

EXTERIOR – OLD ROUTE 17 OUTSIDE MONTICELLO, NEW YORK – NIGHT

It is a narrow, two-lane road with tall pine trees and an occasional wooden or brick house on each side. Lights from the town of Monticello are visible in the background.

It is 11:45 P:M: on June 28, 1959. A faded green, 1950 Chevrolet is whizzing through. IRWIN FINKELSTEIN is in the driver's seat. He has a contented smile about him as if the high speed were his intimate friend and they were sharing a precious moment together. Background music plays GOLDMINE IN THE SKY by PAT BOONE. Irwin's face is boyish and he has wavy, blond hair. His figure is slightly over-weight. As the car zooms along, its tires seem over-worked and struggling to keep up with their master's pace. The lights rapidly increase their distance when of a sudden, a BURST comes from under the left front wheel. The music stops abruptly as the car lurches around and Irwin's aspect turns panicky as he vainly tries to steer it back. The vehicle spins about and careens over to the left side of the road. Irwin's anguish reaches a crescendo as it turns upside down and BANGS onto the road's shoulder. The windshield SHATTERS and the car's body crumbles like a folded accordion. Blood spurts from Irwin's face and unseen parts. Lights from surrounding houses briefly flicker on and off while Irwin remains transfixed in the spot and an eerie silence reigns over the entire happening for what seems like an eternity. Doing away slowly with the never-ending aspect, SIRENS can be heard from a distance. They become more audible by the second and flashing red lights soon appear from the direction of the town. Their glimmer little-by-little gets more visible, the SIRENS sound more SHRILLY and a car marked MONTICELLO POLICE comes into view, followed by an ambulance. The scene becomes starkly real as both vehicles halt right at the accident. Two POLICEMEN immediately get out of their car, one middle-aged, the other in his mid-twenties. They SLAM their respective doors in quick succession. The RESCUE MEN leave the ambulance and run over with their equipment to dislodge the wreckage. Other cars pull up from both directions and a crowd gathers. Their MURMURINGS can be heard over everything that takes place. The policemen stand by to supervise the rescue effort. Irwin's face can be seen more clearly as the shattered windshield glass is JIMMIED away. The middle-aged officer gets a brief glimpse at it, then turns to his partner.

MIDDLE-AGED POLICEMAN

Another one of those damned kids in a car. Just eighteen and they think they own the road.

YOUNGER POLICEMAN
(eying his partner in agreement)
Take all their fuckin' licences away.

Another police car pulls alongside the one already parked. The rescue men have cleared the windshield. Some prepare a stretcher and others CHIP away at the metal so Irwin's profusely bleeding body can be better viewed.

OLDER POLICEMAN
(to the rescue men)
He breathing?

RESCUE MAN
Just about, I think.

OLDER POLICEMAN
Well, then bring 'im on out!

RESCUE MAN
We're working at it.

SQUEAKS of metal can be heard as they pry around for more space. With linked arms, two rescue workers lift Irwin up and the others put the stretcher underneath him. Irwin appears semi-conscious as they put him down gently and carry him from the car. One of the crew applies a wet sponge to his face. An enormous amount of dark-red blood is gushing from Irwin's left thigh. One rescue man presses on it with the heel of his hand and the flow is greatly diminished.

OLDER POLICEMAN
Any identification on him?

The rescuers stop momentarily and one of them searches through a pocket and finds nothing. He looks toward the officers with resignation, then goes for the other side pocket and gropes around deliberately until he takes out a small, rectangular card. He goes and hands it to the older policeman, who studies it carefully. The other rescuers resume their work at half-pace, waiting for further instructions.

OLDER POLICEMAN
An old high school card, not official.

YOUNGER POLICEMAN

That means we'll have to stay here and rummage through that wreck, damn it!

The middle-aged policeman suddenly and disgustedly takes the school card away from view.

OLDER POLICEMAN

Shit, there's so much blood on this I can't even make out his name!

YOUNGER POLICEMAN

Let me see it, will ya?

The older policeman gives it to him and he inspects it meticulously, squinting for a good many seconds.

YOUNGER POLICEMAN

Irwin Finkelstein.

He gives his partner a secretive glance, then talks again but in a hushed voice.

YOUNGER POLICEMAN

First, they come here for vacations, then they take over the town.

OLDER POLICEMAN

(in the same tone)

Stick around a little longer and we'll have one for a chief.

(He turns his attention to the rescue workers and resumes commanding)

Okay, fellas, let's get going! C'mon, we don't have all year.

They begin their normal walk again, bring Irwin to the back of the ambulance and put him in. Irwin is set down and one of the rescue men closes the door behind him.

The ambulance starts moving with the second police car following. Sirens WAIL as both make U-turns and head in the direction of Monticello. Their blinking red lights permeate the path they take.

EXTERIOR-SWIMMING POOL-LAURELS HOTEL-SACKET LAKE, NEW YORK-DAY

It is average size but luxurious. Its water appears turquoise-blue from the tile and an enormous grass field is right behind it. The solid brick hotel building can be seen in the background.

It is late August of 1958. Irwin is in his bathing suit by the pool steps. SID WEINTRAUB is wearing his waiter's uniform which consists of a white dress shirt and black trousers. He is in immediate proximity to Irwin. Sid has dirty-blond hair and is Irwin's height but slightly thinner and more muscular. Only a few others are present.

