

DICK AND JANE

by

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"DICK AND JANE"

FADE IN:

1 CLOSEUP OF A FADED SCHOOL BOOK

lying closed on an old-fashioned wooden teaching lectern. We are ANGLED DOWN so all we can see is a piece of the lectern and the TITLE of the book (also the title of our movie)...

"DICK AND JANE"

The book miraculously opens by itself and, as a nostalgic version of "SCHOOL DAYS" PLAYS OVER, the pages quickly unfold the back story of Dick and Jane and the names and titles of the people who make this movie. The whole style of the opening should be a kind of kiddy-version of those "Book Openings" to old MGM movies. Like this...

MUSIC AND TITLES CONTINUE. We blow open to the first page where the story begins. This page is labeled, "DICK" at the bottom and the picture on the page is of a young boy of about ten sitting under a tree reading "IVANHOE." In the background is a large, comfortable house. (NOTE: All the pictures in the book are in that romanticized and naive style unique to the Dick and Jane Series. But we shall use the real childhood photos of our stars, Jane Fonda and George Segal.)

Another page turns and we SEE a picture of Dick's father, a rugged but gentle, distinguished but earthy, fun but serious, neat but casual guy, standing on the front porch of the house holding a football and shouting to his son, Dick, who has dropped his book and is looking eagerly at his father. Beneath the picture are these words...

"LOOK, DICK," SAID DICK'S  
FATHER. "LOOK WHAT I HAVE."

Another page blows open. The ball has been thrown and Dick is running after it. Caption...

"RUN, DICK, RUN."

## 2 CLOSEUP ON THE BOOK

Another page turns and we SEE Dick, now in a high school football uniform and helmet, running to catch a pass. This picture is captioned...

"SEE DICK RUN."

## 3 MONTAGE SEQUENCE

as we SEE DICK running through various stages of his life, years 15 through 19. He is in constant motion; running to classes, delivering newspapers, running for class office, running in every known sporting activity, running with his friends after a group of giggling girls. Beneath all this is the caption...

"RUN, DICK, RUN.  
RUN, RUN, RUN."

DISSOLVE TO:

## 4 CLOSEUP OF THE BOOK

as another page blows open and we SEE a picture of a darling little girl in pigtails sitting on her pretty bed. Outside her window stands a magnolia tree complete with a chirping robin. The girl is reading "IVANHOE." This picture is labeled...

"JANE"

A page turns and the next picture is of Jane's mother coming in the room with a big wrapped present as Jane's eyes light up. Jane's mother is an even more wholesome-looking person than Dick's father. This picture is captioned...

"LOOK, JANE," SAID JANE'S  
MOTHER. "LOOK WHAT I  
HAVE FOR YOU."

## 5 INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - DAY

JANE opens the gift her MOTHER has given her. It's a play tea set. Jane's Mother begins showing her how to set up the tea things on the bed, shoving the book aside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE'S MOTHER  
Have fun, Jane. Play and have  
fun.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 6 MONTAGE SEQUENCE

briefly fleshing out Jane's junior high and high school years...which seem to be one long whirl of fun. We SEE Jane dancing with a boy, trying to study in a class but succumbing to the flirting of a boy behind her, jumping up in a cheer-leader costume (great legs), taking a home-ec class, sleeping at a slumber party that is suddenly attacked by a group of boys, etc. UNDER THESE DISSOLVES the same legend remains constant...

"PLAY, JANE, PLAY.  
PLAY, PLAY, PLAY."

DISSOLVE TO:

## 7 CLOSE ON THE BOOK

Many pages blow by as MUSIC AND TITLES CONTINUE. The miraculous breeze stops at a page titled:

"DICK AND JANE  
GO TO COLLEGE."

ABOVE THIS TITLE is an idealized picture of a college (imposing and friendly). Eager students approach this citadel of learning from different paths. Easily discernible are Dick and Jane, coming from different directions.

## 8 MORE QUICK CUTS

Dick's college life. We SEE him in various classes, most of them centering on aerospace and related mathematical subjects. In the brief snatches of non-classroom life (playing ball, trying out for a play), he seems happier. BENEATH all this ACTION:

"DICK WORKS HARD. DICK  
WORKS HARD TO GET GOOD  
GRADES AND GET A GOOD JOB."

DISSOLVE TO:

## 9 QUICK CUTS - JANE'S COLLEGE LIFE

Pretty much the same as Dick, only her classes are more liberal-artsy and she seems to have a much easier time of it, getting good grades, helping others study, but goofing off really more than Dick and going out with a lot of different boys.

"JANE WORKS HARD. JANE  
WORKS HARD TO GET GOOD  
GRADES AND GET A GOOD  
HUSBAND."

DISSOLVE TO:

## 10 CLOSEUP OF THE PICTURE BOOK

This picture shows a very 1950's collegiate Dick and Jane bumping into each other backstage at an auditorium. The caption reads:

"DICK AND JANE MEET."

## 11 ANGLE ON THE BOOK

Pages blow, finally fall open on an evening scene of a beautiful lake with two big trees framing both sides of the peaceful moonlit scene. A 1956 Ford is parked at a perfect vista spot. This is a PUZZLE PAGE and the trees are drawn in such a way that it's possible to image faces in them. This picture is captioned:

"CAN YOU FIND DICK  
AND JANE IN THIS  
PICTURE?"

## 12 EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT (MOONLIGHT)

...a police car ENTERS the SCENE and pulls up next to the Ford. A cop shines his flashlight down into the back seat on Dick and Jane in the semi-sexual position of the 50's. A new caption appears:

"THE COPS DID."

FREEZE FRAME. Picture becomes:

## 13 STORYBOOK

Pages flip and fall open on a very idealized and romanti-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

cized shot of Dick and Jane as bride and groom. Caption:

"DICK AND JANE GET MARRIED.  
DICK IS VERY HAPPY. JANE  
IS VERY HAPPY."

Another page blows over and we SEE a drawing of a kindly old doctor winking at Jane as she hands him a piece of wedding cake at the party.

"JANE'S GYNECOLOGIST IS  
VERY HAPPY."

More pages blow quickly, we SEE a drawing of Dick in a business suit approaching a large aerospace corporation, "DIXON AIRCRAFT." This page is captioned:

"DICK GETS A FINE JOB.  
HE IS CALLED AN ENGINEER."

A page blows over and we SEE a drawing of Jane standing in a brand new living room with an apron on, feeding a baby.

"JANE GETS A FINE JOB.  
SHE IS CALLED A MOTHER."

More pages flip to a portrait of an adorable little black and white puppy. This picture is labeled:

"SPOT"

14 EXT. YARD - DAY

...Dick, Jane, their little baby (in an outdoor playpen) and Spot laughing merrily in front of a brand new house. Dick is rolling a ball and Spot is stumbling after it as baby Billy laughs happily.

DICK

Run, Spot, run. See, Billy?  
See Spot run?

Dick and Jane hug each other. We FREEZE FRAME on the tender tableaux.

15 STORYBOOK

The page blows over to a page with a picture of just credit

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

cards...BANKAMERICARD, AMERICAN EXPRESS, TEXACO, etc.  
The caption is:

"AND DICK AND JANE LIVED  
HAPPILY EVER AFTER."

The page blows over and we SEE another drawing of "DIXON AIRCRAFT." The storybook colors have turned dark, the building looks ominous and forbidding. Caption...

"UNTIL OCTOBER 24th, 1975"

CUT TO:

16 EXT. DIXON AIRCRAFT PARKING LOT LONG SHOT DAY

As a Lincoln pulls in, we can't help noticing the vast gap between cars, the lot somewhat less than half-filled.

17 CLOSER SHOT

Dick Harper, young, attractive, assured, carrying a soft leather attache case, emerges from car, strides toward building. Suddenly, he stops short.

18 POV DICK

In those spaces, where "Reserved" places are marked for executives, he sees a Mexican worker lazily painting out a name. Fresh white paint already obliterates two other names. The Mexican worker's name, incidently, is RAOUL.

19 INT. DIXON AIRCRAFT - DAY

Some 50 work desks, but only 15 to 20 functioning, the others unattended. At functioning desks, black girls decked out in white surgical costumes, large magnifying glasses before them, are working on tiny transistors.

