INT. APARTMENT – NIGHT - NEW YORK CITY, LATE 1970S

JOANNA carries in a suitcase, sets it by the front door,
then crosses to the living room and sits down at the dining
table.

She takes out a list made on the back of an old envelope.
She begins to review it, checking off some items.

A key turns in the lock. As Joanna looks up the door swings
open to reveal TED KRAMER, an enormous grin on his face, a
bottle of champagne in his hand.

                    TED
          I thought you might just like to
          know that at five-fifteen this
          afternoon we were officially handed
          the Fire and Ice account by Revlon.

                    JOANNA
             (she takes a deep
              breath)
          Ted, I'm leaving you.

                    TED
          That represents a gross billing in
          excess of two million – (finally
          hearing her)
          Wait, what?!

Joanna opens her purse, takes out her keys and wallet.

                    JOANNA
          Here are my keys. I won't be needing
          them any more.

                    TED
             (sardonic)
          I'm sorry I'm late, all right? I'm
          sorry I didn't call – I was busy
          making a living.

Joanna doesn't even bother to look up at him. She opens her
purse, takes out her wallet and begins removing credit
cards.

                    JOANNA
          My American Express...My
          check book –

                    TED
               (the martyr)
          Okay, okay... What is it this time?
          What did I do now?...

                    JOANNA
               (ignoring this)
          I took two thousand out of the
          savings account. That was what I had
          in the bank when we got married.

                    TED
          Now listen, before you do something
          you'll really regret you'd better
          stop and think -

She checks off the last item on her list as her husband
watches, dumbfounded.

                    JOANNA
          There, that's everything.

Joanna gets to her feet and starts toward the front door. In
an instant Ted is after her. Joanna stops at the door.

                    TED
               (panic starting)
          For God's sake, Joanna, would you at
          least tell me what I did that's so
          terrible! Would you do me that little
          favor?

                    JOANNA
          Look, it's not your fault, okay?
          It's me. It's my fault — you just
          married the wrong person.

Joanna opens the door and leaves. Ted steps out into the
hallway, calling after her.

                    TED
               (placating her)
          So we've got problems. Everybody's
          got problems — that's normal!