

THE DAYS AND NIGHTS
OF
*Molly
Dodd*

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"Here's Why Cosmetics Should Come In Unbreakable Bottles"

by

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PLEASE NOTE THAT THE ITALICS INDICATE SCENES TO
BE RE-SHOT

THE DAYS AND NIGHTS OF MOLLY DODD

"HERE'S WHY COSMETICS SHOULD COME IN
UNBREAKABLE BOTTLES"

PROD.#: 0001-A

CAST

MOLLY DODD.....BLAIR BROWN
FLORENCE BICKFORD.....ALLYN ANN MCLERIE
FRED DODD.....WILLIAM CONVERSE-ROBERTS
DENNIS WIDMER.....
DAVEY MCQUINN.....JAMES GREENE
BIRMANYI NGANDHALORE.....KABIR BEDI
HELEN.....
WAITER.....
A WOMAN.....
SECRETARY #1.....
SECRETARY #2.....
OFFICE WOMEN.....

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BOTTLES"

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<u>SCENE</u>	<u>LOCATION/TIME</u>
* 1.	INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM - MORNING
2.	MAIN TITLE
* 3.	INT. MOLLY'S APT. BLDG. HALLWAY/DAY
4.	INT. ELEVATOR - MOLLY'S BLDG. - CONT.
5.	INT. MOLLY'S BLDG. - LOBBY/FACING ELEV.
6.	EXT. - STREET AROUND CHELSEA SOMEWHERE
* 7.	INT. DENNIS WIDMER OFFICE/DAY
* 8.	INT. DENNIS WIDMER HALLWAY/CONTINUOUS
9.	OMITTED
10.	INT. EMPTY APARTMENT/DAY
* 11.	INT. RESTAURANT/AFTERNOON
12.	INT. ELEVATOR - MOLLY'S BLDG. - LATE P.M.
* 12A.	INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT CORRIDOR/DAY
(PT. *)13.	INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT/DAY
(PT. *)14.	INT. BATHROOM/SAME TIME

* INDICATES SCENES TO BE RE-SHOT, IN FULL OR PART (PT.)

THE DAYS AND NIGHTS OF MOLLY DODD

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

CU on clock radio beside a bed. It's 7:30 on a crisp New York autumn morning. There's a CLICK and Tschaikovsky's "Waltz of the Flowers" shimmers in the air, tinny from the tiny radio speaker. A caterpillary form wriggles beneath a goose down comforter and slowly emerges from its cocoon, like a time-lapse butterfly in a Disney/Eisner true-life adventure. Thus, Molly Dodd begins the difficult ritual of facing the day. Clad only in a silk pajama top, she shakes out her hair, rubs her eyes, and struggles out of bed. Barefoot, she tiptoes over to a heating unit, shivering, arms folded across her chest to keep in what little warmth there is. Some of the things she does, though not necessarily in this order, include turning on the heater, opening the levelors, looking under the bed for her slippers, making grotesque faces at herself in the bathroom mirror, inspecting her chin for a possible zit, contemplating shaving her legs, deciding against it, throwing a ratty afghan over her shoulders, trudging into her tiny kitchen, putting the kettle on, opening and closing the refrigerator, taking some megavitamins, maybe seeing and destroying a roach, shoving some bread in the toaster, looking at her clothes in the closet as if they were all manufactured in Taiwan, taking some underwear out of a drawer, turning on the shower and disappearing into it. Her mother's voice (FLORENCE) is heard above this muffled symphonic music throughout most of this morning's ballet, all of which should take about two minutes.

FLORENCE (V.O)

Welcome to my daughter's bedroom. Somewhere under that pile of goose lies Molly Dodd, the former Molly Heiser of Huntington, Long Island. Whoops. I think that's her now. Good morning, sunshine. Of course, she's freezing. It's autumn in New Godforsaken York and she's parading around half-naked. She owns bottoms. Why doesn't she wear them? I don't know about the short hair. She wanted to cut it. I said, "You're crazy, dear." She said, "Hey, Mom, basically it's my hair." I said, "Fine,

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

1 CONTINUED

FLORENCE (Cont'd)
 kill me." I guess it's easier
 to control now and since she's
 always late for work, look at
 the time she saves.

