

"ONE NIGHT"

12/23/77

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BY

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EXTERIOR - BOOKSTORE-

The front of the store is glass and line by line the fluorescent lights wink out. Finally the only light left is a floor lamp at the cash register, where a beautiful, blond-haired girl--CAROL MARKOWITZ--sits counting the money. A man and an older woman coming walking up to the front door.

MAN

Well, I guess that's everything. Don't forget to lock up.

CAROL

(Not looking up) I won't.

OLDER WOMAN

Goodnight Carol, see you Monday.

CAROL

'Night Essie, see ya.

MAN

And don't forget to give the deposit box a shake after you take the key out, make sure it's locked.

CAROL

I won't. 'Night Howard, see you Monday.

MAN

I feel like I forgot something.

CAROL

Just forget it Howard, if you really did forget something you know you won't remember until you get home, that's how you work, so why worry about it now.

MAN

Goodnight Carol. (Essie and Howard leave).

Carol finishes counting the money, puts the bills in an envelope, then drops the envelope into a deposit bag and locks it. She sets the bag on the counter, puts on her coat and walks back into the bookstore glancing at the racks of books.

CAROL

What shall I read this week, hmmm. (She stops) D. H. Lawrence, hmmm. "THE FOX" was good, let's try "LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER".

She puts the book into her coat pocket and goes back up the front of the store. There is a tapping on the front window and Carol goes to unlock the door and let in-- STEVE--her boyfriend, who is tall, dark, handsome. *He Kisses her*

STEVE

What did you steal tonight lightfingers?

(2)

CAROL
"LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER" by D. H. Lawrence.

STEVE
Sounds like porn, is it dirty?

CAROL
I don't know, I haven't read it. I doubt it though.
Where are we going?

STEVE
Why don't we just spend the night in the back seat
of my car, then you can write a book called "CAROL
MARKOWITZ' LOVER".

CAROL
(She gives him a long look) Probably end up a short
story.

She takes the deposit bag and turns out the light next to
the cash register and they leave.

STEVE
Why do you have to make jokes like that, I don't
think they're funny. And you're always doing it.

CAROL
Sorry.

CUT TO:

EXTERIOR - STEVE'S CAR-
They walk out to the car and get in. Steve starts
the car, then reaches over, grabs Carol and kisses
her. The kiss becomes protracted and Carol pulls
away and takes a breath. Steve grabs her again
and they kiss, then he begins feeling her breasts.

CAROL
Jesus Steve, I'm tired and hungry and I don't feel
like playing games in the car here. Do you think
we could just go and get something to eat?

STEVE
Aren't we grouchy.

CAROL
I'm not even slightly grouchy, I just don't feel
like making love in the front seat of your car now.

STEVE
Fine, we'll get in the back.

CAROL
Can we please just go eat, I'm hungry.

STEVE
(Pissed) Fine.

INTERIOR - RESTAURANT-

It is an ill-lit, fairly nice joint and Carol and Steve sit at a table with their food in front of them. Carol is ravenous.

STEVE

So this dipshit has already tried on six of the most expensive leather coats in the store, tells me not to put any of them away, then starts trying on shirts. After about eight shirts and five pairs of pants, he chooses the things he likes best and tells me he thinks he'll be in tomorrow to buy them. I say, do you want to put the stuff on lay-away. No, he says, that's OK and leaves. That fucker won't ever be back, probably just had a few hours to kill...son of a bitch! I'll tell you, some people are such assholes. ...Have you heard anything I've said?

CAROL

Sure, I heard every word of it. Guy tried on six coats, eight shirts, five pairs of pants and didn't buy anything, so? what's the punchline?

STEVE

There isn't a punchline.

CAROL

Oh, OK.

STEVE

Aren't you even slightly interested about my day?

CAROL

Umm, about your sales encounters? No.

STEVE

Why not?

CAROL

Quite frankly I don't give a damn about my own job, why should I be interested in yours? If either of us did something interesting, that would be different, but we both have cruddy sales jobs.

STEVE

I don't think my job is cruddy. I like it.

CAROL

Fine. What else happened today?

STEVE

You don't care.

CAROL

No, I do. What happened?

STEVE

I can't stand when you screw with me like that. You just told you didn't care, now you say you do and you expect me to believe it?

CAROL

I don't expect you to believe anything, but don't call me the grouchy one. You're just projecting your bad^{day} onto me.

STEVE

You're right, I did have a pretty lousey day.

CAROL

All right, see? So what happened?

STEVE

Well, this one motherfucker comes in with a Master-charge which doesn't even look good. So I call in on it and...

Carol goes back to eating, apparently not listening to a thing. They finish their meal, the dishes are cleared and they both drink coffee (she smokes, he doesn't).

STEVE

What's wrong?

CAROL

What do you mean?

STEVE

You've hardly said anything throughout the whole meal. Something bugging you?

CAROL

I don't know. No, nothing's bugging me.

STEVE

OK, but cheer up. It's Saturday night, we'll have a good time, don't be depressed. What would you like to do?

CAROL

What's there to do?

STEVE

Well...we could go to a bar, we could go dancing... umm, we could go to a movie. What would you like, I'm game for anything?

CAROL

First of all, I'd like to go home and change. Then I guess we could check the paper and see if there is something good playing.

STEVE

You look great to me, why do you have to go home and change?

CAROL

Because I have to change, do we have to always go through this?

STEVE

No, fine. I'll take you home.

CAROL

Fine.

STEVE

Let's cheer up a little though, OK?

CAROL

Will you stop it, I'm as happy as I'm going to get.

STEVE

Fine, fine. Terrific.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - CAROL'S HOUSE-

It's a nice, suburban job decorated in suburban colonial. Carol and Steve enter. They walk into the kitchen and Carol goes to a small bulliten board above the phone to check the messages; "Beth called", "Dad and I went out to dinner, empty the dishwasher".

CAROL

(Shaking her head) Empty the dishwasher, Jesus!

STEVE

You go up and change, I'll empty it.

CAROL

You don't know where anything goes.

STEVE

I'll fake it, go change.

CAROL

Thanks.

She goes up into her room which is decorated in a mixture of pre-adolescent baby-doll and mid-twenties aware intellectual (consisting of: stuffed dolls here and there, a poster of David Bowie from the cover of "HEROES", a poster of Bertrand Russell, Mickey Mouse bed sheets and crammed to overflowing booksleves). Carol removes her slacks and blouse and throws them on the chair, puts on a bathrobe, places David Bowie's record "ALLADIN SANE" on the stereo and turns it on, then goes into the bathroom.

STEVE

(Sreaming) Where do the coffee cups go?

CAROL

Just leave them out, I'll take care of it when I come down.

Carol goes into the bathroom and shuts the door. The shower goes on.

CUT TO:

Steve is unloading the dishwasher. Most of the dishes are all over the kitchen counter. Most of the cupboards and drawers are open and he holds the top to a pyrex dish in his hand and looks baffled. Finally, he sets on the counter with the rest of the dishes. He kicks the dishwasher shut and wanders about the kitchen. He glances up at the sound of the running shower, glances down, grins and walks upstairs.

STEVE

She can never resist when she gets out of the shower.

He takes off his shirt, shoes and socks and sits down on the bed. The record ends and goes back on again. The shower goes off, the bathroom door opens and Carol comes walking into her room in her robe and her hair wrapped in a towel.

CUT TO:

A car pulls up in front of the house and stops. Carol's best friend--BETH--gets out, goes to the front door and rings the bell.

CUT TO:

The door to Carol's room. A muffled groan can be heard from within.