IRWIN

(His voice has an innocent, soft ring to it which at times seems at odds with his words and can serve to blunt their sting)

Look, Sid, you're the only one who knows I used Sam Rosen's birth certificate to work here because I'm only seventeen.

Sid nods.

IRWIN

(continuing)

Well, I'm gonna trust you with something else now. You notice I don't take out Sally Goldfeld anymore?

Sid gives off a hardy guffaw.

SID

She's Sally to you during the week and then she suddenly becomes Mrs. when her husband shows up.

IRWIN

Goldfeld; she's nothing but a dead end. A night at the club, maybe some champagne I don't even like and then a good bang before the old asshole gets her back. So I'm dumping her and from now on, I'll be making it with Heather.

SID

Who?

IRWIN

Heather West, the brown-haired girl. Didn't you see me with her this morning?

SID

(looking somewhat oddly at Irwin)

Heather West; she Jewish?

IRWIN

Yeah. Her old man changed it from Weisberg for business.

(He looks earnestly at Sid)

The family lives on Park Avenue where no four-flusher can. She's a senior at Barnard University studying public relations; virgin meat if she's telling me the truth. And she might turn out to be my ticket to a nice fortune.

SID

(rubbing Irwin's shoulder affectionately)

You sure know how to get something going, don't you?

IRWIN

What do you think I took this job at the Laurels for? So I can spend the rest of my life waiting on some idiot like Goldfeld?

SID

(eying Irwin with dumb-founded admiration)

I wanna see you in the city. We don't live too far away. And you don't usually run into someone like you.

IRWIN

We sure will get together after the summer's over. Maybe for the Jewish holidays.

SID

(looking at Irwin again)

Come on now. Let's get ready to serve lunch.

IRWIN

Nah, there's still a little time left. And I'm gonna get every little thing out of this fuckin' place that I can while I can.

Irwin goes down the stairs and dunks himself into the water, staying there for a good many seconds before he joyfully comes up. Most of the people are leaving the area and Irwin is in the pool alone.

Sid walks a few paces, then glances Irwin's way.

SID

You're a sharp guy, Irwin.

Irwin's face contorts with alarm.

SID

(continuing hastily)

Uh, uh, I mean Sam.

Sid proceeds again toward the big building.

Irwin calms and gets out of the pool. He throws a towel around himself and dries quickly.

EXTERIOR-EMERGENCY ENTRANCE-MONTICELLO HOSPITAL-NIGHT

It is beneath the ground floor and has a broad ramp descending from the street. A level extension precedes two huge doors.

The ambulance goes down the ramp as its siren HOWLS and the red lights flicker. It turns and parks at the entrance point. The rear opens, a metal ramp extends to the ground and four rescuers take Irwin out on a journey. Two of the men push each door open and they wheel Irwin in.

INTERIOR-EMERGENCY RECEPTION-NIGHT

It is an ample space with a patient-receiving desk at the far wall on the left side. Centered on that wall are large green letters denoting the hospital's name. Five doors are on the left wall.

A short, plump RECEPTIONIST is in attendance. She leaves her station immediately when Irwin is taken through.

RECEPTIONIST
(pointing to a middle door)

This way!

A rescue man opens the door and they push the gourney.

INTERIOR-EMERGENCY INTENSIVE CARE UNIT-NIGHT

The sparkling-clean room is large with white walls and a tile floor the same color. It is windowless and many treatment tables can be seen as well as glass doors to adjacent rooms opposite the entrance.

DOCTOR HERBERT LIEBERMAN is lounging on a table chatting with two NURSES, one white, the other black. Herbert is thin and youthful-looking with dark brown hair. He springs up and the nurses snap to their work as soon as Irwin appears.

HERBERT
(to the nurses)
Okay, the glucose and disinfectant.

The nurses make haste to a far corner as the men take Irwin to Herbert, who pleasantly signals them away and they proceed out. Herbert presses his left hand down near the opening on Irwin's left thigh. The nurses come back. Each has a transparent bottle of glucose and, extending a turquoise rubber tube, puts a needle into each arm vein. The black nurse reaches back and hands the disinfectant to Herbert, who applies it with sterilized cotton to the wound, using his right hand as he continues pressing with the other. Irwin is still semi-conscious but grits his teeth in pain. Herbert probes around a few seconds more.

HERBERT
Perforated femoral artery; apply a tourniquet, now!

The white nurse follows Herbert's instructions. Herbert puts a stethoscope to Irwin's chest.

HERBERT
(continuing)
Heart beat, normal.

(He feels Irwin's left wrist.)

Pulse, normal.

(turning to the nurses)

He might lose the leg but we can save him. It's important to move rapidly! Gangrene's already set in! Have someone page a surgeon!

The black nurse leaves right away. Herbert continues cleaning the wound. Irwin starts to come to and his eyes rivet in fright.

HERBERT

Just keep calm. Things'll turn out okay.

FEMALE VOICE

(off and distant but audible)

Doctor Max Gottlieb, please report to intensive care at once.

Herbert keeps administering disinfectant as Irwin falls into a semi-stupor again. DOCTOR MAX GOTTLIEB appears after a short while. He's cross-looking and in his late forties, on the heavy side, almost completely bald and has a black moustache. Getting a good look at him, one can detect jowls forming. Dr. Gottlieb proceeds to poke about the infected area, oblivious to Irwin's second regaining of consciousness and wincing.