(beat)

She got this apartment three
 years ago, right after the
 divorce, which I don't want
 to go into right now, thank
 you very much. He was a jazz
 musician and an idiot, both
 of which he was good at, es-
 pecially the idiot part. Do
 I sound bitter? Well, I'm
 not. I'm a mother.

(beat)

Now, with the roach epidemic
 in New York City, you'd think
 she'd put something on her
 feet before venturing into
 that kitchen. I'd wear boots,
 personally. But Molly doesn't
 care. She flies in the face
 of danger. That's fake orange
 juice and that bread looks
 stale, but who asked me?

(beat)

Anyway...Molly really is a
 good person, decent upbring-
 ing, very attractive...looks
 like me, in fact, thank the
 Lord, because her father, as
 he gets older, is looking
 more and more like Larry
 Bird, who's cute but not as
 a girl. Molly's going to
 take a shower now. You
 can't go in there. Nobody
 can. Not even me anymore.

CUT TO:

- 2 MAIN TITLE - Cool, jazzy-type theme music over representative
 still shots or moving shots or a combination or both of Molly
 and/or New York, or none of the above. Call it TBA.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

3. INT. APARTMENT BLDG. HALLWAY - DAY

An old west-side, pre-war building. It's probably going to go co-op any second. Molly steps into the hallway, dressed for work, almost but not quite seasonally appropriate, and locks her door behind her. The first credit appears, as well as the title of the episode, which is "HERE'S WHY COSMETICS SHOULD COME IN UNBREAKABLE BOTTLES". Let's say Molly lives in apartment 12-H. Well, the door to apartment 12-F slides open a crack and we can vaguely see a pair of eyes peeking out over a nose. Molly smiles and gives a mock wave as opening credits continue.

MOLLY

Top of the morning to you,
Sir.

The door immediately slams shut.

MOLLY (Cont'd)

God...I love this town.

She slings her bag, one of those Navajo Indian carpetbag type things, over her shoulder and heads for the elevator which is as outdated as the building, yet passes for charming. She rings the buzzer and we hear an ancient hydraulic system clatter and whine from below. 12-F opens a crack again. Molly makes some sort of semi-obscene gesture and the door slams shut again as the elevator gate opens. It's operated by an old, unmistakably Irish, Bantam Rooster of a man named DAVEY McQUINN. He wears a uniform that may have fit somebody once but certainly not him unless he's shrunk considerably over the years. He may be no stranger to Old Bushmill. He talks like James Gleason. A New York Post shrieks some horrendous headline about multiple beheadings on the stool behind him. The floor of the elevator, as usual, is a few feet above the hall floor.

DAVEY

Step up, please.

MOLLY

Is that the best you can do?

DAVEY

On short notice. Next time,
phone ahead.

MOLLY

Next time, I'll take the
stairs.

CONTINUED:

3 CONTINUED

DAVEY

Have it your way.

He starts to close the elevator doors.

MOLLY

Wait...

He opens them again. Molly clambers on.

DAVEY

Life is a compromise, Miss
Dodd.

(then)

...And let me be the first
to wish you a Merry Christmas.

MOLLY

You are, Davey, 'cause it's
September.

He closes the doors.

CUT TO:

4 INT. ELEVATOR - MOLLY'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

DAVEY

Never too soon to remind
you to set aside a few
extra sawbucks for your
faithful building em-
ployees come Yuletide.

Molly unfolds a piece of notebook paper. Davey notices.

DAVEY

What's that?

(then, realizes)

Aw, no! That ain't a new poem,
is it?

MOLLY

You want a Christmas gift, you
listen to my poetry. That's
the deal.

DAVEY

Geez, I been runnin' a hunnert
and two fever and my back's
killin' me and now yer gonna

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

4 CONTINUED

DAVEY (Cont'd)
drive me right into the
dumper with that stuff.

MOLLY
This one's not depressing.

DAVEY
Ain't this ride painful
enough?

MOLLY
It's part one of a trilogy
tentatively titled, "Empty
Rooms."

DAVEY
Saints preserve us.

MOLLY
(reading)
"Swollen, sunken you see me
Piecemeal, oatmeal
Ravaged shape against a ghostly wall
Tears and wine
And your mortar thighs
Clasping me
Enveloping me and losing me
Loosening me, adrift
In a nighttime's tomb."

A beat.

DAVEY
That's part one, huh?

MOLLY
Yeah. Of a trilogy.