STEVE

Oh shit! That bitch, she always does this to us!

The door opens and Carol comes out in her bathrobe, re-wrapping the towel around her head. She goes down and opens the door. Beth enters.

BETH

Steve here?

CAROL

You saw his car didn't you?

BETH

Uh-oh, I've got a feeling I interrupted something. I'll go watch TV.

CAROL

That's OK, the end was in sight anyway.

Steve appears at the top of the steps straightening his hair with his hand. He has obviously just heard this last comment.

STEVE

Hello Beth.

BETH

Hi Steve, how's it going?

STEVE

Just fine, Beth. Wonderful.

CAROL

Well, I think I'll go get dressed. You two just have a nice talk until I'm ready.

Carol goes up as Steve comes down and they exchange a somewhat tense look. Steve and Beth go into the family room and sit down. Beth switches on the TV and lights a cigarette.

BETH

What's new?

STEVE

Not much.

BETH

You and Carol going out?

STEVE

We were thinking about it. What about you?

BETH

Oh, I'll just waste another Saturday night watching the tube and sitting around.

STEVE

You lead a real fast-paced life.

BETH

Don't we all.

STEVE

Why do you always come over right after Carol gets home from work? Especially on weekends?

BETH

I like Carol, she's my friend. I like seeing her, and I think she likes seeing me too.

STEVE

Well I don't mind telling you that you have absolutely lousey timing.

BETH

I'm sure you don't mind telling me.

STEVE

Jesus!

BETH
What do you want from my life, Steve?

STEVE
Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

BETH
Fine, then get off my back. I've been friends with Carol a lot longer than you, and just because she's having a fling with you doesn't mean that her's and my relationship has to end.

STEVE
What have you got against me?

BETH
Well, aren't we imploring this evening. And why, all of a sudden, are so interested in what I think of you?

STEVE
Just curious. We've never really gotten along, even though we're both best friends with the same person so I'd think we'd have something in common, but it seems not. I'm just curious to know why you don't like me?

BETH
In all candor and honesty Steven, I think you're an idiot. I don't mean it colloquially, I mean it mentally--I don't think you've ever had an original thought and I really don't think you're capable of it. I also think that you're handsome, but I think that you think you're handsome and that bugs me too. What else would you like to know.?

STEVE
(Somewhat aghast) You really think I'm an idiot?

BETH
Not a blithering idiot, I just don't think that you're capable of intellectual thought, that's all.

STEVE
And you are?

BETH
Occasionally.

STEVE
Well...I think you're over-estimating yourself.

BETH
And under-estimating you?

STEVE
And you think Carol is capable of "intellectual thought?"

BETH
Most assuredly, don't you?

STEVE
Well yes, of course, but then, why does she get along with me if I'm such an idiot?

BETH
(She looks him up and down) You got me.

They sit in silence, the TV yaking in the background. Beth watches the tube intently, Steve looks all around, shaking his head now and then. Carol enters dressed beautifully and looking great.

CAROL
Hello, hello, hello, I'm ready to go. (Nobody moves) Did you two have a nice talk?

BETH
(In good spirits) Very illuminating.

STEVE
Terrific.

CAROL
That's nice, you two should talk more often.

STEVE
That's all right. You ready to go?

CAROL
Most certainly, but where are we going?

STEVE
Dancing. I feel like working off some aggression.

CAROL
(Looking from Steve to Beth) Really. Um, Beth would care to join us?

BETH
(Looking up at Steve who is scowling) No, no thanks. "IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD" is on tonight and I don't want to miss it. (She stands and flicks off the TV).

STEVE
Shall we go? (They leave).

CUT TO:

10

INTERIOR - BEDROOM-

This is the bedroom of--ALEX LEVIN--who sits at his desk typing. On the wall to his right is a poster of David Bowie in a suit with his orange hair and a saxophone under his arm (from the album "PIN-UPS"). ALEX is listening to Bowie's album "DIAMOND DOGS". Clouds of smoke linger all around him and a cigarette burns in the ashtray. ALEX's mother--MOM--quietly opens the bedroom door.

MOM

Alex.

ALEX

(He gasps, snapping his head around and grabbing his heart) Don't do that! (He catches his breath) What do you want, or was that intentional?

MOM

(A bit embarrassed) Well, nothing really. Your father and I will be going out in a minute, I just wondered what you had planned for tonight, it being Saturday?

ALEX

Do you mean, before or after Liza Minelli comes over and we burn up the town? ...I'm going to be doing exactly the same thing I did last Saturday and the Saturday before that and as far back as I can recall.

MOM

Nothing.

ALEX

Well, I wouldn't exactly call what I do nothing. Borderline-nothing, perhaps, but you are right, I'll just be staying here with my cigarettes and typewriter.

MOM

Don't you think you ought to go out a little and socialize? You can't sit around your whole life.

ALEX

Why not? It's a helluva lot easier than putting on nice clothes, spending a lot of money on food and drinks and having to make idiotic small talk. Besides, I'm good at sitting around, I've mastered the art-form.

MOM

Then sit around, see if I care. (She stands and leaves) Get callouses on your ass.

ALEX

What is she talking about, callouses. My butt's too flabby for that. My fingertips, maybe. (He turns back to the typewriter).

CONTINUED-

Alex's little brother - DARREN - comes into his room very dressed up and looking slick.

DARREN

Hey, Alex, wanna get high? I just got some great Columbian.

ALEX

No thanks man, I get high on life. I dig out on trees and rocks and things and really catch a buzz from just being alive, ya know what I mean, dude.

DARREN

Sure I know what you mean, your hip. I can dig it. But a lot a really hip dudes also smoke dope.

ALEX

I know, but most of them don't get a headache from doing it. What are you all dressed up for?

DARREN

Sally and Terry and I are going to the bar, you wanna come along, big broh.

ALEX

You mean a loud, obnoxious, homosexual disco bar?

DARREN

Sure, they're the hottest places in town.

ALEX

No thanks, they give me a headache, too.

DARREN

What doesn't?

ALEX

Sleeping. I only got sixteen hours last night, I've got some catching up to do.

DARREN

What'cha writing? Another in your long series of deeply esoteric, unintelligible and unpublishable articles on the existance of man and his lack of understanding for his fellow homo sapiens?

ALEX

My God Darren, that was great! Could you write that down, I'll use it for the title.

DARREN

Actually I've been thinking of that for a week, I'm glad you like it. You sure you don't want to come to the bar? I'm going with two absolutely beautiful women. So beautiful in fact, that they only go to homosexual bars so they won't get picked up. Whaddaya say, Broh. Personally I can only

DARREN

handle one at a time. Who knows, you might even get a little nookie, eh?

ALEX

Nookie? That's sex, right? Refresh my memeory, isn't that something that happens between two people, I've forgotten?

DARREN

It sure is buddy-boy, and just be thankful I'm making you this offer.

ALEX

Since when have you been so popular that you can casually distribute your girlfriends like bubble gum. As I recall, just last week you were asking instructions on how to go about undoing a brasiere with one hand. I guess you mastered it.

DARREN

Last week. You're such an asswipe. That must have been two years ago.

ALEX

Really? Geez, time flies when you're having fun. But answer my question, where'd you get all the girls?

DARREN

Well I'll tell ya, I've really hit on something great. As you mentioned, the bar we're going to is a homosexual disco bar and some of the most amazingly beautiful women you've ever laid eyes on hang out there. You know, they don't get hassled and they think all the faggots are really chic cause they can talk abut fashion and shit. But the ideal thing is, very few hetrosexual males ever go there.

ALEX

I don't blame them, probably get there ass pinched every five minutes.