MAX

(mechanically)

The gangrene's advanced. We'll surely have to amputate.

Irwin's mouth drops. A muted SIREN sounds, then dies out.

MAX

(continuing and to the white nurse)

Call the anesthetist.

(to the black nurse)

Prepare my forceps and scalpel.

Both nurses proceed to their tasks. The door is thrust open and the two policemen appear. The older one hands a small, green document to the doctor.

OLDER POLICEMAN

(agitated)

We found this licence in the glove compartment! It's from New Jersey and so are the plates. This kid's only seventeen! He's not supposed to be driving here.

The doctor dourly looks the licence over.

MAX

Number thirty-seven, Highway Nine, Lakewood, New Jersey.

The nurses return with the ANESTHETIST and surgical instruments.

MAX

(continuing and focusing hard on Herbert and the others concerned)

Stop the proceeding immediately!

Herbert looks dumbfoundedly at him.

MAX

(continuing and addressing the policemen)

Call the Lakewood department and have them get in touch with the parents! He's a minor. We can't do anything without consent.

The police depart in haste. Herbert continues eying Max with disbelief.

HERBERT

Max, we have to operate right away! His life depends on it!

MAX

Herb, are you stupid or something? The hospital can get its ass sued off and so can I.

HERBERT

You have a son that age yourself----!

MAX

(cutting him off and angrily waving his right hand)

My son doesn't go galavanting in cars at all hours of the night! He stays put! And he does what I tell him.

(gesturing to the nurses)

Have an attendant put him into a room, one of you.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-BROOKLYN, NEW YORK-DAY

It is sparsely furnished with a smaller than average living-room which has a wooden floor and faded blue walls. By the right corner is the kitchen with an old stove and dirty white linoleum on the floor and at its left side is a door to an adjacent bedroom. Windows showing a cement court-yard are at the far end of both the living-room and kitchen and a warped couch with rough spreading is over by the right wall preceding the latter area. Behind that is a fairly large door which leads to the hall.

Irwin is in front of the entrance door, facing his father, MICHAEL FINKELSTEIN. Michael is in his late forties, gaunt with sallow cheeks, sunken eyes and a head full of thick, gray hair.

MICHAEL

Goot you voik outside. Now you beck en ve two piple.

IRWIN

(slowly and unbelievably riveting his head around the room)

You goddamned sneak, why don't you just come out with it? You want my money after I've worked my ass off.

(He pulls out a wad of hundred bills and dangles them in front, separating each one gingerly with his free hand.)

Well, here it is! Look at it!

Michael meekly follows the instruction.

IRWIN

(continuing)

One grand and I shouldn't give you shit.

(He takes four bills and flings them onto the floor.)

Happy now? Forty percent! Take it if you can still bend down!

Michael looks over at the bills and remains motionless.

MICHAEL

Oivin, you live in de hoise, you help mit de hoise.

IRWIN

(features contorting with mocking contempt)
Help mit de hoise!

(He turns serious and looks right at Michael.)

You have fifty thousand dollars stashed away in the bank and we live in this dump.

(pointing to the rickety couch)

And I have to sleep on that bed over there from the year gimel because you're too cheap to spend a coin!

MICHAEL

I save fogh ah ghainy day.

IRWIN

You're saving for a hurricane!

Irwin turns his heels, yanks the door open and barges out as he SLAMS it shut. Michael makes his way to the money and bends with great difficulty.

INTERIOR-IZZY BERMAN'S FRUIT STORE-DAY

It is a large place with fruit stands on each side and a cash register at the end.

IZZY BERMAN is at the register. He is balding, fiftyish and pleasant-looking. Some CUSTOMERS are over by the stands being helped by JERRY, a tall and fairly muscular black man.

Irwin comes in and goes past Jerry without either noticing the other. He reaches Izzy, who gets up and shakes his hand roundly.

IZZY

(His voice denotes a typical second-generation New York Jew.)
What's the matter? No more broads to knock off at the hotels?

IRWIN

You said it. I need my job again, Mr. Berman, or I've gotta go to day school with all the little kids. That's what my old man says.

Izzy pats Irwin's shoulder.

IZZY

Don't worry. The job, you've got. I can use an extra delivery boy.

He motions toward Jerry and Irwin follows.

IZZY

(continuing and looking at Jerry)

Jerry, meet Irwin.

They shake hands, a trifle uneasy on Jerry's part.

IZZY

(continuing and still addressing Jerry)

You won't have to work your balls off anymore. Irwin 'll help you.

Jerry smiles as pleasantly as he can and goes off to attend to somebody else. Irwin's eyes follow Jerry in a manner that betrays strange thoughts.

IZZY

(to Irwin)

About Jerry; he's that way at the beginning. When he gets to know you, he's the greatest guy you can meet.

EXTERIOR-OCEAN AVENUE NEAR AVENUE I-BROOKLYN, NEW YORK-DAY

Box type apartments with varying shades of faded brick are on both sides of the wide street.

Irwin is waiting in front of his own building, a discolored yellow structure. Many MEN in suits and ties walk by, most with yarmulkes on their heads. Every now and then, a couple is seen with the woman dressed in elegant attire as well. Irwin is wearing a pair of pressed woolen pants and an old red T-shirt. He turns his

attention to the other side of the street where a bus stops and a few passengers get out. Irwin easily spots Sid among the group.