DAVEY
So, we got two more parts to
look forward to, do we?

MOLLY
Yes, we do.
(then)
What d'ya think?

DAVEY
I think it's cute.

MOLLY
Cute? It's not cute.

CONTINUED:

4 CONTINUED

DAVEY

Okay...it ain't cute, it's amorphous. It fluctuates between yer erotic and yer grotesque without bein' one or the other. And those thighs? What do they represent? Passion? Sterility? A parental figure? Penis envy? What? I'm gettin' a whole bucket full of mixed messages there and I think on the whole, it could be crisper and meatier.

MOLLY

Y'mean, like bacon?

DAVEY

Hey, if it was like Bacon, it'd be fine. He was a homo. You knew where he stood. Yours ain't fish nor fowl.

The elevator grinds to a stop. Davey opens the door.

CUT TO:

5 INT. MOLLY'S BLDG. LOBBY - FACING ELEVATOR

This time it's way above the ground. We can just about see Molly and Davey's heads.

MOLLY

(pouting)

Well, I obviously have to work on it. Sorry you hated it.

DAVEY

Geez...I didn't hate it. It's just embryonic.

MOLLY

(peeved)

You think maybe one day you'll learn how to land this machine?

DAVEY

Don't transfer your anger. It's immature. Just bend yer knees.

CONTINUED:

5 CONTINUED

Molly jumps, hits the lobby running and heads for the street.

DAVEY (Cont'd)
I liked that piecemeal oatmeal
part. That was good.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. STREET AROUND CHELSEA SOMEWHERE.

Either Molly emerges from a cab or a subway or she doesn't. Or this could be just an exterior stock shot of a real estate office that's on the ground floor of a lower westside brownstone. She walks up the steps and goes inside, and we:

CUT TO:

7 INT. DENNIS WIDMER OFFICE - DAY

Molly enters and passes reception desk of Dennis Widmer and Associates, of which she is one. There are TWO WOMEN behind the desk and SUNDRY OTHERS crossing up and down the aisleway and sitting at cubicles. Dennis Widmer is in his glass-enclosed office. There is movement and activity.

MOLLY
Good morning.

SECRETARY #1
Dennis wants to see you in
his office.

Molly and Dennis exchange glances through the glass.

MOLLY
Well, that's just too bad.

She continues toward her cubicle and passes ANOTHER SECRETARY.

SECRETARY #2
Dennis wants to see you in
his office.

MOLLY
Thanks, again.

She goes to her cubicle. Immediately her phone buzzes. She can see Dennis as she picks up the receiver.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED

DENNIS

(into phone)

I want to see you in my office.

MOLLY

(into phone)

We have nothing further to say to each other.

DENNIS

(into phone)

Am I missing something here?

MOLLY

(into phone)

Drop dead, Dennis.

DENNIS

Okay. Why don't I come out there? You seem upset.

He hangs up. So does Molly, who looks around at some of the women looking at her.

MOLLY

So, there I was last night watching Ted Koppel ripping someone to shreds and the phone rings and a familiar, yet muffled voice says, "Molly...you're making a fool of yourself...he's married." Can you fancy that?

VARIOUS WOMEN

Really?

Muffled, you say?

Everybody knows he's married.

MOLLY

I didn't know he was married.

Dennis crosses to Molly.

DENNIS

Who's married?

MOLLY

You're married.

CONTINUED:

7 CONTINUED

DENNIS
 (looks directly
 at a woman).
 Where'd you hear that?

MOLLY
 Is it true?

DENNIS
 Well...uh...how do you
 define "married"?

MOLLY
 Oh, let's say... with a
 wife.

DENNIS
 Oh, well...if you choose
 to get technical...

MOLLY
 So, you lied to me.

DENNIS
 How do you mean, "lied"?

MOLLY
 ...As in when we started
 seeing each other and I
 said, "Are you married?"
 and you said, "Absolutely
 not."

DENNIS
 Ah. Well, okay...but that's
your interpretation, not
 mine.

MOLLY
 Oh, please, Dennis.

DENNIS
 No, no...let's examine this.
 You define married as having
 a wife and children...

MOLLY
 Children?

VARIOUS WOMEN
 Two.
 Cute as buttons.
 He has children?
 Tiffany and Heather.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED

DENNIS

If I could just finish, please...