DARREN

That's true too, but if you can put up with that, you can get women no trouble. These stupid broads sit there and piss in there pants because they think all the guys are so beautiful and none of them will touch them. So...when a slick looking fella like me comes along, and willing to hit the hay with them, but not pushy of course, well...

ALEX

You start having enough beautiful women to give away. Not bad.

DARREN

So, you wanna come? You'll dig Terry. She's smart, looks like a million, really knows her shit and has dynamite tits--what else could you ask for?

ALEX

Two asprins and a glass of water. Look, it sounds great, but we'd definitely be going to a faggot dico bar? There's no way around that?

DARREN

'Fraid not.

ALEX

I can't dance.

DARREN

So fake it, that's what everyone else is doing.

ALEX

I can't even fake it. I just end up looking spastic. Besides, where do you go with these women after the dancing? You know, to, ah...?

DARREN

To get it on? Sally's got her own place.

ALEX

(Nodding) That clinched it, let me get ready.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - ALEX'S BEDROOM-

Darren sits at Alex's desk smoking the remnants of a joint on a roach-clip. Alex walks in brushing his hair, dressed in nice pants and a nice shirt and looking pretty good.

ALEX

So, nu? How do I look?

DARREN

Not bad. I'd forgotten what you looked like without your bathrobe on. Very becoming, Broh. You almost look slick.

ALEX

I decided to intentionally not look slick, don't want to cause any collisions, ya know. So when do the hot babes get here, I'm producing male hormones at a mile a minute and can actually feel my beard growing. Oooh boy, I'm hot to trot and wailing to go.

DARREN

What's gotten into you? The last time I saw you like this was your fifteenth birthday when you knew Mom and Dad had gotten you a mini-bike.

CONTINUED-

ALEX

Let's blow Baby Broh, I'm raring to go. Bring on the dames, I'll tear 'em in half. It's been six months since I've been out with a girl and the female world has felt the loss.

DARREN

My God Alex, you've gone nuts. Look, could you possibly be a bit mellower when the girls get here. They're not used to horny hetrosexuals and so they are definitely not ready for you.

ALEX

It'll do 'em good. One cannot live on fruit alone. Occasionlly hot meat is nessecary to a woman's diet, and I'm ready to deliver. (The doorbell rings and the smile drops from Alex's face).

DARREN

Well, here they are. Come on Tarzan, Jane awaits. (He starts out of the room).

ALEX

(At a total loss) Ummm...you go ahead, I'll be right down.

DARREN

OK, but don't be too long, you might need another shave. (He exits).

CONTINUED-

Alex stands for a moment not knowing which way to go, then tears open his shirt and applies some more deoderant.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - FOYER-

Darren stands chatting with Sally and Terry who are dressed to the Max (and perhaps a bit over the max) but are truely lovely women. Alex comes walking down the stairs and is in a cold sweat. With each step he becomes more wound out, and by the time he reaches the landing he can barely move his head.

DARREN

(Turning) Here he is. Sally, Terry, I'd like you to meet my brother Alex.

SALLY

Hi Alex.

TERRY

Hi.

CONTINUED-

ALEX

(He is nodding his head uncontrollably and squeaks)
Hi. (He coughs several times unconvincingly, then
tries again) Hello.

DARREN

He's going to be going out with us tonight, is that
cool?

SALLY

Oh, sure.

TERRY

That's cool.

DARREN

Well then, let's be on our way.

ALEX

(He's now smiling uncontrollably) Hey, that's cool.

CONTINUED-

They all give him an odd look, then exit. Alex goes
out last and shuts the door. A moment later it re-
opens and Alex pulls out his coat.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - AUTOMOBILE-

Darren is driving with Sally in the front seat and
Alex and Terry are in back. They drive in silence
for several moments.

TERRY

(Quietly) Are you nervous for some reason?

ALEX

(Totally distracted and biting his fingernail)
Huh, what? Me?

TERRY

You've biten off all your fingnails and now you're
biting mine.

ALEX

(Astonished and pulling his hands from his mouth)
What?!

TERRY

I was kidding. You do seem a bit nervous though.
Am I making you nervous?

ALEX

No...well, yes. (He lets out a deep breath) I mean,
it's not you, it's...you and everything. I mean,
it's the whole thing. I mean...Oh Christ, I don't
know what I mean.

TERRY

(Slightly put off) Well look, if I upset you...

ALEX

No, it's not that. It's, well...let me explain. I haven't been out of the house, I mean not really, for about six months. It's been a lot longer than that since I've even been in the presence of a woman, especially one as ravishing as you. Not only that, but I can't dance worth a damn and I get headaches very easily and I can feel a whopper coming on. I guess the logical thing to do on your part is just forget I'm here and go off and dance and I'll just quietly drink myself into oblivion.

TERRY

What would you rather do?

ALEX

That depends. Alone or together?

TERRY

For the sake of conversation, try together.

ALEX

Well, I'm pretty big on drinking coffee and talking. I'm so nervous that the caffeine works on me as a downer, and though I'm still agitated, ten or twelve cups of coffee mellows me a bit and I start babbling like a brook.

TERRY

All right. That sounds OK to me. HoJo's sound All right?

ALEX

Sure. Fine.

TERRY

(Leaning forward) Hey Darrin, could you drop us off at Howard Johnson's? Alex and I don't feel like dancing.

DARRIN

Sure. How will you get home?

ALEX

Just pick us up on the way back, you little dork.

DARRIN

Why don't you blow me, Broh.

ALEX

If you just keep that suggestion in mind, I'm sure you'll find several positive responses when you get to the bar.

DARRIN

Funeeeee. You're just a barrel of laughs tonight Alex. I hope you have a wild time drinking coffee and peeing. I'm sure it'll be the highlight of your year.
your year

16

INTERIOR - AUTOMOBILE-

Steve is driving and Carol sits off to her own side. They drive in silence for a moment, then;

CAROL

The book I'm reading is really getting good. I just finished the first part of it and it resolved itself wonderfully. It's by Dostoyevsky, so it's a bit hard to read, but boy oh boy he sure knows his narrative.

STEVE

What are you talking about?

CAROL

"THE IDIOT" by Fyodor Dostoyevsky, it's really terrific.

STEVE

I'll have to read it sometime, I'd probably like it.

CAROL

Were you fighting with Beth?

STEVE

How did you know? Jesus, she is one big bitch.

CAROL

Well...

STEVE

Is she always like that, or just to me?

CAROL

Not just you, she's bitchy to a lot of people, it's just her way. I'm just as bitchy as she is so we get along.

STEVE

No you're not--not like she is.

CAROL

Ah, then you admit that I'm a bitch. In what way am I?

STEVE

Let's just drop it, OK?

CAROL

No, I'm curious to know what kind of bitch you think I am. Don't feel like you're insulting me, I already admitted my downfall, I just want it reinforced.

STEVE

(Thinking) Well...you make fun of me--I know you don't mean it--but I don't really like it. There.

CAROL

But you're so easy to make fun of, I can't help myself. You're always setting yourself up.

STEVE

So you just have to take advantage of it.

CAROL

I don't really, I just can't seem to help myself.

STEVE

Yeah, well, that's what I'm talking about. Now where do you want to go?

CAROL

I thought you already decided we were going dancing?

STEVE

I did. Where do you want to go dancing?

CAROL

Well, well, well, assertion is not like you.

STEVE

Every now and then I'm assertive without thinking about it. So where do we go dancing?

CAROL

If you really want to dance, My Fair Lady is probably the hottest disco in town.

STEVE

Isn't that strictly homosexual?

