fault, or No Criminality or whatever they call it --

MARETTI

No Criminality, that's right.

LISA

-- I <u>guess</u> partly because of what I told them. And I know I was distracting you, but -- I <u>did</u> see the bus go through the red light. And that's when it hit that woman.

MARETTI

OK. I'm gettin' a little confused over here.

LISA

Only nobody <u>said</u> that to them. And I just wanted to like, acknowledge with you that that's what happened.

MARETTI

OK. First of all, I don't really know what you mean by wavin' at you...What were you, tryin' to catch the bus...?

LISA

No...Yes. But I wanted to ask about your --

MARETTI

Maybe I was wavin' at you like, wavin' to say, you know, "Step away from the bus," if the bus was in motion, I would've waved you away for your own safety, but that's all that would be.

LISA

You don't remember looking at me and waving at me?

Mrs. Maretti comes out again.

MARETTI

No. Not really. No.

LISA

Well...I think we both remember something different.

MRS MARETTI

Your brother's on the phone.

MARETTI ·

Tell him I'll call him back.

Mrs Maretti goes back inside.

LISA

I'm not trying to get you in trouble.

MARETTI

I know you're not, because you couldn't get me in trouble. Uhhhh, there's no criminality found...the report is, uh, final. And that's it.

LISA

So you're just gonna leave it?

MARETTI

I'm gonna leave it, because that's all that it was. If something else would have happened, I'd take it to whatever that was. It was tragic, it was a tragedy. But there's only a certain speed the brakes can react. That's a physical limitation of the machine. I don't know what else to tell you. It was a shock. It's shock. But that's it. Can't bring her back. Cannot bring her back.

LISA

I'm not talking about bringing her back. I'm talking about telling the accident investigators what really happened.

MARETTI

But you already talked to them!

LISA

I know that. But I lied.

MARETTI

You lied.

LISA

Yes. And I can understand if you don't want to get in trouble, but --

MARETTI

Then how come nobody else saw it?

LISA

I can't help what other people saw --

MARETTI

You would think somebody else would see it.

LISA

I just know what I saw!

MARETTI

Then why didn't you say something right then?

LISA

Because -- when they were asking me what happened -- it seemed like you were kind of looking at me -- like we were saying to each other, "Let's not say anything about what happened."

MARETTI

Oh, now I <u>really</u> don't know what you're talkin' about.

LISA

I can't prove that you were doing that --

Mrs Maretti comes back outside.

MARETTI

What did I say anything to you? Did I threaten you?

LISA

No! And I am not blaming you for any of this! All I'm saying is that I didn't really tell the cops what happened, and I didn't want to go back without --

MARETTI

(After "happened")
But you told 'em what you saw! You told 'em what you saw! And so did I! Only I'm the one behind the wheel!

MRS MARETTI Gerry! Take it easy!

MARETTI

(To MRS MARETTI)
No, it's all right. Leave it alone. (To
LISA) You wanna ruin my life, start tellin'
'em about looks, and you waved at me and I
had on my cowboy hat, go ahead! You're
gonna go back to school and do your
homework and I'm gonna lose my job! And
who's gonna feed my kids? You? Are you
gonna do it? And for what! She's dead!
She's dead! And there's nothin' I can do to

LISA

bring her back!

I just want to say what really happened.

MARETTI

Hey do whatever you fuckin' want.

MRS MARETTI

Gerry --!

MARETTI

But those cops are gonna laugh in your fuckin' face because this was not my fault!

LISA

It was both our fault.

MARETTI

What'd you say?

LISA

It was both our fault.

Maretti scrambles in his pocket for a pen.

MARETTI

Yeah. Don't say that to me again without a lawyer. Gimme your phone number.

MARETTI

What's your number? Gimme LISA your number. Oh, you wanna Why? No! Why do you want it? come to my house like some anonymous person, I can't get in touch with you? MRS MARETTI * What's your fuckin' number, Gerry! Take it easy! * Lisa Cohen!

LISA

Fine! It's -- um -- 212- 555 --

112 CONTINUED: (10)

112

MARETTI Hold on. (writes) 555 --

112 CONTINUED: (11)

112

LISA

0157. Why do you need it?

MARETTI

Do whatever you're gonna do. I hope you got a good lawyer.

LISA

I don't know why you're --

Maretti turns and goes in the house.

MRS MARETTI

You know this was very traumatic for him!

LISA

(furious)

It's almost as bad as getting your <u>leg</u> cut off!

MRS MARETTI

Does your mother know you're here?

LISA

Yes.

112A INT. SUBWAY (MOVING) DAY.

112A

CU on Lisa as she rides back toward Manhattan.

113 INT. EMILY'S KITCHEN. DAY.

113

Emily sits with Lisa at the kitchen table.

EMILY

Why didn't you say anything before?

LISA

I guess I was afraid. I didn't know what to do.

EMILY

You didn't know what to do? The woman is killed right in front of you and you didn't know what to do?

LISA

I know it doesn't sound very impressive.

EMILY

Impressive! (Pause) All right: I know you're trying to do the right thing now. What does your mother say?

LISA

My mother hasn't really been that helpful.

EMILY

What do you mean?

LISA

I mean she's got a lot going on right now and she just hasn't been that interested, I guess.

EMILY

What could she possibly have going on?

LISA

Her show is opening.

EMILY

What do you mean, her show? What show?

LISA

She's in a play.

EMILY

My friend is dead because some guy was looking at your ass and you lied to the police about it, and your mother can't be bothered because she's in a play?

LISA

Well, it's kind of a big deal for her. She has a really big part.

EMILY

I'm sorry. I don't know your mother, but, that is pretty shocking.

LISA

I guess she's really worried about getting a bad review or something.

EMILY

OK. I'm gonna talk to my friend who's a lawyer, and I'm gonna call Monica's cousin - you talked to her -- And you're gonna go talk to the police. Do you want me to go with you?

LISA

No thanks.

EMILY

Do you think maybe you should ask your mother to go with you?

LISA

I think I can handle this part myself.

EMILY

Oh, I am so angry. I am so angry.

LISA

He didn't do it on purpose.

EMILY

Fuck him! I'm gonna run over his best friend and then coerce some teenage girl into lying to the police about it! He had his chance. Fuck him! Now are you gonna see this through or not?

LISA

I will if you will.

EMILY

OK! Thank you. OK?

Emily impulsively and somewhat tearfully embraces Lisa, who is flooded with relief.

113A TIME PERMITTING.

113A

114 INT. THEATER -- BACKSTAGE/ONSTAGE. NIGHT.

114

Joan waits in the wings. Her CUE LIGHT goes ON and OFF. TRACKING her onstage as she enters.

JOAN

(sharp)

Hey! Let me tell you something, Eliot --

She is interrupted by entrance APPLAUSE.

JOAN (CONT'D)

You want to fire me, go ahead and fire me. Only don't tiptoe around me like some kind of deranged ballerina every time I see you in the fucking hall! Now: Do you have anything to say to me, Eliot?

VICTOR

Um -- you're not fired...?

This gets a pretty big laugh from the audience.

TOAN

Oh. (Abashed, friendly) What are you guys talking about?

Another big laugh.

IN THE AUDIENCE -- LISA, CURTIS and RAMON sit together, dressed up for opening night. Ramon nudges Lisa.

RAMON

She's good, eh?

			(Grudging but proud) Yes	, ,
115	INT.	COHE	N APARTMENT LIVING ROOM. MORNING.	115
	Lisa	is or	n the computer. Joan is standing behind her.	t
			JOAN Did you find it?	1
			LISA Just a minute!	
			JOAN Can we just forget it? If they were any good somebody would have called me last night.	י נ
			LISA No we can't forget it, because I can't take this anymore. What do you care what they say about you anyway?	;
			JOAN I don't. It's just a lousy feeling. Can't you understand that? If they wrote mean things about you in the newspaper you wouldn't like it. Even if you didn't agree with it, or base your self-esteem on it. Why can't you understand that?	
			LISA I do understand it, because we have this conversation every time! You're great in the play, you're a great actress, everybody thinks you're great, everything about you is great, you're really really pretty	•
			JOAN Oh shut up.	•
			LISA So let me just find the review and then we can both kill ourselves, OK?	
			JOAN Fine.	,
	Lisa	finds	The New York Times review online.	

JOAN Did you find it?

OK:

LISA

LISA

Yes.

JOAN

Is it bad?

LISA

Let me read it. (she reads) OK, it's really good.

JOAN

It is?

LISA

Oh my God. Listen to this:

JOAN

Don't read it to me.

LISA

"...but it is the frankly extraordinary Joan Kaplan who transforms the savage wit of David Holmes' acid comedy-drama into something approaching sheer luminosity..."

JOAN

Get out.

LISA

"But don't be misled by her feather-light touch and expert comic timing. With the canny (Has trouble enunciating:) brav...

JOAN

Bravura?

LISA

Yes. "-- of an actor at the Top of Craft, Ms. Kaplan takes us on an emotional roller coaster that is both hilarious and heartbreaking, maddening and magical."

JOAN

Top of Craft...?

JOAN (CONT'D)

Shut up!

LISA

OK. This is the best review I've ever read.

JOAN

Just for me, or for everyone?

(Reading)
No, he likes the play, he likes the cast, but the main thrust of it is basically what a genius you are, and how your time has come.

115

JOAN

Fuck him, what does he know? (A la Noel Coward) Maddening and magical, eh? If only I knew what that meant.

LISA

Oh my God you're a huge star.

JOAN

Oh my God!

LISA

Can I make coffee now?

JOAN

Yes. Thank you honey.

Lisa heads for the kitchen as the PHONE RINGS.

LISA

Here come the offers.

JOAN

(Picks up the phone)
Hello?... I know, can you believe it?

115A INT. COHEN APARTMENT - KITCHEN. DAY.

115A

Lisa is eating breakfast and listening intently to the radio. She hears Joan talking on the phone O.C.

RADIO NEWSCASTER

-- when the seventeen yearold Palestinian was stopped
by Israeli police from boarding
a school bus yesterday carrying
forty pounds of explosive under
her jacket --

JOAN (O.C.)
No, Lisa read it ... No,
I never read them unless
I know there's nothing
mean in them ... Victor,
I wish you wouldn't
speak to me that way:
You know I'm Top of Craft.

Lisa closes the door or turns up the radio.

116 INT. ENGLISH CLASS. DAY.

116

John is reading from a paperback poetry anthology. On the blackboard it says "19TH CENTURY POETS -- GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS -- 1844-1889." SLOW PUSH IN on Lisa.

JOHN

Spring and Fall to a young girl
by Gerard Manley Hopkins.
"Margaret are you grieving
Over Goldengrove unleaving?
Leaves, like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah! as the heart grows older
It will come to such thoughts colder
(MORE)

116 CONTINUED:

116

JOHN (CONT'D)

By and by, nor spare a sigh

Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie,

(MORE)

116

JOHN (CONT'D)

And yet you will weep, and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name:
Sorrow springs are the same.
Nor mouth had, no nor mind, expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for."

Silence.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Any thoughts? Lisa?

Lisa looks up slowly.

117 OMITTED. 117 *

118 EXT. HIGHWAY ONE POLICE STATION - THE BRONX. DAY. 118

Lisa gets out a taxi in front of the station.

119 INT. HIGHWAY ONE POLICE STATION. DAY. 119

Lisa walks up to the desk of a 2ND A.I.S.DETECTIVE.

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE

Could I help you?

T.TSA

Um, yeah. Is Detective Mitchell here?

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE

No he's not.

LISA

Oh. Um -- I talked to him on Monday and he said he'd be here after three....