VARIOUS WOMEN

Sorry.

Go ahead.

I have a niece named Tiffany.

DENNIS

...whereas, my definition of married is not nearly as rigid. It allows me a certain amount of flexibility. Hence...I don't literally consider myself totally and absolutely married, per se. ...according to my definition.

MOLLY

How do you do it, Dennis?

DENNIS

It's not easy.

MOLLY

You run a very successful business. You seem so... decent. And yet you have the...the...what's the word I'm looking for?

A WOMAN

Culyonies.

MOLLY

The...audacity...to think you can get away with this kind of low-life, smarmy trick.

DENNIS

You mean the trick of losing my heart? Excuse me for falling in love with you.

(then)

Look...could we continue this massacre in the hall? Unless you choose to yank my guts out in full view of the entire Greek Chorus.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED

He walks out into the hall.

MOLLY

(to girls)

I hope you're all getting
a kick out of this.

VARIOUS WOMEN

We're not paying attention.
I didn't know you were Greek.

MOLLY

I'm going out into the hall
now. We'll try to speak
loudly enough so that you'll
all be able to hear.

She heads for the hall.

VARIOUS WOMEN

That's okay.
Just talk in your normal voices.
What makes you think we're
listening?

RESET TO:

HALLWAY OUTSIDE OFFICE

Dennis leans against the window as Molly approaches.

MOLLY

Okay...let's hear it.

DENNIS

First of all, Renee and I have
been having a lot of problems.

MOLLY

Renee...is your wife?

DENNIS

No...Claire is my wife.
We've been having problems,
too.

(points to a girl
looking at them)

That's Renee. I think she
may have telephoned you
last night. But, the point
is, since we've been toge-
ther, you've taught me the

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED

DENNIS (Cont'd)
the true meaning of the word
"passion".

MOLLY
And you've taught me the
true meaning of the word
"sleaze-bag".

DENNIS
Oh, Molly...don't sink my
raft. I've been floundering
in the sea like so much
flotsam, and you've been
my buoy.

MOLLY
Your buoy?

DENNIS
(choking)
Yes.
(he starts to cry)

MOLLY
Now you're going to cry?

DENNIS
And snivel and grovel.
Anything to melt the
glacier that's formed
between us.

MOLLY
Where do you read all
this stuff?

DENNIS
It's not working, is it?

MOLLY
Nope.

DENNIS
So, I guess dinner tonight
is off?

MOLLY
Only if you want it in your
lap.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED

DENNIS

Call me crazy, but I choose to cling to the soft times. Can you look me in the eye and forget those incredible romantic interludes we had? I can't. But if you have, I've got them all on videotape.

(then)

A joke. It's a joke. Gosh-almighty, at least I've still got my sense of humor. What's happened to yours?

MOLLY

It's out there on that glacier.

(then)

I guess this is my own fault. I'm a big girl. I let you in when I was vulnerable. You were nice, you were there... and I was dumb.

DENNIS

Right. So let me off the hook.

MOLLY

I can't, Dennis. I'm afraid I deserve better.

DENNIS

Here's something scary. What if I'm the best there is?

MOLLY

Wouldn't that be a shame?

(then)

Now, if you'll excuse me, I've gotta go sell some condominiums to rich people.

She EXITS either down the hall or back into the office.

DENNIS

(calling)

It'll never be over between us, Molly.

A woman drops a stack of papers. Dennis walks back into the office.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED

HELEN

It'll never be over between
us, Molly!?

DENNIS

Doesn't anybody around here
know when I'm kidding around?
Good God, Helen. Look at
Renee...you don't see her
going all to pieces. Let's
everybody lighten up a lit-
tle, okay?

As Dennis crosses back into the office, we:

CUT TO:

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - DAY

We need only see the living room. Doorways lead to other rooms. It's a nice space with good window light. An INDIAN GENTLEMAN (BIRMANYI NGANDAHALORE) is knocking on walls, looking behind things, while Molly watches patiently, not pushing, probably still irritated about the encounter with Dennis.

MOLLY

Well...this is just the
first one. I've got some
others you might like better.

BIRMANYI

I'll take it.

MOLLY

(surprised)
Hm? You'll what?

BIRMANYI

You are wonderful real es-
tate salesperson. I am
jelly in your grasp. Wrap
it up!