CAROL

It's not demanded, but it is frequented by mainly gays. There's also, uh...

STEVE

My Fair Lady is fine. Homosexuals don't bother me...they don't. It means nothing to me.

CUT TO:

INERIOR - MY FAIR LADY-

It's a beautifully decorated, ill-lit bar with seperate rooms for the bar itself, the dance floor and tables, a lounge area with couches a half a flight up from the dance floor and many stained glass windows give the place an air of poshness. A DJ sits in a little area next to the lounge playing disco records and the dance floor is crowded to almost peak capacity-- with men. Almost every person in the bar is male. They lounge in couples on the couches, arms around each other, many kissing and caressing. A continuous display of affection (affectation) goes on in all parts of the bar. A few stunningly dressed women sit at a large table with many men.

CONTINUED-

Carol and Steve enter the bar, pay the cover charge and check their coats. Steve gets many looks from all the men that encounter him.

CAROL

You seem to be making quite an impression. It's kind of like Bette Davis showing up for the big ball in her red dress.

STEVE

(Absorbed) Huh?

CAROL

You're the belle of the ball, my dear. You're a hit among the natives.

STEVE

Huh, me? Get out of here.

CAROL

If you think they're looking at me, well, they may be, but not exclusively.

STEVE

So what?

CAROL

So nothing.

They take a seat at a table not too far from the dance floor. A waiter comes up to take their order.

WAITER

Yes.

STEVE

I'd like a gin and tonic.

CAROL

Have you got Tab?

WAITER

No we don't, Coke though.

STEVE

Wha is this, you're not drinkingagain?

CAROL

Sure I am, just not anything alcoholic. I'll take Coke.

STEVE

Bring her Bacardi and Coke.

WAITER

Why, that's not what she asked for?

H

CAROL
That's right. Just bring me a Coke.

STEVE
I hate drinking by myself.

WAITER
(Leaving) You keep being so pushy and you'll probably have to get used to it.

CAROL
(Laughing) Are you trying to be extra masculine to compensate for the surroundings? "Bring her Bacardi and Coke," that's funny.

STEVE
I can't believe how obnoxious everyone is being.

CAROL
A little quick analysis on your part might prove useful, Steve.

STEVE
What?

CAROL
Neither the waiter, nor I have been even slightly obnoxious. It's sort of like the person who announces that someone farted, you catch my drift?

STEVE
Let's dance.

They walk out to the middle of the dance floor and begin dancing. Neither Steve nor Carol are particularly good dancers, but they both fake it reasonably well. Most of the dancers are men and some of them are absolutely terrific. There is only one other couple dancing that is comprised of a male and a female--DARRIN AND SALLY--who are doing some neat steps. After a dance they come back to their seats and their drinks are waiting for them. Carol takes a large sip of her coke and Steve downs his drink.

STEVE
No Goddamned gin in this; it's all tonic.

CAROL
When they put too much gin in your drink you complain because you can't stand the taste of it. Think you'll ever find a happy medium?

STEVE
I doubt it. What do you think of me?

CAROL
That was sudden.

STEVE
Yeah, well...come on, what do you think?

CAROL

Not to be evasive, but why do you want to know?

STEVE

Well, we've been going out now for about two months and we've never mentioned love, which is all right with me, but I'd just like to know?

CAROL

OK. I think that it's obvious that I like being with you, we've been together almost everyday for the last two months...um, for the most part I find you very pleasant, ah...you're very handsome and you've got a great ass.

STEVE

(Sarcastically) Terrific.

CAROL

Those weren't good reasons? Were you looking for negative things?

STEVE

Do you think I'm an idiot?

CAROL

What?

STEVE

You heard me, do you think that I'm an idiot?

The waiter has walked up, but doesn't say anything, he simply eavesdrops.

CAROL

(Not knowing what to answer) Come on, what are you talking about?

STEVE

(Getting pushier) You didn't answer. Does that mean that you do think I'm an idiot?

CAROL

What are you going on about this idiot thing for? Do you think that you're an idiot?

STEVE

(Mad) Goddamn it, you're evading the answer. That can only mean that you do think I'm an idiot. Terrific!

CAROL

Steve, I don't understand what you're getting so angry about. I didn't say you were an idiot, why do you think that I think you are?

STEVE

Because you wouldn't say I wasn't. Ah, fuck it!

The waiter clears his throat to get their attention.

WAITER

Can I get you lovebirds anything else? How about a pair of dueling pistols?

STEVE

(Pissed off) What are you, some kind of funny man? I don't need this shit!

WAITER

I'm sure you don't. If you want another drink, go get it yourself. (He begins walking away)

Steve stands up and grabs the waiter by his shirt, brandishing his clenched fist in his face.

STEVE

I'll crush your face you fucking faggot!

CAROL

(Quite alarmed) Jesus Christ Steve, what are you doing?

WAITER

(Completely calm) I don't think you will.

STEVE

Oh yeah, watch me.

Steve brings his fist back to punch and in the moment before it's launched the waiter slams his knee in Steve's groin and gives him an amazingly quick karate punch in the chest. Moaning in excruciating pain, Steve drops into his chair, bent over and gasping. The waiter is absolutely nonpulsed. Carol is in a state of shock.

WAITER

Would you like that Bacardi and coke now? (Carol nods). I'll get him another drink too, he'll probably need it.

CAROL

Thanks.

WAITER

'Tsall right. (He leaves).

CAROL

Are you all right? (She reaches for his hand, but he recoils).

STEVE

(Wincing) Fine. Let's get out of here.

Steve has quite a bit of trouble standing, however taking a deep breath he begins walking toward the door. Carol comes up along side to help him, but he pushes her off.

22

They pass the waiter on the way out and he has their drinks on a tray. Carol reaches into her purse and hands him a ten dollar bill. Steve staggers out.

WAITER

That is one real asshole you've got there, I'd dump him the first chance available.

CAROL

I have no idea what got into him, he's never done anything like that before. I'm really sorry.

WAITER

That's all right, but you'd better go see to your boyfriend.

EXTERIOR - PARKING LOT-

Steve is leaning against a car grasping his stomach and breathing very deeply. Carol comes up beside him.

CAROL

I'll get the car, let's go home.

STEVE

No. I wanna talk.

CAROL

We'll talk tomorrow.

STEVE

No Goddamn it, we'll talk tonight! Oh shit, I think I'm gonna throw up. (He bends over and begins retching).

CAROL

Oh God, what can I do? How can I help you? (She reaches for him and he pushes her away).

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - STEVE'S AUTOMOBILE-

Steve is driving and having quite a bit of trouble keeping himself erect to see out the window. He grips the steering wheel so tightly that his knuckles are white. His brow is tightly knit and he grimaces now and then. Carol sits with her arm against the door, shaking her head and making stifled motions of disbelief.

CAROL

Why don't you let me drive? ...Forget it. ...What is going on with you?

STEVE

With me?

23

CAROL

Yes, with you...the way you've been acting is not like you.

STEVE

What am I like?

CAROL

There's no way in hell you're getting me to answer that question again. I don't know, maybe the whole situation is logical and I just can't see it?

STEVE

Logic makes me sick.

CAROL

Obviously.

STEVE

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

CAROL

I'm not quite sure how to respond, would you like a logical answer or an illogical one?

STEVE

You're fuckin' playing games with me again. I told you that bugs the fuck out of me and you're doing it anyway.

CAROL

I'm sorry, I apologize.

STEVE

...Why the fuck did we ever get together in the first place? I really want to know?

CAROL

I don't know, Steve. Give me a minute, I keep trying to look at the whole damn thing logically.

