

MARTY

Written by
Paddy Chayefsky

SHOOTING DRAFT

1955

NEW YORK CITY, 187TH STREET. A SUMMER DAY

FADE IN:

Street
avenue
pizzerias,
flourish.
market

Just east of Webster Avenue in the North Bronx, 187th
is a predominantly Italian community and the commercial
of the neighborhood. Fruit and vegetable stands,
butcher shops, bakeries, cleaners and dyers and bars
It is Saturday morning around eleven o'clock -- a
day.

bags,
stands,
roaring

WOMEN, dark, gesticulative, with bulging cloth shopping
baby carriages. MERCHANTS at their improvised street
hawking their wares, disputing with their CUSTOMERS,
salutations to PASSERSBY.

In the midst of all this, CAMERA HOMES IN on a typical
neighborhood...

BUTCHER SHOP.

of
flopping
forty-
the

Delicatessens hang on the walls, wreathed with garlands
garlic. PATSY, the boss, a swarthy man of sixty, is
a chunk of beef onto the scale for the benefit of a
year-old MATRON. There are three or four other WOMEN in

lazily

shop, all talking to one another. A four-year-old BOY
chases a cat.

butcher,

Marty

four.

He

up

the

lamb. He

cuts

The white refrigerator room door opens, and a second
MARTY PILLETTI, comes out carrying a large leg of lamb.
is a mildmannered, short, stout, balding man of thirty-
four. His charm lies in an almost indestructible good humor.
He drops the leg of lamb onto the chopping block, reaches
for the cleaver hanging with the other utensils over
block and makes quick incisive cuts into the leg of
sets the cleaver aside, picks up the saw to finish the
as he chats with his customer, MRS. FUSARI.

MRS. FUSARI

Your kid brother got married last
Sunday, eh, Marty?

MARTY

(sawing away)

That's right, Missus Fusari. It was
a very nice affair.

MRS. FUSARI

That's the big tall one, the fellow
with the moustache.

MARTY

(still sawing)

No, that's my other brother, Freddie.
My other brother Freddie, he's been
married four years already. He lives
down on Webb Avenue. The one who got
married Sunday, that was my little
brother, Nickie.

MRS. FUSARI

I thought he was a big tall fat
fellow. Didn't I meet him here one
time? Big tall, fat fellow, he tried
to sell me life insurance?

weight

Marty sets the five chops on the scale, watches its

register.

MARTY

No, that's my sister Margaret's husband, Frank. My sister Margaret, she's married to the insurance salesman, and my sister Rose, she married a contractor. They moved to Detroit last year. And my other sister Frances, she got married about two and a half years ago in Saint John's Church on Kingsbridge Avenue. Oh, that was a big affair. Well, let's see now, that'll be about a dollar-seventy-nine. How's that with you?

MRS. FUSARI

Well...

her
bill and
piece by
woman's
VOICE rings out.

Mrs. Fusari produces an old leather change purse from pocketbook and painfully extracts one single dollar seventy-nine cents to the penny and lays the money piece on the counter. From the rear of the shop a

WOMAN'S VOICE

(off-screen)

Hey, Marty, I'm inna hurry.

MARTY

You're next right now, Missus Canduso.

MRS. FUSARI

When you gonna get married, Marty? You should be ashamed of yourself. All your brothers and sisters, they all younger than you, they married and they got children. I just saw your mother inna fruit shop, and she says to me, "Hey, you know a nice girl for my boy Marty?" Watsa matter with you? That's no way. Now you get married.

MARTY

(amiably)

Missus Fusari, Missus Canduso over there, she's inna big hurry, and...

she
Mrs. Fusari takes her parcel of meat, but apparently
feels she still hasn't quite made her point.

MRS. FUSARI

My son Frank, he was married when he
was nineteen years old. Watsa matter
with you?

MARTY

That's swell, Missus Fusari.

MRS. FUSARI

You should be ashamed of yourself.

money on
ring
She takes her package of meat. Marty gathers up the
the counter, turns to the cash register behind him to
up the sale. Mrs. Canduso sidles up to the counter.

MRS. CANDUSO

Marty, I want a nice, big fat pullet,
about four pounds. I hear your kid
brother got married last Sunday.

MARTY

Yeah, it was a very nice affair.

MRS. CANDUSO

Marty, you oughta be ashamed. All
your kid brothers and sisters married
and have children. When you gonna
get married?

NEIGHBORHOOD BAR. LATE AFTERNOON

cigar,
as
A TV set on the wall. Mel Allen, smoking a White Owl
is recapping the baseball game that has just finished
Marty comes in.

MARTY

(to two YOUNG MEN
leaving)
What happened?

YOUNG MAN

The Yanks took two.

MARTY

Any homers?

further
noisy.
approaching,
and
or a
magazine;
shoulder.

The Young Men exit without answering. Marty moves into the bar, which is crowded with locals, smoky, ACROSS GROUP at bar with Marty in the background we see a group consisting of RALPH, who wears a suit tie, the only man in the room who isn't in shirtsleeves Basque shirt; JOE, thirty-two, hunched over a girlie a KID, twenty-two, studying the magazine over Joe's

MARTY

(to the Kid)

Angie come in yet?

mid-
Daily

The Kid indicates a booth where a small wasp of a man, thirties, is sitting, bent over the sports pages of the News.

RALPH

So these two girls come over to the bar...

MARTY

Hey, Ang'...

RALPH

...and they sit down right next to me...

MARTY

You want a beer, Ang'?

RALPH

I look over at this one nexta me, not bad, about thirty-five -- Hiya, Marty...

MARTY

Hiya, Ralph...

RALPH

...I been talking about two nurses

Leo and me picked up in a bar on
Seventy-First Street.

MARTY

(to Bartender)

Hey, Lou, gimme two bottles-a beer...

RALPH

So, Marty, lemme tell you about these
nurses, Marty...

MARTY

(to Joe studying his
magazine)

Waddaya read there, Joe?

AD LIB VOICE

(off-screen)

Hey, Lou, turn the television off!

RALPH

Turns out these two girls are nurses
in some hospital on a Hundred and
Fourth Street...

JOE

They shouldn't sell magazines like
this on a public newsstand...

MARTY

That's the truth.

JOE

(turning a page)

Can you imagine the effect this has
on adolescents?

RALPH

So, Marty, let me tell you about
these nurses...

MARTY

(reaching for two
bottles of beer
proffered by the
Bartender)

What nurses?

RALPH

The nurses Leo and me picked up last
night. We got a date with them
tonight.

MARTY

(moving off to Angie's booth)

You still owe me ten bucks from last week, if that's what you're working up to.

Joe turns another page in the girlie magazine.

JOE

Now that's something, eh?

RALPH

I used to go out with a girl like that...

THE KID

You should live so long.

THE BOOTH.

beer at
Angie is
poring

Marty joins his friend Angie and pushes a bottle of him, pulling one of the pages loose from the paper reading. For a moment, the two men sit quietly, each over his separate piece of newspaper.

ANGIE

(without looking up)

So waddaya feel like doing tonight?

MARTY

I don't know, Ang'. Wadda you feel like doing?

ANGIE

Well, we oughta do something. It's Saturday night. I don't wanna go bowling like last Saturday. How about calling up that big girl we picked up inna movies about a month ago in the RKO Chester?

MARTY

(not very interested)

Which one was that?

ANGIE

That big girl that was sitting in

front of us with the skinny friend.

MARTY

Oh, yeah.

ANGIE

We took them home alla way out in Brooklyn. Her name was Mary Feeney. What do you say? You think I oughta give her a ring? I'll take the skinny one.

MARTY

She probably got a date by now, Angie.

ANGIE

Well, let's call her up. What can we lose?

MARTY

I didn't like her, Angie. I don't feel like calling her up.

ANGIE

Well, what do you feel like doing tonight?

MARTY

I don't know. What do you feel like doing?

ANGIE

Well, we're back to that, huh? I say to you, "What do you feel like doing tonight?" And you say to me, "I don't know, what do you feel like doing?" And then we wind up sitting around your house with a coupla cansa beer, watching Sid Caesar on television. Well, I tell you what I feel like doing. I feel like calling up this Mary Feeney. She likes you.

MARTY

What makes you say that?

ANGIE

I could see she likes you.

MARTY

Yeah, sure.

ANGIE

(half-rising in his
seat)
I'll call her up.

MARTY

You call her up for yourself, Angie.
I don't feel like calling her up.

for Angie sits down again. They both return to their papers
a moment. Then Angie looks up again.

ANGIE

How about going downa Seventy-Second
Street, see what we can find? Ralph
says you have to beat them off with
clubs.

Marty makes a wry face at the suggestion.

ANGIE

Boy, you're getting to be a real
drag, you know that?

MARTY

Angie, I'm thirty-four years old. I
been looking for a girl every Saturday
night of my life. I'm tired of
looking. Everybody's always telling
me to get married. Get married. Get
married. Don't you think I wanna get
married? I wanna get married. They
drive me crazy. Now, I don't wanna
wreck your Saturday night for you,
Angie. You wanna go somewhere, you
go ahead. I don't wanna go.

ANGIE

My old lady, every word outta her
mouth, when you gonna get married?

MARTY

My mother, boy, she drives me crazy.

napkin Angie leans back in his seat, scowls at the paper
sports container on the booth table. Marty returns to the
page. For a moment, a silence hangs between them.

ANGIE

So what do you feel like doing tonight?

MARTY

(without looking up)
I don't know. What do you feel like doing?

BARTENDER

(from phone booth in background)
Marty, your mother wants you onna phone.

MARTY

(rising in response; to Angie)
Come on over about half past seven, we'll think of something.
(settles into the phone booth, picks up the receiver)
Hello, Ma, what's the matter?

PILLETTI HOME, LIVING ROOM.

MRS.
her,
THOMAS,
dining

It's a typical lower-middle-class Italian home, and PILLETTI is on the phone, a round, dark woman. Beyond in the dining room, we can see a young couple -- Marty's cousin, and his wife VIRGINIA, seated at the room table.

MRS. PILLETTI

(voice lowered)
Hello, Marty, when you coming home? Where you now? Because your cousin Thomas and his wife Virginia, they're here. They had another fight with your Aunt Catherine... I don't know...

THE BAR.

MARTY

(in the phone booth)
I'm coming home right now, Ma. I'll be home in about two minutes. Tell Thomas stick around, I wanna see him about something.

PILLETTI HOME, LIVING ROOM.

Mrs. Pilletti is on the phone.

MRS. PILLETTI

Okay, you come on home, okay.

She hangs up, braces herself, turns and starts back to
and Virginia in the dining room.

Thomas

MRS. PILLETTI

He coming home right now.

VIRGINIA

So what happened, Aunt Theresa, about the milk bottle was my mother-in-law, she comes inna kitchen, Aunt Theresa, and she begins poking her head over my shoulder here and poking her head over my shoulder there, so then she begins telling me how I waste money and how I can't cook, and how I'm raising my baby all wrong, so she got me so nervous, I spilled some milk I was making for the baby...

MRS. PILLETTI

She was here, you know, Wednesday, and I said, "Catherine, my sister..."

VIRGINIA

So she say, "You're spilling the milk." So she kept talking about these coupla drops of milk I spilled, so she got me so mad, so I said, "Mama, you wanna see me really spill some milk?" So I took the bottle, and I threw it against the door. I didn't throw it at her. That's just something she made up. She goes around telling everybody I threw the bottla milk at her. I didn't throw it anywheres near her. Well, I was sorry right away, you know, but she ran outta the house.

MRS. PILLETTI

Well, I don't know what you want me to do, Virginia. If you want me, I'll go talk to her tonight.

their
Thomas and Virginia suddenly frown and look down at
hands as if of one mind.

THOMAS

Well, I'll tell you, Aunt Theresa...

VIRGINIA

Lemme tell it, Tommy.

THOMAS

Okay.

VIRGINIA

We want you to do a very big favor
for us, Aunt Theresa.

MRS. PILLETTI

Sure.

VIRGINIA

Aunt Theresa, you got this big house
here. I mean, you got this big house
just for you and Marty. And I thought
maybe Tommy's mother could come here
and live with you and Marty.

MRS. PILLETTI

Well...

VIRGINIA

Because I called up Tommy's brother
Joe, and I said, "Joe, she's driving
me crazy. Why don't you take her for
a couple of years?" And he said, "Oh
no!" I know I sound like a terrible
woman...

MRS. PILLETTI

No, Virginia, I know how you feel.

VIRGINIA

(on the verge of tears)
I just can't stand it any more! Every
minute of the day! Do this! Do that!
I don't have ten minutes privacy
with my husband! We can't even have
a fight! We don't have no privacy!
Everybody's miserable in our house!

THOMAS

All right, Ginnie, don't get so excited.

MRS. PILLETTI

She's right. She's right. Young husband and wife, they should have their own home. And my sister Catherine, she's my sister, but I gotta admit, she's an old goat. And plenty-a times in my life, I feel like throwing the milk bottle at her myself. And I tell you now, as far as I'm concerned, if Catherine wantsa come live here with me and Marty, it's all right with me.

Virginia promptly bursts into tears.

THOMAS

(not far from tears himself, lowers his face)

That's very nice-a you, Aunt Theresa.

MRS. PILLETTI

We gotta ask Marty, of course.

THOMAS

Sure.

MRS. PILLETTI

(rises)

You just sit here, I gotta turn the fire on under the cooking.

(exits into the kitchen)

VIRGINIA

(having mastered her tears)

That's very nice-a you, Aunt Theresa.

THOMAS

(calling to his aunt in the kitchen)

How's Marty been lately, Aunt Theresa?

MRS. PILLETTI

(off-screen)

Oh, he's fine. You know a nice girl he can marry?

on a

She comes back into the dining room, wiping her hands
kitchen towel.