MOLLY

But...we just started. You
didn't even ask any ques-
tions. Don't you want to
dicker?

BIRMANYI

Dicker? What is dicker?

CONTINUED:

MOLLY

Haggle. Everybody haggles
and dickers. That's part
of it.

BIRMANYI

As you wish.

MOLLY

Well...the seller wants
\$300,000 for this place.

BIRMANYI

I'll pay \$325,000.

MOLLY

See...that's not dickering.

BIRMANYI

Four-hundred.

MOLLY

Wait...Mr. Ndaghagindasz...
(she mangles the name)

BIRMANYI

Call me by my first name...
Birmanyi.

MOLLY

Okay...Barmani...
(close, but still
butchered)
Um...there are a few things
I think I should point out...

BIRMANYI

Four seventy-five.

MOLLY

No...wait, wait. Just...wait.
There's some damage in the
bathroom and the ceiling in
the master bedroom's in
awful shape. You'd want
that fixed, wouldn't you?

BIRMANYI

Oh, yes.

MOLLY

I mean, there's a whole list
of little things...

CONTINUED:

BIRMANYI

Tell me...do you not wish
to sell this property to me?

MOLLY

No. Are you kidding? This
sale means a lot to me. It's
just that I'd be remiss if
I didn't...

BIRMANYI

Were seventeen people murdered
here?

MOLLY

No. I don't think anybody was
ever murdered here...but some-
times that alone isn't a good
enough reason to bid \$300,000.

BIRMANYI

Four seventy-five.

MOLLY

No...300's fine. You don't
have to outbid yourself.

BIRMANYI

I am very rich.

MOLLY

I gathered that you had a few
extra...rupees.

She laughs, nervously. He smiles. He has incredibly white
teeth. He's beautifully dressed and he's very disarmingly
attractive if one looks into his eyes, which Molly is now
doing.

BIRMANYI

You've been to India?

MOLLY

Me...no. I don't know
anything about India. I
saw "Jewel In the Crown"...
I enjoyed it...I like
curry...if it's not too
spicy...but...

BIRMANYI

Well, you are a charming
person with unusual hair

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

BIRMANYI (Cont'd)
that I am finding fascina-
ting.

MOLLY
My hair? It's sorta...
reddish. It's not that
unusual.

BIRMANYI
It is in Bhopal. Would you
think it rude if I ask to
wipe my face in it?

MOLLY
Your face...um...no... I
don't necessarily think
that's rude, so much as...
surrealistic.

BIRMANYI
May I?

MOLLY
Well...I guess so.

He does.

BIRMANYI
It is soft like the early
monsoons.

MOLLY
Oh...well...thanks. Actual-
ly...it's Prell...concentrate...
um...anyway, about this place...
when would you like to possess
me? It. Possess it. When
would you...when would you...
when would you...learn to talk
Molly! I seem to have forgot-
ten how to talk. Sorry. Some-
body wipes their face in my
hair and I lose the ability to...

BIRMANYI
Forgive me.

MOLLY
No, no, no...it's not your
fault.

CONTINUED:

10 CONTINUED

BIRMANYI

Ah...I am relieved.

MOLLY

Soft like the early monsoons?

BIRMANYI

On a spring morning in Ranchipur.

MOLLY

(exhaling)

Oh-my-gosh.

(then)

So...listen. Are you gonna buy this place or what?

He stares at her.

MOLLY

What? What is it? What's wrong?

BIRMANYI

No...it is just that now the sun is dancing in back of your head, framing your hair in gold and crimson light and I am whelmed over.

MOLLY

(softly)

Holy cow.

BIRMANYI

Yes, they are. Extremely.

MOLLY

(to heaven)

I don't understand why these situations keep happening to me.

BIRMANYI

(looking up)

Who are you conversing with?

MOLLY

Nobody. We have to get out of here now.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

10 CONTINUED

MOLLY (Cont'd)

We have to sign papers
and everything. This is
business, okay? Can we...
can we...just keep this
broker and brokee?

BIRMANYI

Absolutely.

MOLLY

Could I just say one thing...
you smell incredible.

BIRMANYI

Yes...I am so very clean.