2ND A:I.S. DETECTIVE

Yeah, he's not back yet. Could I help you with something?

LISA

Um, well, do you know when do you expect him?

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE

What's this about?

TTCA

I was involved in an accident a few weeks ago --

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE

Uh huh?

LISA

And I filled out a report with Detective Mitchell, but wanted to amend the report, so I thought I should --

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE What do you mean amend the report? How do you want to amend it?

LISA

Well, there was something I didn't tell him, and I wanted to tell him, because --

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE So wait, I don't understand. You wanna change your statement?

LISA
Yes! Yes! I want to change my statement.
(Pause. Calmer) Yes.

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE Well, you'd usually have to talk to the investigating detective on the case...

LISA

Yes. I know. That's why I asked to see Detective Mitchell. Who said he'd be here now. Which he's not. So...

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE

(On "so")
You remember the case number?

LISA

No. Sorry. It was that woman Monica Patterson, who got run over by the bus, on Broadway -- it was in a lot of the newspapers...

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE OK, yeah, sure OK. Sit down, sit down.

LISA

(sitting)
Thank you. I ---

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE You know the case is closed.

LISA

I assume it was. But part of the reason it's closed is because of my statement. And the statement I gave --

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE Because of your statement?

Another male detective walks by, behind LISA. The two men exchange a glance referring to Lisa being a cute girl.

LISA

Yes.

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE What do you mean it was closed because of your statement?

LISA

I mean --

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE
The DA's office closes the case. You don't close the case. The DA's office closes the case.

IISA
I'm sure it does. I obviously didn't mean
I personally closed the case, like,
legally. I meant that what I said was
probably instrumental in getting the case
closed, because I was the --

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE What's your name, honey?

LISA

Lisa Cohen.

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE

OK --

LISA

Don't call me honey, OK?

Pause.

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE

OK.

LISA

Are you not gonna help me now that I said that?

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE Look -- what's your name?

LISA

Lisa Cohen!

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE
OK Lisa, first thing, you're gonna calm
down --

LISA

I'm calm right now!

2ND A.I.S. DETECTIVE

OK. Just checking. Second thing -- Oh! Here he is: Your knight in shining armor.

MITCHELL has just come in. LISA gets up.

MITCHELL

This guy been givin' you a hard time?

LISA

No....

MITCHELL

What's this guy been sayin' to you?

LISA

Nothing. I don't know if you remember me... I'm Lisa Cohen. I called you on Monday?

MITCHELL

Sure I do. What's up?

120 INT. HIGHWAY ONE POLICE STATION - MITCHELL'S DESK - LATER 120
Lisa sits across from Mitchell.

MITCHELL

So now you're sayin' he ran the light.

LISA

Yes. He wasn't even looking at the <u>road</u>. And I was definitely trying to get his <u>attention</u>....

MITCHELL

No, I get the picture. So you're flirtin' with this guy, he's wavin' at you, he runs the light, hits the decedent, she dies on the scene...the both of youse lie to me on both of your statements, and then somewheres in there you turn around, decide the guy belongs in jail. That right? That about right?

LISA

I don't have any control over if he goes to jail or not. I certainly have my hopes. I just want to set the record straight, so that if he gets away with this I won't have been a part of it.

MITCHELL

And what do you think I should do with you? Just gimme a clue. 'cause I'm just a little bit lost over here...!

LISA

Do whatever you want. I know what I did.

MITCHELL

OK. Well. Before we do anything, Lisa, anybody will tell you that just because he ran a red light is not a criminal offence.

LISA

Even if he kills someone?

. MITCHELL

(Simultaneous)
Even if you cause an accidental death,
that's right. For this to be a criminal
offense, the law says you need two
aggravating circumstances. Like he ran a red
light and he was speeding. Or he ran a red
light and he was --

LISA

(On 2nd "red")
So he's not liable to be prosecuted for manslaughter? Or second degree murder?

MITCHELL

No. He could be charged with reckless driving, and fillin' out a false police report. Which, that's no joke --

LISA

That's <u>unbelievable!</u> What does he have to do? Kill her on purpose?

MITCHELL

Yes. Because that's the definition of murder. Killin' somebody on purpose. You're not sayin' he ran her over on purpose, are you?

Pause.

LISA

No.

Pause.

MITCHELL

All right, look. Lemme take another statement, and, uh...We'll look into it, OK?

LISA You're kidding.

MITCHELL

No. I'll go over it with my sergeant, probably pull this guy in again. Reinterview him. Put a little pressure on him. See what he says.

LISA

(very grateful)

Thank you...! Thank you.

120A INT. SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM. DAY.

120A

Lisa and her coed class watch BONNIE, the young, tall beautiful, no-makeup gymnastics teacher.

.

BONNIE

OK, so we're just gonna start with a couple of simple stretches.

*

She stretches. Lisa notices the boys looking at Bonnie.

121 EXT. CENTRAL PARK. DAY.

121

Lisa and Becky are smoking pot on a rock or bench.

LISA

(holding in smoke)

...Yeah, because the Central Park
Conservatory or whatever it's called put up
about five hundred miles worth of these
cheap shitty-looking fences all over the
park. Which is totally antithetical to
what the park was originally designed for.

She exhales and hands Becky the joint.

BECKY

We are totally gonna miss the game. Oh my God it's John...! It's John!

They try to hide the joint from JOHN, the English teacher, who approaches them and stops. Pause.

LISA

Hi John.

BECKY

Hi John. (Pause) Want some?

They giggle.

JOHN

Come on, guys. You can't be smokin' a j. on your way to a school soccer game! Now come on!

LISA

Sorry.

BECKY

We're really sorry.

John glares at them, then turns and walks away.

LISA

(stage whisper)
OK: How about how he's like, "Smokin' a j."
Like, "You can't be smokin' a j."

They all burst out laughing.

CU on the angry embarrassed back of John's reddening grown-up neck as he keeps walking away.

122 EXT. CENTRAL PARK -- WEST OF THE GREAT LAWN. DAY.

122

Lisa walks through the park, somewhat stoned, enjoying the sunshine. She sees MR AARON approaching on a bike. He bikes up to her and stops.

LISA

Hi, Mr Aaron...!

MR AARON

How are you, Lisa?

T.TSA

I'm pretty damn good. How are you?

MR AARON

I'm all right, I'm all right...Tell me something. Whatever happened with that situation?

LISA

Oh...I'm working on it. I'll tell you all about it sometime...(squinting at him in the sunshine) Hey, what kind of a bike is that?

MR AARON

Um, a Trek.

LISA

I'm supposed to take a horseback riding trip with my father over Christmas break and I was just wondering, does it bear any resemblance to riding a bicycle? MR AARON

As far as I know, no, it doesn't, no...

LISA

But you must have ridden a lot of horses.

MR AARON

What makes you say so?

LISA

Aren't you from Texas or Wyoming or someplace like that?

MR AARON

Someplace like what?

LISA

You know: Not New York.

MR AARON

I'm actually from Indiana. But don't let me overwhelm you with superfluous details.

LISA

God, so what are you doing at a New York private school teaching geometry to a bunch of overprivileged liberal Jews?

MR AARON

Is that a real question, or a Lisa question?

LISA

What's a Lisa question?

MR AARON

A question designed to prolong the conversation without there being any particular interest in the actual answer...?

LISA

About half and half.

MR AARON

In that case --

LISA

Before you go, I am actually thinking of getting one of these. Can I try it? Just for one second?

MR AARON

All right.

LISA

Thanks.

Aaron gets off the bike. She climbs on. The seat is too high for her.

MR AARON

You want me to adjust the seat?

LISA

No thanks. This actually feels really, really good. God, I'm kidding! You are so easy to tease!

She bikes away awkwardly, turns around and bikes back toward him, wobbling badly.

LISA (CONT'D)

I like your bicycle...! Can I have it?

MR AARON

No!

She tries to stop in front of him but skids and he catches her hard by the arms to stop her.

MR AARON (CONT'D)

OK. Off.

LISA

Can I just ask you how is it possible that I am totally in love with you and you have almost no interest in me whatsoever? It's not like I'd ever <u>say</u> anything if you ever deigned to like, you know, <u>be</u> with me.

MR AARON

Lisa...!

LISA

I can tell you <u>like</u> me. It's not like I'm a <u>virgin</u>, if that's what you're worried about. I'm not even close.

MR AARON

I can't even be having this conversation with you.

LISA

Yeah, you keep saying that, but I notice you're still standing here.

MR AARON

You're absolutely right. Goodbye.

He gets on the bike.

LISA

It's not my fault if I revere you as a god!

123

He laughs or smiles briefly in spite of himself.

LISA (CONT'D)

Oh my God. I made you laugh. I am so happy right now.

MR AARON

I'll see you in class.

We pull away with him as she watches him go.

123 INT. COHEN APARTMENT - FRONT HALL. NIGHT.

Lisa walks in as Joan is putting on her coat.

JOAN

Hi. Where have you been? I didn't know if you wanted dinner.

LISA

Oh -- no thanks. I'll order something.

JOAN

Someone named Emily called. And Detective Mitchell called from the Accident Investigation Squad. Is that the one you talked to?

LISA

Yeah, did he say anything?

JOAN

Just to call him back. What's going on? Did you ever go back and see him?

LISA

I'd rather not talk about it when you have one foot out the door. I'll tell you later, if that's OK.

JOAN

Of course it is. Who's Emily?

LISA

She's the friend of the woman who died, the one who had the funeral...

JOAN

Oh yeah, OK. Well, her number's by the phone.

LISA

OK. How's Ramon?

JOAN

Oh God. I don't know. I mean I really like him. He's really nice.
(MORE)

123

JOAN (CONT'D)

But I'm not sure he actually ever understands a word I say.

LISA

Give him a chance, Mom, you just met the guy.

JOAN

But don't you know what I mean? I just feel kind of lonely when I'm with him. You know?

LISA

You feel lonely when you're with him?

JOAN

Yeah. You never felt that way when you were with someone?

LISA

I guess so. I feel that way all the time. You get used to it.

JOAN

Well...I don't know how serious I want to get with somebody who makes me feel that way.

LISA

So don't get serious. That's my advice.

Pause.

JOAN

All right. I'm gonna go.

LISA

Have a good show.

JOAN

Thank you. (calling) Goodbye Curtis!

124 INTERCUT -- LIVING ROOM. SIMULTANEOUS

124

Curtis, busy with his computer, doesn't answer.

BACK IN THE FRONT HALL -- Joan shrugs it off.

JOAN

'Bye sweetie.

125 INT. BUILDING HALLWAY. NIGHT.

125

She hits the elevator button. Sees her reflection in the little round elevator window. She looks old to herself, and haggard. She touches under her chin.

126 INT. ELEVATOR. CONTINUOUS.

126

Joan gets in. The door shuts. She leans her head against the wall and bursts into tears. The elevator stops with a DING. She wipes her eyes quickly. A woman NEIGHBOR comes in.

NEIGHBOR

Hello...!

JOAN

(smiles)

Hello.

NEIGHBOR

Congratulations on the show...!

- JOAN

Thank you.

NEIGHBOR

That was such a wonderful review...! And I read somewhere it might be going to Broadway?

JOAN

Supposedly. In March.

NEIGHBOR

God! Exciting...!

JOAN

Yeah, it's going well. Knock wood.

127 INT. COLUMBUS AVENUE RESTAURANT. DAY.

127

Lisa, Emily and DAVE, a good natured intelligent 35ish lawyer, are at a window table.