THOMAS

Oh, he'll get married, don't worry,
Aunt Theresa.

MRS. PILLETTI

(sitting down again)

Well, I don't know. He sits arounna
house alla time. You know a place he
can go where he can find a bride?

THOMAS

Well, there's the Stardust Ballroom.
That's a kind of a big dance hall.
Every Saturday night, it's just loaded
with girls. It's a nice place to go.
You pay seventy-seven cents. It used
to be seventy-seven cents. It must
be about a buck and half now. And
you go in and you ask some girl to
dance. That's how I met Virginia.
Nice, respectable place to meet girls.
You tell Marty, Aunt Theresa, you
tell him, "Go to the Stardust
Ballroom. It's loaded with tomatoes."

MRS. PILLETTI

(committing the line
to memory)

The Stardust Ballroom. It's loaded
with tomatoes.

THOMAS

Right.

VIRGINIA

This is very nice-a you, Aunt Theresa,
what you're doing for us, and don't
think we don't appreciate...

can be

The SOUND of the DOOR BEING UNLATCHED in the kitchen
heard. Mrs. Pilletti promptly rises.

MRS. PILLETTI

He's here.

She hurries into...

THE KITCHEN.

Marty comes into the kitchen from the rear porch.

MARTY

Hello, Ma.

MRS. PILLETTI

(whispers)

Marty, Thomas and Virginia are here. They had another fight with your Aunt Catherine. So they ask me, would it be all right if Catherine come to live with us. So I said, all right with me, but we have to ask you. Marty, she's a lonely old lady. Nobody wants her. Everybody's throwing her outta their house...

MARTY

Sure, Ma, it's okay with me.

MRS. PILLETTI

You gotta good heart.

Marty She turns and leads the way back into the dining room.
follows.

DINING ROOM.

Thomas has risen. Mrs. Pilletti and Marty come in.

MRS. PILLETTI

He says okay, it's all right Catherine comes here.

THOMAS

Oh, Marty, thanks a lot. That really takes a load offa my mind.

MARTY

Oh, we got plenny-a room here.

MRS. PILLETTI

Sure! Sure! It's gonna be nice! It's gonna be nice! I'll come over tonight to your house, and I talk with Catherine, and you see, everything is gonna work out all right.

THOMAS

I just wanna thank you people again,
because the situation was just
becoming impossible.

MRS. PILLETTI

Siddown, Thomas, siddown.

She exits into the kitchen. Virginia follows her to the
kitchen door, where the two women ad-lib the following

lines

over the ensuing scene between Marty and Thomas.

VIRGINIA

I'm sorry we gotta rush like this...

MRS. PILLETTI

That's all right, that's all right...

VIRGINIA

On accounta...

MRS. PILLETTI

I'm gonna see you tonight...

Over this, Thomas talks to Marty.

THOMAS

Marty, I don't know how to tell you
how much I appreciate what you and
your mother are doing, because the
kinda thing was happening in our
house was Virginia was in the kitchen
making some milk for the baby. So my
mother comes in...

VIRGINIA

Tommy, I promised the babysitter six
o'clock.

MARTY

Tommy, before you go, I wonder if
you gimme a little advice.

THOMAS

Sure, what?

MARTY

You're the accountant inna family,
and I figure you might know about
these things. My boss wantsa sell
his shop to me. His kids are all
married, you know, and he and his

wife live alone, and they wanna move out to California where his daughter lives, so he wantsa sell his shop. He wants five thousand dollars down, although I think I can knock him downa four...

VIRGINIA

(off-screen, from deep in the kitchen)
Tommy!

THOMAS

(rises)
I'll see you at mass tomorrow. We'll sit down and we'll discuss the whole thing.

MARTY

All right, I'll see you, Thomas, because he wants an answer by Monday.

THOMAS

Sure. Thanks a lot about my mother. We'll work out some arrangement, because naturally I want to pay...

MARTY

Don't worry about it.

THOMAS

No, listen, that's my mother, I'm gonna pay for her...

VIRGINIA

(off-screen)
Goodby, Marty!

MARTY

Goodby, Virginia! See you soon!

where
goodbys
folded in

Thomas has moved off to join his wife in the kitchen
we can hear them exchanging final protestations and
with Mrs. Pilletti. Marty sits at the table, hands
front of him, stolid, pensive.

THE KITCHEN. DUSK.

the
Mrs. Pilletti bends over her steaming kettles. Through
window we see evening is gathering.

MARTY'S BEDROOM.

bed,
It's a small room with bed, chest of drawers, religious
pictures, etc. Marty sits squatly on the edge of the
absorbed in thought. He stands, moves out into...

THE GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR.

...and down that into...

THE DINING ROOM.

the
door,
back
...now lit by the overhead neo-Tiffany lampshade and
beaded old-fashioned lamps. He crosses to the kitchen
looks in on his mother, cooking away, turns, crosses
to...

THE LIVING ROOM.

and
from
wants,
He closes the sliding doors that separate the living
dining rooms. He extracts a small black address book
his hip pocket, flips through it, finds the page he
studies it intently.

He sits on the chair by the phone, dials.

MARTY

(with a vague pretense
at good diction)

Hello, is this Mary Feeney?... Could
I speak to Miss Mary Feeney?... Just
tell her an old friend...

gathering
He waits again. With his free hand he wipes the
sweat on his brow.

MARTY

...Oh, hello there, is this Mary
Feeney? Hello there, this is Marty
Pilletti. I wonder if you recall

me... Well, I'm kind of a stocky
guy. The last time we met was in a
movie, the RKO Chester. You was with
another girl, and I was with a friend
of mine named Angie. This was about
a month ago...

panic The girl apparently doesn't remember him. A sort of
begins to seize Marty. His voice rises a little.

MARTY

The RKO Chester in Westchester Square.
You was sitting in front of us, and
we was annoying you, and you got
mad, and... I'm the fellow who works
in a butcher shop... Come on, you
know who I am!... That's right, we
went to Howard Johnson's and we had
hamburgers. You hadda milkshake...
Yeah, that's right. I'm the stocky
one, the heavy-set feller... Well,
I'm glad you recall me, because I
hadda swell time that night, and I
was just wondering how everything
was with you. How's everything?...
That's swell... Yeah, well, I'll
tell you why I called...I was figuring
on taking in a movie tonight, and I
was wondering if you and your friend
would care to see a movie tonight
with me and my friend...

(his eyes are closed
now)

Yeah, tonight. I know it's pretty
late to call for a date, but I didn't
know myself, till... Yeah, I know,
well how about... Yeah, I know, well
maybe next Saturday night. You free
next Saturday night?... Well, how
about the Saturday after that?...
Yeah, I know... Yeah... Yeah... Oh,
I understand, I mean...

sliding He hangs up, sits for a moment, then rises, opens the
doors, enters...

THE DINING ROOM.

white He sits at the heavy, wooden table with its white-on-

table cloth.

THE KITCHEN.

Mrs. Pilletti ladles portions of food from the steaming kettles onto a plate that she brings into...

THE DINING ROOM.

picks
her
Marty

...and sets it down before her son. Without a word, he up his fork and spoon and plunges into the mountain of spaghetti, adds cheese, eats away. Mrs. Pilletti takes seat, folds her hands on the table, and sits watching eat.

MRS. PILLETTI

So what are you gonna do tonight, Marty?

MARTY

I don't know, Ma. I'm all knocked out. I may just hang arounna house.

silence.

Mrs. Pilletti nods a couple of times. A moment of

MRS. PILLETTI

Why don't you go to the Stardust Ballroom?

This gives Marty pause. He looks up.

MARTY

What?

MRS. PILLETTI

I say, why don't you go to the Stardust Ballroom? It's loaded with tomatoes.

Marty regards his mother for a moment.

MARTY

It's loaded with what?

MRS. PILLETTI

Tomatoes.

MARTY

Ha! Who told you about the Stardust Ballroom?

MRS. PILLETTI

Thomas. He told me it was a very nice place.

MARTY

Oh, Thomas. Ma, it's just a big dance hall, and that's all it is. I been there a hundred times. Loaded with tomatoes. Boy, you're funny, Ma.

MRS. PILLETTI

Marty, I don't want you hang arounna house tonight. I want you to go take a shave and go out and dance.

MARTY

Ma, when are you gonna give up? You gotta bachelor on your hands. I ain't never gonna get married.

MRS. PILLETTI

You gonna get married.

MARTY

Sooner or later, there comes a point in a man's life when he gotta face some facts, and one fact I gotta face is that whatever it is that women like, I ain't got it. I chased enough girls in my life. I went to enough dances. I got hurt enough. I don't wanna get hurt no more. I just called a girl just now, and I got a real brush-off, boy. I figured I was past the point of being hurt, but that hurt. Some stupid woman who I didn't even wanna call up. She gave me the brush. I don't wanna go to the Stardust Ballroom because all that ever happened to me there was girls made me feel like I was a bug. I got feelings, you know. I had enough pain. No, thank you.

MRS. PILLETTI

Marty...

MARTY

Ma, I'm gonna stay home and watch

Jackie Gleason.

MRS. PILLETTI

You gonna die without a son.

MARTY

So I'll die without a son.

MRS. PILLETTI

Put on your blue suit...

MARTY

Blue suit, gray suit, I'm still a fat man. A fat ugly man.

MRS. PILLETTI

You not ugly.

MARTY

(his voice rising)

I'm ugly... I'm ugly! I'm UGLY!

MRS. PILLETTI

Marty...

MARTY

Ma! Leave me alone!

half-
at
turns to

He stands abruptly, his face pained and drawn. He makes formed gestures to his mother, but he can't find words the moment. He turns and marches a few paces away, his mother again.

MARTY

Ma, waddaya want from me?! Waddaya want from me?! I'm miserable enough as it is! Leave me alone! I'll go to the Stardust Ballroom! I'll put onna blue suit and I'll go! And you know what I'm gonna get for my trouble? Heartache! A big night of heartache!

up
mouthful
is

Sullenly, he marches back to his seat, sits down, picks his fork, plunges it into the spaghetti, stuffs a into his mouth, and chews vigorously for a moment. It

he impossible for him to remain angry long. After a while,
is shaking his head.

MARTY

Loaded with tomatoes...boy, that's
rich.

Pilletti He plunges his fork in again, starts to eat. Mrs.
watches Marty anxiously as we...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

NEW YORK CITY, WEST FARMS SQUARE. NIGHT

with West Farms Square is a big street in the Bronx, filled
between the stores, bowling alleys and bars. Cars push along
the pillars of the elevated subway structure. The NOISE of
subway trains ROARS by overhead every few moments.

story CAMERA FINDS and ESTABLISHES the Stardust Ballroom. It
open occupies the second floor of a large, dirty gray three-
street. building. It is a hot June night, and the windows are
for ventilation purposes. MUSIC manufactured by Dave
Greenglass and His Band blends with the NOISES of the

STARDUST BALLROOM. ENTRANCE VESTIBULE/STAIRS.

plain MUSIC plays in the background. CAMERA views CLARA, a
man girl in her late twenties; her younger sister, MILLIE,
Hospital. prettier; Millie's fiance ANDY, 30; and a second young
street DR. KEEGAN, also 30, who is a resident at Fordham
door. They are all huddled over a cigarette machine near the

ANDY

(in a low voice)
I told you she wasn't especially
attractive, but that she had a good

deal of charm, and she's really a
real nice girl...

DR. KEEGAN

(extracting cigarettes
from the machine)

She's all right, Andy. It's just
that I get one Saturday night off
every three weeks, and I was expecting
something better, that's all.

ANDY

I told you she wasn't attractive...

DR. KEEGAN

You told me that she was a little
tall, but that she wasn't bad looking
at all.

ANDY

Millie's been after me to fix her up
with a date, so I...

DR. KEEGAN

All right, I'm having a fair time.
It's just that I get one Saturday
night off in three weeks, and I wanted
to wind up with something tonight.

the
up,
start
nods.

They join the two girls waiting for them and start up
broad stairway to the second floor. They are halfway
when two GIRLS come in at the top of the stairs and
down. Dr. Keegan, who is holding Clara's arm, looks up,

STARDUST BALLROOM, ANTEROOM.

booth,
walls
There
this
About six
various

This is a small, carpeted lobby with TICKET TAKER in
a cloak room and rest rooms. Painted posters on the
announce coming events and caution against smoking.
are also large blow-ups of musicians who had played
ballroom at one time and went on to bigger things.
or seven PEOPLE congregate in the lobby, engaged in

indifferent activities.

Andy,
to
black
anteroom
suddenly to

CAMERA ANGLES include the swinging doors, as Clara, Millie and Dr. Keegan come in. As they enter, the doors the ballroom proper are pushed out, and a GIRL in a dress, quite pretty, comes in. She starts across the toward the cloak room, when Dr. Keegan calls out her.

DR. KEEGAN

Hey!

The girl turns. Recognition floods her face.

GIRL

Herbie! Wadda you doing here?!

DR. KEEGAN

I came up to dance, wadda you think?
You here with somebody?

GIRL

I'm just here with another girl.

DR. KEEGAN

Where you going now?

GIRL

I'm just gonna get my cigarettes. I left them in my coat.

DR. KEEGAN

I'll see you around.

GIRL

I'll see you.

Keegan

She turns and continues on to the cloak room. Dr. turns to Clara.

DR. KEEGAN

That's a girl used to know.

BALLROOM, LOUNGE.

the
and
large
Dance
and
around
Dr.
looking

A fairly long room, lined on one side by a bar and on other by cheap leatherette booths. It is brightly lit crowded. There is a constant movement in and out of the lounge. At the far end of the lounge, there are two iron fire doors open to allow the heat to flow out. MUSIC from dance floor.