On Molly's enchanted reaction, we:

CUT TO:

11 INT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

*It's a streamlined Italian-type bistro, cluttered with people.
Hi-tech, earth tones, trendy (easier to find than build?)*

*We begin on an extreme C.U. of FLORENCE HEISER, Molly's Mom,
and eventually reveal mother and daughter squeezed into a
small table tucked off in a noisy corner.*

FLORENCE

An Indian? Why does he
have to be an Indian? Out
of all the available men
in New York City, why
can't you scare up some-
one...white?

MOLLY

Well, I went down to the
Albino Center but it was
closed.

FLORENCE

Dear heart, I don't mean
to sound like the all-time
bigot-of-the-year, but
aren't things in the world
complicated enough?

CONTINUED:

11 CONTINUED

MOLLY

Mother...relax. I just met him. He's charming, he's charismatic, but what I like best about him is...he's single.

*
*

...he's single. As opposed to...

FLORENCE

I knew it.

MOLLY

You didn't know it. You suspected it.

FLORENCE

It was written all over him. A great big "M"... blinking on and off... in neon.

MOLLY

So...you were right. So, I should've listened.

FLORENCE

But you didn't, because you never do.

(then)

Could you have gotten a table closer to the kitchen? Maybe on top of the actual grill?

MOLLY

Wrong side of the bed, Mother?

A WAITER materializes.

CONTINUED:

11 CONTINUED

WAITER

With you in a minute, ladies.
It's a bear in there today.
Mario's doing some wonder-
ful pastas. My name's
Curtis, and I'll be right
back.

He dances away.

FLORENCE

He smells good. Why don't
you ask him out?

MOLLY

So, you're just going to
lash out at everyone? Is
that the plan?

FLORENCE

I'm sorry, dear. I haven't
been myself lately.

MOLLY

Who have you been?

FLORENCE

I think my family's falling
apart.

MOLLY

What's that supposed to
mean?

FLORENCE

It doesn't concern you.

MOLLY

Wait a minute...are we
from different families?

FLORENCE

It's your father.

MOLLY

What? What's wrong with
him?

The Waiter materializes again.

WAITER

Okay...did I mention my
name was Curtis?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED

MOLLY
 (to Florence)
 Is he sick?

WAITER
 Attention, please, for
 Mario's specials.

FLORENCE
 Let's hear the specials.

MOLLY
 I want to hear about Daddy!

FLORENCE
 First, let's listen to
 Curtis.

WAITER
 Mario's special pasta is
 teensy little tagliatelli
 wisps in a mild pesto sauce,
 and today Mario's simmering
 his veal chop in a rosemary-
 mint remoulade.

FLORENCE
 (mock admiration)
 That Mario.

WAITER
 Yes...he's one in a million.
 (then)
 In addition...here's our
 regular mesquite menu...

Hands out menus.

WAITER (Cont'd)
 ...Except we're all out of
 antelope. Back in two
 shakes to take your order.

He flies off.

MOLLY
 Well...

FLORENCE
 I had my heart set on the
 antelope.

CONTINUED:

11 CONTINUED.

MOLLY

Are you gonna tell me what's wrong with Daddy?

FLORENCE

Is there a Ladies Room in this place?

MOLLY

Tell me!

FLORENCE

Okay, fine. I'll wet my pants.

(then)

Your father, if you must know, has become like a big slab of meat with eyes. He's virtually inert on the Barca-Lounger.

MOLLY

But is he sick?

FLORENCE

No. He's just "retired". In fact, he's turned retirement into an art form.

MOLLY

So, make him feel useful. Give him something to do.

FLORENCE

I did. Monday, he hung a picture. Crooked. But at least he moved.

MOLLY

So, not that you're over-reacting or anything, but that's why you think the family's falling apart... because Daddy's a tad sluggish?

FLORENCE

Well, it's not just your father. I heard from your brother last week. Dwight is now in Oklahoma living in a tee-pee.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED

MOLLY

Yeah...I got a letter, too.
He's grinding his own maize
and wants to be called 'Silent
Wind'.

FLORENCE

You think that's cute?

MOLLY

He's only thirty...he'll
find himself.

FLORENCE

And then there's you. My
poet-will-o-the-wisp-free-
spirit-alone-in-the-jungle-
of-cities-cockeyed-optimist-
happiness-is-just-around-the-
corner child.

MOLLY

But still, your favorite
child. Dwight's second
and Sis is a distant
third. Everybody knows
that.