IRWIN

Sid!

(He puts his right hand up.)

I'm here!

Sid notices and comes running over. He wears good clothing but no yarmulke. When he gets to Irwin, they shake joyfully.

IRWIN

About time we got together. It's the second holiday.

SID

(catching his breath)

I go to Pace downtown, not Brooklyn College near you. And they load me up with work.

IRWIN

I've got some good news for you. I'm taking out Heather this Saturday.

MICHAEL

(off and distant)

Oivin!

IRWIN

(looking around)

Oh, shit.

MICHAEL

(off but somewhat louder and continuing)

Oivin!

Michael's rapid FOOTSTEPS are heard.

IRWIN

Now, you know why I waited outside. Meet my old man.

Michael comes agitatedly through the large, open entrance with his suit and yarmulke.

MICHAEL
Oivin!

IRWIN
(shrugging at Sid)
I tried to avoid this but now, you'll see Michael in action.

Michael gets up to them and comes to a stop.

MICHAEL
Just vat I tink; you go like ah bum! It is Yom Kippur en you veiar dis shitty shoit!

IRWIN
(to Sid)
What did I tell you?

MICHAEL
(continuing)
Come in en chance de shoit! Den go beck in de strit.

With a resigned look, Irwin walks with his father toward the building and Sid follows. They go in through the opening.

EXTERIOR-FRONT COURT YARD-FINKELSTEIN'S APARTMENT HOUSE-DAY

It has a cement floor and the building can be seen all around except for the entrance space.

The three are going leisurely along.

MICHAEL
(to Sid)
You Oivin's fghient?

SID
(respectfully)
Yes, Mr. Finklestein.

MICHAEL

SID

MICHAEL

SID

They get to the hall, go in and turn right.

INTERIOR-HALL-DAY

It is narrow and dark.

They are going toward the apartment.

MICHAEL
(smiling graciously)

SID

Michael puts the key into the door, opens it and they walk through.

INTERIOR-FINSTEIN'S APARTMENT-DAY

Irwin turns around and closes the door, which SOUNDS mildly.

MICHAEL
(to Sid and demonstrating slight displeasure)
On de high holy days, you ghide?

SID

I'm not religious.

MICHAEL

I not gheligious eider, Sidney. But Yom Kippur-----

Michael interrupts himself and goes into his room as Irwin and Sid eye each other closely. He returns rapidly with a freshly pressed, white dress shirt.

MICHAEL

(to Irwin)

Hea, poot dis on!

Very much annoyed, Irwin removes his T-shirt and starts getting into the other. Michael turns to Sid.

MICHAEL

Sidney, you nice boy. You Oivin's fghient, vonderful. But Oivin, he iss ghotten. He iss no goot. I will kick him out of de hoise.

Sid looks strangely at Michael.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

Sidney, oivin do teghibile tings, gheally teghibile tings. Van only do lots bet tings. En for years I eat my heart out. I voot not let him do dis. I voot not let him do det.

(He points sharply at no place in particular.)

Now, I say "go!" Do vat you van en ghuin youself! I can do noting no more.

Irwin has finished buttoning the white shirt. He looks over at the door and Sid gets the message. They head out as Irwin slowly and deliberately pushes the door open.

SID

Good-bye, Mr. Finkelstein.

INTERIOR-HALL-DAY

Sid takes the knob and gingerly closes behind him.

EXTERIOR-PARK AVENUE-NIGHT

It is wide with tallm luxury apartment buildings on each side.

Irwin is walking along, looking at a jagged paper he carries in his right hand. His meticulously pressed suit sparkles under the lamp post in spite of it's gray color, his shoes are shined and his hair very neatly kempt.

Irwin stops as he surveys the paper and spots number 7506 on the building in front of him. Contentedly, he stuffs it into a side pocket.

Irwin proceeds toward the entrance.

INTERIOR-BUILDING LOBBY-NIGHT

The space is huge with red wall-to-wall carpeting. An elevator is at the far end and a DOORMAN in a dark-green uniform with no creases is waiting at the left side near a set of buttons and an intra-house phone.

The entrance opens and Irwin comes in. He makes his way to the doorman while he looks around awestruck at everything about.

IRWIN

A-, apartment 502, please. Heather West; tell her Irwin Finkelstein's here.

The doorman pushes a button and picks up the intra-house phone.

DOORMAN

(somewhat stiffly)

Irwin Finkelstein to see Heather West.

DOORMAN

(to Irwin)

Go on in.

(pointing)

This elevator to the fifth floor.

Irwin walks over.

INTERIOR-WEST APARTMENT-NIGHT

It is wide, panoramic and well-illuminated by an exquisite glass chandelier. It contains fluffy, pale blue carpet, immaculate white walls lined with classic paintings, two face-to-face pink couches with gold embroidery and a stairway leading to an upper level which is clearly visible at the far end. The room is generously decorated as well with large, glossy red flower pots from which sprout exotic petals and leaves.

HEATHER WEST waits anxiously by the door. She wears a gold-colored dress and white, high-heeled shoes. Her hair is done up at the top. Heather opens and takes Irwin's hand as he comes in. Irwin's attention once again wanders to the surroundings.