Clara, Dr. Keegan, Millie and Andy come into the lounge form a little group in the midst of moving PASSERSBY them. A kind of strange excitement has begun to enter Keegan. He stands with the others, but his attention is devoted to ogling the passing GIRLS, occasionally back to the doors leading to the anteroom.

ANDY

Boy, it's packed in here.

MILLIE

(to Clara)

Some of these kids are awful young. Aren't you afraid you'll bump into one of your students?

CLARA

(nervously looking at Dr. Keegan)

I wouldn't think so. I teach out in Brooklyn.

ANDY

You been up here before, Clara?

CLARA

Yeah, twice.

MILLIE

Shall we try to get a table and get something to drink or shall we just go in and start dancing?

ANDY

Hey, Herbie...

Dr. Keegan doesn't seem to hear.

ANDY

(continues)

Hey, Herbie...

DR. KEEGAN

What?

ANDY

You wanna have a drink before we start dancing?

DR. KEEGAN

Listen. You people go grab a table. I'll be back inna minute. I'll be right back.

back
STAYS

He turns and moves quickly through the crowded lounge, to the swinging doors leading into the anteroom. CAMERA with Clara, Millie and Andy staring after him.

ANDY

So what do you say, Clara? Wanna see if we can get a table?

CLARA

All right.

They turn and move toward the booths.

BALLROOM.

achieved
are
singly

The dance floor is fairly dark. A romantic effect is by papier-mâché over the chandeliers. Around the walls the stag lines -- the MEN and waiting GIRLS. They stand or in small uneasy groups. There is constant flux and movement.

faces,
indifference.

CAMERA DOLLIES slowly past the stag line, moving past short, fat, tall, thin stags. Some pretend Some exhibit patent hunger.

end of

CAMERA HOLDS ANGLING to include Marty, Angie near the the stag line. They are freshly shaved and groomed.

MARTY AND ANGIE.

their They are leaning against the wall smoking, watching more fortunate brethren on the floor in the background.

ANGIE

Not a bad crowd tonight, you know?

MARTY

There was one nice-looking one there inna black dress and beads, but she's dancing now.

ANGIE

(looking off-screen)
There's a nice-looking little short one for you right now.

MARTY

(following his gaze)
Where?

ANGIE

Down there. That little one there.

floor REVERSE ANGLE PAST Marty and Angie across the dance standing. toward the wall opposite, where three GIRLS are them Two are leaning against the wall. The third is facing one with her back to the dance floor. This last girl is the twenty and Angie has in mind. She is a cute little kid about wears a bright smile.

MARTY AND ANGIE.

They stare off toward the three girls across the room.

MARTY

Yeah, she looks all right from here.

ANGIE

Well, waddaya say, you wanna ask them? I'll take the one inna green dress.

MARTY

I think this number is a little fast.
Wait a minute.

He tries a few tentative steps, testing for tempo.

MARTY

It's all right, I think. They still
there?

The two cavaliers turn their heads and look off-screen
in the direction of the three girls. Apparently, the girls
are still there. Marty and Angie relinquish their lounging
positions against the wall and slouch along past the
line of stags with a show of determined unconcern. They edge
through the crush of people on the non-dancing margin of the
dance floor and slowly push their way toward the...

THREE GIRLS.

Marty and Angie come in and start to approach the three
girls. The girls, aware of the boys' presence, stiffen and
their chatter comes to a halt. Angie advances to one of the
girls.

ANGIE

Waddaya say, you wanna dance?

The girl looks surprised, as if this were an
extraordinary invitation to receive in a dance hall, looks confounded
at her two friends, shrugs, detaches herself from the
wall, moves to the outer fringe of the pack of dancers,
raises her hand languidly to dancing position and awaits Angie
with ineffable boredom. Marty, smiling tentatively,
addresses the

SHORT GIRL.

MARTY

Excuse me, would you care for this
dance?

then
The Short Girl gives Marty a quick glance of appraisal,
looks quickly at her remaining friend.

SHORT GIRL

(but not unpleasantly)
I don't feel like dancing just yet.

MARTY

Sure.

stag
He turns and heads sluggishly in the direction of the
line.

THE STAG LINE.

of
finds
he
friend
A TRAVEL SHOT follows Marty, as he moves past the line
stags, all of whom are watching him. CAMERA HOLDS as he
his old niche by the wall, leans there. A moment later,
glances guardedly down to where the short girl and her
are.

dapper
herself
floor.
MARTY'S P.O.V.: The Short Girl is approached by a
young BOY who asks her to dance. She smiles, excuses
to her friend and follows the boy out onto the dance

this
Marty stares at the Short Girl. He shrugs, he's used to
kind of thing, then turns his attention bleakly back to
watching...

THE DANCE FLOOR.

Lindy
The band starts up again and the MUSIC blares. It's a
Hop number. Couples swirl past; the MUSIC comes up BIG.

THE BALLROOM.

dancers
Marty leans against the wall, smoking and watching the
swirl past. Dr. Keegan's VOICE is heard.

DR. KEEGAN

(off-screen)
You here stag or with a girl?

doesn't
standing on
turns his
Marty's attention is on the passing couples, so he
seem to hear. ANGLE WIDENS to include the Doctor
Marty's right. Suddenly aware of the Doctor, Marty
head.

MARTY

You say something?

DR. KEEGAN

Yeah. I was just asking you if you
was here stag or with a girl.

MARTY

I'm stag.

DR. KEEGAN

Well, I'll tell you. I got stuck on
a blind date with a dog, and I just
met an old girl I used to know, and
I was wondering how I'm gonna get
rid of the girl I'm with. Somebody
to take her home, you know what I
mean? I'd be glad to pay you five
bucks if you take her home for me.

MARTY

(confused)
What?

DR. KEEGAN

I'll take you over, and I'll introduce
you as an old army buddy of mine,
and then I'll cut out. Because I got
this other girl waiting for me out
by the hatchcheck, and I'll pay you
five bucks.

MARTY

(stares at the man)
Are you kidding?

DR. KEEGAN

No, I'm not kidding.

MARTY

You can't just walk off onna girl

like that.

Marty
proposition.
broaches the
receptive to
Stag a
wall

Dr. Keegan shrugs, moves down the line of stag guys.
turns to watch him, still a little shocked at the
The Doctor approaches THREE STAGS and obviously
subject with one of them. This STAG seems more
the idea. Dr. Keegan takes out a wallet and gives the
five dollar bill. The Stag detaches himself from the
and, a little ill-at-ease, follows the Doctor.

the
curious,

Marty stands against the wall, watching the Doctor and
Stag, who come in and move past him. Concerned and
Marty stares after them, then moves out of his leaning
position, following in their general direction.

the

Marty moves through the crush of young men and women in
area around the dance floor.

ALCOVE NEAR ARCHWAY.

floor
the

As Marty reaches the alcove that separates the dance
proper from the lounge, he pauses and looks off toward
booths.

LOUNGE.

Dr.
is
Cola
Clara
on
be, who

Clara sits about halfway down the length of the booths.
Keegan and the Stag stand over her, talking to her. She
looking up at them, her hands nervously gripping a Coca
glass. Dr. Keegan is obviously introducing the Stag to
and is going through some story about being called away
an emergency. The Stag is presented as her escort-to-
will see to it that she gets home safely.

trying
Stag's
anyway.
and
archway.

Clara is not taken in by any of this, although she is hard not to seem affected. She politely rejects the company and will go home by herself, thanks for asking Dr. Keegan makes a few mild protestations, and then he the Stag leave the booth and start back toward the

ARCHWAY.

Dr.
Marty,

From where Marty stands, he can watch Clara, as well as Keegan and the Stag. The Doctor and the Stag start past and he catches their conversation.

DR. KEEGAN

...in that case, as long as she's going home alone, give me the five bucks back...

STAG

Look, Mac, you paid me the five bucks. I was willing. It's my five bucks...

before
the
closed.
out
next
a
starts
works
direction

They move past and away and Marty stares after them he turns his attention toward Clara off-screen. Clara is sitting as she was, gripping and ungripping glass of Coca Cola in front of her. Her eyes are closed. Then, with a little nervous shake of her head she gets out of the booth and stands momentarily at a loss for what to do. As she glances around, CAMERA ANGLES to include a sign over an exit that reads "Fire Escape." Clara starts moving toward that door. Marty is staring off-screen toward Clara. He slowly works his way down the length of the lounge in the general direction of the fire escape.

LOUNGE.

view. Near the entrance to the fire escape, Clara comes into

Background sounds continue steadily.

stops Marty is walking the length of the lounge and suddenly

and stares off-screen.

Clara disappears through the exit onto the fire escape outside.

threshold Marty watches. Then he continues on, crossing the
of the...

FIRE ESCAPE.

onto It is sizeable, almost a small balcony. It looks out
Clara the backs of innumerable five-story apartment houses.
her is standing by the railing, her back toward the camera,
moment head sunk down. She is crying. Marty watches her for a
before moving a step or two forward.

to Clara doesn't turn. Marty tries to think of something
say.

MARTY

(finally)

Excuse me, Miss, would you care to
dance?

tears, Clara slowly turns to Marty, her face streaked with
and her lips trembling. Then, in one of those moments of
simultaneous impulse, she lurches to Marty with a sob,

Marty takes her to him.

embarrassed, They stand in an awkward embrace, Marty a little
lounge, looking back through the fire escape doors to the
with wondering if anybody is seeing them. He reaches back

of
the
cry on

one hand, and contrives, with some effort, to push one
the heavy iron doors shut. He returns his hand around
girl's shoulders. He stands stiffly, allowing her to
his chest, as we...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

BRONX APARTMENT HOUSE, STAIRWAY. NIGHT

purse, is
landing.
moves

Mrs. Pilletti, in her hat and coat and carrying a
making her heavy way up the last few steps toward the
She pauses to catch her breath on the landing. Then she
down the hallway to...

ENTRANCE TO APARTMENT 4-B.

she

Mrs. Pilletti rings the bell. The SOUND can be heard as
waits. The door is opened by Virginia.

VIRGINIA

Hello, Aunt Theresa. Come in.

Mrs. Pilletti enters the apartment.

APARTMENT.

and
the
background.

Virginia closes the door after Mrs. Pilletti enters,
they stand in a small narrow hallway, brightly lit. At
far end to the right is the living room in the

MRS. PILLETTI

(in a low voice as
she pulls off her
coat)

Is Catherine here?

Virginia helps her with her coat.

VIRGINIA

(nods, keeping her

voice low)
We didn't tell her anything yet. We thought that we'd leave it to you. We thought you'd put it like how you were lonely, and why don't she come to live with you. Because that way it looks like she's doing you a favor, instead we're throwing her out, and it won't be so cruel on her. Do you want Tommy and me to stay here with you?

MRS. PILLETTI

I think it be a better idea if you and Thomas go out, because otherwise she's gonna start a fight with you, and everybody's gonna be yelling.

an
Thomas appears at the living room end of the foyer with
anxious smile on his face.

THOMAS

Hello, Aunt Theresa.

MRS. PILLETTI

Hello, Thomas.

THOMAS

I just this minute got the baby to sleep.

voice
He comes down to Mrs. Pilletti and Virginia, lowers his
to a conspiratorial whisper.

THOMAS

Aunt Theresa, we figure the best way to ask her is you say that you're very lonely, see? And wouldn't she come and keep you company, because that way, you see...

MRS. PILLETTI

Don't worry. I'm gonna take care-a the whole thing.

whispered
A shrill, imperious woman's voice breaks into the
conference in the hallway.

CATHERINE'S VOICE

(off-screen)
Who's there?! Who's there?!

followed Mrs. Pilletti heads up the foyer to the living room,
by Virginia and Thomas.

MRS. PILLETTI

(calling back)
It's me, Catherine! How you feel?

gaunt CATHERINE comes in at the end of the foyer. She is a
work woman with a face carved out of granite. She is tough,
embittered, with a history of pain and mirthless hard
ingrained into her features.

CATHERINE

Hey! What are you doing here?

MRS. PILLETTI

I came to see you. How you feel?

The two sisters quickly embrace and release each other.

CATHERINE

I gotta pain in my left side, and my
leg throbs like a drum.

MRS. PILLETTI

I been getting a pain in my shoulder.

CATHERINE

I gotta pains in my shoulder too. I
have a pain in my hip, and my right
arm aches so much I can't sleep.
It's a curse to be old. How you feel?

MRS. PILLETTI

I feel fine.

CATHERINE

That's nice.

Catherine Now that the standard greetings are over, Aunt
doorway. abruptly turns and goes back into the living room. Mrs.
Pilletti follows. Virginia and Thomas remain in the

LIVING ROOM.

straight
oaken
House
there.
Mrs.
chair.
for a
sisters

Catherine and Mrs. Pilletti enter and Catherine heads
to a chair -- obviously her chair. It is an old heavy
chair with thick armrests. The rest of the apartment is
furnished in what is known as "modern." A piece from
Beautiful here, a piece from American Homes and Gardens
Aunt Catherine sits erect and forbidding in her chair.
Pilletti seats herself with a sigh in a neighboring
Thomas and Virginia remain off-screen in the hallway
moment to hang up Mrs. Pilletti's coat. The two old
sit for a moment.

MRS. PILLETTI

Well, how's everything with you?

with

Aunt Catherine grimaces to describe how everything is
her.

MRS. PILLETTI

My son Marty's fine. Everybody's
fine...

the

Thomas comes in from the hallway, stands in the back of
room, somewhat apprehensively.

MRS. PILLETTI

We gotta postcard from my son Nickie
and his bride. They're inna big hotel
in Florida on their honeymoon.
Everything is very nice.