FLORENCE

Your sister happens to be as
steady as a rock. She's given
me lovely grandchildren and
she adores her husband. The
key word there being husband...
and she speaks well of you.

MOLLY

Why shouldn't she? I'm a
delightful human being.

FLORENCE

I'm going to try to make it
to the Ladies Room. When I
come back, I want you to
have your life organized
and lunch ordered.

MOLLY

Fine...what do you want
besides antelope?

CONTINUED:

11 CONTINUED

FLORENCE

A June wedding...preferably
not in Bombay.

Florence exits. We:

CUT TO:

12 INT. ELEVATOR - MOLLY'S BLDG. - LATE AFTERNOON

Davey and Molly riding up in silence.

DAVEY

(after a beat)

Don't read to me no more,
then. I didn't think
you was gonna be that
thin-skinned.

MOLLY

You ought to take people's
feelings into account.

DAVEY

Y'gotta be brutal in this
business.

MOLLY

(looks around)

What business?

Davey shrugs.

MOLLY (Cont'd)

You think it's easy to bare
one's soul? To spill one's
innards? Do you? Well,
let me assure you, it's
torture.

DAVEY

Hey, I know what pain is,
lady. I'm just tryin' to
get yiz to be the best
yiz can be. That's my
job. I'm a elevator man.

They stop at the 11 1/2 floor. He opens the door.

DAVEY (Cont'd)

Watch yer step.

CONTINUED:

12 CONTINUED

Their heads are visible. She looks at Davey. He indicates this is the best he can do. There's no way she can extricate herself gracefully from a hole this deep, but she's going to try. A pair of eyes watches from 12-F. Molly notices.

MOLLY

(to 12-F)

What are you lookin' at?

12-F slams shut.

DAVEY

Better hustle. I think yer phone's ringin'. Y'oughta get one of them answerin' machines. I hear it ringin' all the time.

MOLLY

This is as high as it goes, huh?

Davey nods.

MOLLY (Cont'd)

Someday, I'm gonna tell the super.

CUT TO:

12A INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY

Molly's outside her door, fumbling with her keys as her phone rings. 12-F opens a crack.

MOLLY

I know! My phone's ring-
ing!

RESET TO:

13 INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Molly manages to get the door open, and races to the ringing phone.

MOLLY

(on phone)

Hello...I don't want to
guess who it is, Dennis...
I know who it is and I
want you to leave me alone...
it's over...even the shouting...
yes, fini, arrivederci Roma,
...yes, even the fat lady

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

13 CONTINUED

MOLLY (Cont'd)
 has sung...right, that's all
 she wrote...bye, bye Black-
 bird...end of the line...
 yesterday's newspaper...
 gone with the wind...see
 if you can come up with
 even more cliches, while
 I hang up...yes, we'll al-
 ways have Paris, fine.

She hangs up, exhausted, slips off her jacket and goes to the piano. She plays something ironically cheerful and begins to sing. She's good. She sounds exactly like she did when she sang "Willow, Weep For Me", only happier. Perhaps it's "Love Is Just Around the Corner", which, as we will see, just might be true.

MOLLY (Cont'd)
 (singing)
 'Love is just around the corner,
 Any cozy little corner.
 Love is just around the corner,
 When I'm around you.
 I'm a sentimental mourner,
 And I couldn't be forlornner...

A man emerges from the bathroom, unseen, quietly sneaks up behind Molly and kisses her on the neck.

MOLLY
 (tensing)
 Ahhh!
 (then, relaxing)
 God, I hope I know you..
 (then, seeing
 who it is)
 Lucky for you I recognized
 the clammy hands and the
 whiskey breath or I would've
 sprayed your face with mace
 which I always keep cleverly
 concealed inside my blouse.

FRED DODD is Molly's ex-husband, a jazz musician, thin as a reed, unshaven, carelessly dressed.

FRED
 Let's see it.

MOLLY
 Trust me. It's there.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED

FRED

What're y'talkin' about,
whiskey breath? I haven't
had a drink in weeks.

MOLLY

Well, you must be soaking
your clothes in bourbon
or something.

FRED

Boy, a guy drops in to use
the John and he's gotta
take all this abuse. Just
because we used to be mar-
ried doesn't mean you gotta
treat me like an ex-husband.
You want your key back?

Molly shakes her head, 'no'.

MOLLY

Where've you been, Fred? I
haven't seen you since the
last time you snuck up on
me.