HEATHER
(nervously)

Irwin, we'd better leave quickly. Daddy's here and you remember how he was with you.

Irwin still cannot take his eyes off what he sees. He finds himself gazing at the chandelier, then the paintings, then the plants and then over to the stairwall and it is from there that SOL WEST makes his appearance. He is short, bald, in his early fifties and over-weight to the extreme. He is dressed in a dark-blue suit with an even darker but shiny blue tie. His eyes seem to have a permanent squint and they bear down on Irwin as he slowly and deliberately makes his way to the middle of the room. Heather grabs Irwin's shoulder and clings to him.

HEATHER

Daddy, please - - - !

SOL
(to Irwin)

I knew you'd show up here sooner or later

Irwin's eyes still rivet about almost involuntarily.

SOL
(continuing)

You must think I'm stupid or something!

HEATHER

Daddy, just let him be.

SOL

(to Irwin and completely ignoring his daughter)
I spotted you from the moment you got to our table! My mistake, maybe, was giving you a tip!

Irwin gradually turns his attention to Sol.

HEATHER

Daddy, why don't you give Irwin a chance? I told you he had to use someone else's birth certificate to get that job. They won't let him work because he's too young and he needs the money to go to college one day - - -.

Sol briefly acknowledges his daughter, then turns back to Irwin.

SOL

Okay, I had to tell some lies to get off the Lower East Side to where I am now.

(He glares at Irwin even more intensely.)

But I've seen your type before. If you could go in somewhere by any entrance you please, you'd climb in through the fire escape, like a little thief!

(gesticulating violently)

What are you interested in my daughter for? She's a mental case! That's obvious!

Heather squirms.

SOL

(continuing)

Twenty-one and she goes for some seventeen-year-old kid!

(calming down somewhat, but shaking a finger.)

I notice the way you keep looking at our things. Well, they'll never be yours. And Heather'll never be your wife; not if I can help it.

Irwin slowly contorts as his teeth grit and his upper lip purses tensely.

IRWIN

Not if you can help it.

HEATHER

(protectively putting her arm around him)

Irwin, come on. Let's go.

They head for the door as Sol angrily turns his back and hurries to the stairwell. His FOOTSTEPS can be heard for a few seconds, then stop abruptly.

SOL

(off and far, but absolutely clear)

Don't ever come to the house again!

They leave together as Heather CLOSES up.

INTERIOR-EMERGENCY INTENSIVE CARE UNIT-MONTICELLO HOSPITAL-DAY

Herbert Lieberman and Max Gottlieb are standing around in their doctors' uniforms. Irwin is still in the room in back of them. A thirty-ish POLICEMAN hurriedly enters.

POLICEMAN

(stopping abruptly and catching his breath)

Dr. Gottlieb and Dr. Lieberman; is that right?

MAX

Right.

POLICEMAN

We just got some word on the Finklestein kid. He was staying at the Lakeside Inn by Kiamesha near South Fallsberg. Lady owns the place says he was there a week.

MAX

Go on.

POLICEMAN

She mentioned the green Chevy. He had it parked outside the hotel and just came and went. Gave her the same Lakewood address that's on the registration. Seems he told her he can't work yet 'cause he's not eighteen, so he'll just horse around till his birthday, then go to the agencies.

HERBERT

Any progress locating his family?

POLICEMAN

No. The department there in Lakewood looked up every Finklestein in the book and none of them lived on Highway Nine. And when they called up, nobody knew an Irwin who's anywhere near here now.

MAX

Well, just keep trying. We can't do anything without his parents.

POLICEMAN

Right – oh.

The policeman departs through the place from which he came. Herbert turns around to Max.

HERBERT

Max, you know, I just don't get it. Assuming this information's accurate, he knew he couldn't work until he was eighteen so he must have known this licence wasn't valid. He had two weeks to go. Why would he want to go out and drive a car at a high speed when all he had to do was wait a short while? It's not logical.

Max stares right at Herbert and gives him an extended frown.

MAX

Honestly, Herbert Lieberman, you may have "doctor" before your name, but you have some growing up to do yourself; trying to make sense out of what some teen-ager does.

(arms flailing about)

They've got no sense!

(slowly walking away from him and muttering)

Someone's gotta knock it into them.

Herbert turns shame-faced.

EXTERIOR-AVENUE X BETWEEN EAST 22 AND EAST 23 STREETS-DAY

It is wide with red-brick apartment buildings on the south side and one-story private residences on the north. Traffic regularly comes through and parked cars occupy each side of the street.

Irwin and Sid are over by the apartment houses. Irwin is on his feet and pacing short distances while Sid sits on a fender, smoking a cigarette.

IRWIN

(hardly able to hide his excitement)

I did the first step by taking her out. Next, I've gotta break her cherry and then we're on the road to riches. She'll feel bound to me.

SID

How easy you think that's gonna be?

IRWIN

Not hard at all if I've got everything sized up right. They all go down When they're turned on and that's what's happening to her.

(He grins at Sid)

She almost went ape-shit on Times Square.

(mockingly)

"All these people, where do they come from? I never realized there were so many."

Both give off a hearty laugh.

IRWIN

(continuing)

Your job'll come in soon; convincing her to put the money in my name.
you're a business student so you can think up the reasons.