As Dick and Roger, another V.P., pass, en route to elevator.

DICK  
Christ, the body count is  
getting heavy around here.

CONTINUED:

7.

ROGER

Half of accounting was wiped out this morning. Structural design is taking heavy casualties.

As they reach the elevator door, and it opens, drunken singing is heard from within.

DICK

Bob...Oh, God...

20

ANOTHER ANGLE

Revealing Bob, clearly drunk, emerging from elevator, being supported by yet another V.P., Marty.

BOB

Good luck. I've just been asked to cut back my division by forty per cent. I feel like the grim reaper.

MARTY

We all feel the same way, but what are you going to do? After the last quarter --

BOB (interrupting)

The company's on its ass. The whole aerospace industry is on its ass. Son of a bitch. I need another drink.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As they wander off and elevator doors shut on a perturbed Dick

21

INT. DIXON OUTER OFFICE OF CHARLES SANFORD

Secretary sadly looks up as Dick strides past, into office of Charlie Sanford, Corporate Vice-President of Dixon Aircraft.

22

INT. SANFORD'S OFFICE DAY

Dick comes in to discover Sanford sitting on a leather couch with his coat off, his feet propped up on coffee table, a drink in hand. Charlie is a big athletic looking man, fifty, with a lot of silver hair. His walls are lined with framed signed photographs of astronauts, military brass, cabinet ministers.



SANFORD  
Dick...Sit down and pour  
yourself a drink.

DICK  
Thanks, Charlie.

Dick pours himself a drink.

SANFORD  
This business stinks.  
You know that?

DICK  
Well...

CHARLIE  
To know the feeling that you've  
been a part of the team that tied  
the lace on the shoe that took  
that giant step for mankind. You  
don't get that from building a  
goddamn missile. It stinks. It  
used to be the most exciting  
business in the world, and now it  
stinks on ice.

DICK  
It's been a rough year.

CHARLIE  
It stinks.

DICK  
I guess it does stink.

CHARLIE  
It stinks on ice.

DICK  
On ice, Right.

CHARLIE  
What's all this crap?

He's referring to Dick's stack of papers, charts, etc.

DICK

It's my plan to re-organize  
my department. I figure...

CHARLIE (interrupting)

One small step. One giant  
step for mankind...

DICK

Oh I wouldn't say that. But it's  
not a bad plan. I ----

CHARLIE

You know who made that step  
possible? We did. You and me  
and Bob Kane and Marty Fields.  
We put Neil and whats-his-name  
on the fucking moon and then  
they gave us the shaft. It stinks.

DICK

On ice.

CHARLIE

Goddamn right it does.

Charlie finishes his drink, pours himself another.

CHARLIE

How's you drink?

DICK

Fine.

CHARLIE

Well...What do you say we talk  
turkey?

In response, Dick begins to arrange his papers in front of him.

DICK

I've tried to think of cutting  
back in terms of cost rather than...

CHARLIE

Dick...

(pause)

DICK  
Charlie...?

CHARLIE  
Dick, I've always felt you  
were a guy I didn't have to  
bullshit.

DICK  
I'm glad to hear that.

CHARLIE  
In this job you have to bullshit  
a lot of guys, give 'em the old  
stroke...you know...But I've always  
felt I could level with you. You  
know what I mean?

DICK  
Sure.

CHARLIE  
Can I level with you?

DICK  
Sure.

CHARLIE  
I mean really level?

DICK  
Charlie, you can tell me anything.

CHARLIE  
You're fired.

Charlie breaks up. Dick laughs too, uneasily.

CHARLIE  
I never once said it straight  
out like that.

DICK (laughing)  
Practice makes perfect.

But Charlie is suddenly depressed.

CHARLIE

No, I shouldn't have done that. It's just that I'm sick of all the bullshit. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have...

DICK

Wait a minute... you're serious?

CHARLIE (hurt)

Would I kid a pal?

DICK

No jokes, Charlie. You're really firing me?

Charlie tries to salvage a little of his corporate manner.

CHARLIE

I don't have to tell you this has been a rough year for us...

DICK

But I haven't done a bad job.

CHARLIE

You've done a helluva job. Don't let anybody tell you different. Shit, you know how I feel about you and Jane.

DICK

Then why me? Why not Marty or Bob? My division's out-performed both of theirs.

CHARLIE (vague)

Seniority...I think that's what it was ...seniority. I'm sure that's what it was. Yeah...

DICK

I can't believe it.

The high point of Charlie's drunk has faded and now he is verging on the nod.

CHARLIE

Listen, Dick, do you mind if we don't go into all this crap now? Frankly, I'm a little looped and... I've got blood on my hands...a lot of blood...

Cunningly, he now feigns sleep. Dick just stands there for a moment, glaring at him, uncertain. Finally, he gathers his papers and leaves.

Dick emerges into secretary's office. He pays no attention, until she stops him.

ELEANOR

Mr. Harper...I just want to say that I'm very sorry you're leaving us.

DICK

Thank you.

ELEANOR

Did Mr. Sanford tell you about the car?

DICK

What car?

ELEANOR

The company car you've been using. You can retain the use of it for two weeks.

DICK

Isn't that thoughtful?

ELEANOR (obsequious smile)

And we will continue to pay your membership in the country club until the end of the quarter, but we must have your company credit cards now, please.

A beat; even as she holds out her hand.

DICK

Damn it, they're in my other suit. I'll bring them round tomorrow.

Then, as he turns to go, she lapses automatically into cheery Californese.

ELEANOR

Oh, and have a nice day.

Dick, pulling out angrily, all but stripping the gears of his Lincoln.

Driving, mutters to himself.

26 POV DICK

Holiday Inn by roadside.

27. ANOTHER ANGLE

FAVORING HOLIDAY INN Marquee, which reads:

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY WANDA  
WUD U BELIEVE (sic)  
TWENTY-NINE?"

As Dick pulls into lot, gets out of his car, starts toward Inn.

28. INT. HOLIDAY INN BAR - DAY

Dark, gloomy. Maybe eight or nine men and women drinking morosely at tables. The BARTENDER, a big, bronzed Indian, long greasy black hair, headband, is coping with a drunken salesman as Dick sits down at the bar.

DRUNK (to bartender)

Screw that. You just tell me where it says in the Bible -- and I want chapter and verse, man -- that the Indians are entitled to land claims settlements?

DICK

A J & B on the rocks, please. Make it a double.

DRUNK

Did your boys invent the electric light? Or the jet engine? Shit, you still hadn't discovered the fucking wheel when we landed here.

DICK

Wait. When Dick Harper drinks, everybody drinks.

The bartender remains impassive.

DRUNK

No shit?

(CONTINUED)

DICK

(with a sweeping gesture)

Drinks on the house.

## 29. ANOTHER ANGLE

Bartender taking orders, filling glasses.

## 30. ANOTHER ANGLE

Everybody raising a full glass to their benefactor, big Dick Harper, which he graciously acknowledges, raising his own glass.

## 31. ANOTHER ANGLE

Bartender slaps down bill, which Dick promptly covers with his company credit card.

## 32. ANOTHER ANGLE

We PAN with bartender as he goes to phone, dials, reads out credit card number, repeats it, nods, hangs up, returns to confront a still beaming munificent Dick.

BARTENDER

It's no good.

DICK

What!

BARTENDER

Your credit's been cancelled.

DICK

Those sons of bitches.

BARTENDER

That'll be twenty-eight sixty.

DICK

Twenty-eight sixty!

DRUNK

Hey, ask him to throw Manhattan Island in with the deal.

(CONTINUED)

As he explodes with laughter at his own foul joke, Dick, seething, digs into his pockets for the cash.

33. EXT. HOLIDAY INN PARKING LOT

Indignant Dick striding toward his Lincoln.

34. ANOTHER ANGLE -- PARKING LOT

Edging out, Dick reverses, inadvertently running into parking lot concrete bumper guard.

35. INT. CAR

CU DICK

Suddenly, an evil smile.