FRED

That was fun, wasn't it?

MOLLY

That was a moment of weak-
ness.

FRED

Didn't seem weak to me.
I think I mighta heard
moaning.

MOLLY

Not from me.

FRED

Maybe it was just cats
on the fire escape.

MOLLY

Not that I'm not always
tickled pink to see you,
old buddy, but you didn't
just let yourself in here
to talk dirty, did you?

CONTINUED:

13 CONTINUED

FRED

I'm here because I missed you. I just got back from Sweden and I wanted to say "hey".

MOLLY

Well, hey.
(then)
Sweden, huh?

FRED

Nice place if you like meatballs and fjords. We were on this State Department jazz exchange program. Boy, they're nuts about jazz over there. I was mainly playing oboe. You ever play oboe?

MOLLY

(indicates piano)
This is my only horn.

FRED

Well, if you ever want to give yourself a cerebral hemorrhage, try playing oboe.

Molly heads for the kitchen.

MOLLY

You want something to eat?

FRED

I had some milk. Why do you get that non-fat stuff?

MOLLY

No calories.

She fills the tea kettle, puts it on the stove.

FRED

Yeah, I was sweatin' the calories.

MOLLY

Have you seen my thighs lately?

CONTINUED:

13 CONTINUED

FRED

Playin' from memory, they
seemed to work fine.

MOLLY

They're in their thirty-
third year. Something
insidious is happening
to them.

FRED

Yeah. Changes. I'm gettin'
me these lines around my
eyes I never had before.

MOLLY

Well, that's probably just
the cigarettes and booze.

FRED

I hope so.

They laugh. They like each other. Fred stops laughing, then
looks Molly in the eye.

FRED (Cont'd)

You doin' okay, Molly?

MOLLY

(a little puzzled)

Yeah, I'm doin' okay. I
didn't win any Nobel Peace
Prizes since I saw you
last but they haven't an-
nounced the finalists yet,
so you never know. I've
had a cold. Bought a new
toothbrush. Um...how 'bout
yourself? How you doin'?

FRED

I'm, uh... I'm...gonna get
married.

It's a devastating moment.

It's a knee to the mid-section.

It's all the air escaping from the balloon.

MOLLY

(softly)

You...are?

CONTINUED:

13 CONTINUED

FRED

(with difficulty)

There's this little club in Stockholm...The Creamed Herring or something...we were jammin' there one night...that's where I met her...she's a cross-country skier...um, she's Nordic... a lot of 'em are...over there... as a rule of thumb...Scandinavians and the like. Although, you do see a lot of Americans... and Orientals...more and more... from time to time...and a few Negroes.

MOLLY

I guess you could almost say it's an International mecca.

FRED

Yeah. I guess you almost could.

MOLLY

I guess.

FRED

Yeah. So we were thinking over Christmas...we'd...uh...

MOLLY

This...Christmas? This coming Christmas?

FRED

Yeah...it'd be a nice time to, um...

MOLLY

Get married?

FRED

Yeah...So...what'd ya think?

MOLLY

Um...I think I have to take a shower.

She edges past him into the bedroom, he follows, tentatively.

FRED

Yeah...I gotta run anyway...

CONTINUED:

13 CONTINUED

MOLLY

Thanks for stopping by.

FRED

You're the first person
I've told.

MOLLY

Am I? Well, it's always
nice to be the first.

She goes into the bathroom and shuts the door. We hear the
sound of the shower being turned on.

FRED

(to the door)

Her name's Kirsten.

MOLLY (V.O.)

Well, that's certainly
Scandinavian, isn't it?

There is a crash. Fred reacts.

FRED

Molly?

MOLLY (V.O.)

(mock sweetly)

Yes?

FRED

What was that?

MOLLY (V.O.)

Nothing. All my cosmetics
accidentally crashed to
the floor. That's why
they should come in unbreak-
able bottles.

The phone rings.

FRED

Should I get that?

MOLLY (V.O.)

Please.

CUT TO:

14 INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Molly sits fully-clothed on the edge of the tub while the shower spray beats against the curtain. We see broken cream and lotion bottles at her feet.

FRED (V.O.)

Can you talk to some Indian
guy named Birmanyi?

Molly's face brightens. She smiles hopefully, as we:

FADE OUT:

THE END