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - HOWARD JOHNSON'S-

Alex and Terry sit at a back booth and the table is cluttered with used napkins, empty Sweet and Low wrappers, crumpled cigarette packs and other junk. The ashtray is almost overflowing. Both sip occasionally at their coffee and both smoke.

TERRY

...So, I went to college for two years and nothing really interested me very much. Of course, I only took crap prerequisites and a few crummy electives, but there wasn't anything I wanted to get a degree in. So I quit and moved back home, which I'll tell you was no easy move, and got a job at Alcove selling clothes, and...that's where I am now. I'd like to go to a fashion design school in New York, but I haven't been accepted yet, and I don't really have the money.

ALEX

Do you do design scetches?

TERRY

Well, no. I'm not a very good artist and I can never seem to get my ideas right when I'm drawing them. But I do have the ideas, I can see them, hundreds of them. That's why I want to go back to school, so I can learn how to get them out.

ALEX

Is your asperation to be like Halston or Gucci and have your initials all over everything?

TERRY

Oh no. I wouldn't put my initials on anything. Well, maybe on the label inside the dress, but not on the outside.

ALEX

I've never been able to figure out why Christian Dior or Yves Saint-Laurent doesn't just make iron-ons with their initials on them. It would really save a lot of time and trouble.

TERRY

And you want to write?

ALEX

No. I do write. What I want is to be published, however I don't think that there is a magazine in

ALEX (Cont.)

existence that prints the kind of stuff I write.

TERRY

What exactly do you write?

ALEX

Pornographic greeting cards.

TERRY

No, come on? What do you write?

ALEX

Oh, I don't know. Extremely esoteric nonsense about the aesthetics of media and the lack thereof. Critical essays, reviews and I dabble a bit in science fiction, but that's mostly real garbage.

TERRY

And you've never been published? (Alex shrugs) Do you send your writings out to be published?

ALEX

Oh sure, several times. I'm getting a real terrific collection of rejection slips. I figure if I keep going the way I have been, in fifty years I should be able to wallpaper my room with them. That's if I haven't decided to take my electric typewriter into the bathtub with me before then.

TERRY

Oh, come on.

ALEX

You're right, I don't take baths anyway. I'd take it into the shower.

TERRY

It can't be that bad.

ALEX

You're right, it's not. But I do have quite a few down days, with nobody to buck me up except myself and that's not real easy. But I guess that's just normal.

TERRY

Oh sure, we've all got bad days.

ALEX

Of course, my bad days generally run about six months each. I have what are known as "Arctic bad days". So tell me, why is it that you only patronize homosexual disco bars?

TERRY

I like to dance.

Alex:

Yeah, but there have to be heterosexual disco bars. I mean, I don't know that for a fact, since I don't go to any disco bars, but it just seems to me that there must be a few straight people around who also like to dance.

TERRY

There are straight discos, I just don't like going to them.

ALEX

How come?

TERRY

I don't know. Well...this'll sound conceited, but at the straight bars all I do is spend my whole time brushing guys off. And I know it makes them feel shitty, and it sure makes me feel shitty, but what can I do?

ALEX

Dance with them. Go out with them. Marry them. Have little babies with them. My God, there's a lot you could do.

TERRY

Ha, ha. But really, most of these guys are real scuz-balls just looking for a fast fuck on a Friday night, and it's sick.

ALEX

You do have a point there, but hanging around with homosexuals is better? I mean, all those effeminate guys running around pinching each other's asses, and kissing each other, and dancing with each other, which I guess isn't so bad, but they're so damned demonstrative.

TWO SHOT - DARRIN AND SALLY IN AUTOMOBILE-
Darrin is driving and Sally is sitting about one half inch away. Darrin seems to be having a bit of trouble driving, however the car is clouded with smoke and the two smoke a joint.

SALLY

Jesus Darrin, will you get off the shoulder and onto the road.

DARRIN

(He swerves to the left, a car honks at them, he swerves back to the right) I was on the road, you just had one too many Singapore Slings. How can you drink those fruity drinks? I'll bet Hawaiian Punch is stronger.

SALLY

Mr. Macho here drinking Martinis. I saw you wincing, you thought it was shit, but you drank it anyway to look tough. Come on, admit it?

DARRIN

That's crap, I love Martinis. I drink 'em all the time. They just forgot to put the Vermouth in.

(21)

SALLY

Well you ordered it very dry, what did you think they were gonna do, hold the gin?

DARRIN

So that's what dry means. (Sally begins to laugh, then Darrin starts, then they swerve into the on-coming lane). Holy Shit! (he swerves back).

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - HOJO'S-

Terry and Alex have settled back down to talking, smoking and drinking coffee. A waitress comes by and takes their ketchup and leaves.

TERRY

He really treated me like shit, but I was totally in love with him and everytime my parents went out he'd come over. Finally, of course, I was caught seeing him and I was grounded for a month. When I could finally go out again he didn't want to see me cause he was now seeing another girl--this real bitch, Allison Levi--and of course I was totally crushed. Anyway, he moved to Colorado and never answered any of my letters, so...fuck him, right?

ALEX

Right on. Sounds like one lousey fucker, if you ask me. But worse than that, you sound like a very gullible sucker.

TERRY

I'm all of that and more. I let that asshole abuse me for two whole years. I'm worse than a sucker, I'm an idiot. A stupid, fucking idiot (she's getting emotional).

ALEX

Let's not go too far. As I related earlier, and in great detail, the same damned thing happened to me, so don't start making yourself feel too unique.

TERRY

(She almost brought herself to tears, but held off) You're right, I guess it does happen to a lot of people. It's just...why are men such shits?

ALEX

Probably the same reason women are so full of it, everybody is an asshole. It's one of those facts that you have to know, but quickly forget. Hey, that was a pun. A bad one, now that I think about it, but a pun nonetheless.

TERRY

What was?

28

ALEX

Men are shits, women are full of it, get it?

INTERIOR - ENTRANCE TO HOJO'S-

Darrin and Sally come staggering in, the woman behind the register looks up.

DARRIN

Garcon, a table for two. Make it a corner table with a view.

SALLY

And we'd like the wine list, but I'm sure we'll be ordering champagne, won't we dear?

DARRIN

But of course my sweet.

WOMAN

(Unfazed) Would you like to be seated?

DARRIN

No thank you, my good lady, we've brought our own.

CONTINUED-

Darrin and Sally giggle and stagger their way through the restaurant with their arms draped about each other. Alex and Terry see them and wave.

ALEX

Will you look at them, they're plastered.

TERRY

It doesn't sound bad to me.

ALEX

(Slightly hurt) Well, you could have gone to the bar. I hope I didn't stop you if you really wanted to?

TERRY

My, but aren't we touchy. I had a very nice time, Alex. Is that what you'd like to hear?

ALEX

You hit it on the nose. (Sally and Darrin sit down).

DARRIN

(To Terry) Did he hit you on the nose, I'll belt him one. (He smacks Alex on the arm). Don't you go hitting pretty little girls, you ugly beast.

ALEX

Don't you start hitting me, kiddo, just 'cause *you're* smashed doesn't mean you can forget your place in life--you're my little brother. Get too uppity and I'll have to show you which one of us is the big brother.

DARRIN
Tell us in the car, Broh, it's time to blow.

ALEX
Going home?

DARRIN
No, no. To Sally's. The night is young.

CONTINUED-

Alex glances over at Terry, but she is looking down at the table.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - AUTOMOBILE-

Darrin is driving with Sally beside him. Alex and Terry sit at opposite sides of the back seat.