CATHERINE

That's nice. I gotta letter from my
husband's cousin in Abruzzi. His
mother died.

MRS. PILLETTI

Oh.

CATHERINE

Do you remember Emilio DiGiorgio,
owned the tavern in Abruzzi?

MRS. PILLETTI

I don't think I remember him.

CATHERINE

Well, he died. You know who else died?

MRS. PILLETTI

Who?

CATHERINE

You know the old man upstairs in this house. Old Irishman, always drunk. He got pleurisy. He was inna hospital two weeks. He died yesterday.

MRS. PILLETTI

Well, I always like to visit you, Catherine, because you always got such cheerful news.

Virginia comes into the living room with Thomas. They remain in the background.

THOMAS

(suddenly)

Ma, you want something to eat, some tuna fish?

MRS. PILLETTI

Hey, why don't you go to the movie? Your mother and me, we're gonna be baby-sitter.

Thomas looks indecisively at his wife.

VIRGINIA

Listen, let's go downna Kaplans' apartment. They told us to come down.

MRS. PILLETTI

Sure, sure.

Thomas ponders a moment.

THOMAS

All right, Ma, we're going downstairs to the Kaplans, if you want us for anything.

hear
eyebrow

They exit. The two old sisters sit rigidly until they
the SOUND of the door closing. Catherine cocks an
and promptly launches into her statement.

CATHERINE

I wake up this morning, I hear the
baby crying. So I wake up. I come in
their room. That girl is shaking her
hand atta baby. I said, "You brute!
Don't you strike that baby! That's
my son's baby!"

MRS. PILLETTI

It's her baby too, you know.

CATHERINE

That's my son Thomas's baby.

MRS. PILLETTI

Well, it ain't your baby.

CATHERINE

Did I tell you she threw the bottle-
a milk at me?

MRS. PILLETTI

You told me.

CATHERINE

She's a witch, that one. I tell you
what happen yesterday?

MRS. PILLETTI

What happen?

CATHERINE

She gave me the evil eye.

eye

She demonstrates this by pulling the lower lid of one
down and staring grotesquely at the ceiling.

MRS. PILLETTI

(scoffing)

Ufa!

CATHERINE

I keep one eye open when I sleep,
because she's gonna come in, stab me
in my bed.

MRS. PILLETTI

Catherine, I want you come live in my house with Marty and me.

Her sister turns, genuinely surprised at this request.

CATHERINE

Ah?

MRS. PILLETTI

You son Thomas and Virginia, they come to my house this afternoon...

CATHERINE

(sharply)

Who?

MRS. PILLETTI

Your son Thomas and his wife Virginia...

CATHERINE

When was this?

MRS. PILLETTI

This afternoon, about four, five o'clock.

CATHERINE

What they say?

MRS. PILLETTI

You know what they say. They say things are no good in this house. Catherine, your son is married. Leave him in peace. He wantsa be alone with his wife. They don't want no old lady sitting inna balcony. Now I tell you what I think. I want you come live with me in my house with Marty and me. In my house, you have your own room. You don't have to sleep onna couch inna living room like here. We will cook inna kitchen and talk like when we were girls. You are dear to me, and you are dear to Marty. We are pleased for you to come.

Catherine surveys her sister coldly.

CATHERINE

My son Thomas came to see you this afternoon, and he said to you he wants to cast his mother from his house?

MRS. PILLETTI

Catherine, don't make an opera outta this. The three-a you anna baby live in three skinny rooms. You are an old goat, and she has an Italian temper. She is a good girl, but you drive her crazy. Catherine, you are no fool. You know this is no good, an old woman living with a husband and wife. Two women inna same kitchen, anna house burns down.

Catherine stands abruptly. She is deeply hurt.

CATHERINE

So I am an old garbage bag, put inna street.

MRS. PILLETTI

Oh, Catherine, please! Don't make a tragedy. You come to my house where you know you be happier yourself.

CATHERINE

It pains that they should do this.

MRS. PILLETTI

I know it pains.

edge of
life has

Catherine turns and meanders a few steps. The stiff mordant humor that has been her one defense against deserted her, and she is just a hurt old lady now.

CATHERINE

These are the worst years, I tell you.

Modern-
endtable
in her

She seats herself on an Eames chair. On her right, a Age lamp towers slimly. On her left is a Modern-Age with a Modern-Age ashtray on it. The hardened muscles face suddenly slacken.

folded

Pilletti sits hunched a little forward, her hands
nervously in her lap.

CATHERINE

(continuing quietly)

I will put my clothes inna bag, and
I will come to you tomorrow.

stare

The two sisters, somber and silent, continue to just
at one another.

THE STARDUST BALLROOM. NIGHT

dancing

CAMERA PANS the crowd, picking up Marty and Clara
cheek-to-cheek on the crowded, darkened dance floor.

The

MUSIC rides over the top of the scene.

MARTY

You come up here often?

CLARA

I was up here twice before. Once
with a friend of mine and once I
came up alone. The last time... do
you see that girl in the gray dress
sitting over there?

MARTY

Yeah.

CLARA

Well, the last time I was up here,
that's where I sat. I sat there for
an hour and a half, without moving a
muscle. Now and then, some fellow
would sort of walk up to me and then
change his mind. I'll never forget
just sitting there for an hour and a
half with my hands in my lap. Then I
began to cry, and I had to get up
and go home.

MARTY

I cry a lot too. I'm a big cryer.

CLARA

This is something recent with me,
this bursting into tears at the least

thing.

MARTY

Oh, I cry all the time, any little thing. My brothers, my brother-in-laws, they're always telling me what a goodhearted guy I am. Well, you don't get goodhearted by accident. You get kicked around long enough, you get to be a real professor of pain. I know exactly how you feel. And I also want you to know I'm having a very good time with you now and really enjoying myself. So you see, you're not such a dog as you think you are.

CLARA

I'm having a very good time, too.

MARTY

So there you are. So I guess I'm not such a dog as I think I am.

CLARA

You're a very nice guy, and I don't know why some girl hasn't grabbed you off long ago.

MARTY

I don't know either. I think I'm a very nice guy. I also think I'm a pretty smart guy in my own way.

Clara smiles briefly at this.

MARTY

Now I figure, two people get married, and they gonna live together forty, fifty years. So it's just gotta be more than whether they're good looking or not. You tell me you think you're not very good-looking. My father was a really ugly man, but my mother adored him. She told me that she used to get so miserable sometimes, like everybody, you know? And she says my father always tried to understand. I used to see them sometimes when I was a kid, sitting in the living room, talking and talking, and I used to adore my old

man, because he was so kind. That's one of the most beautiful things I have in my life, the way my father and mother were. And my father was a real ugly man. So it doesn't matter if you look like a gorilla. So you see, dogs like us, we ain't such dogs as we think we are.

against They dance silently for a moment, cheeks pressed
each other.

CLARA

I'm twenty-nine years old. How old are you?

MARTY

I'm thirty-four.

BALLROOM, STAIRWAY.

leading to Marty and Clara are about halfway down the steps
light the street entrance to the ballroom. Clara has on a
has summer coat. Marty is about two steps ahead of her and
elevated to keep turning his head to talk to her. He is in an
mood, intoxicated -- on a talking jag.

MARTY

...you teach chemistry? That's funny. Where? What school?

CLARA

Benjamin Franklin High School.

MARTY

Benjamin Franklin, where's that? Brooklyn? I went to Theodore Roosevelt right up here on Fordham Road. It's right arounna corner from my house. I have a cousin who's a teacher. He teaches Latin. He lives in Chicago. He was studying to be a Jesuit, but he gave it up after his first vows.

to He has reached the street landing and waits for Clara

doors

catch up with him. They stand in front of the glass
leading to the street.

BALLROOM VESTIBULE. GLASS DOORS.

MARTY

(prattling on)

I was pretty good in high school. I sound like a jerk now, but I was pretty good. I graduated with an eighty-two average. That ain't bad. I was accepted at City College. I filled out the application and everything, but my old man died, so I hadda go to work. My best class was German. That was my first language. Der, die, das -- des, der, des. There you are, I still remember...

He pushes the glass door open to...

THE STREET OUTSIDE THE STARDUST BALLROOM.

Farms

As Marty and Clara emerge onto the sidewalk of West
Square, they pause again.

brightly

It is about nine o'clock, and the busy street is
lit from the stores.

RUMBLES

PASSERSBY hurry on their way. The elevated subway
over-head intermittently.

MARTY

(chattering on)

You know what I was good at in high school? I was good in Math. You know how long ago I graduated high school? June, nineteen-thirty-seven. Holy cow! June, nineteen-thirty-seven! What is that? Fifteen, seventeen years ago! Holy cow! Seventeen years ago! Is that right? Seventeen, that's right. Where did it all go? I'm getting old. I'm gonna be thirty-five November eighth. Thirty-five. Wow. Time goes on, boy.

He takes her arm, and they start walking.

MARTY

Nineteen-thirty-seven... that's right.
My old man died December, nineteen-
thirty-seven.

SIDEWALK.

and MOVING SHOT as they stroll toward the corner of Jerome
Burnside Avenues.

MARTY

Two o'clock in the morning he died.
The doorbell rings, and I knew
something was wrong right away.
Because my room is onna ground floor
inna front, you see, and I got outta
bed, and I answered the door...

CAMERA HOLDS as Marty, caught in his story, stops and
continues intently.

MARTY

There was Mr. Stern. He had a house
down about a block from us. He moved
out though. My old man, he used to
play cards with him and some other
old guys. He's a Jewish feller. So
he said, "Is your mother home?" So I
knew right away there was something
wrong. I was only eighteen, exactly
eighteen years old, just the month
before. So I said, "Is something
wrong, Mr. Stern?" I was in my
pajamas, you know? So he said, "Marty,
your father died." My father died
right inna middle of playing cards,
right at the table. He had a heart
attack. He had low blood pressure,
my old man. He used to faint a lot.

Suddenly he looks at Clara, rather startled.

MARTY

Boy, am I talking, I never talked so
much in my life. Usually, everybody
comes to me and tells me all their
troubles. Well, I'm gonna shut up
now, and I'm gonna let you get a
word in...

toward He takes her arm again, and they continue strolling
the corner intersection in silence.

MARTY

Seventeen years ago. What I been
doing with myself all that time?...
Well, I'm talking again. I must be
driving you crazy. Mosta the time
I'm with a girl, I can't find a word
to say. Well, I'm gonna shut up now.
Because I'm not like this usually.
Usually, I... well, here I go again.

Marty as They reach the corner intersection. CAMERA HOLDS on
strange he pauses again. He stares at Clara, confused at his
loquacity.

MARTY

I can't shut my mouth... I'm on a
jag, for Pete's sake. You'd think I
was loaded...

inability to Marty stares at Clara, absolutely aghast at his
stop talking.

MARTY

I can't stop talking! Isn't this
stupid?!

PEOPLE He stands there in the middle of the sidewalk with
at moving past, back and forth. Marty continues to stare
smile. Clara, his broad face widened by a foolish, confused
Clara regards him affectionately.

MARTY

(with sudden sincerity)
You gotta real nice face, you know?
It's really a nice face.

CLARA

Thank you.

trafficked They stroll along farther up the noisy, jangled,

Saturday night avenue.

GRAND CONCOURSE LUNCHEONETTE. NIGHT.

have
luncheonette in
It is
Once a candy store, now a soda fountain where booths
been installed in the rear. One wall of the
front is covered with magazines from floor to ceiling.
a nice clean joint, brightly lit. Several CUSTOMERS are
occupying three of the four booths.

BOOTH.

cup of
apparently
words
eyes
then she
her.
They sit opposite each other in the booth. Each has a
coffee. Marty is still talking, but now he is
telling a story so funny that he can hardly get the
out. The hilarity has communicated itself to Clara. Her
are burning with suppressed laughter. Every now and
has to gasp to control the bubbly giggling inside of

MARTY

...so I'm inna kneeling position,
and if you ever try shooting a BAR
inna kneeling position, you know
what I mean. I can't hold a steady
position. I'm wavering back and
forth...

of
He has to interrupt the narrative to control a seizure
giggles. Clara wipes her eyes and catches her breath.

MARTY

...so the guy next to me, he's
shooting from the prone position,
and he's cross-eyed like I told you...

one
He can't go on. He has to stop and cover his face with
hand.

MARTY

So just then...
(stops to control

himself again)
...so just then I hear five shots go
off from the guy next to me...

It's too much for him. He lets out a sudden guffaw and
instantly smothers it under shaking shoulders. Clara
hides
the
her face in her hands and giggles desperately. Some of
other people turn to look at them.

MARTY

So my target goes down, and a minute
later, the flag comes up. I got five
bulls-eyes. This cross-eyed guy next
to me, he shot five bulls-eyes into
my target...

He stares at the girl, spent from laughter.

MARTY

...so I said to the sergeant who was
checking my score, "Pretty good, eh,
Sarge? Five bulls-eyes? So this
sergeant, he don't know what happened,
he says, "Say, that's all right,
Pilletti"...

He closes his eyes, shakes his head.

MARTY

Oh, man. So that's what happened.
That's how I got the reputation-a
being the best shot inna whole
battalion... oh, man...

For a moment they seem to have controlled their
laughter.
on the
giggle
they are
shivering
They sit, shaking their heads, studying their fingers
table in front of them. Then slowly, Marty begins to
again. It communicates itself to Clara. In a moment
hiding their faces in their hands, their shoulders
with laughter.

STARDUST BALLROOM.

CLOSE ON Angie. His eyes look slowly in every
direction.

fringe of
crowded
lounge,

CAMERA PULLS BACK disclosing Angie standing on the
the dance floor, head arched high, looking at the
dance floor. He starts back to the archway toward the
looking over his shoulder.