EMILY

Lisa, Dave is one of my best friends. He's a terrific lawyer and if he doesn't know what to do himself he'll certainly know someone we can talk to.

LISA

OK, great.

EMILY

So Dave, just tell Lisa everything you told me, if you don't mind repeating yourself --

DAVE

Not at all. I love to repeat myself.

LISA

Are you guys gonna order something?

128

They are drinking coffee. Lisa smokes.

DAVE

When someone is killed it's what you call a Wrongful Death Suit, which is a statutory case, which just means there's a statute passed by the legislature which gives you the right to bring the case.

LISA

As opposed to what?

DAVE

As opposed to common law, which is law made by judges. Which is why the damages are limited.

LISA

I don't understand.

EMILY

Look, just skip that part. We don't care about that.

LISA

I thought we were trying to get the police to arrest this guy...!

DAVE

No -- the police are not, uh --

LISA

Why not? They told me they were gonna look into it again.

EMILY

Dave doesn't think the police are gonna --

DAVE

I'm just telling you that even if they do, there is no way in this world they are gonna recommend to the DA that they charge this guy. That's why --

LISA

(On "That's") So what can we do?

DAVE

Well. I'm --

LISA

Sorry.

DAVE

EMILY

That's OK --

That's OK, honey...

DAVE

I'm just getting to that. You can't do anything unless you're a relative --

EMILY

She didn't have any relatives, except for those idiots in Arizona --

DAVE

(on "except")

-- or -- hang on a minute -- unless you're executor of her estate --

EMILY

I am the executor of her estate.

DAVE

-- which is Emily. I know.

EMILY

So good.

DAVE

Yes. This is good. Because the executor of the estate <u>can</u> bring a Wrongful Death suit, but the beneficiary has to be a relative. So let me explain about <u>that</u>. In a Wrongful Death suit you can sue for Pain and Suffering, Pecuniary Losses, Loss of Support or Services...And also what's called Care, Comfort and Society: ——like advice, counseling of the parent that the kids aren't gonna get anymore...

LISA

You can really sue for that?

DAVE

Yeah, and that's probably what we would do,

LISA

So -- I don't understand. Who are we suing? The bus driver?

DAVE

Well, no, because the bus driver wouldn't have any money. You basically sue everybody and hope something sticks. The person who pays will be the MTA's insurance company.

LISA

But do you think the driver would get fired?

128

DAVE No. Not necessarily.

LISA

Even if all the facts came out at the trial?

DAVE

Maybe. I don't know.

EMILY

But how much could they be liable for?

DAVE

EMILY

It depends:

How badly do you think we could ever hurt them?

DAVE

-- if she was alive, in great pain for an extended period of time, they give more money for that.

LISA

I'd say she was alive for ten minutes.

DAVE

And I gather in a lot of pain?

LISA

Her leg was cut off.

DAVE

Yes -- obviously. And -- but was she conscious? Awake, the whole time?

LISA

I'm sorry, Emily. (To DAVE) Yeah, awake.

EMILY

That's OK.

DAVE

Well, if she was in a lot of pain for that long...I don't know...maybe 300,000 or a half a million dollars to get a sustainable verdict? A brain damaged baby would be three million. But the truth is, Lisa, after all's said and done, it's not a very good case.

LISA

Why not?

DAVE

Because it's your word against his, and because you already lied on your first deposition. A red light case is a fifty-fifty proposition already. And with only one eyewitness, with two conflicting statements? I wouldn't take that case.

EMILY

Nobody really cares about getting a lot of money here.

DAVE

I understand that ---

EMILY

We just want this prick to suffer and we want the bus company to take responsibility for hiring this guy.

DAVE

I understand. But no matter how you slice it, the fact that Lisa lied on her first statement is a disaster for your lawyer.

LISA

Can't I explain why I lied the first time? It's not like I'm trying to get any money for myself.

DAVE

That's true...Since she have no financial interest she can't be impeached for bias.

EMILY

Impeached for what?

DAVE

She can't have her credibility attacked on financial grounds because the jury knows you're not getting any money if you win.

LISA

So that's something, isn't it?

EMILY

But do you really think we know what that means?

DAVE

I'm sorry. That's what it's called.

EMILY

But who are you talking to? You know we don't know what that means. It's like you're not really concentrating.

DAVE

I -- don't know. I am concentrating. I'm
just thinking out loud.

EMILY

OK. All right. I'm sorry...! (to Lisa) (MORE)

Pink Revised 9/25/05 - Page 111A

128 CONTINUED: (5)

128

EMILY (CONT'D)
He wasn't always a lawyer you know. He used to be a very nice little boy.

*

DAVE

Anyway...the only thing I could think of is it is the MTA. So they're not gonna want a lot of publicity.

LISA

Anyway, the whole point is to get this guy --

EMILY

Is to fucking get this guy!

LISA

No, it's to get him out from behind the wheel of a bus!

DAVE

Did she know she was dying? I only ask because the terror of knowing you're dying raises the damages.

LISA

I think she had a pretty good idea.

DAVE

If she had lived for a couple of days it would make the case better... I know this sounds horrible, but this is what it comes down to...

EMILY

I know. We know, Dave. That's OK.

Silence. Emily starts to speak:

DAVE

I actually did have one more thought...I do know one guy who's, uh... You know what? Yo know what I want to do? I want to make a few phone calls, and then, just let me get back to you.

EMILY

I would just like somebody to take responsibility for what happened.

128A TIME PERMITTING.

128A

129 INT. COHEN APARTMENT -- KITCHEN. DAY.

129

Lisa is on the kitchen phone.

LISA

Yes, Detective Mitchell please? ... My name is Lisa Cohen? ... C O H -- Yes, I'll hold. (On hold) Fuck you...

130 INT. SQUAD ROOM. DAY.

130

Mitchell picks up the phone. WE CUT BETWEEN THEM.

MITCHELL

Detective Mitchell.

LISA Oh, hi, it's Lisa Cohen calling.

MITCHELL

Hi Lisa, what can I do for you?

LISA

Well, I was just wondering what ever happened, if anything, with the case. You said you might re-interview the bus driver...

MITCHELL

Yes, we did: We brought him back in --

T.TSA

You did? What happened?

MITCHELL

Well, he basically stuck to his original representation, and that was pretty much it. I brought it up with my sergeant, but he agrees with me we still don't have enough to charge this guy, so there's really not a lot more we can do at this point.

LISA

But how did you ask the questions?

MITCHELL

Excuse me?

LISA

He's obviously not gonna change his statement if you just <u>ask</u> him like really <u>politely</u>: Why would he? We already know he's a liar.

MITCHELL

Hey, you know, Lisa, in the old days we'd just throw him in the back with a rubber hose and we'd get whatever answer we want out of him. But fortunately we don't do that kind of thing anymore --

LISA

Yeah, not to white people.

MITCHELL

Excuse me?

LISA

You don't do it to white people. Anyway, I'm not saying you --

MITCHELL

We don't do it to who?

LISA

Oh my God

MITCHELL

First of all, I don't know why you're bringin' the guy's race into it. There's forty thousand cops in this city --

LISA

Yes, thank you, yes.

MITCHELL

-- and I hate to disillusion you, but most of 'em are pretty good guys, just tryin' to do their job. Bottom line is the DA's not gonna take this case. (Pause) Now you could talk to my sergeant if you want to, but --

LISA

Yes, I would.

131 INT. COHEN HALLWAY/KITCHEN. DUSK.

131

Joan, dressed to go to work, drops her keys in her purse as she comes down the hall and lingers in the kitchen doorway to find LISA on the phone, listening, then:

LISA

So there's no way to appeal --

SERGEANT V.O.

(over the phone, flat)
There's nothin' to appeal. There's no case.

LISA

But how do you know Detective Mitchell interrogated him aggressively enough if you weren't there?

JOAN

What's going on?

LISA waves her away.

132 EXT. RAMON'S TERRACE. NIGHT.

132

Joan and Ramon are having drinks and looking at his great view of the Upper West Side. Joan is smoking. JOAN

-- so funny: it's the same show, but now they all read how great it is, we get these big standing ovations every night, and it's the exact same show as before.

RAMON

But why do you put yourself down? It's a wonderful show and a wonderful performance.

JOAN

No, it's not -- I'm not putting myself down. It's just that the audience always reacts differently if they've been told it's good. A lot of actors have that experience.

RAMON

Mm hm?

She takes a few steps away.

JOAN

I love this view...(Pause) You know, Ramon...this may sound very stupid to you, but do you ever worry that we don't have very much in common?

RAMON

What do you mean?

JOAN

Well, I don't mean to sound dissatisfied, or disgruntled. But I feel like we're always misunderstanding each other. Do you feel that way at all? Or am I just completely off the beam?

RAMON

I don't think we should talk about that, Joan.

JOAN

You don't? Well...I think it's kind of important or I wouldn't have brought it up.

RAMON

Joan... I like you very much. But let's not talk about what you are like, and what I am like. That never makes a good result. Talk about it with your friends.

JOAN

My friends...!

RAMON

Yes.

132 CONTINUED: (2) 132

He sips his drink. Joan doesn't know what to say. Pause.

RAMON (CONT'D)

May I show you some pictures of my boys?

JOAN

Sure. Just don't tell me what they're like.

132A INT. RAMON'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

132A

Ramon and Joan are in his modernistic, scrupulously clean carpeted living room, on the sofa, looking at pictures.

RAMON

That's a little place we used to go on holiday, two hours outside of Cartagena...My family is all there still, but Rodrigo is studying in London, and Hector is in Geneva.

JOAN

Uh huh...

RAMON

I'm sure they will go back eventually, because they like to do something for their country. But it's a worry, because it's very bad there now.

JOAN

Yeah...I haven't really been following it.

RAMON

It's a big, big mess. Last year I helped to found an organization to work with children whose families have been killed, or the parents have been kidnapped, so they don't know if they are alive or dead. We try to find homes for them, preferably in Colombia, because if we lose our young people, that's it: That's the future. We have raised a lot of money, but there's only so much we can do. You don't like to say it's hopeless, but it's hard to see the solution.

JOAN

Yeah. God...I wish I knew more about it...Do you mind if I ask you something?

RAMON

Of course not.

JOAN

Why are you interested in me?

RAMON

You don't think I should be?

JOAN

I just feel kind of ignorant about your whole world...

RAMON

You think it would be better if we knew about all the same things?

JOAN
Not really, not exclusively. It's just unusual. Don't you think it's unusual?

*

RAMON

Not for me.

JOAN

I guess you travel a lot. I've only been out of the country a few times in my whole life.

RAMON

You should travel more.

JOAN

I know. I've always wanted to. It's hard when you're in the theater...

RAMON

Still, you should try. It's a big world. You're an artist. You should see more of it.

JOAN

I know. You don't have to keep saying that. I've always wanted to travel. It's just a little difficult with two kids and no husband, but it's hard to make a lot of money in the theater. I was on a TV show a few years back and I socked away some money because of that, but my ex-husband --

RAMON

Karl.

JOAN

Karl, yes, you remembered, very good.
Karl's very generous with the kids when he can be, but he's struggling too: He's a director: he directs commercials, and now he's trying to produce them... Anyway, I'm not ignorant because I enjoy it.

RAMON

I don't say you're ignorant... Do you think Lisa will be interested in acting?

JOAN

I don't think so. I think's she's got a lot of contempt for it. Of course that may be the age.

RAMON

She would prefer the world with no plays? No films?

JOAN

Oh ... Who knows.

RAMON

Would you like to see a picture of my

mother?

JOAN

Sure.

RAMON

These are all my aunts and uncles... See? Big family...

JOAN

Mmm.