DARRIN
~~He may look flabby and weak, but actually he's one strong mutha-fucka. He's beat the shit outa me so many times I can't count.~~ He may look flabby and weak, but actually he's one strong mutha-fucka. He's beat the shit outa me so many times I can't count.

ALEX
The reason you can't count is that you're a terminal fry-brain, it has nothing to do with me hitting you.

DARRIN
Yeah, yeah. (To Sally) Since he stopped smoking dope and drinking about two months ago, he thinks he's Albert Einstien. (The car drops off onto the shoulder) Oh shit!

ALEX
Will you get it together. You want me to drive?

DARRIN
Hey, bug off. I'm fine.

(BEAT)

TERRY
Sally, what time is it?

SALLY
Two-thirty. Whatsa matter, you tired?

TERRY
No, I'm fine.

55

ALEX
(Expressly to Terry) You sure? I mean, when we get to Sally's I could take you home then bring the car back.

TERRY
It's all right, I'm fine.

ALEX
You sure?

TERRY
Will you shut up already. Just leave it, alone.

(BEAT)

DARRIN
My God, he shut up. You must have the special touch, Terry. I could never get him to do that.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - HALLWAY OF SALLY'S BLDG.-
Darrin and Sally come walking up the hallway, arms tightly wrapped around each other, kissing each other's necks and ears and swerving from one side of the hall to the next. Alex and Terry come up from behind, both looking down and away, but not at each other. Neither says a word.

DARRIN
(Looking around) Do you hear that? Sounds like a party.

SALLY
Yeah. Proabaly Mindy Steincamp, she's always having a party. Drives me crazy when I'm trying to sleep.

DARRIN
Well my saucy wench, you shant have the slightest problem tonight. The noise will be drowned out by your heart pounding in your ears.

SALLY
Or yours.

DARRIN
Whatever.

15 CONTINUED-
Sally unlocks her door (which isn't locked) and opens it and the noise of a party comes swelling out.

SALLY
Oh wow, Barb is having the party.

DARRIN
I hope it doesn't last too long.

SALLY

Who cares.

CONTINUED-

Terry and Alex get to the open doorway.

ALEX

What's going on?

TERRY

I guess Barb--that's Sally's roommate--is having a party (she goes in).

ALEX

(Exasperated) Terrific.

CUT TO:

32

INTERIOR - SALLY'S APARTMENT-

There are probably about sixty people jammed into a middling-to-kind-of-small room. The air is completely polluted with smoke and most of the people stand, though quite a few are sitting on every piece of furniture and the floor. As Alex makes his way through the crowd we can see Terry already caught up in a conversation with several people. Darrin and Sally have found some liquor and are making themselves drinks. Alex, of course, knows no one. A few people acknowledge his presence with nods or "Whuzappenin's", which he shrugs off and keeps going to some unknown destination. He finds his way to the very corner of the room and stands beside a guy and two girls, trying to make himself look like he's part of the group.

GIRL

I'm crazy, that's all there is to it, I'm just crazy. I mean, everybody is kind of crazy, but I'm crazier than that.

OTHER GIRL

Oh yeah, me too. I'm crazy too.

GIRL

No you're not crazy. Not real crazy like me.

GUY

Come on, what makes you think you're crazy?

GIRL

I just am, that's all. I'm nuts.

OTHER GIRL

She is, really. I know her, she's crazy.

ALEX

(Subtley joining in) Do you mean crazy like a bit eccentric, or crazy like: come, ground control, I

ALEX (Cont.)
have lost contact?

GIRL
What?

OTHER GIRL
Huh?

GUY
What he means is...

CONTINUED-
Alex has lost interest and wanders away. A chair that was occupied by two girls is vacated as he walks past, so he seats himself and lights a smoke.

ALEX
(To himself) Women never seem to pick up on analogies, I'll have to remember that. Oh fuck it, I won't remember.

A GROUP OF PEOPLE-
There are about six people in this group, consisting of two very natural looking woman and four gawking fellows.

NATURE WOMAN
I'm really into music. I play gutair and flute, but mainly the gutair and just love Joni Michell. She says everything I've gone through in her music and lyrics so beautifully. She's really brilliant.

GAWKING GUY
Do you do any of your own songs?

NATURE WOMAN
Oh, a few. And they're a lot like Joni MtcHELL's because she says everything I'm going through.

GAWKING GUY
Oh yeah, I see.

ALEX SITTING ALONE-

He sits with his head in his hand occasionally chewing at a nail and watching all the fun go on. A short fellow with short, well-cut hair and a mustache walks past, then stops and comes over to talk. He is--
LARRY.

LARRY

Hey, how're you doing.

ALEX

All right. You?

LARRY

Not bad. I just decided tonight to talk to as many new people as possible, broaden my scope. My name's Larry Gelman. (He extends his hand).

ALEX

Alex Levin, nice to meet you.

LARRY

Alex Levin? You went to Byron Elementry, didn't you?

ALEX

Uh, yeah, I did.

LARRY

Sure you did. Don't you remember me? We were in the same second grade class together--Mrs. Bomaster--we called her bone-crusher. Doncha remember?

ALEX

I vaguely remember Mrs. Bomaster, but, um, I don't remember you--sorry.

LARRY

Hey man, that's OK. I don't wanna put you into a bad position here, but we hung around a lot together. You were one hell of a smart-ass, I guess you still are. Alex, do you remember Bobby Boorman, or John Wisenthal?

ALEX

Well...no. I can barely remember my own address, let alone High School, but Elementry School, well that's just a blurry haze.

LARRY

Look, I don't wanna make you feel like a burn-out, so I'll just keep cruising. Nice seeing you Alex.

ALEX

Yeah Larry, see ya in another fifteen years.
(To himself) Larry Gelman? Who is Larry Gelman?
I can't take it, this whole night is just too absurd.

CONTINUED-
Alex moves ever onward.

25

SUSIE CREAMCHEESE

You just have to take Professor Schmidt for Philosophy 402, he's so good. I've taken him twice and monitored one of his other classes and I've learned more from him than any other Prof. I mean, I don't particularly even like philosophy, but with Professor Schmidt it's great...

CONTINUED-
Alex comes upon Terry who is looking a bit drunk and talking to an extremely effeminate fellow--
FAGGOT.

TERRY

Oh, I've designed a few things, but none of them turned out exactly as I wanted them to. I think it's because I can't do any of the drawings myself. I get the basic lines down, but none of the details.

FAGGOT

Have you seen Geoffery Beane's fall line? Well, I think most of it is shit, but a few things are just stunning.

ALEX

Have you seen the new Quit-of-the Loom Jockey shorts? You'll just die. Personally, I think the briefs are so stunning I bought six pairs and I'm wearing them all.

FAGGOT

Oh, please. (He walks away).

ALEX

Well, I've never seen such a rude person in all my days.

TERRY

You're not funny, Alex. Would you mind getting me another drink (she hands him the empty glass).

ALEX

I haven't got anything better to do, but why do you want to be rid of me the minute I've arrived?

TERRY

I don't. I want another drink, that's all.

THE KITCHEN COUNTER ALA BAR-

The make-shift bar is strewn with a multitude of empty bottles of all sorts, beer cans, paper cups and other garbage. Alex gets to the bar, picks up a bottle, realizes he hasn't any idea what Terry was drinking and smells the glass.

ALEX

Scotch? Sounds right.

CONTINUED-

He finds a scotch bottle and pours the remains into the glass. He goes to the sink and adds a dash of water to make the glass a bit fuller, then goes to the refrigerator and adds an ice cube which causes the cup to runeth over. He licks his finger and winces. When he gets back to Terry she has moved to a circle of guys that all appear to be faggots, this group includes--FAGGOT.