ARCHWAY.

over
the...

Angie comes into the archway, throws one more glance
his shoulder at the dance floor, then turns and enters

LOUNGE.

the
forth
and
the

Angie walks down the length of the lounge, looking into
booths and simultaneously at the PEOPLE moving back and
in the lounge. At the far end of the lounge, he turns
comes back along the bar side, checking each face at
bar.

ANTEROOM.

for

There are three young BUCKOES laying out their money
admission. One of them calls to Angie.

BUCKO

Anything good in there, Mac?

ANGIE

A buncha dogs.

He crosses to the Men's Room.

MEN'S ROOM.

the
bowls,

Angie comes into a momentarily empty room. Angie goes
full length of the white tiled room, past the wash
the long mirror, bending to look under the doors of the
stalls. Suddenly he calls out.

ANGIE

Hey, Marty! Hey, Marty, you in here?!

He waits for an answer...

GRAND CONCOURSE LUNCHEONETTE.

more
them.
her
half-
but the
has
they
in

CLOSE ON Marty and Clara still in the booth, but two cups of coffee have been set down in front of each of them. There are also two pie-plates. Clara has left half of pie. Also an empty pack of cigarettes, and another pack gone. They are both smoking. Marty is still talking, mood is no longer laughter. A pensive, speculative hush fallen over them. They have been talking for hours, and have reached the stage where you start tearing designs in the paper napkins.

MARTY

...When I got outta the army, Clara, I was lost. I didn't know what I wanted to do. I was twenny-five years old, what was I gonna do, go back to my old job, forty cents an hour. I thought maybe I go to college under the G.I. Biller Rights, you know? But I wouldn't graduate till I was twenny-eight, twenny-nine years old, even if I made it in three years. And my brother Freddie wanted to get married, and I had three unmarried sisters -- in an Italian home, that's a terrible thing. And my kid brother Nickie, he's a one got married last week. So I just went to pieces. I used to walk inna streets till three, four o'clock inna mornings. My mother used to be so worried about me. My uncle Mario come over one time. He offered me a job driving his hack onna night shift. He got his own cab, you know. And God forgive me for what I'm gonna say now, but I used to thinka doing away with myself. I used to stand sometimes in the subway, and God forgive me what I'm going to say, I used to feel the

tracks sucking me down under the wheels.

CLARA

(deeply sympathetic)
Yes, I know.

MARTY

I'm a Catholic, you know, and even to think about suicide is a terrible sin.

CLARA

Yes, I know.

MARTY

So then Mr. Gazzara -- he was a frienda my father -- he offered me this job in his butcher shop, and everybody pleaded with me to take it. So that's what happened. I didn't wanna be a butcher.

CLARA

There's nothing wrong with being a butcher.

MARTY

Well, I wouldn't call it an elegant profession. It's in a lower social scale. People look down on butchers.

CLARA

I don't.

Marty looks quickly up at her, then back down.

MARTY

Well, the point is Mr. Gazzara wantsa sell his shop now, because he and his wife are lonely, and they wanna move out to California in Los Angeles and live near their married daughter. Because she's always writing them to come out there. So it's a nice little shop. I handle his books for him, so I know he has a thirty-five percent markup which is not unreasonable, and he takes home net maybe a hundred, hundred and fifty bucks a week. The point is, of course, you gotta worry about the supermarkets. There's two

inna neighborhood now, and there's an A&P coming in, at least that's the rumor. Of course, mosta his trade is strictly Italian, but the younger Italian girls, they get married, and they don't stick to the old Italian dishes so much. I mean, you gotta take that into account too.

CLARA

It's my feeling that you really want to buy this shop, Marty.

MARTY

That's true. I do. But I'm gonna have to take outta loan inna bank eight thousand dollars. That's a big note to carry, because I have to give Mr. Gazzara a mortgage, and what I have to weigh is: will it pay off in the end more than I can make onna salary?

Clara looks down at her fingers, her face alive and sensitive. She carefully assembles her words in her mind. Then she looks at the squat butcher across the table from her.

CLARA

Marty, I know you for three hours, but I know you're a good butcher. You're an intelligent, sensitive, decent man. I have a feeling about you like sometimes a kid comes in to see me for one reason or another. And some of these kids, Marty, in my classes, they have so much warmth in them, so much capacity. And that's the feeling I get about you.

Marty shuts his eyes, then opens them quickly, bows his head.

CLARA

If you were one of my students, I would say, "Go ahead and buy the butcher shop. You're a good butcher."

Clara pauses.

MARTY

(not quite trusting
the timbre of his
voice)

Well, there's a lotta things I could
do with this shop. I could organize
my own supermarket. Get a buncha
neighborhood merchants together.
That's what a lotta them are doing.

He looks up at her now.

MARTY

Wadda you think?

CLARA

I think anything you want to do,
you'll do well.

Tears begin to flood his eyes again. He quickly looks
away.

He licks his lips.

MARTY

(still looking down)
I'm Catholic. Are you Catholic?

Clara looks down at her hands.

CLARA

(also in a low voice)
Yes, I am.

Marty looks up at her.

MARTY

I only got about three bucks on me
now, but I just live about eight
blocks from here on the other side
of Webster Avenue. Why don't we walk
back to my house? I'll run in, pick
up some dough, and let's step out
somewhere.

CLARA

I really should get home...

She twists in her seat and looks toward the back of the
luncheonette.

MARTY

It's only a quarter of twelve. The
clock's right over there.

CLARA

I really should get home, I told my father... Well, I suppose a little while longer. I wonder if there's any place around here I could put some makeup on...

out of Marty considers this problem for a second, then leans the booth and calls out.

MARTY

Hey, Mac!

luncheonette. CAMERA ANGLES to include the PROPRIETOR of the Sunday He is sitting in one of the booths ahead reading the Mirror. He looks up toward Marty.

MARTY

You gotta Ladies' Room around here?

PROPRIETOR

Inna back.

MARTY

(to Clara)

Inna back.

of Clara smiles at this innocent gaucherie, then edges out the booth, taking her purse with her.

187TH STREET. NIGHT.

which HIGH ANGLE SHOT of Angie meandering down the street on and the neighborhood bar is located. It is near midnight, of his the street is empty except for Angie and the CLACKING opens leather heels on the pavement. He comes to the bar, the door, enters...

THE BAR. NIGHT.

mostly The SOUNDS of Saturday night revelry are loud, coming from the Irish contingent of the neighborhood. They are

WOMEN

grouped along practically the whole bar. Three or four

one

and a number of shirtsleeved MEN, mostly in their late forties, early fifties. We know they're Irish, because

of the younger men is chanting an auld country ballad.

there.

CAMERA ANGLES disclose the entrance to the bar in the background, showing Angie coming in, looking here and

He starts toward the bar.

NEAR BAR.

stools

TWO IRISH WOMEN, middle-aged, squat heavily on bar

other.

over their schooners of beer, gassing away at each

FIRST IRISH WOMAN

...so she told me that the doctor told her that if she had any more babies, she would do so at the risk of her life...

behind

Angie shuffles in, pausing near the bar and standing the two Irish women.

SECOND IRISH WOMAN

She was always a bit thin in the hips...

FIRST IRISH WOMAN

Well, at the time she told me this, she already had six. Every time I saw the woman, she was either...

ANGIE

Hey, Lou!

FIRST IRISH WOMAN

...going to the hospital or coming from it. She was hatching them out like eggs.

SECOND IRISH WOMAN

And that husband of hers is a skinny bit of a fellow, isn't he?

FIRST IRISH WOMAN

Well, I bumped into her on the street,

and she was as big as a barrel.

ANGIE

(loudly)
Hey, Lou!

CAMERA ANGLES to include Lou, the Bartender.

BARTENDER

(looking up from
opening a batch of
beer bottles)
What?

FIRST IRISH WOMAN

...so I said to her, "Mary..."

ANGIE

(calling to the
Bartender)
Marty been in here the last couple
hours or so?

FIRST IRISH WOMAN

"...Mary, for heaven's sakes, didn't
you tell me that another one'll kill
you?"

BARTENDER

I ain't seen Marty all night...

SECOND IRISH WOMAN

And her husband is a little bit of a
man, isn't he?

ANGIE

(calling to the
Bartender, but even
more to himself)
Where is everybody? I been walking
around, I can't find anybody...

FIRST IRISH WOMAN

Well, last week Tuesday, she gave
birth to the baby in Saint Elizabeth's
hospital... a big healthy boy of
nine pounds...

SECOND IRISH WOMAN

Oh, that's nice. So the doctor was
wrong, wasn't he?

FIRST IRISH WOMAN

Oh, no! She died right in the hospital...

SECOND IRISH WOMAN

Oh, that's a sad story. And her husband is that little fellow, works in Peter Reeves.

FIRST IRISH WOMAN

That's the one.

SECOND IRISH WOMAN

Oh, that's a sad story.

to
leaves.
Angie has nothing better to do than give his attention
the last lines of the story. Perturbed, he turns and

NEAR ELEVATED SUBWAY. NIGHT.

along
subway
With street NOISES over the scene, Marty and Clara walk
through the intricate understructure of the elevated
toward Webster Avenue.

STREET.

Marty's
The
curb.
Marty and Clara walk slowly along a side street in
neighborhood. The streets are almost empty; perhaps an
occasional PEDESTRIAN on the other side of the street.
cars are parked bumper-to-bumper in lines along the
The five-story apartment buildings are mostly dark, an
occasional window lit.

become
nearest
Marty suddenly stops and bends down; his shoe lace has
untied. Clara sits back against the fender of the
car and continues talking.

CLARA

...It's really a fine opportunity
for me. But I'm not sure I want to
be a department head. It's mostly
executive and administrative work.
Well, anyway, I told you about my

father, and he depends on me a great deal, and...

MARTY

(still concentrating
on his shoelace)

Why don't you just move out to Portchester?

CLARA

Well, that's what I was saying. My father is getting old. And we're very close. He's a wonderful man, really...

She pauses as he straightens. He looks at her a moment.

MARTY

I think you're kidding yourself, Clara. I used to think about moving out, you know? And that's what I used to say. "My mother needs me." But when you really get down to it, that ain't it at all. Actually, you need your father. You know what I mean? You're living at home, and you got your father and mother there, and you can go on like that -- being a little girl all your life.

CLARA

I'm afraid of being lonely.

MARTY

Oh, you won't be so lonely. You'll make friends right away.

CLARA

Actually, I don't make friends easily.

MARTY

What're you talking about? You're a real likeable person. You'll make friends out there in Portchester one, two, three. You'll have people visiting you all the time. I'll come visit you. I'll borrow my brother Freddie's car, or you can call me up when you feel blue, or I'll call you up. And it's gonna be nice. Don't be so afraid.

shoelace
down
dressed

They have only gone a few paces farther when Marty's comes loose again. He fidgets self-consciously, bends and begins to retie it. The VOICE of Ralph, the well-dressed man, established previously, is heard.

RALPH'S VOICE

(off-screen)

Hey, Marty!

Marty and Clara both look off...

STREET. CAR WINDOW.

back up

Ralph is leaning out the car window twisting to look the street.

RALPH

(yelling)

Hey, Marty!

voice.

Marty and Clara look around to find the source of the

RALPH

Marty! Over here!

Marty

parked in

Marty and Clara again look around trying to find Ralph. spots him leaning out of the window of a '47 Chevy the background.

MARTY

Hello, Ralph.

RALPH

(yelling)

Hey, Marty, come over here a minute.

Marty and Clara start walking toward the Chevy.

INSIDE THE CHEVY.

are

ELAINE

Ralph and MABEL, a young woman in her early thirties, seated in front. In the rear seat of the car, LEO is sandwiched in between a MISS LOUISE KELLY and a MISS

piece.

car, his head bowed, waiting for Ralph to speak his
He studiously avoids looking at the girls in the car.

RALPH

(lowering his voice)
Hey, Marty, we got an odd squirrel
here, you interested?

in Marty allows his eyes to flicker quickly over the girl
the seat next to Ralph.

MARTY

Waddaya mean, Ralph?

RALPH

(turning his head
toward the rear of
the car and raising
his voice)
Hey, Louise, I want you to meet Marty
Pilletti. Marty, that's Louise Kelly,
inna back seat there.

MARTY

Hiya.

little Louise, not an unattractive girl by any means, is a
introduction. surly at the moment. She merely nods at the

LOUISE

What are we going to do, just sit
around here all night?

RALPH

(addressing Marty's
bowed head in a quick
mutter)
Listen, Marty, these three squirrels
are nurses. We're all going over
Leo's house later because there's
nobody there. These are the squirrels
I told you about. Money inna bank,
man. Wanna get inna car? She's a
pretty nice-looking doll.

MARTY

I'm with a girl, Ralph.

RALPH

Get ridda her. This is money inna bank.

MARTY

I can't do that, Ralph, because somebody already brushed her off once tonight.

RALPH

This is a good deal here, Marty.

corner
Marty straightens, looks surreptitiously back to the
where Clara is standing.

awkward,
Clara stands alone on the corner. She is an angular,
plain girl. Marty brings his attention back around to
Ralph
who is leaning out of the car window.

MARTY

(bending down to Ralph)
I can't do it, Ralph. Thanks anyway.
(looks toward back
seat)
Very nice to have met you all.

LOUISE

Come on, let's get outta here.

LEO

Hey, Ralph, we might as well get going.

Ralph bends forward and starts the car.

MARTY

I'll see you, Leo.