She looks at him as he turns the pages.

133 EXT. MIDTOWN OFFICE BUILDING. DAY.

133

Lisa and Emily meet in front of Dave's office building.

134 INT. DAVE'S LAW FIRM - STAIRCASE/OFFICE. DAY.

134

Dave walks Lisa and Emily into his office.

DAVE

So after I talked to you guys I called this P.I. I know and I asked him to --

EMILY

You called a what? A what?

DAVE

Private Investigator -- to see if he could find anything out about your bus driver --

LISA

Really?

DAVE

EMILY

Yeah: So he --

Dave!

DAVE

Wait, let me tell you what he said! So he called this guy he knows who used to be a cop for the MTA. Did you know the MTA have their own police? The MTA police? They have their own uniforms...

EMILY

Yeah? Yeah? Yeah?

DAVE

And -- Just a minutel

EMILY

Jesus Christ! What do we * give a fuck about the MTA * police and their uniforms?! *

DAVE

-- so this guy got someone to let him sneak a look at your guy's file. And it turns out he's had two previous accidents -less than two years apart -- one of them on the job, one in his own car --

EMILY

What?

DAVE

-- where there was some allegation that he was drinking, which was dropped, <u>but</u>, that he's never been cited or disciplined, just moved around to different shifts --

EMILY

Are you fucking kidding me?

LISA

Why does this not shock me?

DAVE

Because Surprise Surprise his brother-inlaw is a very big muckety-muck in the Transit Workers Union -- EMILY

(i.e., "I get it.")

O-Kay...

DAVE

And if you read the paper, you'll know they're going through a protracted labor dispute at the MTA right now, and according to my PI, the management doesn't want to aggravate the situation by firing this guy. Especially since the police have concluded he was not at fault.

LISA

This is making me sick.

DAVE

I know, but what it means, Lisa, is that we have a case.

LISA

We do?

DAVE

What it means, in fact, is that we have a very good case, because we can sue for what's called "Negligent Retention." Which means they should have known the guy was a bad risk and was irresponsible and they negligently retained him until he finally killed somebody.

EMILY

And you can prove that?

DAVE

Sure, because we can subpoen their Personnel records, which we already know contain damaging information, because my investigator got a look at them beforehand. Which you're not supposed to do, but we did it anyway.

LISA

You're awesome!

EMILY

And that means...

DAVE

That means we're in great shape and I think we should go in there and sue their fuckin' asses off.

EMILY

But you wouldn't be our lawyer, right?

135

DAVE

No no. Oh no.

LISA

Why not?

DAVE

EMILY
It's not his area.

I'm not a personal injury litigator. I don't know enough about it. I would lose.

EMILY

But you could recommend someone?

DAVE

Sure. I know a guy who's very good. His name is Russel Deutsch. He's not a sleazebag. Very experienced. Let me give you his number...

EMILY

Dave, thank you so much.

LISA

Really. My God.

DAVE

But you gotta get that crazy cousin on board because she's gonna be your beneficiary.

EMILY

She's not gonna want to come to New York, I can tell you that right now.

DAVE

If you win she gets anywhere from three to five hundred thousand dollars. She's gonna come to New York.

135 EXT. MIDTOWN -- 6TH AVENUE. DAY.

Lisa and Emily walk up the busy avenue.

LISA

What's with Monica and her cousin?

EMILY

Oh, Monica's father left some money to Abigail's kids and he made Monica the executor of the estate, because he didn't want Abigail and her idiot husband to get their hands on the money before the kids were grown up.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

For which Abigail rewarded her by badgering her about it on the phone for fifteen years: Always trying to borrow money against the estate, accusing her of making lousy investments with it, nasty phone calls, nasty letters, every month for fifteen years until Abigail's daughter turned twenty-one and got married. Then Monica goes to the wedding, in fucking Arizona, and Abigail literally won't speak to her. She's a dream.

LISA

So that's who we're getting the money for?

EMILY

It's not who we're getting it for, it's who we're getting it from.

136 INT. DEUTSCH'S OFFICE. DAY.

136

Emily and Lisa sit with RUSSEL DEUTSCH, 50s. His law office is slightly smaller and less nice than Dave's.

DEUTSCH

First thing we do is we file a summons and a complaint against the MTA. They get twenty days to respond, and when they do we can make our Discovery requests: Accident reports, personnel records, et cetera. But you gotta realize it's gonna take some time. The law says you have to get a court date within a year. Usually it takes about six. Depending.

LISA

Six years!

DEUTSCH

Depending, yes.

EMILY

Now, I mentioned to Dave I have a friend who writes for the Metro section of the <u>Times...</u>

DEUTSCH

Yes: Now this, if it could really happen, this changes everything in our favor. If they think there's gonna be adverse publicity, especially in The New York Times, they're gonna want to settle right away, soon as possible, and as quietly as possible --

EMILY

So they'd make it a condition that ...

DEUTSCH

It's usually done, you get the money but you can't talk about it. Nobody knows the terms.

LISA

So what good does that do?

DEUTSCH

You get the money. (Pause) Is that bad? (Pause) I thought that's what we're all here for. (Pause) This is how our society punishes people for doing bad things.

LISA

By getting money from their employers' insurance companies?

DEUTSCH

Yes. It's called Punitive Damages.

Pause.

LISA

Could we insist they fire the driver? As part of the settlement?

DEUTSCH

Yes, sure, why not?

LISA

But is that something people do?

DEUTSCH

Sure. It's one of your conditions.

EMILY

Great.

LISA

And you think we're gonna win? They're gonna settle?

DEUTSCH

Oh they're gonna settle.

LISA

This is --

Emily and Lisa take hands and squeeze.

137 INT. COHEN APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM. LATER THAT DAY.

JOAN is reading LISA's C average REPORT CARD and an accompanying letter. Lisa comes in and stops short.

137

JOAN

I want to talk to you.

LISA

What'd I do now?

138 INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT -- FRONT DOOR. DAY.

138

Emily opens the front door for Joan and Lisa.

JOAN

Hi. I'm Joan. It's nice to meet you.

EMILY

Nice to meet you too. Come on in.

- LISA

(sardonically)

Hi Emily.

139 INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM. DAY.

139

Emily, Joan and Lisa settle on the sofa and chairs.

JOAN

...I had a friend who used to live on this block, at 262...?

EMILY

Oh . . . ?

JOAN

Yeah, I don't know if you know her. Cheryl Rowan? She's a physiotherapist?

EMILY

No, I don't know her.

LISA

I think about a thousand people must...

JOAN

What?

LISA

Nothing...

EMILY

Lisa says you're in a play, Joan?

JOAN

Oh -- Yeah...

LISA

You should go see it, it's really good.

JOAN

Well, the play is great, and it's a really nice cast...

LISA

She's just being modest. She's gonna win every award in New York.

JOAN

Oh -- all that stuff's a long way off.

EMILY

I don't go to the theater very much.

JOAN

Well, it's just nice, because you can work a long time in the theater and play really good parts without getting a lot of recognition. And even though you don't necessarily do it for that as your primary motive, it is very nice when people do notice something you've done.

EMILY

Uh huh...

JOAN

I was on a television show a few years ago, and I had been doing theater all my life, and suddenly all my relatives started calling me up to congratulate me because they thought I finally Made It. And it was really just this dumb show that paid the bills for a while...

LISA

That show was so stupid.

JOAN

It wasn't <u>that</u> bad...! Anyway: I realize this is horribly embarrassing for Lisa, but I really wanted to meet you, Emily, because you've frankly become such a big part of Lisa's life, and I don't want to be intrusive, but this whole court case seems to be suddenly dominating everything and I can't get Lisa to tell me anything about it

LISA

That's not true...!

JOAN

Well, I can't...! And I want you to know, Lisa, that I'm very, very proud of you for pursuing this the way you have. (MORE) JOAN (CONT'D)

But I can't let you pursue it to the point where it's taking over your life or interfering with your school work. (To EMILY) It's really come down to a question of homework. Lisa is on a half-scholarship at her school. And I know she feels a real sense of responsibility about what happened

LISA

Yeah, I do.

JOAN

I know you do. I know you do. But you can't not do your homework, and you can't throw away your scholarship because of it.

LISA

I'm not. My grades slipped a little. They'll get better. Anyone can do their homework. You just sit down and do it. I've been distracted. I'll stop.

JOAN

All right --

LISA

We didn't need to have a big conference about it.

JOAN

(embarrassed)

It's not a big conference, I just want to know what's going on. And I wanted to meet Emily...(to EMILY) I know it's a little awkward!

EMILY

Don't apologize. If Lisa hasn't been keeping you apprised of what's been going on, I think she should. You should.

LISA

There's nothing to keep her apprised of. We're just waiting for them to schedule the Discovery conference.

JOAN

Now what is that?

LISA

Mom? It really doesn't matter.

EMILY

A Discovery conference is a meeting with the court where they sign an order authorizing our lawyer to begin getting the personnel records, interviewing witnesses, talking to Monica's cousin...

JOAN

OK, now where does she fit in?

EMILY

She gets the money.

140 EXT. MIDTOWN HOTEL. DAY.

140

ABIGAIL BERWITZ, 40s, gets out the taxi as the driver comes around with her matching luggage.

141 INT. DEUTSCH'S OFFICE. DAY.

141

Abigail sits with Deutsch.

DEUTSCH

How would you describe the relationship overall? Did you talk on the phone a lot? Were there a lot of visits --

ABIGAIL

I would say we talked on the phone a couple of times a month at least. Sometimes more than that...I would call her, she would call me...

DEUTSCH

And what were the nature of these conversations?

ABIGAIL

Oh, family stuff, mostly. Her family, my kids...

DEUTSCH

And she would advise you about your family? That kind of thing?

ABIGAIL

Oh, I would say so, yes.

DEUTSCH

Would you have any phone records? Or --

ABIGAIL

I have all my phone bills, if that's what you mean. I didn't record the actual conversations...

DEUTSCH

No no --

ABIGAIL

(produces bills)

You'll see we talked on the phone quite frequently.

DEUTSCH

OK, that's terrific. I see you came prepared...!

ABIGAIL

Well, I wanted to bring everything.

DEUTSCH

Now when they take your deposition you're gonna say the same thing you just told me. Talk about the relationship...

ABIGAIL

Uh huh?

DEUTSCH

Kind of advice she used to give you...

ABIGAIL

OK...?

142 INT. MIDTOWN RESTAURANT. DAY.

142

Emily, Lisa and Abigail sit over their lunch. Abigail is drinking a white wine.

ABIGAIL

Now, Emily, where did you find this lawyer?

EMILY

He was recommended by a friend.

ABIGAIL

I'm asking because my husband knows a real good New York lawyer, and I'm not entirely comfortable with someone that no one has ever heard of --

EMILY

My friend's heard of him. He says he's very good.

ABIGAIL

I'm sure he does. But I have a responsibility in this situation, and I would feel a whole lot more comfortable with somebody who didn't just drop in out of the clear blue sky...

EMILY

He didn't drop in out of the clear blue sky. He was recommended by my friend. But even if we switched lawyers we'd still have to pay him. But it all comes out of the settlement, so it's really up to you.

ABIGAIL

No, if you all think he's good...

EMILY

I don't know whether he is or not. My friend thinks he is.

ABIGAIL

All right. Now Lisa, what is your involvement in all this? What's your angle?

LISA

I just wanted to... I was just there.

143 INT. EMILY'S DINING ROOM. DAY.

143

Emily comes into the dining room with a cup of coffee. Lisa is standing over the table looking at some of Monica's photos and belongings which are spread out all over the table. Emily starts putting the pictures away in their envelopes.