Irwin pauses and takes a long look at the panorama about him. He is obviously pensive as Sid and he speaks not a word for a good, long moment. Then, he focuses his attention on the apartment buildings.

IRWIN

Sid, which house is yours?

SID

(pointing his right index finger at the near structure on the same side)
This one over here. Why?

IRWIN

You've been over to my house a few times, but this is the first time I've even been outside yours. You've seen my old man, but your family, I don't even know.

SID

Irwin, if I bring you into that apartment, it'll be nothing but trouble. Complain about your father all you want, he at least calls me by my name and has a conversation. You know what'll happen to you up there?

IRWIN

No. What?

SID

My parents'll first give you a cold stare, then they'll look you over like a piece of merchandise on a shelf and find something about you they don't like. And after you leave, I'll have to listen to bullshit for the better part of an hour. Why should I put you through that and why should I go through it myself?

IRWIN

All right then, bring me over when they're not in.

SID

That's almost never. They don't go out together for as long as I can remember. One night a week's his cards night, another's her ma-jong night.

IRWIN
(eyes mischievously lighting up)
Well, maybe I'll just charm them into----

SID
(interrupting abruptly and shooting his right hand up in front)
No, you won't!

Taken aback, Irwin turns as serious as Sid.

SID
(continuing)
I've never gotten them to like anyone I hang out with and years ago, I gave up trying. So you'll keep calling me on the phone and we'll keep meeting at your house or in the street. Okay?

IRWIN
(shrugging with resignation)
Okay.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

The key TURNS, the door opens and Irwin and Heather enter. They are holding hands and casually dressed. Heather surveys everything with almost the same curiosity Irwin displayed at her place.

IRWIN
Well, here it is. Nothing to brag about but it's home for me.

HEATHER
It's yours and that's all that counts. It belongs to you.

Irwin gently runs his left hand through Heather's hair before his lips make their way toward hers and he at once kisses her passionately. Heather returns this action in kind but then draws back.

HEATHER
Irwin, we really shouldn't.

IRWIN
(pulling himself away and displaying annoyance)

And why shouldn't we? Because of some stupid bastards and their rules?

(He faces her squarely.)

Remember the way you loved the animals at Prospect Park today? How do you think they came into being? What brings everything into this world anyway? Some jerks tell us "no" and then they go and do the same things themselves. And if it didn't happen at all, there'd be nothing around but mud and dust.

(He strokes her cheek and looks pleadingly at her.)

Come with me, Heather. I won't think any the less of you for it. I'm not gonna stop seeing you or do any of the other things they may have warned you about. Just trust me. All right?

They smile and rub foreheads together and Heather nods passively.

IRWIN

(continuing)

Now, don't be afraid. Follow me where I take you. It's my old man's room, but he won't be back till eight tonight.

They make their way quietly and Irwin slowly opens the door.

INTERIOR-MICHAEL FINKELSTEIN'S ROOM-DAY

The walls and floor are drab, faded blue. A large, old bed is on one corner while at the other end is a window showing the cement court yard. Two light-brown curtains are on each side of the window.

They come into the room. Irwin shuts the door, then gingerly goes over and closes the curtains. Heather is standing by the bed and Irwin walks over and embraces her. Heather kisses his mouth violently. Hugging her with his right hand, Irwin pulls up the blanket and sheets with his left. Heather giggles as they fall into bed. He puts the covers over them, after which they playfully fondle each other. Both proceed to take off their garments and one-by-one throw them onto the floor. They set their cheeks upon each other passionately but affectionately as the autumn wind seems to caress the apartment walls. Then, Irwin puts himself on top and moves brusquely.

HEATHER
(for an instant)

Owww!

She slowly relaxes and breathes heavily along with him as they go up and down in perfect rhythm, reaching a crescendo, then calming little by little until coming to an exhausted stop. They lie in each others' arms for a good while.

IRWIN
(reluctantly breaking the silence)
Jesus, you are a virgin!

HEATHER
(with serene contentment)
Was.

They hug once more, then Heather puts her hand upon Irwin's face. They are on their sides with Heather facing the door. She takes one long look around the room.

HEATHER
Irwin, I went to the so-called finest schools in this city; Julie Richmond, Barnard University, and they talked a lot about the under-Privileged, the disadvantaged, those less fortunate than ourselves. And now I realize I was the real disadvantaged. I've lived all my life on a set of false islands. Everyone I ever knew had a luxury apartment on Park Avenue, Fifth Avenue, Tudor City Place---

IRWIN
(jerking up his head)
Where?

Heather playfully slaps him.

HEATHER
Tudor City Place; it's by the East River Drive in the forties, silly.

He laughs along with her.

HEATHER
(continuing)

I knew nothing about this world or what goes into it. I was under-privileged, and un-educated, until I met you.

She holds him strongly and lovingly and he with her the same. Then, she puts herself over him and cups his head in her hands.

HEATHER

(continuing and really up-beat)

And now, let's get dressed and go hiking. You saw my "neighborhood", if you want to call it that. Now I want to see yours.

Both start to get up.

EXTERIOR-OCEAN AVENUE OUTSIDE THE FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT HOUSE-DAY

Irwin and Heather emerge arm-in-arm from the entrance. Background music plays "WOULDN'T BE GOING STEADY TODAY" by JOHNNY MANN. They turn southward toward Avenue I, stopping three times along the way to kiss and embrace before turning the corner.