36. ANOTHER ANGLE -- PARKING LOT

SOUND: Grinding gears, shattering glass, as a car is being pounded against concrete O.S.

We see a stunned old man...a lady in curlers...two small boys... watching something...utterly baffled.

37. ANOTHER ANGLE

Dick finally pulling out, his big smile manic, waving at his small audience, from his battered Lincoln, as he pulls triumphantly into traffic.

CUT TO:

38. EXT. HARPER HOUSE - DAY

Fairly new, fairly large, Mediterranean style house. Pandemonium in garden, however. Excavator excavating, concrete being mixed, tiles being moved, plants being embedded ...11 year old BILLY Harper, other kids, playing football through the confusion and racket...and overseeing all this

(CONTINUED)



activity, the big, muscular, barechested MR. GOLDONI. Hanging from Goldoni's bull-neck, a pendant with an astrological sign (Aquarius), as well as a whistle on a chain.

...as Dick pulls up in his freshly battered Lincoln and walks across the lawn, through din, he is confronted by the menacing Goldoni.

GOLDONI

Mr. Harper!

Dick ignores him.

GOLDONI

(blocking his path)

Oh, Mr. Harper.

DICK

(shouting to make himself heard)

What is it?

GOLDONI

Congratulations. Your second payment on the pool is due today.

(even as he thrusts a statement at him)

A check would be most convenient.

REVERSE ANGLE

39. INT. KITCHEN

From the window, ESPERANZA, the maid, sees the two men shouting, gesticulating. Wiping her hands on a towel.

ESPERANZA (calling urgently)

Senora Harper! Senora Harper!

40. EXT. GARDEN

Dick and Goldoni

GOLDONI

But your wife said ---

As Jane, on the trot, comes within earshot.

(CONTINUED)

DICK (shouting back)  
I don't give a shit what my wife said.

## 41. ANOTHER ANGLE

JANE (aghast)  
Oh, Dick...

DICK (shouting)  
I've just been fired.

## 42. CU JANE

Startled

## 43. ANOTHER ANGLE

Goldoni reaches for his whistle and blows on it shrilly...  
once, twice...

44 PANNING over the wreck of the garden as everything comes  
to an abrupt halt: the cement mixer, the tile-layers,  
the excavator. Everything. A sudden menacing silence  
enhanced by Goldoni's big intimidating presence.

GOLDONI  
What did you say?

DICK (to Jane)  
Tell him what you said.

GOLDONI  
No. You.

Jane is the first to recover.

JANE  
He said he was tired.

Goldoni shakes his head, he grins, admiring her cool, but  
he is not to be conned.

GOLDONI  
Mr. Harper you were canned today.

DICK  
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

As Billy comes running up.

BILLY

Hey, Dad, what did you do to your car?

DICK

Not now, Billy.

A dry tense pause, as Dick braces himself, fists clenched, and Goldoni, all belligerence, reflects suddenly, without warning, driving a finger into a terrified Dick.

GOLDONI

What's your sign?

POV DICK

The Aquarian sign Goldoni wears.

DICK (chancing it)

Aquarius.

GOLDONI

Oh, you poor prick, I knew it.

He walks away, holding his head, lips pursed, and returns, despairing.

GOLDONI

As of yesterday, our Third House is empty.

Dick whistles in amazement.

GOLDONI

It's a real ball-crusher. Jupiter has just entered our Seventh House and --- oh, shit, you might as well know --- Mars is in direct juxtaposition to Saturn.

JANE

Oh, my God, no.

As Goldoni curses his luck --- Dick's luck --- roundly in Italian.

GOLDONI

It's a bad time for us, a real bummer.  
I'll give you until next Wednesday.

And turning away from them, he blows on his whistle again, once, twice, and the men resume work.

CUT TO:

## 45. INT. BILLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cozy, middle-class. Snoopy and other stuffed animals. Toys everywhere. As Jane tucks him in, switches on night light, and slips out the door.

## 46. EXT. FRONT DICK AND JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We note, in passing, a 17 foot boat on a trailer in adjoining driveway. We also note that all the gardens we can see, including Dick and Jane's, are well-lit, spotlights concealed in shrubbery.

SOUND: A shrill, pulsating police siren approaching --- seemingly upon them --- then fading into the night.

## 47. EXT. REAR DICK AND JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dick and Jane are by the hold partially dug for their long-awaited swimming pool. Excavating equipment alongside, also stacks of tiles, etc. A child's toys also on seat of the excavator ---smiling---as she watches a somewhat looped Dick trying stunts on Billy's skateboard. Finally, he strolls over to her, joining her at "poolside". Jane refills both their glasses with wine.

JANE

I can't believe it. Charlie fired you.

DICK

Charlie fired me.

JANE

That son of a bitch. After all the years of bottom-pinching I took from him.

Dick maintains a morose silence.

JANE (contin)

The hell with them. You'll get a better job.

No answer.

JANE

Won't you?

(CONTINUED)

DICK

You're damn right I will.

A beat; Jane staring at pool.

JANE (meekly)

What are we going to do about paying for the pool?

DICK

Darling, there is nothing to worry about.

But Jane is now prepared to make real sacrifices.

JANE

Look, we won't heat it. Not until you get another job.

DICK

And what will the neighbors say if they don't see steam rising off our pool on chilly nights/

(as he gropes for her, kissing her neck)  
Dick Harper's a loser!

JANE (responding to his advances)

Screw the neighbors. We're going to start making some real economies around here. I'm going to give up my tennis lessons. No more French wines at home. And I'm going to start canning things, just like my mother.

DICK (his advances growing more heated)

I do appreciate your pioneering spirit, Calamity, and now if you'd care to mosey upstairs with me there's something in my sleeping bag I'd like to show you.

JANE (kissing him)

Shoot. What could that be?

DICK

Well, it's good for lumbago, athlete's foot, headache...and guaranteed to melt your little ole panty straps.

JANE

You are talkin' dirty now!

As they embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

48. INT. DICK AND JANE'S HOUSE, ESPERANZA'S ROOM

Esperanza gathers up her large, overstuffed cardboard suitcase, bound with cord.

49. EXT. HOUSE GARDEN AND GARAGE

As a taxi driver takes Esperanza's suitcase, she walks to garage, where Billy is trying to flip a basketball into net overhead of doors. Baffled, he allows himself to be hugged and kissed by departing maid.

50. ANOTHER ANGLE

Across the street, the Bradleys have just pulled up, getting out of their car. He's a fat fellow, spilling over his Bermuda shorts.

51. POV MRS. BRADLEY

Esperanza getting into taxi.

52. RESUME BRADLEYS

MRS. BRADLEY

The Harper's maid is leaving!

MR. BRADLEY

What?

MRS. BRADLEY (shoving him)

Hurry! Damn you! She may not have another job yet.

53. ANOTHER ANGLE

Bounding Bradley, in his Bermudas, succeeds in stopping taxi.

54 Omitted

55. INT. DEN - DAY

Dick, who has obviously been on the phone for hours, nods wearily into receiver, as we HEAR a click on the other end of the line, and he x-s another name off a list on the pad before him.

FAVORING pad, we see that it is a list of all the country's leading airplane manufacturing firms, the last name and hope now x-ed off.

56. ANOTHER ANGLE

As Billy spills into the room, Dick, still holding 'dead' phone, parodies the day's defeats for his son.

DICK (into 'dead' phone)  
Hello, Harry. Long time no see. How goes the battle? Yeah, sure. Tell me, anything available at Lockheed? Yeah, pink slips. The girls in the secretarial pool. Ho, ho, ho.

Billy looks on uncertainly as Dick hangs up phone.

BILLY  
Things are that tough, Dad?

DICK  
It's not just that I'm unemployable --- I also seem to be obsolete!

Dick sees his son's growing alarm, decides to make light of it.

DICK  
Why don't you get a newspaper route, kid? Eleven years old and still sponging off the old man.

As he dives at him and the two of them begin to wrestle on the floor.

CUT TO:

## 57. INT. KITCHEN

Chaos. Steam, steam everywhere. Boiling burning peaches. Canning jars. Peelings. A totally undone, sweaty Jane, attempting to can, getting everything wrong.