LISA

Oh my God, is that you?

EMILY

That's me.

LISA

And that's you and Monica obviously. Oh my God. Is that her daughter?

EMILY

Uh huh.

LISA

God...So how old was she when she died?

EMILY

Twelve.

LISA

God. I can't even imagine.

EMILY

Neither could we.

Emily sits down and starts sorting through pictures to put them in the box. Lisa sits down too. LISA
You know Monica asked about her when she was dying?

Emily looks up.

EMILY

No. I didn't.

LISA

Yeah. I think she was confused...like, I think she thought I was her daughter for a minute. And then she was asking me to call her, like to tell her what happened: You know, like she didn't remember she was dead.

EMILY

What do you mean? What did she say?

LISA

She just asked if somebody could call her daughter. But then it got confusing because I said, "Sure, what's her name?" And she said her name was Lisa. And I said, "No, that's my name." Because it took me a minute -- I didn't realize we had the same name...

Emily does not respond.

LISA (CONT'D)

But I couldn't tell if what I was saying was registering with her.

Emily does not respond.

LISA (CONT'D)

But then when I found out her daughter was dead, ever since then I keep having this really strong feeling that some way, for those last five minutes I kind of was her daughter. You know? Like maybe that's the reason I was there: Like in some weird way, this obviously amazing woman got to see her daughter again for a few minutes, right before she died.

EMILY

(very dry)

I see. And is she still inhabiting your body? Or did she go right back to the spirit world after it was over?

LISA

I didn't mean she ws literally inhabiting my body. I don't believe in all that stuff at all.

EMILY

I don't give a fuck what you believe in.

143

143 CONTINUED: (3)

LISA
Oh my God! Why are you so mad at me!?

* EMILY *

Because this is not an opera!

LISA (flushing)
What? You think I think this is an opera?

143

EMILY

Yes!

LISA

You think I'm making this into a dramatic situation because I think it's <u>dramatic</u>?!?

EMILY

I think you're very young.

LISA

What does that have to do with anything? If anything I think it means I care more than someone who's older! Because this kind of thing has never happened to me before!

EMILY

No, it means you care more <u>easily!</u> There's a big difference! Except that it's not <u>you</u> it's happening to!

LISA

Yes it is! I know I'm not the one who was run over --

EMILY

That's right, you weren't. And you're not the one who died of leukemia, and you're not the one who just died in an earthquake in -- Algeria! But you will be. Do you understand me? You will be. And it's not an opera and it's not dramatic --

LISA

I'm well aware of that!

EMIT.Y

And this first-blush phony deepness of yours is worth <u>nothing</u>.

LISA

Oh wow.

EMILY

Do you understand? It's not worth anything, because it'll be troweled over in a month or two. And then when you get older, and you don't have a big reaction every time a dog gets run over, then, then we'll find out what kind of a person you are! But this is nothing! I'm sorry, but I didn't start this conversation and I don't play these games.

(drawing herself up)

I am <u>not</u> --

EMILY

And don't look so outraged! Because I'm not saying anything very outrageous! I'm telling you to knock it off! You have every right to falsify your own life, but you have no right to falsify anyone else's. It's what makes people into Nazis! And I'm sorry, but it's a little suspicious that you're making such a fuss about this when you didn't know her, and you're having troubles with your own mother --

LISA

Oh my God!

EMILY

But this is my life we're talking about, much more than it is yours! Because it's my real friend who got killed, who I'm never going to see again, really! Whom I have known since I was nineteen years old myself. OK? And I don't want that sucked into some kind of adolescent self-dramatization!

LISA

I'm not fucking dramatizing anything!

EMILY

(not having it)

OK --

LISA

I was there, and you weren't! And if I happen to express myself a little hyperbolically, Emily, that's just the way I talk! I can't help it if my mother is an actress! Why are you being so fucking strident?

EMILY

Strident?

LISA

Yeah.

EMILY

OK. Um, you should leave.

LISA

Why? Because I called you strident?

EMILY

Yeah: Strident? You should leave. Thanks. I don't wanna be called strident and you're deliberately misunderstanding me!

LISA

No I'm not! You're insulting me enough as it is: You don't have to call me stupid too!

EMILY

Well I can't stop you doing this so I think you had better go.

LISA

OK! I will.

EMILY

NOW!

LISA

OK! Let me get my purse!

Lisa grabs her purse and coat. Emily half-walks, half-drives her toward the door.

LISA (CONT'D)

Does this mean we're dropping the whole inquiry?

EMILY

It means you're leaving. I don't know what else it means.

LISA

All I meant by saying you were strident was that you were being emphatic! I obviously misused the word!

EMILY

Look it up when you get home.

LISA

Jesus Christ. You're amazing.

EMILY

Yeah. Uh huh. I'm amazing.

LISA

(bursts into tears)
Why are you doing this...!

EMILY

Lisa, I'm not doing anything! I'm a human being! Monica was a human being! So was her daughter! And so is your mother!

(MORE)

143 CONTINUED: (7)

143

EMILY (CONT'D)

We are not supporting characters in the fascinating story of your life!

LISA

I never said or thought you were...! And I really didn't mean to call you strident! I totally misused the word! I wasn't trying to insult you, Emily, I really wasn't! I feel so bad about what happened and I'm trying so hard to do something about it! And I don't understand why if I say something wrong you can't just give me a break! I didn't mean I thought her daughter took over my body. I'm not an idiot. It was just this feeling I had because she was holding onto my hand so hard before she died, and because we had the same first name!

EMILY

OK...

LISA

But I'm not trying to dramatize anything, Emily. I really know about that trend, and I really don't think I've been doing that.

EMILY

OK. I believe you. And look up "strident."

LISA

I will.

They kiss and make up, but it's still a little ugly.

143A INT. COHEN LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

143A

Lisa, Joan and Curtis are watching Joan being interviewed on TV. We don't see the screen.

JOAN

I've been in the theater my whole life and nothing like this has ever happened to me...

INTERVIEWER ON TV(O.C.)

Now, any talk of the play becoming a film?

JOAN ON TV (O.C.)

Oh, I'm sure. But I would never get cast in that. I'm not a movie star.

INTERVIEWER ON TV (O.C.)

But you're a theater star...

JOAN ON TV (O.C.)

I don't know about that either...

INTERVIEWER ON TV (O.C.)

You are!

JOAN ON TV (O.C.)

(charmingly)

I guess...!

JOAN

Oh God.

Joan buries her face in her hands. Lisa watches scowling.

143B INT. COHEN KITCHEN. NIGHT.

143B

Joan is serving Lisa and Curtis dinner.

JOAN

Lisa? Do you think Emily would like to come see the play? I thought you could both come and them maybe we could go out afterwards.

LISA

All right. Let me ask her.

JOAN

Dig in everybody....

They start eating.

LISA

I was thinking about spending next year with Dad.

JOAN

(shocked)

Oh?

LISA

Yeah. You're all worried about my grades. They have really good public schools in Santa Monica, and if I officially lived with him, you wouldn't have to worry about my scholarship.

JOAN

Have you talked to him about this?

LISA

We've had some general discussions.

JOAN

(to Curtis)

Do you want to go too?

CURTIS

(surprised)

Me?

JOAN

Yeah. Do you want to move to LA too?

CURTIS

No.

JOAN

Well, just let me know if you do.

Why are you being like this?

JOAN

Why am I being like what?

LISA

Why are you about to start crying?

JOAN

Because it's your <u>intention</u> to make me start crying!

LISA

No it's not --

. JOAN

You want to move to LA. Move to LA.

LISA

But why can't this even be mentioned without you taking it personally? I'm just introducing a possibility!

JOAN

OH!

Joan upsets everything on the table and starts to go. She comes back and upsets more things on the table.

JOAN

Here's a possibility that you can make your own fucking dinner! Here's a possibility that you can do whatever you want to do, because I don't even care anymore, you heartless little fuckin' bitch!

LISA
Jesus Christ!
What is with you?

LISA

Fine! Keep it up! It really makes me want to stay here!

JOAN

You think you're so fucking perfect!?

She breaks something else and walks out.

LISA

No.

CURTIS

Good one.

LISA

Shut up.

144 OMIT 144

145 INT. HISTORY CLASS. DAY.

145

On the blackboard Klein finishes writing: SHOULD TEENAGERS RULE THE WORLD? YES OR NO?

KLEIN

OK. Go ahead: Kirsten. Lionel: Put your drum away.

Lionel stops drumming on his desk with his fingers.

KIRSTEN

I think that teenagers should definitely rule the world, because teenagers aren't corrupted by adult life yet, and they're idealists and they care. And I know a lot of people feel that teenagers are really naive, which they are, many of them. But they still haven't had a chance to get burned out by the disappointments and the harsh realities of learning how to play the game. So yes, I would vote yes.

KLEIN All right: Lisa?

LISA

I would tend to agree with all of that, except I do think that teenagers don't always necessarily think things through very carefully, and they don't have enough experience to know what the right thing to do is all the time. I also think they tend to adhere to ideologies really easily without having actually bothered to think them through for themselves --

LEWIS

Such as what?

LISA

Such as what? Such as, gee, I don't know: the Hitler Youth?

KLEIN

OK... Hitler Youth.

LISA

Or what about all these teenage suicide bombers? Not that I want to get into the whole Palestinian thing again, but assuming you don't think suicide bombing is a good thing, wouldn't you say that's an example of being idealistic without using your critical faculties?

(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)

And maybe running the risk of having your youthful enthusiasm be co-opted by adults for purposes of their own that you might not even ultimately agree with?

Angie's hand shoots up. So do several others.

LEWIS

OK, Angie?

ANGIE

Yeah, I don't want to get into the whole Palestinian thing again either, because I realize I'm completely outnumbered --

ANTHONY

Not unlike the Palestinians themselves.

ANGIE

That's not really funny, Anthony.

ANGIE (to LISA)
-- and I'm not even going to
comment on the fact that you
just compared a 19-year-old
Palestinian to a member of
the Hitler Youth, which I
personally find so offensive
I don't even know where to
start -- Oh, it's not because
they've been occupied and
humiliated and bombed out of
their homes for the last
fifty years?

LEWIS

Come on, guys....

ANGIE

If anyone's acting like Nazis it's the Israeli government!

KLEIN

Segal: Cut the comedy.

ANTHONY

I thought it was funny...

LISA

That's right! Because they both like to kill Jews.

KLEIN

Hey! Hey! Lisa! Hey!

LISA

Yes! That's partly why they like it! There's still a million Palestinians who don't blow up children on busses because they're so "frustrated!"

LEWIS

OK, OK! Monica?

MONICA

Well, I don't know if this is good or bad, but speaking of ideology, it's interesting that the suicide bombers -- just for example -- care enough about what they believe in to sacrifice their lives for it. Whereas --

ANGIE

Yes. Yes!

LISA

I think it's fine if you want to sacrifice your life for what you believe in. I actually think that's really noble. It's a little different when you're willing to sacrifice someone <u>else's</u> life, you know? I personally don't think that's such a big ideological achievement!

ANGIE

Um, even if there's no other way to get you out of my country?

LEWIS Raise your hands!

ANGIE

Yes they have! They're trying it right now!

LISA
They haven't tried any other ways! It's not like killing civilians is their last resort!
It's their first resort!
Because it's easy and

ANGIE (CONT'D)
Oh they <u>like</u> it? They're just bad people and they <u>like</u> it?

LISA

Yes! There <u>are</u> bad people in the world! I think they <u>liked</u> blowing up the World Trade Center! They kill their own sisters when they get <u>raped</u>! It's called <u>barbarism</u>!