EXTERIOR-AVENUE I AND OCEAN AVENUE-DAY

Box-type apartments are on each side. There are a few trees and an occasional brown leaf is underfoot.

Irwin and Heather continue their stroll with frequent kissing and other displays of affection. Background music continues playing "WOULDN'T BE GOING STEADY TODAY" by JOHNNY MANN.

INTERIOR-EMERGENCY ROOM-MONTICELLO HOSPITAL-DAY

Doctors Max Gottlieb and Herbert Lieberman are there as well as the two nurses who first took care of Irwin. Herbert and the nurses are relaxing in their chairs while Max paces short distances. They are suddenly interrupted as RESCUE WORKERS wheel in a BLACK MAN in his late thirties, semi-conscious with blood on his clothing. Herbert and the nurses get up right away. The nurses go to the far side of the room while Herbert gets next to Max.

RESCUE WORKER

(after wheeling the patient completely over)

Fell off a ladder fixing a pipe.

MAX
(to the others)

Okay, let's get going.

Max starts looking over the patient's wounds. Slowly, a foreboding look comes over him. He surveys the man intensely, then jumps back in horror.

MAX
Oh, my God, it's Johnny!

HERBERT
You know him?

MAX
Darned right I do! The best handy-man in town! Does plumbing, cleaning, floor work, anything you name. And he's worked for me lots of times!

The nurses have come back with glucose and proceed to pu in the needles.

MAX
(continuing)
Nice boy, nothing shiftless about him. Never gets drunk, doesn't lie, doesn't gamble, doesn't steal----

The black nurse winces a little.

MAX
(continuing)
Accidents happen but why to him?
Max's bearing shows all but complete despair. Recovering somewhat, he turns to the nurses.

MAX
Have someone get that kid out of the room and put Johnny in. He has a family to support.

The nurses go to their task.

MAX
(to Herbert)

Take care of things for now, will you? I have to gear up for this.

Some ATTENDANTS arrive. Herbert signals them to Irwin's compartment. They go in and begin wheeling him out.

INTERIOR-EMERGENCY RECEPTION-DAY

Max emerges, pulls out a cigar from his pants pocket, lights it up and takes a big puff. He appears much more relaxed as he exhales hardily. The smoke takes up a big part of the room.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-NIGHT

Irwin and Sid are wearing neatly pressed suits, ties and overcoats. They are getting ready to leave and Irwin opens the door.

IRWIN

Now, tonight, watch what she does and listen to the things she says.

Sid nods as they go out.

INTERIOR-HALL-FINKELSTEINS' BUILDING-NIGHT

Irwin and Sid emerge and Irwin CLOSES.

IRWIN

(continuing)

You've only seen her a few times, so give it close attention.

SID

I certainly will.

(holding back laughter)

And now, wait'll you hear about my date tonight.

Irwin puts a finger over his own lips to quiet Sid. He then taps Sid's shoulder and they temporarily halt.

IRWIN

I have a surprise just for openers.

Irwin reaches under his overcoat and pulls out two glossy apples.

IRWIN

(continuing)

Here, compliments of Izzy Berman's fruit store.

He hands one to Sid and keeps the other for himself.

They resume their walk and begin eating away at their apples.

IRWIN

(continuing)

I'd give you some cash too, but I can't.

Sid opens the door and they go outside.

EXTERIOR-COURTYARD-NIGHT

They come through the door.

IRWIN

(continuing)

Berman's coon guards that register like it was his own.

SID

You'd better be carefull about that. If you're caught, you're fired and you never get another job.

IRWIN

Berman can't make an inventory of his fruits. And he's too stupid to suspect.

(looking slyly at Sid)

He thinks I'm going to night school so one day I can be a lawyer just like Heather thinks I'm saving to go to college. He never even bothers checking anything out.

Sid looks expressionlessly ahead. They go into the street.

EXTERIOR-OCEAN AVENUE OUTSIDE THE FINKELSTEINS' BUILDING-NIGHT

Both come out and turn right. They munch their apples as they walk along, but Sid leaves his for the moment and winks at Irwin.

SID

And now, let me tell you about the girl I'll be going out with. She works in my school cafeteria and lives in the Bronx. And here's the thing. Her parents would hit the ceiling if they knew she was with a Sidney Weintraub and mine would have a shit fit if they knew I was taking out a Maria Santoli.

Both roar as they go along. Irwin finishes his apple and tosses the remains onto the sidewalk as they get to Avenue I and go right again.

EXTERIOR-AVENUE I-NIGHT

They walk a short distance and get to a large, blue Buick. Sid halts there and Irwin automatically does the same.

Sid throws what's left of his apple beneath the curb, then takes out his car keys and puts them into the door while Irwin starts over to the other side.

SID

See this set of wheels?

IRWIN

Sure.

SID

I'm allowed it once a week. The other days it stays in the parking space downstairs just for the sake of not using it.

Irwin has gotten around to the passengers' side. Sid gets into the car and SLAMS the door shut.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

Sid leans over and opens for Irwin. Irwin gets in, sits down and SHUTS his door.

IRWIN

Don't they let you take the car to school?

SID

Nope, I've gotta go by train. They seem to feel it'll build my character.

Both frown. Sid turns the key, STARTS and RACES the motor.