CUT TO:

## 58. INT. HARPER DINING ROOM - NIGHT

PANNING over Billy, Jane, Dick, eating Hamburger Helper listlessly, not a word being said. Only sounds we hear that of cutlery against plates. Finally.

JANE (obviously trying to cheer  
him up)

Maybe your Third House is still empty.

DICK

That was last month, dear. Tomorrow  
Dick Harper puts his fabled shoulder to  
the wheel once more.

JANE (overjoyed)

You've found a job!

DICK

Yeah.

JANE

Doing what?

DICK

Let's just say I'm embarking on a  
second career, and leave it at that,  
shall we?

DISSOLVE TO:

## 59. INT. CLASSROOM UCLA OR WHEREVER - DAY

It's a large studio, and we PAN over rapt students at drawing boards, sketching a figure as yet unseen, and the only sound we hear is the scratching of charcoal pencils. PANNING over intent faces, some sketches, until, coming full circle, we come upon the model. Dick, reduced to a bikini, and striking a Thinker's pose for the assembly.

CUT TO:



60. CLOSE SHOT LA TIMES HELPED WANTED PAGE

A "bartender needed" ad being circled with ballpoint.

61. EXT. THE STRIP - DAY

Dick, clutching newspaper, entering what turns out to be a topless (or bunnyed) bar/restaurant.

62. INT. SEEDY RESTAURANT

PANNING over serving waitresses, the men at tables, as well-dressed Dick finds himself, for the first time in his life, in a topless bar...TRACKING with him to proprietor who sits at cash register. In the enveloping din, we don't hear the conversation, but we see Dick point out Bartender Wanted Ad to proprietor, who grins and slaps his cheek with amazement.

63. CLOSER SHOT

PROPRIETOR

You crazy, man? The only requirement for a bartender in this joint is knockers. Shit, you couldn't even bluff your way into a training bra.

DISSOLVE TO:

64. CLOSEUP OF PAGE FROM DICK AND JANE STORYBOOK, TITLE READS:

"DICK AND JANE'S BIG DAY."

65. EXT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE - DAY

A large sullen mob has gathered outside the Department of Human Resources. We PICK UP Dick and Jane in her car as they stop at the curb.

66. INT. CAR

Jane is behind the wheel. Dick wears a suit and tie and a forlorn look.

JANE

You'd think you were committing a crime. Lots of people collect unemployment.

(CONTINUED)

DICK

It just seems there's no point in going through all this when I'm having lunch with Jim Weeks at Northrop next week. He says that things are about to break over there.

JANE

Dick, my darling, you've been without work for three months now. We are in no position to be turning up our noses at ninety-five dollars week tax-free.

DICK

I've worked for every dime I've ever made in my life. Nobody ever gave me anything.

JANE

Nobody's giving you anything now. You have to work to collect unemployment. It's like insurance.

(as she bends over to kiss him)

O.K.?

DICK (sullen)

See you later.

JANE

I'd wait, you know, but I've got to pick up Billy.

DICK

I know.

## 67. EXT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE

Dick walks among the ranks of the unemployed. Apart from the people who are there merely to get their money and beat it, there are the usual hangers on. Also, a small selection of real crazies who make speeches, talk to themselves or sing. Dick is the only person dressed in a suit and as a consequence he attracts attention. He goes inside.

## 68. INT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE

Dick looking lost and a little panic stricken. An elderly black woman standing in front of him turns around, bemused, and looks him up and down.

WOMAN

You looking for a maid, honey. I can iron like a dream.

DICK

The truth is....

WOMAN

(drifting away)

Yeah, I know. You want somebody younger.

Dick, moving away, embarrassed, finally sights the window marked INFORMATION. As he is about to join the long line leading up to it, he is accosted by a longhaired, bearded, mustachioed Mexican (RAOUL)

RAOUL

You're Mr. Harper, aren't you?  
Dixon Aircraft.

DICK

Yes..?

RAOUL

I'm Raoul Esteban. Remember? I was with Dixon Maintenance Division. I used to do your office.

DICK

Sure... Raoul... How are you?

Raoul seems genuinely delighted to see Dick. Dick is uncomfortable. They shake hands.

RAOUL

Great. Hey, what are you doin' here?

No ready answer.

RAOUL

They canned you too, huh?

DICK

Actually, it was more complicated--

RAOUL

That company, man...They can all the guys who got ability. It's a bitch.

DICK

It sure is.

RAOUL

Is this your first time in here?

DICK

Damn right. I mean, yeah, it is.

RAOUL

Hey, man, you're in luck. I'm going to take care of you.

DICK

That's very decent of you.

RAOUL

Don't mention it. Mi casa, su casa, you know what I mean? First thing... You're in the wrong line. Information you stand in line two hours and all they tell you is to fill out one of these.

He hands him a card.

CUT TO:

## 69 EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY

A school for kids. Billy, and others his age, boys and girls with teeth braces, as instructor trots out, calling it a day.

## 70 EXT. STREET SCHOOL

Cars parked everywhere. Attractive, well-dressed young mothers waiting, chattering, Jane among them. HOLD only long enough so that we will remember the faces of some of these ladies, before all the kids come charging out toward the cars. Among them, Billy.

## 71 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

As Jane's car, Billy inside, pulls up in front of the house. A gang of Goldoni's workmen busy repossessing the landscaping (the pool, incidentally, still half complete). Trees are pulled up out of the ground, as are ferns and plants, all done with great care. Great gouges, however, are left in garden. Piles of sand, etc. Jane gets out of car and speaks to one of the workmen.

JANE  
Stop it! Stop!

WORKMAN  
This your house?

JANE  
That's right.

WORKMAN (yells)  
Pete...we got one of 'em.

Pete who is in charge today comes over to Jane.

PETE  
You got our notice, Mrs. Harper?

JANE  
Yes, and I sent you a check.

PETE  
Bouncy, bouncy. That's naughty,  
Mrs. Harper.

JANE  
But I told you to put it through again.

PETE  
We did. That's why we're here.

JANE  
Look, just because the bank makes a  
mistake, is no reason to rip up my garden.

PETE  
A check bounces once, that's a mistake.  
Twice, we repossess.

JANE  
Well, I'm going to call them right now.  
You just hold on.

She starts into the house, Pete follows.

JANE  
Where are you going?

PETE  
I thought while you're calling I'd  
get the plants inside.

JANE  
Get off my property before I call the  
police.

Pete just stands there, clacking his tongue.

JANE (shouting)  
Right now.

PETE  
C'mon, guys. Everybody back to the truck.

The workmen retire to the truck. Jane and Billy go into house.

CUT TO:

72 INT. BAR - DAY

Meanwhile, Dick is discovering a new world. He and Raoul are having a beer and shooting a little pool. Some of the unemployment office regulars are there, Mexican pop music in background from jukebox. Raoul, we see at once, is something of a pool shark. Watching him shoot, Dick is charged with admiration.

73 INT. HOUSE

Jane is on the phone.

JANE  
But that's impossible! Are you  
positive...?

We HEAR Pete's voice coming through an electric bull horn from the outside.

PETE (O.S.)  
Open the door, Mrs. Harper ---

Jane reacts in horror.

PETE (O.S.)  
---or we'll huff, and we'll puff, and  
we'll blow your house down.

JANE (into phone)  
Thank you.

She hangs up and goes to door.

74 EXT. HOUSE

Pete is speaking through the electric bullhorn.

PETE

You are behind in your payments on your indoor-outdoor landscaping and your pool. We do not want your neighbors to know you are deadbeats, but we must repossess...

Jane opens the front door. She looks utterly defeated.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. DICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dick and Jane's garden, like all the others, illuminated, but the landscape in front of his house is all but totally denuded. As Dick walks slowly to the front door, looking around him in stunned disbelief -- pouf!--- suddenly all the lights in his garden, as well as any lights that were on in the house, are extinguished.

76 INT. DEN

Even as Billy watches Hawaii Five-0 or whatever, on TV, suddenly the picture shrinks to the size of a postage stamp and goes out.

77 INT. OUTER HALL

Dick, entering, striking matches, as Billy comes running up to him.