ALEX

Your drink Madame.

TERRY

You think it's full enough? (The group laughs).

ALEX

There was a bit more but I wiped my hand. Scotch is right, isn't it? You forgot to specify.

TERRY

The scotch is right, the water isn't though.

ALEX

I'm very sorry, I'll do my best to get it right next time.

TERRY

That's all right, thank you, Alex. (She dismisses him).

UNPOPULATED CORNER-

Alex finds a spot beside a stereo speaker with an ashtray which he dumps into another and seats himself.

THE CROWD-

People begin drifting out.

CU - ASHTRAY-

there are about eight butts in it.

THE CROWD-

It has diminished considerably and but a few stragglers hang on. Finally they head out and the only one left is Terry who is sprawled on a couch, drunk as a skunk but still awake. Alex wanders over.

ALEX

Where are our hostess and her roommate?

TERRY

Our hostess, Barbera, is probably in her bedroom with her boyfriend Richard. Sally is probably in her bedroom with your brother Darrin, and, as fate would have it, you and I are here.

ALEX

Yes, well isn't that coincidental. (He seats himself on the couch, lifting Terry's legs and putting them on the floor). Cigarette? (He offers his pack of Marlboros).

TERRY

Thank you, no. Non-menthols sicken me.

ALEX

An interesting analogy.

TERRY

What?

ALEX

Nothing.

TERRY

(She puts her feet on Alex's lap) Do you mind?

ALEX

Not particularly, but if your going to crash I'd rather not be stuck underneath you.

38

TERRY
I'm not even slightly tired. I feel like dancing.

ALEX
Well, that's terrific. I just love circular evenings. Go ahead and dance if you'd like, don't let me stop you.

TERRY
That's all right, I'm not in the mood for dancing anyway. Would you mind pulling off my boots?

ALEX
No Missy. I wouldn't mind 'tall. (He pulls off her boots).

TERRY
Don't you drink? (She arches her back and stretches, then begins rubbing her toes along Alex's thigh).

ALEX
Ah, no. I don't drink, or smoke dope, or do any narcotics whatsoever. I'm trying to keep myself pure in spirit and mind. A valiant cause, don't you think?

TERRY
It certainly is. (She is now rubbing his crotch with her toe). Haven't you got any vices at all?

ALEX
Yes. Smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee.

TERRY
Any others?

ALEX
No.

TERRY
(She reaches up and grabs his neck) Come here.

ALEX
(Resisting and releasing her hands) Ummm...no thank you.

TERRY
(Becoming a bit snide) What's the matter, don't you have sex with women?

ALEX
At this point, I don't have sex with anybody.

TERRY
And why is that?

ALEX
Mainly, lack of offers.

TERRY

Then let me make you an offer you can't refuse.
(She reaches for his neck again).

ALEX

I've already refused. (Loud groaning can be heard
in the background).

TERRY

(Sobering) Why?

ALEX

I don't know. You're beautiful, fairly smart, you've
got great tits just like Darrin said, I just don't
want to have sex with you. I've got a feeling it
would just be wasted effort.

TERRY

And what does that mean?

ALEX

Quite frankly, I don't know. I don't feel like
trying to figure it out either, so...adios. Tell
Darrin I'm tired of waiting for him, he can get
home however the hell he pleases.

TERRY

(Very deliberately) I feel like telling you to
fuck off, but I'm not sure that I really ought to.

ALEX

How come?

TERRY

I don't know.

ALEX

Well, now that we have everything settled, I think
I'll leave. Bye. (He leaves).

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - DENNY'S-

Steve goes in first, letting the door shut before Carol gets in. He doesn't wait to be seated, but walks straight to a back booth and drops into the seat wincing. Carol walks up slowly and seats herself across from him. They sit in silence until the waitress comes to take their order.

4

WAITRESS

May I help you?

STEVE

We'd both like coffee.

CAROL

(Clearing her throat) Excuse me, could I have tea?

WAITRESS

Why certainly. (She writes on her pad and leaves).

STEVE

Is it impossible for you to be agreeable?

CAROL

I never thought so, but tonight you're making it extremely difficult.

STEVE

Why do you and Beth think I'm such an idiot?

CAROL

First of all, I don't think that you're an idiot. How do you know that Beth does?

STEVE

She told me so. And ah, I don't believe you.

CAROL

You're just too much tonight. Why, may I ask, don't you believe me?

STEVE

Mainly because you were so damned evasive about answering earlier, also because you seem to agree with Beth about everything else, I just have a feeling you agree with her about this too.

CAROL

Infallible logic. So now that you seem to have everything straightened away in your head, could we drop the whole thing?

STEVE

(Calm as hell) No way. We can get back to it though. You stayed in the bar and talked to that waiter after I left, what did you do, apologize to him?

(Coffee + Tea Come)

CAROL

Yes, that's just what I did.

STEVE

You thought I acted like an asshole? Would you have thought I was an asshole if I had punched his face in?

CAROL

A bigger one.

STEVE

Which means you were happier seeing me humiliated and kicked in the balls?

CAROL

Whew, and I thought logic made you sick? I know, I'm being evasive. Ah, yes, I was happier, although that ~~that~~ is absolutely the wrong word...let's say my sense of fair play was less offended seeing you get hurt, than the waiter. You deserved it, he didn't.

STEVE

You know, I've never met a girl like you. Which is perhaps why I was attracted to you in the first place. (Sarcastically) "My sense of fair play", what kind of shit is that? Supposedly I am your boyfriend, but you would have rather seen me get hurt than a snotty waiter...it's not logic in general that makes me sick, it's your logic that makes me sick.

CAROL

(Offended) Do I use some strange brand of logic or something?

STEVE

No. You just use large amounts. More than any other female I've ever met.

CAROL

Is there something wrong with that?

STEVE

Yeah, it offends me. I'm not sure why tonight everything has become clear, but it has. For two months you've been taking all of my feelings and analyzing them, then throwing them away. I think the reason we've never mentioned love is because I think I was afraid to mention anything like that around you for fear of being laughed at, and I don't think that you can feel the emotion. It's not...concrete enough for you. Love isn't specific, therefore it's not logical, therefore you can't feel it. It doesn't make sense, so you just dismiss it as irrational, am I right?

CAROL

(Bowled over) Maybe you are right. What you just said makes a lot of sense, but...then again, maybe it's just you.

STEVE

What the fuck does that mean?

CAROL

Will you stop attacking me everytime I say something. Why don't you try "pardon me" if you don't understand something, maybe that way people won't

CAROL (Cont.)

think you're such an idiot.

STEVE

All right fine, go on.

CAROL

(Slowly, but not steadily) All right...it seems to me that you've tried to use what may be my approach to things, or logic, or whatever, to figure out why I haven't fallen in love with you, and for that matter you with me. Every other girl is probably very happy to say I love you after the first time you go to bed together just because it seems like the normal thing to do, but that's not how I work. I don't think love is alien to me as you think it is, I just don't happen to love you. Up until tonight I've found you very pleasant to be with, whether we were going out to dinner or to a movie or to bed. I haven't found anything in our relationship to be the high point of my life, it's just all been very pleasant, which was fine with me. It was nice having someone around I didn't have to play games with, but it seems that all along that you were dying to play the games, but just humoring me, or something to that extent. Am I right?

STEVE

You know what that sounds like to me? Shit. Good old logical, Carol Markowitz shit. You just decided from the beginning that nothing would ever happen between us, that way you'd never have to put out any effort. Maybe it would have happened, maybe not, but you never even tried.