LEO

I'll see you, Marty.

begins
parking
eventually
Marty takes a step or two back from the car, and Ralph
the business of wheeling the car from out of its
place. The car backs and fills once or twice and
clears and whisks into the street.

slowly
we...
Marty stands looking after the departing car, then
turns and goes back up the sidewalk. He joins Clara and

DISSOLVE TO:

PILLETTI HOME, KITCHEN. NIGHT

home.
Marty and Clara come into the dark house. Nobody is
momentarily.
Marty and Clara's silhouettes block the doorway

MARTY

Wait a minute. Lemme find the light.

lit.
glare.
He finds the lights. The kitchen is suddenly brightly
The two of them stand squinting to adjust to the sudden

MARTY

I guess my mother ain't home yet. I
figure my cousin Thomas and Virginia
musta gone to the movies, so they
won't get back till one o'clock at
least.

and
Clara advances into the kitchen, a little ill at ease,
looks around. Marty closes the porch door.

MARTY

This is the kitchen.

CLARA

Yes, I know.

MARTY

Come on inna dining room.

into
the...
He turns the light on as he enters. Clara follows him

DINING ROOM.

MARTY

Siddown, take off your coat. You
want something to eat? We gotta whole

half-chicken in the icebox.

CLARA

(alighting tentatively
on the edge of a
chair)

No, thank you. I don't think I should
stay very long.

MARTY

Sure. Just take off your coat a
minute.

looking
into
Marty
awkward

He helps her off with her coat. He remains behind her,
down at her. Conscious of his scrutiny, she sits
uncomfortably, breathing unevenly. Marty takes her coat
the dark living room. Clara is patient but nervous.
comes back, sits on another chair, and there is an
silence.

MARTY

So I was telling you, my kid brother
Nickie got married last Sunday. That
was a very nice affair. And they had
this statue of some woman, and they
had whiskey spouting outta her mouth.
I never saw anything so grand in my
life.

(the silence again
falls between them.)

And watta meal. I'm a butcher, so I
know a good hunka steak when I see
one. That was choice filet, right
off the topa the chuck. A buck eighty
a pound. Of course, if you wanna
cheaper cut, get rib steak. That
gotta lotta waste on it, but it comes
to about a buck and a quarter a pound,
if it's trimmed. Listen, Clara, make
yourself comfortable. You're all
tense.

CLARA

Oh, I'm fine.

MARTY

You want me to take you home, I'll
take you home.

CLARA

Maybe that would be a good idea.

and She stands. He stands. He's a little angry. He turns
sullenly goes back to the living room for her coat.
Wordlessly, he begins to help her into the coat.

shoulders, Standing behind her, he puts his hands on her
neck. then suddenly seizes her, and begins kissing her on the

As Marty holds Clara, kissing the back of her neck, the
dialogue drops to quick, hushed whispers.

CLARA

No, Marty, please...

MARTY

I like you. I like you. I been telling
you all night, I like you...

CLARA

Marty...

MARTY

I just wanna kiss, that's all.

He attempts to turn her face toward him. She resists.

CLARA

No...

MARTY

Please...

CLARA

No...

MARTY

Please...

CLARA

Marty...

He releases her and turns away violently.

MARTY

All right! I'll take you home! All
right!

back

He marches a few paces away, deeply disturbed. He turns to her.

MARTY

All I wanted was a lousy kiss! What do you think, I was gonna try something serious with my mother coming home any minute!? What am I, a leper or something?!

flush of
on the

He turns and goes into the living room to hide the hot tears threatening to fill his eyes. Clara is also on the verge of tears.

CLARA

(more to herself than to him)
I just didn't feel like it, that's all.

room.
sits on
ahead.
from

Slowly, she moves to the archway leading to the living room. CAMERA ANGLES to include the living room where Marty sits on the couch with his hands in his lap, staring straight ahead. The room is dark except for the slanted light coming from the dining room.

him. He

Clara goes to the couch and sits on the edge beside him. He doesn't look at her.

LIVING ROOM.

MARTY

I'm old enough to know better. Comes New Year's Eve, everybody starts arranging parties, I'm the guy they gotta dig up a date for. Let me getta packa cigarettes, and I'll take you home.

couch,

He starts to rise but instead sinks back onto the couch, looking straight ahead. Clara looks at him, her face peculiarly soft and compassionate.

CLARA

I'd like to see you again. Very much. The reason I didn't let you kiss me was because I just didn't know how to handle the situation. You're the kindest man I ever met. The reason I tell you this is because I want to see you again very much. I know that when you take me home, I'm going to just lie on my bed and think about you. I want very much to see you again.

Marty stares down at his hands.

MARTY

(without looking over
at her)
Waddaya doing tomorrow night?

CLARA

Nothing.

MARTY

I'll call you up tomorrow morning. Maybe, we'll go see a movie.

CLARA

I'd like that very much.

MARTY

The reason I can't be definite about it now is my Aunt Catherine is probably coming over tomorrow, and I may have to help out.

CLARA

I'll wait for your call.

MARTY

We better get started to your house, because the buses only run about one an hour now.

CLARA

All right.

She stands.

MARTY

I'll just get a packa cigarettes.

include
extracts
Clara
room.

He rises and goes into his bedroom. CAMERA ANGLES to door to bedroom. Marty opens his bureau drawer and a pack of cigarettes. He comes back out and looks at Clara for the first time. They start to walk to the dining room. In the archway, Marty pauses and turns to her.

MARTY

Waddaya doing New Year's Eve?

CLARA

Nothing.

Slowly
shake of
back
opening

They quietly slip into each other's arms and kiss. their faces part, and Marty's head sinks down upon her shoulder. He is crying, detectable from the slight his shoulders. The girl presses her cheek against the of his head. They stand. The SOUND of the kitchen door splits them out of their embrace. A moment later Mrs. Pilletti's voice is heard.

MRS. PILLETTI'S VOICE

(off-screen)

Hallo! Hallo! Marty?!

Marty

She comes into the dining room, stops at the sight of and Clara.

MRS. PILLETTI

Hello, Marty, when you come home?

MARTY

We just got here about fifteen minutes ago. Ma, I want you to meet Miss Clara Snyder. She's graduate of New York University. She teaches chemistry in Benjamin Franklin High School.

This seems to impress Mrs. Pilletti.

MRS. PILLETTI

Siddown, siddown. You want some chicken? We got some chicken in the ice box.

CLARA

No, Mrs. Pilletti. We were just going home. Thank you very much anyway.

MRS. PILLETTI

Well, siddown a minute. I just come inna house. I'll take off my coat. Siddown a minute.

Mrs. Pilletti pulls her coat off.

MARTY

How'd you come home, Ma? Thomas give you a ride?

MRS. PILLETTI

(nodding)

Oh, it's a sad business.

(turning to Clara)

My sister, Catherine, she don't get along with her daughter-in-law, so she's gonna come live with us.

MARTY

Oh, she's coming, eh, Ma?

MRS. PILLETTI

Oh, sure.

(to Clara)

Siddown, siddown. Marty, tell her siddown.

MARTY

Might as well siddown a minute, Clara.

Clara smiles and sits. Mrs. Pilletti likewise seats herself,
holding her coat in her lap.

MRS. PILLETTI

(to Marty)

Did you offer the young lady some fruit?

MARTY

I offered her, Ma, she don't want nothing.

CLARA

No, thank you, really, Mrs. Pilletti.

MRS. PILLETTI

(to Clara with a sigh)

It's a very sad business, I tell you. A woman, fifty-six years old, all her life, she had her own home. Now she's just an old lady, sleeping on her daughter-in-law's couch. It's a curse to be a mother, I tell you. Your children grow up and then what is left for you to do? What is a mother's life but her children? It is a very cruel thing when your son has no place for you in his home.

CLARA

Couldn't she find some sort of hobby to fill out her time?

MRS. PILLETTI

Hobby! What can she do? She cooks and she cleans. You gotta have a house to clean. You gotta have children to cook for. These are the terrible years for a woman, the terrible years.

CLARA

You mustn't feel too harshly against her daughter-in-law. She also wants to have a house to clean and a family to cook for.

she
twist

Mrs. Pilletti darts a quick, sharp look at Clara. Then looks back to her own hands, which are beginning to nervously.

MRS. PILLETTI

You don't think my sister Catherine should live in her daughter-in-law's house?

CLARA

Well, I don't know the people, of course, but as a rule, I don't think a mother-in-law should live with a young couple.

MRS. PILLETTI

Where do you think a mother-in-law should go?

CLARA

I don't think a mother should depend so much upon her children for her rewards in life.

MRS. PILLETTI

Well, maybe that's what they teach you in New York University. In real life, it don't work out that way. You wait till you are a mother.

CLARA

It's silly of me to argue about it. I don't know the people involved.

MARTY

Ma, I'm gonna take her home now. It's getting late, and the buses only run about one an hour.

MRS. PILLETTI

(standing)

Sure.

CLARA

(standing)

It was very nice meeting you, Mrs. Pilletti. I hope I'll see you again.

MRS. PILLETTI

Sure.

Marty and Clara move toward the kitchen.

MARTY

All right, Ma. I'll be back in about an hour, an hour and a half.

MRS. PILLETTI

Sure.

CLARA

Goodnight, Mrs. Pilletti.

MRS. PILLETTI

Goodnight.

STAYS on
chair,
Marty and Clara go out through the kitchen. CAMERA
Mrs. Pilletti, who stands expressionlessly by her

the
staring after them. She remains there rigid even after
kitchen door has OPENED and SHUT.

FORDHAM ROAD. NIGHT

boulevard.
The biggest intersection in the Bronx is near the Grand
Concourse at Fordham Road, which is the biggest

PEOPLE. The
Despite the hour, the sidewalks are crowded with
TRAFFIC is heavy with buses.

the
the
change, he
he
We PICK UP Angie walking up Fordham Road just about to
Grand Concourse. As he reaches the northeast corner of
intersection and stands, waiting for the light to
looks off-screen. Something captures his attention, and
calls out.

ANGIE

Hey!!

STREET OUTSIDE A DEPARTMENT STORE.

Concourse
In front of Alexander's Department Store, the street is
crowded, and a bus queue waits for the downtown
bus. Marty and Clara are part of the queue.

ANGIE

(starting toward Marty
and Clara, shouting)

Hey!

lights
stops
Angie starts into the street without waiting for the
to change. Impatiently, he has to wait until traffic
for the light.

ANGIE

(shouting as he goes)
Hey, Marty! Hey!

Marty and Clara still stand, seeming not to hear Angie.

ANGIE'S VOICE

(off-screen)

Hey, Marty! Marty!

Marty and Clara turn and stare off-screen.

and Angie pushes his way through the CROWD on the sidewalk
manages to join Marty and Clara.

ANGIE

Where you been, for Pete sakes?! I
been looking all over for you.

MARTY

I looked for you, Angie, before I
cut out, but I couldn't find you.

ANGIE

I been looking all over for you!

himself
entirely Angie is absolutely unaware of, or simply refuses to
acknowledge the presence of the girl. He has pushed
in between Marty and Clara, and addresses himself
to Marty.

MARTY

What happened, Angie, was that we
thought we were just gonna go for a
short walk, and then we thought we
were gonna come right back, but we
got to talking. Listen, Angie, I
want you to meet Clara...

(he tries to turn the
sullen Angie toward
Clara)

Clara, this is my best friend, Angie.
I told you about him.

CLARA

How do you do?

Angie acknowledges the introduction with a surly nod.

ANGIE

(completely ignoring
Clara now)
Waddaya gonna do now?

MARTY

I'm gonna take Clara home. It's close
to one.

ANGIE

You want me to ride down with you?

MARTY

What for?

ANGIE

It's early.

MARTY

It must be one o'clock.

ANGIE

It's Saturday night! There's still plenty-a action around!

MARTY

Angie, by the time I get Clara home, it's gonna be one, one-thirty. By the time I get home, it's gonna be two o'clock. I gotta get up for ten o'clock mass tomorrow.

friend.

Angie stares with thick, sullen jealousy at his best friend.
He turns sharply and starts away from Marty and Clara.

ANGIE

(as he goes)
All right, I'll see you!

MARTY

(calling after him)
Where you going?

Angie, feeling rejected and jealous, moves swiftly out into the other PEDESTRIANS on Fordham Road.

MARTY

(calling more loudly after him)
I'll see you tomorrow after mass!

He stares for a moment at the departing form of his friend, then turns to Clara with a shrug and a smile, as if to say, "I don't know what's the matter with him." The long-awaited

of
downtown bus ROARS up to the corner, blocking our view
Marty and Clara.

LOWER-MIDDLE-CLASS BRONX STREET. NIGHT.

doors
Marty and Clara stroll along the walk toward the front
of an apartment house.

APARTMENT HOUSE LOBBY. NIGHT.

stairway.
Marty and Clara enter and cross the lobby toward the
They move slowly.

MARTY

You got an elevator in this house?

CLARA

We just live one flight up.

MARTY

So I'll call you tomorrow.

CLARA

Okay.

Clara leans against the iron banister of the stairway.

CLARA

Call me about two-thirty, because I
won't be home from my aunt's till
about then.

COUPLE
exchange;
they
the
them.
The doors of the ELEVATOR slide open, and a middle-aged
comes out. They have obviously been having a heated
but at the sight of Marty and the girl at the stairway,
become silent. They march across the lobby and out to
street in repressed silence. The door CLANGS behind

interruption,
Marty and Clara have waited stiffly through this
and now they look at each other and smile.

MARTY

Okay, so I'll see you tomorrow night

then.

CLARA

Okay.

street Marty turns and moves across the lobby toward the door.

OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT HOUSE.

is Marty stands a moment in the clear black night air, expressionless, but within him, a strange exhilaration beginning to stir. He mosies away from the building along the sidewalk, CAMERA panning with him.

he He strikes out suddenly with a spirited stride, as if he knew where he was going.