BILLY

You're just in time, Daddy. I think we blew a fuse.

DICK

I'm afraid not, Billy.

BILLY

What's wrong, then?

DICK

Um, something of a misunderstanding ...between ourselves and the Department of Water and Power.

As Dick comes in, Jane is sitting in a chair wrapped in a menacing calm, flashlight in hand. For his benefit, she shines the flashlight on those places where plants, now repossessed, used to stand. Dick stumbles over to sideboard, pours himself a small scotch, draining the bottle. The last of it.

JANE

Are you going to tell me how bad things really are, or are we just going to wait for the roof to fall on our heads?

79 CU FLUTE

SOUND: Scales.

TRACK BACK

80 INT. BILLY'S ROOM

A music stand before him, he is practicing by the light of a Coleman Camp lamp.

81 INT. DEN NIGHT

SOUND: Flute. Scales again and again.

Dick and Jane sit across the desk from each other. The candlelight is romantic, but on the desk, a very businesslike file of papers, documents, etc.

DICK

Look, Jane, it isn't all that bad.

JANE

We have no income and no assets, Dick.

DICK

We have the house.

JANE

We owe eighty seven thousand dollars on the house...but never mind that for the moment. I see that you've left fifteen thousand dollars in your will to your sister.

DICK

Yeah..?



JANE

If you died tonight I'd owe her the fifteen thousand, wouldn't I?

DICK

It would come out of the insurance.

JANE

Guess what, darling?

DICK

Don't tell me. I don't want to know.

JANE

There is no insurance. You've borrowed against it.

DICK

Look, this is ridiculous. I'm not going to die tonight. Dick Harper is in his prime.

JANE

Yes. Maybe.

The "maybe" scorches. Dick is suddenly outraged.

DICK

If Dr. Rabinovitch told you anything he didn't tell me after my last check-up, it is your duty to come clean. Right now. I want it straight from the shoulder.

Jane is baffled.

JANE

What on earth are you talking about?

DICK

My health. All I've got left. He assured me it was tennis elbow.

(leaning close)

Is it terminal, Jane? I demand to know.

JANE

There is absolutely nothing wrong with your health. But, Dick, you have been leading a whole secret life in the last few years, haven't you?

Now he is really ready to blow his top.

DICK

You are looking at a faithful husband, Mrs. Harper. I haven't even been to see 'Deep Throat' yet.

JANE

I'm not talking about sex, I'm talking about money. Here I always thought of you as Dick Harper, mild-mannered husband--

DICK (insulted)

Mild-mannered? Thank you.

JANE

--and aerospace executive. Who knew you were the Typhoid Mary of high finance?

DICK

Look, I gambled on a few things and I lost. But they were sure things, damn it, I didn't go wrong, Jane. Everybody's in the same boat. The economy's shot to hell.

JANE

You gambled. You lost. What about me? I gambled and lost and didn't even get to play. I didn't even get to watch.

DICK

They weren't gambles! How could I know my stock options would be worthless, or that the price of gold would disintegrate. Or that our condominium development in Maui would fold?

JANE

Maui?

DICK (defensively)

Charlie was in that one, too. So were all the fellows.

JANE

Good God!

DICK

Excuse me, Dr. Keynes, but I thought that your interest in economics was always limited to the spending part.

JANE

I didn't know you were running amok, wheeling and dealing us into poverty.

Dick, still concerned, has begun to roll up his sleeve, and probe his elbow.

DICK

If only I'd consulted you, we wouldn't be in this position. There wouldn't have been a recession. I wouldn't have lost my job.

(suddenly, leaning close to her again,  
his manner imploring)

Tell me the truth. What did he say?

JANE

Who?

DICK

Dr. Rabinovitch.

JANE

There is nothing wrong with your health, but as Director of Family Economics, you're through. I'm taking over.

Dick has to laugh, he slaps his knee with simulated delight.

JANE

You shouldn't have waited three months before you applied for unemployment.

DICK

Mea culpa!

JANE

Tomorrow you can apply for the Food Stamp program.

DICK

Why don't I get a job? A waiter, a bus boy. If we're not too proud to go on welfare, then I can ---

JANE

Sorry, we can't afford it.

DICK

What!?

JANE

We'll make more money from unemployment than you could make on any of those jobs, assuming you could get one.

DICK

Gee, thanks.

JANE

Your job for the moment is to collect unemployment, apply for the food stamp program, and keep looking for work in your field. My job is to get one.

DICK (amused)

You're going to get a job?

JANE

That's right. Incredible as it may seem, I am going to get a job.

DICK

May I ask -- no offense, mind you -- what you think you're qualified to do?

JANE

There must be plenty of things I can do.

DICK

Oh, come on. You've never worked a day in your life. You can't type. You can't take shorthand. You don't even know how to run a PBX.

JANE

I'm a college graduate, reasonably intelligent, personable, not altogether unattractive...

DICK

But will you be happy being a hooker?

DISSOVLE TO:

82 EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY

It's school fieldday. Tennis finals or whatever. Young Billy on court, playing doubles with three other kids. If tennis is out, a relay race will do.

83 ANOTHER ANGLE

Parents seated in stands everywhere. We pick out Dick, an empty seat beside him.

84 ANOTHER ANGLE

PANNING with an exuberant Jane as, muttering "excuse me", she works her way toward Dick in stands.

85 BILLY PLAYING

86 RESUME DICK

As Jane snuggles in beside him.

JANE

I got a job!

Dick, looking left and right, obviously conscious of neighbors.

DICK

Sssssh.

JANE (whispering)

I start on Monday.

Resolutely he continues to watch game.

JANE

Aren't you pleased?

DICK

Pleased? I'm thrilled. You start your job on Monday and tomorrow morning at nine, I've got an interview about food stamps.

CUT TO:

87 INT. RESTAURANT DEPT. STORE - DAY

Many matrons at lunch, occasionally peering at models who roam between table like frightened birds.

88 INT. BACKSTAGE

Jane is getting ready to make her debut. The woman in charge, PAULA, tries to reassure her.

PAULA

You ever modelled before?

JANE

Sure...clay, model airplanes...

PAULA

Just don't knock anything over, or fall on your ass, and you'll be fine.

As Jane gets set to move out for her tour of the room. Another model speaks to Paula.

MODEL

Who's she?

PAULA

Some friend of the fashion co-ordinator.

89 POV JANE (moving out)

The assembled ladies.

CUT TO:

90 INT. RESTAURANT DEPT. STORE

Jane, modelling a coat, is shaky, but manages reasonably well, until

91 POV JANE

Sipping martinis at a table, two or three of the ladies she chatted with when she went to pick up Billy at the tennis school. Obviously, they are surprised to see her.

Hopelessly rattled now, her fragile confidence shattered, Jane inadvertently knocks over a drink at a ladies' table. As she immediately moves to assist the outraged victim, muttering apologies...

CUT TO:

## 93 INT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE

The crowd seems to be even larger and more bizarre than the last time we were here. Dick and Raoul are together.

RAOUL

I'm telling you, man. It's no sweat. Particularly for a guy in your position.

DICK

Look, I'm in the same position everybody else is...unemployed.

RAOUL

But you're a professional guy. You know what I mean?

DICK

No.

RAOUL

Look at your card, man. Look what it says...Aerospace executive. You think they're going to hassle an aerospace executive?

DICK

But I'm not an aerospace executive anymore. No one needs an aerospace executive anymore!

RAOUL

In here, man, you are what you were. You know what I mean? It's the rules. They ain't going to mess around with a guy like you. No problem.

CUT TO:

## 94 INT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE - DAY

Dick stands in line behind a guy (RAYMOND) in full slap and semi-drag, i.e., a pant suit rather than a dress. Raymond, at window, telling his tale. Dick, enormously amused, stands behind him, listening.

RAYMOND

I'm going to have an operation in a month. You know, the operation. And my analyst said I should start making the adjustment. That's why they fired me...just for wearing a most demure grey maxi with a matching cashmere twin set. It's all there in the letter from my analyst.

We cannot hear the clerk nor do we get a good look at him. We can, however, see Dick who is trying to keep himself from dissolving with laughter.