CAROL

You're absolutely right. I never wanted to be in love with you and I never tried. After two weeks I knew it wouldn't be worthwhile anyway, but I never wanted it from the beginning.

STEVE

(Getting mad) Why didn't you want it from the beginning, and why wouldn't it have been worthwhile?

CAROL

Because, I think, from the beginning I knew you were not the the man I wanted to have any sort of extended relationship with, and after two or so I knew I couldn't if I wanted to. ~~weeks~~

STEVE

Why?

CAROL

Well, I think a relationship, one that's going to last that is, has to be equilateral. It has to be balanced, both sides being equal. I think most people don't agree with that though, they like a

CAROL (Cont.)

dominante and a weak side. But for me that won't work, and with us that's how it is.

STEVE

And you want me to believe that you are the dominante one?

CAROL

No. As a matter of fact I think you were the more dominante in this relationship so far, but I think that's mainly because I haven't much cared. You said lets go dancing, fine, we went dancing. It gave me the ability to not make unimportant decisions for a while.

STEVE

Then if you think our relationship could have been balanced and equal, why wasn't it?

CAROL

Well, I think the only intelligent discussion we've ever had is going on at this very moment. Actually I'm kind of surprised that you've held up your end as well as you have, but I don't believe you could do it consistantly or for any length of time. I don't think you're an idiot. I think if Beth knew you better she wouldn't either.

STEVE

But I'm just not as smart as you, is that it?

CAROL

Are you gunning for an insult? You're not as smart as me, I'm not as strong as you and neither of us can philosophize like Bertrand Russell! Who gives a damn about those things?

STEVE

It seems like you do. If you considered me as smart as you or smarter then we could have had a beautiful relationship, but since you don't think I am, it's been pleasant and I'm dismissed because it's no longer pleasant. Well that's shit! I thought there was something more between us than just pleasantness.

CAROL

What?

STEVE

Forget it! Maybe I only imagined something more, but I thought that we communicated. That we understood each other.

CAROL

If we understood each other would my logic drive you crazy? If there was an understanding between

CAROL (Cont.)

us, would it make sense to you that this whole discussion should ever come about in the first place? It seems to me that you just wanted this understanding so you decreed it should be so. From the start I've wanted nothing more than casual relationship, which I thought you understood, and you wanted to be in love, which you thought I understood. Neither of us knew what the other really wanted, therefore there was no understanding at all.

STEVE

Terrific. So then what has it all meant?

CAROL

I don't know, is there a deep, hidden meaning to everything? Isn't anything apparent?

STEVE

Then it hasn't meant anything? I was just a handy way to kill some time and fuck when you felt like fucking.

CAROL

(Laughing) What are you trying to say, that I used you? I thought that was always the girl's line?

STEVE

(Getting mad again) You're goddamned right that's what I'm saying. You've been using me as a way to kill time.

CAROL

I don't consider the time spent with you killed. I've had a good time for quite a bit of it.

STEVE

Yeah, bullfuck! As far as I can see, you've taken me for a nice long ride and if I weren't getting wise you'd keep right on doing it. This casual affair shit is for people that meet once a week to fuck, then go back home to their wife and kids. You don't see someone every fucking day for two months and call it a casual affair. You just don't look at things like a normal human being, you look at them like a goddamned fucking computer and life aint made up of computers.

CAROL

And you seriously believe that I've been taking you for a ride and, in essence using you?

STEVE

Yeah, I do.

CAROL

And where were you throughout ^{this} procedure? This

CAROL (Cont.)

brilliant realization of your use and abuse just came to you tonight in a flash from above. Give me a break. You trying to tell me that you have no control over your actions or responses? You just kind of floated along for two months as I pulled you by the nose? It seems to me that you're trying to make vast empirical sense out of something so simple and meaningless it's barely worth discussion. I treated you like a computer, but you only realized that tonight? What are you talking about? Your whole basis for argument is flagrantly absurd and idiotic.

STEVE

Well fuck you too.

CAROL

Terrific response.

STEVE

(Very mad) I'm glad you're happy with it. Maybe I'm just slow, but a lot of things are just dawning on me: aside from being a feelingless bitch, you're so fucking self-centered it's sickening. Which is probably why having sex with you has always been such a fucking miserable experience, you couldn't give a good goddamn what goes on with me, you only care about you! It's like trying to fuck a goddamn IBM keypunch machine. I've obviously been a sucker for a lot of reasons, but you're so fucked out of your mind it's disgusting.

INTERIOR - AUTOMOBILE-

The sun is just coming up. Alex is driving, squinting his eyes and blinking often.

ALEX

Christ am I tired, but I don't feel like going to sleep...I can't understand anything that's happened tonight. I mean, I just told a beautiful girl I didn't want to have sex with her, and I didn't even have a fucking reason. I must be a latent homosexual or something. I'm losing my minnndd.

EXTERIOR - DENNY'S RESTAURANT-

Alex pulls in.

INTERIOR - ENTRANCE TO DENNY'S-
Alex enters and walks to the counter. He glances over at the arguing couple, but takes little notice. He seats himself and a waitress comes over.

WAITRESS

May I help you?

ALEX

(Rubbing his eyes) Yeah, coffee.

WAITRESS

Is that it?

ALEX

If you've got any peace of mind, I'll take a large order to go.

WAITRESS

(Smiling) All out, sorry.

ALEX

Then I guess coffee will have to do (he lights a smoke).

CONTINUED-

Carol sits staring down at the table, trying in vain to control her emotions. Alex and the waitress have been watching this whole scene with detached interest.

WAITRESS

What a creep.

CAROL

(Becoming unglued) So what do you want me to say?

STEVE

I don't want you to say shit! You'd just prove once agin that I'm illogical. Well I don't need that shit. Maybe I am illogical, maybe I don't make perfect sense all the time, but at least I do my best to be human. Everything in life isn't just so much more fucking data.

CAROL

Fine.

STEVE

The fuck it's fine! You can take your casual affair and your pleasant evening and your fucking logic and shove them right up your ass! (He stands up and grabs his coat).

CAROL

Since the whole restaurant now knows all of our problems, it's time to go, right?

STEVE

You don't seem particularly affected by any of this, doesn't mean anything to you at all?

CAROL

It means something, Steve. But not all of the fuss you're making. You just seem to like hearing yourself scream and swear.

STEVE

Is that it?

CAROL

I don't know, but I don't think your histrionics are entirely nessecary.

STEVE

Aren't they?

CAROL

Look, I can't deal with this, so let's go.

STEVE

You say it's time to go so it's time to go? Fuck you! Get yourself home. (He walks out).

CAROL

You're actually going to leave me here?

STEVE

It looks like it, don't it.

Steve stomps out of the restaurant, gets in his car and starts it with a roar, then screeches out of the parking lot. Alex watches as Carol sits for a long while trying to regain her composure, but she fails and begins to cry. Clutching her face she walks out of the restaurant, leaving her coat and purse behind. Alex walks over and picks them up and goes outside to bring them to her. Carol is standing with her head tilted back and breathing very deeply as Alex comes up and puts her coat around her shoulders.

ALEX

My car's right over here, I'll drive you home, okay?

CAROL

Okay, thank you.

Alex opens the door for her and she gets in. In the car Alex starts the engine, then puts on the tape "HUNKY DORY" by David Bowie and the song "QUICKSAND" comes on. Unthinkingly Carol begins to sing quietly. Alex looks over at her, then he begins singing too. As they drive up the street and the song progresses, Carol, Alex and David Bowie are all really getting into it. Alex turns and looks at Carol, and Carol looks back at Alex and they both smile.