MONICA

Who kills their own sisters?

LIONEL

You guys are not the only ones in this class!

LISA

they <u>like</u> it!

It's practically all people do is kill each other!
If they didn't like it they wouldn't do it! Period!

KLEIN & LEWIS

Hey!

Silence.

LEWIS

If you ladies can't make your points without yelling or interrupting each other or raising your hands, I'd say it was a pretty good argument for "No."

LISA

Why, adults don't yell and interrupt each other?

*

145

145 CONTINUED: (3)

LEWIS

<u>Lisa</u>!

LISA *
Sorry. *

LEWIS

Let's try to put this in a broader perspective. The question was not actually who's to blame in the Arab Israeli conflict

ANGIE The Israelis.

OK, you're a moron.

LEWIS

(he's had enough)

Lisa!

ANGIE

You're not even Jewish, Lisa!

LISA

I'm fuckin' half-Jewish, and who cares what I am? I'm anti-murder, not pro-Israel.

KLEIN

The next Goddamn person who opens their mouth without raising their hand is

outta this class!

LEWIS

Lisa? Lisa? You can leave! *

LISA

Fine. Thank you.

Lisa passes the blackboard, grabs some chalk and checks "NO."

LISA (CONT'D)

By the way, she just proved my point.

ANGIE

LEWIS

No I didn't.

Lisa, GO!

Lisa leaves. Lewis turns to the class.

LEWIS

Now:

An O.C. burst of APPLAUSE takes us to --

146 INT. THEATER LOBBY. NIGHT.

146

Ramon CLAPS as Joan comes out to greet him, Lisa and Emily.

RAMON

That's the best show yet! Every time it's a better performance.

JOAN

God, thank you! Hi, Emily, thanks so much for coming...

EMILY

Oh, thank you for the tickets.

Pause. Joan waits for Emily or Lisa to say something nice.

JOAN

Shall we go?

147 INT. RESTAURANT/BAR. NIGHT.

147

Joan, Lisa, Emily and Ramon are having drinks.

-- and I guess I lost my cool a little,
but I just love it when people start
comparing the Israelis to Nazis...

JOAN

But who is running these discussions...?

RAMON

Well, but Lisa, you have to remember, it's always easy for the dominant side to be content with the status quo.

JOAN

Mmm.

EMILY

How do you mean, Ramon?

RAMON

I mean the oppressor is always in favor of law and order because it's his law and his order. He uses violence to maintain his position and calls it the rule of law. But when the person underfoot uses violence to change his status he's called a criminal and a terrorist, and the violence of the State is called upon to put him down, and once again it's called the rule of law. In Colombia —

EMILY

I see. And what would you like them to do?

Pause.

RAMON

"They" meaning --

EMILY

The Jew oppressors. What would you like them to do?

Pause.

RAMON

I didn't use that expression. But since you ask -

EMILY
No, you didn't. (i.e.
"You didn't have to.")

LISA

Um, I just spent the whole day arguing about this: I didn't really mean to bring it up again.

EMILY

(turning on her)

Don't handle me.

LISA

I'm not handling you.

JOAN

(generally)

What did you think of the play?

RAMON

And I think it's ironic in the extreme that the victims of Nazis find it essential -- find it essential to use the Nazi tactics to sustain their occupation.

LISA

Don't bother, Mom.

EMILY

If the Israelis were like Nazis there wouldn't be any Arabs <u>left</u>, and I'm leaving.

LISA

(agreeing with Emily) That's what \underline{I} think!

Emily tries to unhook her purse from the back of her chair.

JOAN

That seems excessive, Emily, come on --

RAMON

That's the response. That's the Jewish response.

EMILY

It's the what?

RAMON

It's the Jewish response. You don't like what I am saying or what I do, so you --

EMILY

That's my Jewish response.

Emily throws her drink in his face and walks away.

JOAN

Oh my God...!

RAMON

It's all right...(Wiping off his face) That's all right...It's a perfect little ...encapsule...It's the Jewish response.

A horrible silence as they watch Ramon clean his shirt.

148 INT. JOAN'S ROOM. NIGHT.

148

Joan is getting ready for bed. Lisa appears in the doorway.

LISA

Sorry about all that tonight.

JOAN

Yeah. Your friend is a delight.

LISA

She's a really passionate person. She really cares about things.

JOAN

She's <u>rude</u>, Lisa. Ramon was my guest, not hers. And so was she, as a matter of fact --

LISA

So what? Why is it so important that people be polite all the time? Why is that the big priority?

JOAN
No -- I'm not ar -- I'm
not arguing about this with
you! I'm not interested in
an exchange of ideas. As it
happens Ramon said a few
things I wasn't too crazy
about either, so I guess
that's the end of that....

LISA

Oh is that supposed to be Emily's fault too?

MAOT.

I don't want to talk to you right now. Please go away.

149 INT. RAMON'S OFFICE. DAY.

149

Ramon is on the phone in his big midtown corner office.

RAMON

(on the phone)
Joan, I won't defend myself. All what I
meant was, that was the typical response
you will get from someone who will take
that position that that woman was taking.
But if you like to break up with me because
I used the wrong adjective, what I'm going
to do? I'm not going to beg you.

150 INT. COHEN KITCHEN/KARL'S HOUSE. DAY.

150

Joan enters slowly and checks the water on the stove. Lisa is eating a carrot and reading a magazine. Silence.

Well...? How's that anti-Semitic piece of shit Ramon?

JOAN

Oh God, I don't know.

The PHONE RINGS. Lisa picks up.

LISA

Hello?

KARL

(on phone) Yeah. It's Dad.

151 INT. KARL'S HOUSE. DAY.

151

WE CUT BETWEEN THEM.

LISA

Hi, Dad, how are you? I'm really looking forward to our horseback riding trip...

KARL

Yeah. That's why I'm calling. I don't think it's going to happen.

LISA

Really? What's the matter?

KARL

Nothing's the matter. Nobody seems to really want to go, and I don't really feel like spending three thousand bucks on something nobody has the slightest interest in. So I think it's obviously better for everyone if we just cancel.

LISA

I never said I didn't want to go.

KARL

Well, I can't seem to get a straight answer about what anybody wants to eat, um, Annette is giving me a hard time about her schedule, I talk to Curtis and all I get are monosyllables, so --

LISA

I think he's really looking forward to it --

KARL

Uh huh? Well, you know, that hasn't really been my impression. So, uh...I also think it would be good to shelve the idea of your coming out here next year.

(MORE)

KARL (CONT'D)

It looks like things are gonna start picking up for me in the Fall, which means I'm probably not gonna be around the house all that much, and since you and Annette detest each other, I don't, uh, I don't think that's what I want to come home to after a fourteen hour day.

LISA

We don't detest each other --

KARL

OK, well, it doesn't really strike me as something you're that serious about anyway, so what do you say we just table it for the time being?

LISA

OK.

KARL

OK. So tell Curtis, uh, that New Mexico's off...Ummm, and I will talk to you, ummm, whenever.

LISA

OK...

KARL

Yeah.

He hangs up. LISA hangs up too.

JOAN

What's wrong?

LISA

Dad's cancelling the trip.

JOAN

What? Why?

LISA

He's says nobody wants to go and he doesn't want to spend the money.

JOAN

Did you say you didn't want to go?

LISA

No, I know there was some problem with Annette about arranging for food because I don't eat dead animals, but I didn't think it was going to wreck the whole trip.

JOAN

Oh boy.

I thought you said it sounded like it was going to be a disaster. Personally I'm relieved. I'm not moving out there, either, by the way, obviously. Which is fine too.

152 INT. KARL'S HOUSE. DAY.

152

Karl sits holding the phone in a savage depression.

153 INT. MR AARON'S APARTMENT. DAY.

153

Lisa sits on a sofa. She takes a sip of coffee.

LISA

Thank you for letting me come up. I don't know who else to talk to.

She's talking to MR AARON, who looks very uncomfortable.

MR AARON

That's all right...

LISA

You've always been very sympathetic to my craziness, and I may not show it all the time, but I actually really appreciate it.

MR AARON

It's no problem, Lisa. What's been going on?

LISA

I just need to talk to somebody who doesn't completely misunderstand who I am. Or not even who I am, but what's going on inside me, or all around me. Sound confused enough? Anyway, for whatever reason, I always felt like we understood each other on some level, even though I'm like a mass of conflicting impulses and you're basically the most grown-up, rational man I know.

MR AARON

Well...I doubt that's actually <u>true</u> but thank you...

LISA

You seem pretty fuckin' rational to me. Like that seems to be your leading feature. I mean you obviously have a lot of pretty deep feelings...So when you're rational -- just to finish my thought -- it's like this really interesting way of governing yourself.

(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)

And you don't have to get all uncomfortable again: I'm not talking about what you think I'm talking about, because I know that subject is off-limits. I'm talking about your soul, I guess, and how you feel you have to keep it in check all the time by being sensible. Do you know what I'm saying at all?

MR AARON

Well...We all have feelings, Lisa. I happen to believe that who you are comes out of how you deal with those feelings. Somebody makes you mad, you don't just pick up a gun and shoot them...Or if you do, that says something about who you are, and how you've been raised...

LISA

Well, I don't want to disillusion you, but we happen to be living in a world where that is what people do. More often than not.

MR AARON

That's not true, Lisa. I think it's very sad that you see it that way. There's eight billion people alive in the world and you think they don't all want to kill someone once in a while? But they don't. Most of them. Or they see some person they -- (Pause) I think most people do try to be civilized by some standard. Even if it's a standard you and I might not agree with...

LISA

No, I get it. That's actually the most hopeful thing anybody's said to me for a long time. I don't know why I take such a dire view of things, I really don't.

She removes her jacket. She's wearing a small clingy T-shirt.

LISA (CONT'D)

Just a little hot...A little warm ...Is this all right?

MR AARON

Sure.

LISA

Do you allow smoking in your apartment?

MR AARON

You can smoke.

She gets her cigarettes out and lights one. He gets up and brings her an ashtray. They meet at the sofa and sit.

I like your apartment.

MR AARON

Thank you.

She blows some smoke out and waves it away.

LISA

Sorry.

MR AARON

That's all right.

LISA

This is terrible.

MR AARON

What is? What's terrible?

LISA

I just like you so much...(Smooths her ash on the ashtray.) Sorry. What a moron.

MR AARON

(taking her hand)

Hey. Lisa. I'm your friend. And that's not gonna change. That's not gonna change.

LISA

Thanks. Thank you.

She kisses his hand a couple of times.

MR AARON

Lisa...

LISA

Please just let me for a second. I like you so much. I like you so, so much.

She kisses his hand more elaborately. He lets this go on. She lifts her head up and they kiss for real. After a moment she slides her hand onto his leg.

MR AARON

OK, look...

LISA

Don't stop me yet, OK?

They kiss some more. She bends down to unzip his fly.

MR AARON

Please don't do that.

Just let me for one second...

She bends her head over his lap. He lets her.

154 INT. MR AARON'S APARTMENT. LATER.

154

CLOSE on their faces as they are have having sex on the sofa. She freezes up and starts freaking out.

MR AARON

Are you all right?

LISA

Nothing. It's OK.

MR AARON

. Maybe we should stop.

LISA

Don't stop. It's OK.

MR AARON

Are you all right?

LISA

Yes, yes, you don't have to keep asking me that.

MR AARON

I think we should stop.

LISA

No, keep going ...!

She keeps pushing against him.