RAYMOND

Why do I have to see the supervisor?  
It's all very simple...Oh, all right.  
Shoot!

A deep sigh from Raymond as he packs up his stuff and moves away from the window. Dick watches him go, then approaches window himself. The clerk is writing something, we don't see his face.

DICK

I've seen some fruits in my time, but she really takes the cake.

CLERK

Not really.

DICK

C'mon. That's the flamingest fag I've ever seen.

CLERK

In the first place, she is a transsexual, not a fruit, not a fag, not even a homosexual. She has the mind, soul and desires of a woman imprisoned in a man's body.

Even Dick has now realized that the clerk is gay.

CLERK

And now what can I do for you, sir?

CUT TO:



Jane approaches an elderly harridan (THELMA) who appears to have spared no expense to look like Sandra Dee in her gidget period.

JANE

Can I help you?

THELMA

Honey, my teeth soak in a glass every night. I haven't been properly laid in ten years. I'm beyond help. Where's Irene?

JANE

Irene is out to lunch. Is there...?

THELMA

Lunch, my ass. You mean she's having a nooner in some sleazy motel.

JANE

I don't really know. But maybe I could help you.

THELMA

Irene is my regular girl. You're new, aren't you?

JANE

Yes. My name is Jane. Is there something I can get for you?

THELMA

Sure, twenty years of my life back. Or a fella with a big whang. But, failing that, I'll just take the usual.

JANE

You'll have to forgive me, but since I'm new, I don't really know what the usual is.

THELMA

Well...Give me some of that facial. And then....

JANE

Any particular facial?

THELMA

What do you think? My skin is made of sandpaper? I want just any facial?

JANE

I'm sorry, but I really don't know.

THELMA

I want my facial.

JANE

Fine. But which kind of facial do you want?

THELMA

The green one that smells like Sorrento on a summer's night.

JANE

You don't happen to remember the name?

THELMA

I've had three husbands and I can't even remember their names. Irene knows.

JANE

Maybe you should wait until she gets back.

THELMA

How many times do I have to tell you that I want my facial now?

Jane, deciding to try her luck, takes a box off the shelf.

JANE

How about this?

THELMA

How about letting me have a vaginal spray? Something sweet for secret places. If only for auld lang syne's sake. No, that isn't it at all, honey.

JANE

This is the best facial in the store. I thought perhaps you might like to try it.

THELMA

But I've been using the same facial for twenty years, and that's the one I want.

JANE

I'll get it for you. Just tell me what it's called.

THELMA

You keep asking the same stupid questions. I don't know what it's called.

JANE

Then how can I get it for you?

THELMA

Never mind. God, what a stupid girl!

96

## ANOTHER ANGLE

As a hard old lady, obviously the department supervisor, approaches, more than a little interested.

JANE

Look, lady, if you've been using the same facial for twenty years, I don't think it's too much that you might remember what in the hell it's called!

THELMA

Don't you speak filthy to me, you stupid cunt. I tell you young people today they have no respect. They've only got one thing on their mind.

As Thelma, outraged, stomps off, Jane is suddenly aware of the grimfaced supervisor down on her.

SUPERVISOR

Mrs. Harper...?

JANE

Don't say it. There's no need. I'll go quietly.

CONTINUED:

As she reaches for her hangbag and turns to go.

CUT TO:

97 INT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE

We SEE Dick collecting his check, his exuberance apparent to all.

98 ANOTHER ANGLE

As one of the regulars, wearing a chrome-studded black motorcycle costume, sidles up to him, whispering something.

99 EXT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE

Dick climbing on to rear of a big bike, zooming off into traffic with Regular.

100 EXT. FREEWAYS - DAY

Two or three shots of Dick and Regular zooming through canyons on big bike.

101 EXT. CREST OF HILL - DAY (2nd Unit)

As Dick approaches on bike, in valley below we SEE cars parked, men, women, even kids, walking between, lugging bridge tables, lamps, etc.

102 CLOSER SHOT SWAP MEET AND "ANTIQUÉ" FAIR

Dick and Regular walking between displays of junk on grass, searching for somebody.

103 ANOTHER ANGLE

It's Raoul, wearing a funny peak cap, a basket strapped to his shoulders, merrily handing out free new long cigarette samples to all comers.

104 ANOTHER ANGLE

Dick with Raoul.

DICK

What was so urgent?

Even as Raoul breaks open a cigarette sample and he and Dick light up.

RAOUL

The Opera is coming to town next Tuesday.

DICK

So what?

RAOUL

So forty bucks a night: cash.

DICK

Can you sing?

RAOUL

Hell, no. All you got to do is stand around while the rest of them sing. Sometimes you carry a spear. Other time you hold the elephants. It's real easy, man.

Even as they talk, they continue to drift through the swap meet, strolling past displays of Nazi memorabilia, old theatre posters, ancient barber chairs, etc. etc., Raoul, all smiles, handling out cigarette sample to all comers.

DICK

What about unemployment?

RAOUL

We don't tell them.

DICK

Suppose they find out?

RAOUL

How they going to find out? They pay you in cash. There's no papers, nothing. No way they going to find out.

Greeting, in passing, other cigarette vendors, recognizable from unemployment office.

DICK

You mean I'm going to be a welfare chiseler?

CONTINUED:

45.

Dick is pleased at the prospect, but Raoul's sensibilities are offended.

RAOUL

Look, man, a welfare chiseler is just a bum who don't want to work. We want to work, don't we?

DICK

Yeah, but the rules say you can't work and collect unemployment.

RAOUL

You can't follow the rules all the time, man. I mean what about guys like the Rockefellers or the Du Ponts? How do you think they got where they are?

DICK

Breaking the rules?

RAOUL

Those guys had initiative and enterprise and they were willing to work hard, and they didn't let a few crummy rules stand in their way. That's what made this country what it is. It's the whole enchilada that made America great. You know?

DICK

I never thought of it quite like that.

RAOUL

You got to think about these things, man. I ain't no deadbeat, welfare chiseler, and neither are you.

DICK

I'm sorry.

RAOUL

It's O.K., man.

CUT TO:

105 INT. OPERA HOUSE

A performance of Carmen is in progress. We are in the camp of the gypsies at the end of the second act. The stage, needless to say, is crowded with gypsies. Closer inspection reveals two of the gypsies are in fact Dick and Raoul. They wear head scarves, earrings, and generally tend to blend with other gypsies. All goes reasonably well until Dick is accidentally stabbed with a prop knife which causes him to yell.

CONTINUED:

DICK  
Jesus Christ!

And stumble against a piece of the set, which wobbles slightly. This raises a laugh from some of the audience.

106 ANGLE TO AUDIENCE

Some people are smiling, others are angry. One of those who is angry is the clerk from the unemployment office, who, furthermore, seems to have recognized Dick.

107 INT. OPERA HOUSE BACKSTAGE

The gypsies, other extras. Even before Dick can remove his make-up, he sees, looming over him.

108 POV DICK

The unemployment officer, exuding nasty delight.

OFFICER  
Oh, ducky, don't you look simply  
divine ce soir.

109 CU DICK

His reaction

CUT TO:

110 INT. RAOUL'S CAR NIGHT

Dick and Raoul driving home from the performance.

DICK  
No unemployment for three years. Shit.

RAOUL  
You got to look at the positive side.  
They could have sent you to prison.  
They don't usually do that, but...

DICK  
Three years...what am I going to tell  
Jane.

RAOUL  
I wouldn't tell her.

CONTINUED:

47.

DICK  
Unemployment was half our income.

DISSOLVE TO:

111 INT. LOAN COMPANY - DAY

Dick and Jane sit across the desk from the loan officer, Ned Glass. Ned is going over their books shaking his head, occasionally grunting, and snorting with derision.

NED  
Mister, you got problems.

DICK  
Why do you think we're here?

NED  
I know why you're here.

He sighs and shakes his head.

NED  
You got guts. I give you that.

DICK  
Your ad says if you've been turned down elsewhere...

NED  
It didn't say if you've been turned down everywhere.

DICK  
This is the first place we've been.

NED  
Lucky us.

JANE  
Listen, we can go lots of places for abuse. C'mon, Dick.