176TH STREET.

quickly CLOSER SHOT of Marty marching along 176th Street. He reaches the Grand Concourse. Here he pauses a moment, a little at a loss for what direction to take -- then remembers he needs the uptown bus.

side of He moves across the wide street to get to the other the boulevard. Again, he seems to lose track of which direction is homeward.

pausing He walks uptown a ways with a strange jerky stride, every once in a while to see whether there's a bus coming.

into Suddenly Marty breaks into a dog-trot, then drops back the stiff stride as he approaches...

THE INTERSECTION OF THE GRAND CONCOURSE.

leans The corner near the bus stop is deserted. Marty stops, against the pole of the bus stop sign.

Abruptly, he turns and walks uptown a little further.
SERIES OF INTERCUTS: Marty strides, walks, stops short,
goes to the curb desultorily, a few paces into the street,
moves back. The traffic moves by him. He stands in the wide
street, then with a gesture of magnificent expansiveness, he
raises his arm and calls out.

MARTY

Taxi! Taxi! Hey, taxi! Taxi! Taxi!

CLOSE-UP of Marty standing in the street, crying...

MARTY

Taxi!... Taxi!...

FADE OUT.

PILLETTI HOME, MARTY'S BEDROOM. DAY

Marty is in his trousers and T-shirt. He whistles as he
out assembles his toilet articles for a shave. He starts
sunlight toward the living room, still whistling. Bright
pours through the curtains on his window.

SECOND FLOOR.

Marty's whistling accompanies him to the second floor
where he turns into the bathroom. CAMERA ANGLES to include
Mrs. Pilletti's bedroom, disclosing her wearing an old faded
As batiste kimona, puttering around her room and cleaning.
her Marty's toneless tune reaches her, Mrs. Pilletti turns
head and stares off, listening.

THOMAS AND VIRGINIA'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Catherine, in the living room, is packing her meager
but neatly folded belongings into an old European carpet
bag. She has regained her stiff, mordant crustiness. The
mild

WAIL of a baby can be heard.

BEDROOM.

Virginia
it.
slip, no
against
her

The crowded bedroom is furnished in white modern. It is cluttered by a baby's bassinet and other baby items. sits on the edge of the bed, holding the baby, quieting it. She is half-dressed, wearing her pajama top, a half-stockings; her hair is still uncombed. Thomas slouches against a chest of drawers, in morning semi-deshabille. He is obviously sick with guilt. Virginia looks anxiously at her husband then to the baby in her arms.

VIRGINIA

(heavy whisper)

Don't you think I feel lousy about this too?

THOMAS

All right, Ginnie. I don't wanna talk anymore about it.

(sits on a wooden chair, unrolls a fresh pair of socks he's been holding)

I don't think I got one hour's sleep the whole night.

(raises one leg to put a sock on, pauses with his heel on the edge of his chair)

Last night was the first time in my life I ever heard my mother cry, you know that?

VIRGINIA

Tommy...

THOMAS

(snapping)

I don't wanna talk about it!

back to
hand.

He pulls his sock on angrily, then lets his leg fall the floor and just sits, one sock on, one sock in his hand. He looks sullenly in the direction of his wife.

THOMAS

(continuing, huffy)

I know what you're gonna say. A man's gotta stop being his mother's baby sooner or later. How many times you gonna say it? She's my mother, you know. I oughta have some feelings about her, don't you think?

VIRGINIA

Why do you always put me inna position of being the louse?

THOMAS

(in a furious whisper)

Virginia, I don't wanna hear no more about it!

other
forces it

He stands, then becomes aware he has to put on his sock. He sits down again and pulls the second sock on. Virginia has had a hot reply in her mouth, but she back. She rocks the baby a little.

VIRGINIA

Tommy, I love you, and I know you feel lousy right now, but we're never gonna be happy unless we have a chance to work out our own lives. We can't keep talking in whispers like this the resta our lives. We gotta have some privacy. We...

He

Thomas has risen, a slim, dark, unsettled young man in undershirt and trousers, holding his shoes in one hand. starts toward the...

FOYER.

looks
strange

Thomas strides down the little foyer. He turns and into the living room. He watches his mother packing brown parcels into her bag.

THOMAS

(scowling)

Can't you wait five minutes? I'll drive you over inna car. I just gotta

put my shirt on, that's all.

The old lady nods brusquely.

LIVING ROOM.

feels
bedroom
Thomas stands with his head bowed to hide the tears he sweeping into his hot eyes. Then he returns to his in his stocking-feet, carrying his shoes.

BEDROOM.

bassinet,
her in
Thomas comes in just as Virginia bends over the having gotten the baby back to sleep. Thomas cries to a furious whisper.

THOMAS

All right, get dressed, because we're gonna drive my mother over. Why couldn't you get along with her?! Why couldn't you make just a little effort?! She's a little hard to get along with! All right! All I asked you was try a little.

with
begins to
He turns from her, sits down on the bed miserably angry the world, his wife, his mother, himself. The baby whimper again. Virginia turns wearily to her husband.

VIRGINIA

Tommy...

THOMAS

(roaring out)
I don't wanna hear anymore about it, you hear me?

MARTY'S HOME, FRONT PORCH. DAY.

mother's
bundles,
hedge.
A small procession consisting of Thomas carrying his carpet bag, his mother carrying small paper-wrapped and Virginia holding the baby comes across the front

turn up
small

Thomas leads the parade with a muffled sorrow. They
the porch to the front door. Virginia remains in the
front yard. She is miserable.

PILLETTI HOME, DINING ROOM. DAY.

go
the
as
Catherine is

Mrs. Pilletti is dressed in hat and coat and all set to
to mass. She is bent over the dining room table piling
breakfast dishes and crumbing the table. She looks up
Thomas comes in carrying his mother's bag. Aunt
right behind him. Beyond the porch, we can see Virginia
walking the baby around outside.

THOMAS

Hello, Aunt Theresa.

MRS. PILLETTI

Hello, Thomas, how do you feel?

THOMAS

(setting the bag down)

Ah, my mother, she drives me crazy.
I hadda beg her to let me drive her
over here. The martyr. She always
gotta be the big martyr.

CATHERINE

Hey, will you go to mass, please.
This one, he woke up this morning
with salt in his nose. Do this! Do
that! Will you leave me in peace,
ah?

Pilletti,

A burst of spirited song soars from upstairs. Mrs.
Aunt Catherine and even Thomas pause to look up in the
direction of the voice.

HALLWAY/STAIRWAY.

jacket
tie.

Marty descends the stairs whistling. He carries his
over his arm. He makes some final adjustments to his

DINING ROOM.

and
Alert to Marty's mood, Mrs. Pilletti, Aunt Catherine
Thomas stand, waiting for him to join them downstairs.

MARTY

(ebulliently)
Hello, Aunt Catherine! How are you?
Hello, Thomas. You going to mass
with us?

CATHERINE

I was at mass two hours ago.

MARTY

Well, make yourself at home. The
refrigerator is loaded with food. Go
upstairs, take any room you want.
Thomas, you going to mass with us?

THOMAS

(nods)
Yeah, yeah, sure.

front
He abruptly goes out into the living room and onto the
porch.

MRS. PILLETTI

(to Catherine)
You wanna cuppa coffee?

Marty has followed Thomas out into the living room.

MARTY

Boy, beautiful day, hey, Thomas?

THOMAS

Sure, great if you ain't married.

in the
the
Thomas goes out the door onto the porch. Marty stands
open doorway. He looks out into the warm sunshine in
front yard.

MARTY

Hi, Virginia.

a
He goes out into the yard to Virginia. He is as gay as

high

bird. He takes the baby from Virginia's arms, holds it up above him.

MARTY

(to baby)

Hey, little boy, you sure getting fat. You weigh more than a side-a beef now.

(beams at the baby)

Hey, Thomas, so I was telling you yesterday you was over my house -- Mr. Gazzara, my boss, so he wantsa sell his shop, go out to California because his kids are all married, and he...

quickly to

Thomas hasn't been listening to Marty and crosses Virginia.

THOMAS

Wadda you so sore about?

VIRGINIA

Oh shaddup, will you do me a favor?

Marty comes up to them, holding the baby.

MARTY

So Thomas, he does about twelve, thirteen hundred gross. Rent's a hundred and two. The problem, of course, is the supermarkets. That's what I wanna ask you. If I get together with a coupla other merchants, make our own supermarket...

thoughts

Thomas has been trying to listen to Marty, but his are all with his own problem. He whirls on Virginia.

THOMAS

What about the time she wanted to make an old-fashioned Italian dinner for my brother, but you wouldn't let her!?

VIRGINIA

(with her own temper)

Waddaya talking about?!!

THOMAS

Once a month you couldn't let her use the kitchen!

VIRGINIA

I told her she could use the kitchen any time she wanted...

THOMAS

...You hadda be the boss inna kitchen alla time!

VIRGINIA

She don't wanna use my pots and pans!

MARTY

So Tommy...

VIRGINIA

Waddaya want me to do, go out and buy a whole new setta pots and pans?!

The baby in Marty's arms has started to cry a little.

MARTY

Tommy, gimme a coupla minutes, because I promised Mr. Gazzara I'd let him know tomorrow. See, what I wanna know, Tom, if a buncha individual retail merchants get together, how does it operate? On individual mark-ups? You know what I mean? Say I'm the butcher and Aldo Capelli, he's the dairyman and grocer, so suppose I mark up thirty-five percent, but he works on forty, so...

THOMAS

Waddaya talking about, do you know what you're talking about?

MARTY

No, I don't know. That's why I'm asking you.

The baby starts to cry again. Thomas turns to his wife.

THOMAS

Take the baby, will you?!

Virginia hurries over and takes the crying baby from

Marty's

back

arms, walks around comforting the child. Thomas turns to Marty.

THOMAS

Wadda you wanna buy a shop for, will you tell me? You gotta good job, you got no wife, you got no responsibilities. Boy, I wish I was you, boy. Waddaya wanna tie yourself down with a shop? What's he want? Five thousand down? You're gonna have to carry a mortgage sixty, seventy bucks a month. A mortgage anna note from the bank. For Pete's sake, you're a single man with no responsibilities. Stay that way, boy. Take my advice.

MARTY

Well, you see, Thomas I figure the big problem is the supermarkets. But Patsy's shop, that's a specialized trade. The supermarkets don't carry Italian meat.

THOMAS

Who buys Italian meat anymore? You think my wife buys Italian meat?
(throws a baleful
glance at his wife)
She goes to the A&P, picks up some lamb chops wrapped in cellophane, opens up a canna peas, and that's dinner, boy.

VIRGINIA

Sure, all you wanna eat is that greasy stuff your mother makes.

Marty is a little taken aback by Thomas's frontal assault.

MARTY

Well, I understand the problem about the supermarkets, but I was talking to this girl last night, and she made the point that a likeable personality is a valuable business asset.

THOMAS

Marty, see that my mother is nice
and comfortable, eh?

MARTY

Sure. This girl said...

THOMAS

What girl, what does she know?
(he whirls on his
wife again)

Why don't you let her hold the baby
once in a while?! Your mother, boy,
she wantsa take the kid for a day,
that's fine!

VIRGINIA

(her temper flaring
again)

Your mother handles the kid like he
was a yoyo!

other. Marty stands, watching the young couple yakking at each

The little baby starts to cry again.

KITCHEN.

untouched The two old sisters sit at the kitchen table, two
cups of coffee in front of them.

MRS. PILLETTI

Hey, I come home from your house
last night, Marty was here with a
girl.

CATHERINE

Who?

MRS. PILLETTI

Marty.

CATHERINE

Your son Marty?

MRS. PILLETTI

Well, what Marty you think is gonna
be here in this house with a girl?

CATHERINE

Were the lights on?

MRS. PILLETTI

Oh sure.

(frowns at her sister)

This girl is a college graduate.

CATHERINE

They're the worst. College girls are one step from the streets. They smoke like men inna saloon. My son Joseph, his wife, you know, she types onna typewriter. One step from the streets, I tell you. Mrs. Pilletti ponders this philosophy for a moment.

MRS. PILLETTI

That's the first time Marty ever brought a girl to this house. She seems like a nice girl. I think he has a feeling for this girl. You heard him sing. He been singing like that all morning.

Catherine nods bleakly.

CATHERINE

Well, that's all. You will see. Today, tomorrow, inna week, he's gonna say to you, "Hey, Ma, it's no good being a single man. I'm tired-a running around." Then he's gonna say, "Hey, Ma, wadda we need this old house? Why don't we sell this old house, move into a nicer parta town? A nice little apartment?"

MRS. PILLETTI

I don't sell this house, I tell you that. This is my husband's house. I had six children in this house.

CATHERINE

You will see. A coupla months, you gonna be an old lady, sleeping onna couch in her daughter-in-law's house.

MRS. PILLETTI

Catherine, you are a blanket of gloom. Wherever you are, the rain follows. Someday, you gonna smile, and we gonna declare a holiday.

after his

Marty comes in from the living room, a little down session with Thomas and Virginia.

MARTY

Hello, Ma, waddaya say, it's getting a little late.

MRS. PILLETTI

Sure.

He

Marty goes to the sink to get himself a glass of water.

ceiling.

examines a piece of plaster that has fallen from the

MARTY

Boy, this place is really coming to pieces.

(turning to his mother)

You know, Ma, I think we oughta sell this place. The whole joint's going to pieces. The plumbing is rusty. Everything. I'm gonna have to replaster the whole ceiling now. You know what we oughta do? We oughta get one of those new apartments they're building down on Southern Boulevard. A nicer parta town, you know?...You all set, Ma?

her

Mrs. Pilletti exchanges a brief frightened glance with sister.

MRS. PILLETTI

I'm all set.

follows

She sends another frightened look at her sister and Marty out into the living room.