155 INT. MR AARON'S APARTMENT. LATER.

155

AT THE DOOR. She is leaving. He is burning with guilt and shame. Silence. Then:

LISA

All I can say is I better get a pretty fuckin' good grade in geometry this year. (Pause) Lighten up! I'm kidding.

MR AARON

Sorry. I really didn't expect anything like this to happen. I'm really not sure how to react.

LISA

Don't worry. I'm not gonna <u>tell</u> anybody if that's what you're worried about. I totally initiated the whole thing.

(MORE)

155

LISA (CONT'D)

Anyway, it's just sex. You're acting like a little kid. I'll see you in school.

She walks out. He is very flummoxed.

155A INSERT: A NEW YORK TIMES METRO SECTION ARTICLE:

155A

DRIVER IN BUS CRASH HAD RECORD OF PREVIOUS ACCIDENTS. The driver of a city bus which killed an Upper West Side woman last month had two previous driving violations on his record, according to --

156 INT. DEUTSCH'S OFFICE. DAY.

156

Lisa and Emily sit in the office with Deutsch.

. DEUTSCH

Well, they want to settle.

LISA & EMILY

They do...?

DEUTSCH

I have a meeting with their lawyer this afternoon, and they want to discuss a settlement. So we should get Abigail on the phone and talk about what we're gonna do.

EMILY

Fantastic.

Lisa gets tears in her eyes and smiles, embarrassed.

LISA

Sorry.

EMILY

That's OK.

157 INT. DEUTSCH'S OFFICE/INT. ABIGAIL'S HOUSE. LATER.

157

They sit around the SPEAKER PHONE. Abigail's husband, ROB BERWITZ, is also on the other end.

ABIGAIL

Mr Deutsch? Mr --

DEUTSCH

ROB

I just had the thought --

I'm right here.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Mr Deutsch -- I'm just gonna give my husband the floor because he had a few questions --

ROB

Mr Deutsch, I had the thought, if they're willing to settle so quickly, maybe we're better off waiting a little bit, maybe rattling the sabre a little bit more...

ABIGAIL

Yes, if they're so quick to agree to a settlement on this basis --

DEUTSCH

What you gotta realize -- What you gotta really --

EMILY

Abigail, Russel doesn't think -- Sorry, go ahead.

DEUTSCH

No, no...

EMILY

My friend had a lot of trouble getting the one story placed in the paper as it is --

DEUTSCH

Could I interject?

ABIGAIL

But if they responded so strongly based on one story....

ROB

Maybe we're cuttin' our own throats here.

DEUTSCH

They <u>are</u> responding to the story in the paper...

ABIGAIL

... That's just common sense.

DEUTSCH

But what you gotta understand is they're offering to settle now because they want to get the story out of the paper.

EMILY

That's why Russel thinks --

LISA

Besides, the main point is not to jack up the price.

ABIGAIL

I'm sorry --

ROB

-- We didn't hear that last.

157

DEUTSCH (to EMILY and LISA) Ladies, let me just -- Abigail. Rob. (MORE)

*

157

157 CONTINUED: (3)

DEUTSCH (CONT'D)

If I could finish my thought -- They're jumpin' at the bait right now, but if another six months goes by we run a serious risk of losing our momentum. You see what I mean? Now I'm gonna hit 'em very very hard, I guarantee you. That's why I wanted all of us together on the phone, so we could talk about your other terms, besides the damages. I promise you, we'ere gonna be very very aggressive --

ABIGAIL

What other terms would there be?

ROB

What do you mean, like some kind of a fund?

DEUTSCH

A what?

ROB

Some kind of fund? For the kids?

DEUTSCH

I don't understand what you mean by a fund...

ROB

(to ABIGAIL)
What does he mean, "besides the damages?"

EMILY

What fuckin' fund?

ABIGAIL

Mr. Deutsch? Do you mean some kind of trust fund, a fund that would be set up by the bus company for our kids? For tax purposes?

LISA

These people are retarded.

ABIGAIL

Because I have to tell you we have just lived through that nightmare with Monica and our children, and it was not a pleasant experience. We just want a clean, straight — damages is fine. A regular payment. We'll pay the taxes on it. At least we'll have something in our hand...

DEUSTCH

I don't really know what kind of fund you're talking about...

LISA

We're not talking about --Hi, this is Lisa? We're talking -- We're talking about -- Hello?

ABIGAIL Hello, Lisa. Pause.

ABIGAIL

We're still here.

LISA

We're talking about the driver, getting the driver fired --

ABIGAIL

Oh, yes --

LISA

-- as part of the conditions.

EMILY

Yes, Abigail, it's very important to us that the company know that's an absolute pre-condition to making any kind of settlement whatsoever.

ABIGAIL

Oh yes. Absolutely. If you think he's at fault --

ROB

Just as long as they don't think they can buy us off just by gettin' rid of this guy. You see what I mean?

DEUTSCH

Absolutely.

ROB

What we're most concerned about here is the amount.

EMILY

Yes, we're getting that, Rob.

ROB

But you see what I mean?

DEUTSCH

Yes -- Rob? Yes I do.

ROB

I just want to go on record as saying I think this whole meeting is premature.

ABIGAIL

Absolutely. We're not lawyers --

DEUTSCH

Abigail? Rob? I just wanna make something clear. One conversation does not commit you to anything.

(MORE)

157 CONTINUED: (5)

DEUTSCH (CONT'D)
And I'm not gonna agree to anything without consulting you. But I'm working for you.

(MORE)

157 CONTINUED: (6)

157

DEUTSCH (CONT'D)

So if you're telling me not to take the meeting I'm not gonna take the meeting.

ABIGAIL

We're not saying that. No no no -- Go for it.

INT. COHEN APARTMENT. DAY. 158

158

Lisa has just told Joan the news. Joan is on the sofa.

JOAN

Lisa, I'm really proud of you!

LISA

Thank you.

JOAN

Really, really proud...!

LISA

Thank you.

Pause. Joan gets to her feet and starts tidying up.

LISA (CONT'D)

Are you upset about something...?

JOAN

No. This house is really beginning to get to me. And I'm a little confused what to do about Ramon. I mean, you were there: What do you think?

LISA

Uh, gee, Mom maybe you should really think about it some more. Because it would probably hurt Ramon's feelings if you broke up with him and I think you better think about it before you do something like that to him.

JOAN

I know I'm supposed to understand what you're doing right now, but if there's some kind of hidden message here I'm not getting it.

LISA

No shit. You're on your own, Mom.

JOAN

Thanks a lot.

LISA

You're welcome.

The PHONE RINGS. Joan picks it up.

JOAN

(into phone)

Hello? ... Yes ... WHAT DO YOU MEAN??

LISA

What's the matter?

JOAN

(listening)

Yes? ... Yes? (To LISA) Ramon had a heart attack.

LISA

What? Is he gonna be --

JOAN

Ouiet!

CURTIS appears. They both watch Joan at the phone. Instead of dissolving, Joan listens, straightens up and calms down as the person on the phone talks.

159 EXT. RIVERSIDE CHAPEL. DAY.

159

Mourners are going inside the funeral parlor.

160 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR. DAY.

160

Joan and Lisa look around the room.

LISA

OK, I'm really not trying to be funny, but isn't this a Jewish funeral home?

JOAN

I guess they do both.

They notice a few too many good-looking women crying a little too hard. Lisa and Joan look at each other.

RODRIGO, a handsome slender kid of 20, comes up to Joan. His accent is British, with a slight Colombian cadence.

RODRIGO

Excuse me. Joan?

JOAN

Yes. You must be Rodrigo. Oh my God, oh I'm so sorry.

She impulsively embraces him.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Rodrigo, this is my --

RODRIGO

I want to tell you, Joan, my Dad talked about you all the time.

JOAN

He did?

RODRIGO

Yes. The night he met you, he called me in England and woke me to tell me about it, he was so excited. I never heard him talk about anyone like that since my mother died.

JOAN

Really?

RODRIGO

I don't know if this is appropriate...

JOAN

No it's OK...!

RODRIGO

...but he went out a lot. Do you know the last time I spoke to him he told me from the moment he met you he knew he wanted to marry you, because for the first time since he lost my mother, he finally met a woman he could really connect with.

JOAN

(at a total loss)

Well -- he was a very sweet man. And I know he loved you and your brother very much.

RODRIGO

(getting tearful)

Yeah, I know he did. Thank you.

161 INT. LISA'S ROOM. DAY.

161

Lisa is at her computer. Joan is by the doorway.

JOAN

Thanks for coming with me today. I really appreciate it.

TITSA

Oh, you're welcome.

JOAN

I don't want to be macabre, but Ramon and I were supposed to go to hear The Tales of Hoffman the week after next and I still have the tickets. Would you be interested in going? Or should I give them away?

Um, I'll go.

JOAN

OK. It's Monday night. We can dress up.

LISA

OK.

JOAN

What did you make of that?

LISA

(still typing)

People don't relate to each other, Mom. They're totally disconnected. And if they have any time for each other at all, it's either like a biological imperative or like some weird cultural anomaly. That's what I make of it.

JOAN

Well...I think it's pretty unfortunate that you think that. Because I feel like you and I used to relate to each other really well.

LISA

I'm not trying to hurt your feelings. It's just a general observation.

JOAN

OK...Hey, could I get a hug?

LISA

Sure.

Lisa rises and hugs Joan. It's not a good hug.

JOAN

I just feel totally at sea.

They break apart.

162 INT. DINER. DAY.

162

Mr Aaron and Lisa sit in a booth. Mr Aaron looks grim.

MR AARON

I've thought about this a great deal, and I'm going to come forward.

LISA

Oh brother.

MR AARON

What does that mean?

LISA
"You're gonna come forward." And do what?
You didn't kill anybody.

(MORE)

162 CONTINUED: (2)

LISA (CONT'D)

You just had sex with me after I practically <u>begged</u> you to. You're a <u>guy</u>. "I'm gonna come forward."

MR AARON

Well, that's what I'm comfortable doing.

LISA

Suit yourself. I'll deny everything and you're gonna look like a total psycho. And then my Mom'll have you arrested, and then spend the rest of her life feeling bad about it. So why don't we just skip the whole thing and forget about it?

MR AARON

I'm not sure I know how to do that.

LÍSA

You'll learn.

163 INT. LISA'S BATHROOM. NIGHT.

163

Lisa looks at a pregnancy test stick. Both lines are red.

164 INT. JOAN'S ROOM. NIGHT.

164

Joan looks up as Lisa comes in.

LISA

Good news!

165 INT. LISA'S BATHROOM. NIGHT.

165

Joan and Lisa are looking at the little stick.

JOAN

OK. What do you want to do?

LISA

What do you mean? Aren't you going to <u>tell</u> me what to do? (half-laughing) <u>Baby...</u>?

JOAN

It's your body. It's your baby. What do you want to do?

JOAN

Yes! Now who is the father?

LISA

It could be a lot of people.

Joan looks at her. Lisa haltingly holds her ground. Joan takes a sympathetic step toward her. Lisa shrinks back. Joan stops. Her expression hardens.

JOAN

Who.

I'm never gonna tell you, Mom! It's against my principles! Such as they are.

JOAN

(on "Such")

No, but you want to send that bus driver to jail for running a red light! And you won't tell me about these boys?

166 INT. GYNECOLOGIST WAITING ROOM/HALL/RECOVERY ROOM.

166

Joan waits. She looks around the small room. There are two couples and two lone women. A NURSE appears.

NURSE

Mrs. Cohen?

TRACKING Joan as she gets up and follows the Nurse down a hall...

NURSE (CONT'D)

...she's still a little woozy from the anaesthetic...