NED  
Sit down. Did I say I wasn't going to give you money? Did I say that?

DICK  
No. I just...

NED  
Sit down. Let's look at the pluses and the minuses.



DICK

There are a couple of...

NED (cutting him off)

We'll start with the minuses. You're in hock up to your eyes. And you got nothing serious for collateral. You're behind on both mortgages which makes us third in line after the bank. Your car is paid for but that and a dime will get you a cup of coffee.

DICK

That is a perfectly good late model car that's worth at least 1,000 dollars.

A grunt from Ned on this.

NED

You got some jewelry which might be worth a few bucks.

DICK

That car's worth at least nine hundred.

Ned shoots him a disgusted look.

NED

I haven't come to the pluses yet. Wait for the pluses.

DICK

O.K..

NED

On the plus side, you're actually working....

This last to Jane who brightens a touch.

NED

You're getting paid bupkas, but you're working. It's regular.

(to Dick)

You could get another job. Who knows. They might even find a cure for cancer. Next year the Kings could win the Stanley Cup. Nixon could come back. We're also due for an earthquake. It's a wonderful world we live in. Right? Right?

DICK

Actually, there are a couple of things starting to break.

NED

Anyway, the biggest thing you got going for you is stupidity, which is to say you have a history of paying your debts. And me, I love people. I can let you have a thousand dollars for one year at eighteen and a half compounded...

DICK

A thousand!?

JANE

Eighteen and a half. That's against the law.

NED

Take it or leave it.

JANE

We'll take it.

NED

You had me worried there for a moment.

CUT TO:

112 INT. LOAN OFFICE - LATER

Dick and Jane are at the cashier area. They have completed signing all the forms and they are getting their money. At this moment, two men burst through the front door carrying large guns.

FIRST ROBBER

This is a hold up! If nobody moves, nobody gets hurt. Everybody lie down on the floor.

NED

I thought you said nobody move.

FIRST ROBBER

Just lie down and shut up.

NED

I will do nothing to offend. Count on it.

ROBBER

I told you to shut up.

Ned lies down and shuts up with the rest of the people. One robber goes behind the counter and begins collecting the money out of the till. The other one collects from the customers lying on the floor. Dick is the first one. He is clutching a thousand dollars in cash. As the robber reaches for it.

DICK

Hey, look, I just borrowed this.

ROBBER

Now, you're loaning it.

Dick slides the money to Ned.

DICK

Borrow it from him.

NED

That money is legally yours. You signed the papers.

Ned pushes it back to Dick.

DICK

I'm paying it back. What's the interest on two minutes?

ROBBER

Shut up.

He grabs the money.

DICK

Could we just clear this up?  
Who are you stealing this from?

ROBBER

Shut up.

He whacks Dick on the hand with the butt of the shotgun which causes it to fire. This startled everybody but most of all the robbers.

SECOND ROBBER

What the hell was that?

CONTINUED:

FIRST ROBBER

It was me. My gun went off.

SECOND ROBBER

Shit, that'll bring all the heat in the world. Come on, lets get out of here.

He comes out from behind the counter carrying a bag full of money. We HEAR a siren in the distance. He stops and speaks to the nearest person who happens to be Jane.

ROBBER

O.K. lady. On your feet. You're coming with us.

DICK

Hey, wait a .....

He is interrupted by a gun butt over the head. Jane instinctively moves toward him but is grabbed by the robber and hauled along with him toward a back door. Jane is pushed out ahead of them. As the door closes behind them, the front door bursts open and the cops come racing in.

NED

They went out the back.

ANOTHER CUSTOMER

They've got a woman with them.

The cops race through the office to the back door.

113 EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

The rear of the loan company opens onto a vacant lot. As the cops come out of the rear door we SEE Jane on the ground about twenty feet from the door. One of the robbers is racing for a waiting car the other who is a few feet away from Jane seems to be about to go back and get her. His attention is diverted by the cops. He races for the car after firing a shot at the cops. The cops pursue, firing, running by Jane. However, the robbers make it to their car and take off. The cops fire a few shots without any noticeable effect. Jane gets up and goes back inside.

114 INT. LOAN COMPANY

Dick is just coming around. Jane comes back in to attend to him.

CUT TO:

115

INT. LOAN COMPANY, STILL LATER

Many cops writing reports, talking to people etc. One of them is talking to Dick and Jane.

COP

You're sure you're all right. You don't want to go to the hospital or...?

DICK

I'm all right. Jane are you?...

JANE

I just want to go home.

COP

You're free to go. You were very cool under fire, Ma'am.

JANE

I'll faint at home, but thank you.

They start to leave. Ned stops them before they get to the door.

NED (confidentially)

How much did you tell 'em you lost?

DICK (puzzled)

A thousand dollars. What do you mean?

NED

Schmuck. You couldn't have told 'em two thousand? The insurance would have paid and I'd have split the extra grand with you.

CUT TO:

116

INT. HARPER HOUSE - DAY

Jane strides briskly through the front door, then holds it for Dick. She seems highly agitated.

Dick comes in. He is barely through the door when Jane shuts it behind him and locks it.

DICK

Honey, are you feeling all right?

In reply, she moves off toward the bedroom at a brisk pace. Dick follows.

117 INT. BEDROOM

Jane whips through the bedroom and goes directly into the bathroom. Dick pursues, but pauses at the bathroom. Jane motions impatiently for him to come in. He does.

118 INT. BATHROOM

Jane shuts the door and locks it behind him. Dick puzzled, alarmed. Jane does look distraught.

DICK

What's the matter?

She opens her purse, takes out a thick wad of hundred dollar bills, and drops it on the counter in front of Dick. It's fair to say Dick is surprised.

JANE

He dropped it and I fell on it and while they were chasing him I just stuck it in my purse. I don't know what happened to me, but I just did it.

Dick has been examining the money through this.

DICK

There's two thousand dollars here.

JANE

I can't believe I did it.

Dick starts to laugh.

DICK

Neither can I.

JANE

It's not funny. I have just committed a crime.

DICK

And done a helluva job at it.

He puts his arms around her.

CONTINUED:

54.

JANE

I'm going to give it back.

DICK

Who would you give it back to?  
The robbers?

JANE

The money belongs to the loan ---  
of course they're insured.

DICK

Exactly. You couldn't give it back  
now even if you wanted to.

JANE

I guess not. Anyway, I don't want to.  
Two thousand dollars...

We HEAR Billy yelling OS

JANE

It's Billy.

She quickly stuffs the money into her purse.

JANE

He's going to ask why we were in the  
bathroom together.

DISSOLVE TO:

119 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dick and Jane are undressing, preparing for bed.

They are still without electricity, obliged to manage by candlelight.

JANE

By the time we pay all the bills there isn't going to be much left.

DICK

If you don't buy me a car, I'll turn you in to the police and collect the reward.

She kisses him.

JANE

Their rewards aren't nearly as good as mine.

Another kiss.

DICK

I don't come cheap, you know.

DISSOLVE TO:

120 EXT. DICK AND JANE'S STREET - NIGHT

As their house and garden, plunged in darkness until now, is suddenly bathed in light.

SOUND: Cheers, whistling.

121 INT. DINING ROOM

Billy, two fingers in his mouth, whistling as lights go on. Jane applauding. Dick cheering... For this very special celebration, Jane is wearing her most alluring evening gown, Billy a Sunday suit, and Dick his dinner jacket. Table set with best silver. Wine in a bucket.

As cheering dies down...

SOUND: Door bell.

122 INT. OUTER HALL

As Jane goes to answer door, she looks through peephole, then fastens the chain, and opens the door.



JANE (nervous)

Yes...

MALE VOICE (hostile)

Is this the residence of Mr. Richard Harper?

JANE

Yes. I'm Mrs. Harper.

MALE VOICE

You've applied for the Food Stamp Program.

123 CU JANE

Oh, my God.

JANE

Yes...?

VOICE

My name is Johnson. I'm here to interview you for the Program.

JANE

...now? Tonight...?

VOICE

You want to see my credentials?

JANE

No. Come on in. Join the party.