MARTY'S PORCH.

file

Marty

both

far

Marty, his mother, Thomas and Virginia with the baby down the porch to the street on their way to church. and his mother are both troubled. The anger has left Thomas and Virginia, but they are both silent. At the

puts
briefly
Everyone

end of the alleyway, as they reach the street, Virginia
her free arm through her husband's elbow. Thomas looks
at her and they exchange a look of commiseration.
turns and disappears off into the street.

CHURCH.

stage
masses.

A HIGH, WIDE ANGLE SHOT of the church establishes that
of Sunday morning between the nine and ten o'clock
People flock around the doors of the church.

INSIDE THE CHURCH.

few
empty
now

The parishioners are making their ways to the door. A
silent penitents still kneel here and there in the long
rows of pews. The large, almost empty church is filled
with organ MUSIC.

they
nine
o'clock

Both Marty and his mother seem a little depressed as
stand at the doorway just inside the church, as the
o'clock mass people flow out, and the first of the ten
mass people file in.

MRS. PILLETTI

That was a nice girl last night,
Marty.

(Marty nods)

She wasn't a very good-looking girl,
but she looks like a nice girl.

(she pauses, Marty
makes no reply)

I said, she wasn't a very good-looking
girl... not very pretty...

MARTY

(still amiable)

I heard you, Ma.

MRS. PILLETTI

She looks a little old for you. About
thirty-five, forty years old?

MARTY

She's twenty-nine, Ma.

A nearby kneeling penitent looks disapprovingly at Mrs. Pilletti and shushes her. The mother nods briefly.

MRS. PILLETTI

She's more than twenty-nine years old, Marty. That's what she tells you.

MARTY

What, Ma?

MRS. PILLETTI

She looks thirty-five, forty. She didn't look Italian to me.

Marty frowns but remains silent.

MRS. PILLETTI

I said, is she Italian girl?

MARTY

I don't know. I don't think so.

It's Mrs. Pilletti's turn to frown. A silence. She turns back to Marty.

MRS. PILLETTI

She don't look Italian to me. What kinda family she come from? There was something about her I didn't like. It seems funny, the first time you meet her, she comes to your empty house alone. These college girls, they all one step fromma streets.

Marty turns, on the verge of anger with his mother.

MARTY

What are you talking about? She's a nice girl.

MRS. PILLETTI

She didn't look Italian to me.

A silence hangs between them.

MRS. PILLETTI

I don't like her.

MARTY

You don't like her. You only met her for two minutes.

MRS. PILLETTI

Don't bring her to the house no more.

MARTY

What didn't you like about her?

MRS. PILLETTI

I don't know! She don't look like Italian to me. Plenny a nice Italian girls around.

MARTY

Well, let's not get inna fight about it, Ma.

o'clock
ten
again.

The kneeling woman shushes them again. By now the nine worshipers have filed out, and Marty joins the flow of o'clock people moving in. His mother turns back to him

MARTY

(stopping her before she gets started)

What are you getting so worked up about? I just met the girl last night. I'm probably not gonna see her again.

They continue down the aisle of the church.

BAR. DAY.

little
beer in
to
bartender.

An hour later, the after-mass CROWD is there. It's a more crowded than weekdays. A WOMAN with a glass of one hand, rocks a baby carriage with the other. Marty enters the bar, moves along, ad-libbing "Hello" someone at the bar, gets the attention of Lou, the

MARTY

Hello, Lou, Angie come in yet?

BARTENDER

He was here last night till about two o'clock. I hear you really got stuck with a dog last night.

MARTY

(glancing quickly at him)
Who told you that?

BARTENDER

Angie. He says she was a real scrawny-looking thing.

MARTY

She wasn't so bad.

sitting
Marty
He turns away from the bar annoyed, notes Ralph, alone in one of the booths, reading the Sunday comics. ambles over to him.

MARTY

Hello, Ralph. How'd you make out with those nurses last night, Ralph?

RALPH

(looking up)
Oh man, you shoulda come with us last night, Marty. That one for you was a real lunatic. How'd you make out?

It is
evening
The abruptness of the question rather startles Marty. not an expression he would normally associate with an evening with Clara.

MARTY

Oh, I hadda nice time...I didn't try nothing. She's a nice girl. I just met her last night, you know. I just talked with her. I didn't even try nothing...

defending
himself.
He feels very ill at ease and a little guilty for

MARTY

Listen, you see Angie, tell him I
went home, I'll meet him after lunch.

He moves back down the bar and goes out into the
street.

DISSOLVE TO:

MARTY'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM. AFTERNOON

Marty is seated at the dining room table. He has
removed his jacket, tie and shirt, even his shoes, and is making
himself comfortable over a late Sunday lunch. With him are
Angie and Joe, the Critic. Lounging in a chair but not at the
table is Leo.

JOE

...so the whole book winds up, Mike
Hammer, he's inna room there with
this doll. So he says, "You rat, you
are the murderer." So she begins to
con him, you know? She tells him how
she loves him. And then Bam! He shoots
her in the stomach. So she's laying
there, gasping for breath, and she
says, "How could you do that?" And
he says, "It was easy."

LEO

(without looking up
from his magazine)
Boy, that Mickey Spillane, boy he
can write.

Angie reaches over to Marty's plate and filches a piece
of rissole, evidently annoying Marty.

MARTY

We gotta whole pot inna kitchen. We
give you a plate-a your own.

ANGIE

Oh, I couldn't eat nothing. My mother
just stuffed me right up to the jaws.

of

This doesn't prevent him from filching a second piece
rissole.

JOE

What I like about Mickey Spillane is
he knows how to handle women. In one
book, he picks up a tomato who gets
hit with a car, and she throws a
pass at him. And then he meets two
beautiful twins, and they throw passes
at him. And then he meets some
beautiful society leader, and she
throws a pass at him, and...

LEO

Boy, that Mickey Spillane, he sure
can write.

ANGIE

Listen, somebody turn onna ballgame.
It must be after one o'clock by now.

for
end of

Marty looks down at his watch, then stands and starts
the phone, sitting on a chest of drawers at the other
the room.

ANGIE

Who you gonna call?

MARTY

I was gonna call that girl from last
night. Take her to a movie tonight.

ANGIE

Are you kidding?

MARTY

Listen, Angie, I wanna tell you, you
were very impolite last night. I
introduced you to the girl, you just
turned and walked off. Now, why did
you do that?

ANGIE

You got me mad, that's why. Hey,
Joe, show Marty that picture.

Spillane, is

Joe, having finished his dissertation on Mickey

opened

now studying another girlie magazine. He proffers an
page to Marty, who stands over by the phone.

MARTY

Put that away, for Pete's sake. My
mother's right out onna porch.

JOE

I wonder where they find those girls
that pose for them pictures.

LEO

Those are Hollywood starlets.

MARTY

Put it away, Joe. My mother'll come
walking in.

Joe closes the magazine.

ANGIE

Marty, let's go downna Seventy-Second
Street area tonight.

MARTY

I don't feel like going, Angie. I
thought I'd take this girl to a movie.

ANGIE

Boy, you really musta made out good
last night.

MARTY

We just talked.

ANGIE

Boy, she musta been some talker. She
musta been about fifty years old.

JOE

I always figure a guy oughta marry a
girl who's twenny years younger than
he is so that when he's forty, his
wife is a real nice-looking doll.

LEO

That means he'd have to marry the
girl when she was one year old.

JOE

I never thoughta that.

MARTY

I didn't think she was so bad-looking.

ANGIE

She musta kept you inna shadows all night.

RALPH

Marty, you don't wanna hang around with dogs. It gives you a bad reputation.

ANGIE

Let's go downa Seventy-Second Street.

MARTY

I told this dog I was gonna call her today about two-thirty.

ANGIE

(angry)

Brush her. Listen, you wanna come with me tonight, or you wanna go with this dog?

MARTY

Waddaya getting so sore about?

ANGIE

I looked all over for you last night, you know that?

but

He turns away sulking. Marty doesn't pick up the phone
returns to his seat, upset.

JOE

Another book that I read by Mickey Spillane, I can't remember the name of it, but it was about this red-headed tramp he finds inna street, and he gives her some dough, because he's sorry for her... Wait a minute, I think that's the same book I was telling you about before...

MARTY

(to Angie)

You didn't like her at all?

ANGIE

A nothing. A real nothing.

on. Marty lowers his head. Over this, Joe's VOICE DRONES

JOE'S VOICE

(off-screen)

You know something...?

VOICE CAMERA ANGLE HOLDS on Marty looking down, as Joe's continues.

JOE'S VOICE

(off-screen)

...I can't tell one-a those Mickey Spillane books from the other, but he's a real good writer, though...

SLOW

DISSOLVE TO:

SNYDER APARTMENT. NIGHT

indicating CLOSE ON television screen. Ed Sullivan is on,
PULLS the time is a little after half past seven. CAMERA
living BACK, disclosing Clara, Mr. and Mrs. Snyder in their
laughing room. Apparently the Sullivan show is very funny at the
LAUGHTER moment, for the television audience roars with
eyes CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON Clara. Another ROAR of
traced from the television that Clara watches, although her
are flooded with tears, several of which have already
wet paths down her cheeks. Another ROAR of laughter.

DISSOLVE TO:

PILLETTI HOME, DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

at Marty, Mrs. Pilletti and Catherine are eating silently
eats. the table. Catherine reads an Italian newspaper as she

MRS. PILLETTI

So what are you gonna do tonight,
Marty?

MARTY

I don't know, Ma. I'm all knocked
out. I think I'll just hang arounna
house and watch...

his Suddenly he pauses, sharply aware of the repetition in
life. Mrs. Pilletti is also aware of it.

MARTY

Maybe, I'll go out and see what Angie
and the boys are doing...

They eat silently a moment.

187TH STREET. BAR. NIGHT.

the CLOSE-UP of Marty leaning against the wall in front of
bar. A group of young men lounge about, killing time.
four or Angie, Leo and Joe are among them. There are perhaps
The five other young MEN, loosely divided into two groups.
mentioned group that concerns us has Marty and the others
and GEORGE, a young man in a sport jacket.

LEO

What time is it?

JOE

About eight o'clock.

ANGIE

(to George)

You don't feel like going downna
Seventy-Second Street?

GEORGE

It'll take an hour anna hour back,
and the whole evening's gone.

JOE

What's playing on Fordham Road? I
think there's a good picture in the
Loew's Paradise.

GEORGE

You guys feel like working up a game-
a cards?

ANGIE

Come on, let's go down Seventy-Second
Street, walk around. We're sure to
wind up with something.

group
can be

CLOSE-UP of Marty, his head down, his eyes closed. The
continues their dialogue back and forth. Their VOICES
heard as Marty's head slowly comes up.

JOE'S VOICE

(off-screen)

I'll never forgive LaGuardia for
cutting out burlesque outta New York
City...

GEORGE'S VOICE

(off-screen)

There's a burlesque in Union City.
Let's go over to Union City...

ANGIE'S VOICE

(off-screen)

Yeah, you're the one who don't even
wanna take a ride onna subway for
half an hour. Now, you wanna go alla
way over to Union City...

GEORGE'S VOICE

(off-screen)

I feel like playing cards. I saw
Richie Rizzo, that's what he said he
felt like doing...

JOE'S VOICE

(off-screen)

I don't feel like playing cards.
Waddaya feel like doing tonight,
Angie?

ANGIE'S VOICE

(off-screen)

I don't know. Wadda you feel like
doing?

JOE'S VOICE

(off-screen)

I don't know, Angie. Wadda you feel like doing?

A fury rises in Marty's face. He cries out at them.

MARTY

"What are you doing tonight?"... "I don't know, what are you doing?!"...

stare
CAMERA ANGLES over to the others who, at this outburst, at Marty astounded.

MARTY

(continuing)

The burlesque! Loew's Paradise! Miserable and lonely! Miserable and lonely and stupid! What am I, crazy or something?! I got something good here! What am I hanging around with you guys for?!

opens
He has said this in tones so loud that it attracts the attention of the few PEOPLE on the street. A little embarrassed by the attention he's getting, he turns, the door to the bar, and goes into it.

After a stunned moment, Angie hurries after him.

INSIDE THE BAR.

booths
behind
Marty marches the length of the room toward the phone in the rear. CAMERA ANGLES to disclose Angie right him.

stops
Marty is about to enter one of the phone booths, but he as Angie hurries up to him.

ANGIE

Watsa matter with you?

Marty pauses, one foot in the booth.

MARTY

You don't like her. My mother don't like her. She's a dog, and I'm a fat, ugly little man. All I know is I hadda good time last night. I'm

gonna have a good time tonight. If we have enough good times together, I'm gonna go down on my knees and beg that girl to marry me. If we make a party again this New Year's, I gotta date for the party. You don't like her, that's too bad.

book. Marty has been fishing in his pocket for his address
into the He opens it to its proper page and steps decisively
phone booth.

booth Nearby, Angie prowls around outside the booth. The
room door is open. Marty starts to dial. A hush fills the
except for the CLICKING of the telephone dial.

INSIDE THE PHONE BOOTH.

holds the The look of fury has drained from Marty's face. He
ANGLES receiver to his ear, glances out toward Angie. CAMERA
to include Angie.

MARTY

(his old amiable self)
When you gonna get married, Angie?
Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You're
thirty-three years old. All your kid
brothers are married. You oughta be
ashamed of yourself.

to the Still smiling at his very private joke, Marty returns
phone, and after a fraction of a second...

MARTY

Hello... Clara?...

and As Angie looks miserable, and Marty slowly reaches out
into pushes the phone booth door shut, and continues to talk
the phone, we very slowly...

FADE OUT.

THE END