Joan goes into the recovery room. Lisa is on the table in a crumpled paper robe, looking like a small crumpled piece of paper herself. Joan sits down.

LISA

Hi.

JOAN

Hi honey.

LISA

I'm sorry, Mom.

JOAN

Let's talk about it later.

167 INT. DEUTSCH'S OFFICE. DAY.

167

Deutsch sits with Emily and Lisa. The Berwitzes are on the speaker phone.

DEUTSCH

I'm very pleased to be able to inform you all that I had a long meeting with the lawyer for the bus company, and they've agreed to settle out of court for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

ABIGAIL & ROB What! Fantastic! That's wonderful!

DEUTSCH

I'm assuming this is agreeable to everybody --

ABIGAIL

ROB

Yes, fantastic

That is fantastic!

DEUTSCH (CONT'D)

But I gotta -- obviously I gotta bring the offer to you, get your approval --

ROB

Mr Deutsch...?

DEUTSCH

Now, I know there was a concern after our last call that we were jumping the gun a little bit --

ROB

That's OK --

ABIGAIL

We're only --

EMILY

Abigail? Rob? If we could just listen to what Russel has to say, and then talk about it once he's told us the whole story and given us his recommendation...

ROB

Yes. Sorry. Fire away.

DEUTSCH

I was gonna say I know there was a concern after our last call that we were jumping the gun a little bit --

ROB

That's OK --

ABIGAIL

We were just --

EMILY

Would you let him talk please?!

DEUTSCH

It's OK.

ABIGAIL

We're sorry.

DEUTSCH

I want to tell you I think it's a very good offer.

(MORE)

DEUTSCH (CONT'D)

I think they're very anxious to settle, but I also do think that at this moment they're under the maximum amount of pressure we can really bring to bear, and I don't believe they're gonna come up any higher --

ABIGAIL

Hey. Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars...

OK, now let me just --

ABIGAIL

...that's nothin' to sneeze at.

ROB

I just want to introduce the thought --

ABIGAIL Now, I think -- Can you all hear me?

DEUTSCH, EMILY, LISA

Yes!

ABIGAIL

Yeow! Was that everybody? OK:

LISA

What about --

ABIGAIL

-- Emily? What do you think?

EMILY

I think it sounds like we should do it. But I'd like to discuss some of the --

ABIGAIL

(On "But")
Hey, if that's the vote...

ROB

Unless you think there's something to be gained from holding out for more.

DEUTSCH

I think it would be a big mistake.

ABIGAIL

Robbie, what do you think?

ROB

Sold!

ABIGAIL

Sold!

DEUTSCH

OK. Now the only down side to this as it stands -- and the reason I asked Emily and Lisa to be here is because I know this may be a serious wrinkle for you all -- is that the bus company will absolutely not discuss the removal of the driver.

LISA & EMILY

What?

LISA

What do you mean?

ROB

The driver?

LISA

Then <u>forget</u> it. Tell them to <u>forget</u> it.

DEUTSCH

Please. Ladies. Let me finish what I'm saying.

EMILY

What do you mean they won't discuss the removal of the driver?

ROB

Whoa -- hello!

ABIGAIL

It's just a blast in our ears.

EMILY

(to LISA)

Let him finish.

LISA

Finish what? Forget it!

DEUTSCH

(to EMILY)

Thank you. I want you to understand, Lisa, I pressed them very very hard on this, but they will not discuss disciplining of a company employee as part of the settlement because it could be seen as an admission of quilt on the part of the MTA --

LISA

What does giving us three hundred thousand dollars mean?

DEUTSCH

Settling out of court does not imply an admission of guilt. It simply does not carry the same stigma. On top of that you may not know, Lisa, they're involved in a very tricky labor dispute at the MTA right now:

Yeah, we know all about that! Just tell them to forget it.

DEUTSCH

I know that's your reaction...

LISA

It's the only reason we're here.

ROB

Can I jump in here? Russel?

DEUTSCH

(to LISA)

...but it's really not your decision.

ABIGAIL ROB Please!

Hello? Are you still with us?

LISA

It's Emily's decision.

EMILY

No.

DEUTSCH

No.

ROB

Hello?

LISA

It's not?

ABIGAIL

They're not listening, Robbie.

DEUTSCH

It's Abigail's decision because she's the next of kin.

But she didn't even know about it!

EMILY

That doesn't matter.

ABIGAIL

Could we get back in this conversation please?

DEUTSCH

Yes. I'm sorry. Obviously there's some very strong emotions going either way on this --

ABIGAIL

Listen, Emily? I don't know what you're thinking, but Rob and I are thinking we should take Russel's recommendation while we can. Because if they won't fire the guy, they're not gonna fire him. And six months or a year from now we're gonna --

ROB

Exactly.

ABIGAIL

-- we're gonna be in a situation where we're beggin' them for half this much, which is gonna hurt 'em half as much as now, and they're still not gonna fire this guy! Or maybe he'll have already quit and the whole thing will be moot by then. Do you see what I mean?

LISA

The entire point of the lawsuit was to get the guy fired so he doesn't kill somebody else --!

DEUTSCH

Lemme just clarify --

LISA

-- it was not to get you three hundred and fifty thousand dollars you didn't know you were entitled to, for somebody you didn't even like...!

ABIGAIL

This is a distortion --

LISA

And the only reason you're getting the money at all is because I started this whole fucking thing in motion! I'm sorry for swearing, but you should be willing to trade in <u>all</u> the money for getting this guy off the street --

EMILY

For getting him, Abigail!

ABIGAIL

Well I'm sorry, but I have a responsibility to Monica and I take that responsibility very seriously. You are talking about an offer that is gonna be withdrawn if we don't do something about it right now.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

And rather than being abused over the telephone and cursed at for having the courtesy to involve you in these discussions, Lisa, I would hope you would be guided by our judgement. Unless I'm wrong about that.

LISA

None of that matters --

ABIGAIL

Unless I'm wrong about that. Just what is your <u>interest</u> in this?

LISA

Because I'm the one who killed her! I'm the one who killed her! But at least I know I did it, and that guy has no idea! And he's wandering around blaming everybody else and all I want is for somebody to let him know that what he did was wrong! And if they don't fire him and all you want is the money and the police won't do anything, how is he gonna know he's wrong? You can't take the deal, Abigail! It wasn't so you could get any money, it was because we wanted to get him fired! It doesn't matter about the money! You wouldn't have gotten it before!

ABIGAIL

Well it may not matter to <u>you</u>, but where I come from three hundred and fifty thousand dollars is an awful lot of money, and to my mind is a positive result of all this tragedy and not just negative. Not just getting someone fired for one mistake, no matter how bad it was --

LISA

Oh SHOVE IT UP YOUR ASS!

She knocks the speaker phone off the desk and runs to the door in floods of tears.

DEUTSCH & EMILY

Lisa!

LISA

You sleazy fucking lawyer! And you're a moralistic cunt!

She runs out.

168 EXT. STREET. DAY.

168

TRACKING in front of Lisa as she walk-runs down the busy street. A city bus appears behind her and goes by. She cranes to see the driver. It's not her guy. She keeps going.

169 EXT. SCHOOL. DAY.

169

Lisa stands against a car, smoking, as the kids flow out of the building. Mr Aaron comes out, talking with BONNIE, the gymnastics teacher. They walk away from the school together. Lisa catches up with them.

BONNIE

Hey, Lisa. What's up?

LISA

Hey, did you guys know I had an abortion last week?

Pause.

MR AARON

No. I didn't know that.

LISA

Yeah, it cost four hundred dollars.

BONNIE

Um, should I...

MR AARON

No, no, don't go anywhere.

LISA

Yeah, don't go anywhere.

Bonnie doesn't know what to make of this. Mr Aaron looks steadily at Lisa.

MR AARON

Do you want to tell us about it?

LISA

Yeah. I do.

MR AARON

OK. Go ahead.

LISA

Well...

She doesn't speak. Pause.

BONNIE

Do your parents know about this, Lisa?

Yes.

BONNIE

Have you told the father, honey?

LISA

No...There's a couple of people it could be.

MR AARON

I think you better tell them. Whoever they are.

LISA

No...No...Never mind...I'm sure he's sorry anyway, whichever one he is.

MR AARON

I don't see what difference that makes, if he's sorry. And I think whoever it is should know about this.

LISA

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have brought this up. Please don't tell anyone.

BONNIE

We're not gonna tell anyone. But you're gonna have to tell whoever it could be --

LISA

(On "have to")

That's OK. I gotta go. Thanks for listening. It's -- It doesn't matter about the father, because the whole thing was my fault. I'm sorry...!

She shakes her head and runs away.

BONNIE

What was that ...?

170 INT. COHEN APARTMENT. DAY.

170

Lisa comes in. Curtis is doing his homework at the table.

CURTIS

Mom's looking for you.

LISA

What for?

CURTIS

She thinks you're going out with her tonight.

Where are we going?

CURTIS

I don't know.

Lisa heads for her room. Joan appears, half-dressed.

JOAN

Lisa? Honey? Did you forget we're going to the opera?

LISA

Yes.

JOAN

I didn't remind you because I didn't want to nag you.

LISA

It's OK.

171 EXT. BROADWAY -- NEAR LINCOLN CENTER. DUSK.

171

Lisa starts to cross the street against the light. Joan takes her arm.

JOAN

Don't get run over.

A cab rattles by. Lisa looks down the street. A BUS is approaching.

LISA

Wait. I want to see if that's him.

JOAN

What.

They wait. The bus gets closer, heading straight toward them and stops at the bus stop. Lisa grabs her mother's arm.

LISA

It is him. Mom, that's the one...

Joan and Lisa look at him. He's staring out ahead of him as people board the bus. He SEES Lisa and Joan but can't see their faces and doesn't recognize Lisa: He just sees two dolled-up women under the street light. He smiles dazzling at them and drives past with a short wave.

Joan looks at Lisa. She looks like she's about to throw up.

JOAN

Come on. We're gonna miss the curtain.

172 EXT. METROPOLITAN OPERA -- OUTDOOR TERRACE. NIGHT.

172

Lisa is out on the terrace smoking a cigarette, looking out over Lincoln Center. Joan comes out and stands next to her, but Lisa won't look at her or interact.

JOAN

Well, so far it's not the greatest opera I ever heard.

LISA

What do you mean? It's OK.

The end-of-intermission chimes sound. People start going in. Joan turns and goes in too. Lisa keeps smoking.

172A INT. METROPOLITAN OPERA - GRAND STAIRCASE. NIGHT

172A

Lisa comes down the stairs and goes into --

173 INT. METROPOLITAN OPERA -- ORCHESTRA. NIGHT.

173

Lisa hurries down the long aisle. The LIGHTS DIM. The audience applauds the entering conductor. She picks her way past the other patrons in the row, whispering "Excuse me" and takes her seat just as the MUSIC STARTS. Joan looks at her. Lisa stares straight ahead.

The curtain rises. On stage, the two women start singing the barcarole "Belle Nuit." It's very beautiful.

Joan looks next to her at Lisa. Lisa is trying not to cry, but tears are dripping slowly down her face. She sniffs and wipes them away, but they keep coming.

Joan looks at her again, but Lisa still won't look at her. Joan takes Lisa's hand and Lisa breaks down completely, clutching Joan's hand back, squeezing it hard. Joan starts crying too out of sympathy.

As the duet goes on they sit side by side holding hands, Lisa crying and holding on and wiping her eyes with her free hand and Joan crying too, but not as hard, grateful finally that the spell has been broken.

The duet ends and we CUT TO BLACK.

THE END