She opens the door to reveal a very large, very mean looking black man, in a black leather jacket. As he looks around, his manner contemptuous.

124 INT. DINING ROOM

A beaming Dick, entering, carrying roast beef on carving board.

125 ANOTHER ANGLE

Jane with Johnson.

JANE

Darling; this is Mr. Johnson.

126

## GROUP SHOT

As Dick just manages to set roast down on table without dropping it. And Johnson, no longer contemptuous, is absolutely incredulous.

JANE  
(putting a bold face on it)  
Have you eaten yet, Mr. Johnson?

JOHNSON (icily)  
Yes. Thank you.

DICK  
...you don't understand...

JOHNSON  
Don't I?

Jane pours herself a much-needed glass of wine.

JANE  
Yeah, the truth is we just happened to knock off a loan company yesterday, and this feast is the last of the proceeds.

Dick dives for the wine himself.

JOHNSON  
Don't you dare make fun of me.

As Billy, frightened, begins to cry.

CUT TO:

127

## INT. DEN - NIGHT

DICK, JANE, JOHNSON. He's going over their books. He doesn't look any more thrilled with them than when he arrived. They look like they've been at this for quite a while.

JOHNSON  
You don't have any assets other than what's here?

DICK  
That's it.

JOHNSON  
You sure messed up good, didn't you?

JANE

We sure did.

DICK

Never mind the editorials. Are we eligible or not?

JOHNSON

...according to the rules, you're eligible.

DICK

Thank you.

JOHNSON

Don't thank me. As far as I can see it's people like you who give this program a bad name, and screw it up for the people who really need it. But you're eligible.

DICK

Just a minute...

JANE

We really need it...you just saw...

JOHNSON

Nobody living in this house and this neighborhood really needs it.

DICK

If the lecture's over...

JOHNSON

Sit down. The lecture's just begun.

Dick, unable to contradict a man of Johnson's size, sits down.

CUT TO:

128

INT. DINING ROOM

Billy's in bed, as they sit down at last to what amounts to a charred overdone roast, which they eat bravely, but with obvious difficulty, obliged to put in a lot of chewing.

DICK (steamed)

You know why that bastard stuck it to us? Because we're the nouveau poor. The old rich are always sticking it to the new rich. I guess there's no reason why the old poor shouldn't stick it to the nouveau poor.

JANE

Well, I agreed with a lot of what he said.

DICK

What, all that crap about our middleclass pretension. Shit, we're barely hanging in there.

JANE

I'm sorry, but that's probably what it looks like compared to the people he usually sees.

DICK

Oh, really? I suppose you think we should sell the house and move to Watts, where we belong.

JANE

I think we should sell the house before the bank sells it for us. Which will be, next week.

Dick, finally giving up the pretense and shoving plate of charred roast beef away from him.

CUT TO:

129

INT. BEDROOM/BATHROOM

The quarrel continuing as they undress.

DICK

Well, you can just forget it. We are not selling this house. I worked my ass off to get this far.

CONTINUED:

JANE

How are we going to make the  
payment?

DISSOLVE TO:

130 EXT. A SEEDY DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

A gun shop. Saturday night Specials. Rifles. Dick, outside,  
studying display.

DICK O.S.

We'll make the payments. Don't worry.

JANE O.S.

But, it's the house that's killing us.

CUT TO:

131 INT. GUNSHOP

Proprietor or salesman showing Dick guns.

DICK O.S.

You have just accepted our current  
problems as permanent. They aren't.  
This is a temporary condition which we  
have to cope with until I get another job.

As Dick clumsily settles on a gun, hardly knowing which way  
to hold it.

132 CLOSEUP: DICK AND JANE STORYBOOK. TITLE READS:

"DICK AND JANE GO TO WORK"

DISSOLVE TO:

133 EXT/INT DICK AND JANE'S HOUSE

As Jane enters house, carrying shopping bags. We HEAR Dick's  
voice OS in the bedroom.

DICK

Stick 'em up.

Jane starts for the bedroom.

134 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Dick dressed in a black turtleneck stands in front of the mirror with a gun in his hand.

DICK  
This is a stick up!

Apparently not satisfied with his performance or his appearance, or both, he pulls a nylon stocking over his head. Actually, it's pantyhose which makes him look like a rabbit. It also makes him barely intelligible.

DICK (muffled)  
This is a stick up.

Jane enters the room and watches him for a moment. She wears a coat and carries her purse. Dick has another go at the mirror trying for greater clarity of speech.

DICK  
This is a stick up.

A little clearer.

JANE  
Are you kidding?

Startled, Dick spins around gun momentarily pointed at Jane who jumps for cover. Dick shouts something at her which is incomprehensible due to the stocking mask.

JANE  
Are you crazy?

Dick answers but we still don't get it.

JANE  
Will you take that ridiculous thing off? I can't understand a word you're saying.

Dick removes the stocking.

DICK (angry)  
Never sneak up on a man holding a gun. You can get killed.

JANE  
What in the hell are you doing with a gun? Never mind, I know what you're doing.

DICK

Yeah, well you are right. Now as long as you're here you can give me the keys to the car.

JANE

I think this has gone far enough.

DICK

You don't think I can do it, do you? I'm a wash-out. A loser. I'm not even capable of holding up a goddamn grocery store.

JANE

Any idiot can hold up a grocery store.

DICK

Thank you.

JANE

You're really determined to do this?

DICK

That's right, Jane.

JANE

O.K. I'll go with you.

DICK

Forget it.

JANE

Any gambling with our lives will be done by us, together. You want to hold up grocery stores? Fine. We'll hold up groceries together. The family that steals together, stays together.

DICK

Oh, no. You are not going.

JANE

I'm going with you.

DICK

What do you say we take Billy along too?

JANE

If I have to follow you, I'm going with you.

DICK

All right, Jane. You can come. As long as you promise to do exactly what I tell you.

JANE

Sure. Is that what you're going to wear?

DICK

What do you think?

JANE

You might as well wear a sign saying arrest me.

As he starts to take off his turtleneck.

DICK

O.K., smart ass. What should I wear?

JANE

How about something a little more inconspicuous? Say, a Batman costume.

JUMP CUT TO:

135 INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Dick has changed into slacks, shirt and tie.

DICK

O.K. Baby, let's go.

JANE

Haven't we forgotten a little something?

DICK

Oh, shit, my iron.

He picks up the gun, a hot coal, and is immediately faced with the problem of where to put it. He tries sticking in his pants.

JANE

Um, don't you think the gun might attract a little attention sticking out of you belt like that?



CONTINUED:

64.

DICK (impatiently)  
I'm going to wear a jacket.

As he gets into his jacket.

JANE  
Now, remember, we are not going to  
shoot anybody. We just want to  
scare them.

DICK  
Of course. What do you think I am?

CUT TO:

136 INT. LIVING ROOM

Billy, in pajamas, watching TV with 60ish baby-sitter. Dick  
waits, as Jane crosses room to kiss him goodnight.

JANE  
Remember, Billy. Bedtime is ten  
o'clock tonight.

BABYSITTER  
You're not to worry about a thing,  
Mrs. Harper.

137 CU JANE

JANE  
Oh yeah.

138 ANOTHER ANGLE

As TV show erupts into a fierce gun battle, Jane flinches  
and Dick goes into a defensive crouch.

CUT TO:

139 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jane backs the car out of the garage. Dick, who has been  
waiting for her, opens the door and gets in. As he sits  
down, wincing with pain.

140 POV JANE

Gun pointing down toward his groin.

JANE

Do you realize, if that goes off, you'll  
be a eunuch?

As he swiftly rearranges gun.

DICK

Ho, ho. Very funny.

JANE

Look, Dick, we're not cut out for this.  
Why don't we ---

DICK

Just drive, damn it.

141 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As car pulls out of driveway and starts down the street.

JANE

Where are we going?

DICK

Just get on the freeway. I'll tell you  
where to get off.

142 EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Jane's car in traffic.

JANE (O.S.)

I'm curious about one thing.

DICK (O.S.)

I knew it.

JANE (O.S.)

How were you planning on getting to the  
scene of the crime, if I hadn't come home.  
Cab?