EXTERIOR-AVENUE I-NIGHT

The car pulls out and makes its way down the street.

EXTERIOR-PARK AVENUE-NIGHT

Heather is waiting by a corner. She has on a yellow top-coat, but beneath it, one can detect the tightness of her skirt which makes her legs more shapely.

The car pulls over.

Irwin has changed to the back seat. Sid HONKS. Irwin opens the rear door and Heather gets in.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

Irwin slides over. Heather SHUTS the door gently. She looks coquettishly at Irwin, then opens her coat to reveal a low blouse with no brassiere after which she hurls her arms around him. The radio plays "THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT."

IRWIN

(to Heather and looking over Sid's way)

You remember Sid, don't you? He worked at the hotel, too.

HEATHER

(snuggling up more closely and not really giving the whole thing much attention)
I think so.

EXTERIOR-PARK AVENUE-NIGHT

They start out.

EXTERIOR-BRUCKNER BOULEVARD-BRONX-NIGHT

The street has an elevated expressway which separates both sides. It is lined with box-type apartments and an occasional store.

MARIA is standing outside a grocery. She is about five-feet-three and her glossy black hair comes around to the back. Passionate stirrings radiate under her hard features and a well-proportioned figure is obvious even with heavy clothing on.

The car pulls up by the curb.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

Irwin and Heather are petting in back. She has taken off her coat and her skirt is above her knees. Sid leans across and opens the window.

EXTERIOR-BRICKNER BOULEVARD-NIGHT

SID

Maria!

Maria quickly runs over.

Sid opens up.

SID

(continuing and with a friendly grin)

It's a lot warmer in here. I've got the heater on.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

Sid goes back into the driver's seat. Maria gets in, CLOSES and grasps his right hand.

MARIA

Sid, ya got here just when ya said ya would! Other guys like ta keep girls wait'n.

Sid pats Maria's shoulder gently with his left hand, then reluctantly turns to the wheel.

SID

(apologetically)

We'd better leave now or we'll never make the movie.

EXTERIOR-BRUCKNER BOULEVARD-NIGHT

The car moves away.

EXTERIOR-TIMES SQUARE-NIGHT

It glitters with its theaters, movie houses, lights and advertisements.

Both couples are among the many coming out of the movies. They are walking arm-in-arm with Irwin and Heather in front.

MARIA

An in my house, they're always talkin about my gett'n married. I tell' em I'm only eighteen, but that's the age my mother had me at.

HEATHER

(turning around slightly and letting Irwin guide her through)
With you, it's getting married, Maria. With me, it's growing up. That's all daddy knows, "When are you going to grow up?" He sends me to the psychiatrist once a week for that. But he could never help me.

She gets behind Irwin and rubs playfully against his back.

HEATHER

(continuing)

And now, who knows if I even want to?

SID

(chuckling)

Next, the life of Sidney Weintraub.

(looking over at Heather)

They teach you in history about the Holy Alliance?

Heather looks around again and nods in affirmative.

SID

(continuing)

Well, my family's one Holy Alliance with me for the enemy.

They turn on West 43 Street.

EXTERIOR-WEST 43 STREET-NIGHT

It has theaters and office buildings on each side.

They keep going along.

SID

(continuing and as an afterthought)

I do have one friend there; my cousin, Hal. He's a lawyer and hates my parents' guts. So he tells me if I need any help, just call him and it's on the house. I guess he figures it'd be something that busts their chops.

They reach a PARKING LOT sign, turn there and walk on in.

EXTERIOR-PARKING LOT-NIGHT

There is a booth in front and parked cars are all over.

Sid goes to the booth, hand the MAN his ticket and pays the parking fee. He receives his change, then turns Irwin's way.

SID

Okay, you drive first.

He reaches into his pocket and gives Irwin a document.

SID

(continuing)

I know you can handle a car, so here's my license. Our descriptions are alike enough in case you're stopped. But try not to attract any attention.

The car comes over, the black CAR HOP gets out and they all go in. The doors CLOSE in quick succession.

Irwin starts driving a makes a slow turn onto the street.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

They have already gone some way. Sid and Maria are hugging in the back seat. He runs his hand slowly through her hair as she takes off her overcoat and puts it over them both. The radio plays "WILL YOU STILL LOVE ME TOMORROW?" by THE SHIRELLS and they lie down together.

MARIA

Sidney, I hope tonight just starts somethin'. I went for ya the first time I served ya an' I'm no tramp that makes it with anyone. I'd like it ta be like this always.

SID

Maria, believe me, so would I. You're the first girl I ever met who doesn't put on any airs. But there's too much else that comes into it; your family, my family, your background and mine. Say, we have a kid. What'll he be, a Jew or a Catholic named Weintraub?

Maria contemplates for a good moment and suddenly, her eyes light up.

MARIA

I got it! I'll become Jewish! I like the Jews better. They don't make ya go ta church each week with a priest hollerin' about sins. You'll graduate an' do all right an' we can make it!

SID

(sadly shaking his head negatively)

I'd say "yes" to it all if I were already rich and my parents would die tomorrow. Converting won't do you any good as far as they're concerned. And things often aren't what they look like. A degree's no automatic food ticket to paradise. Someone has to set you up and I can forget about my father and any of his connections if we date openly and really get serious.

EXTERIOR-WEST STREET-NIGHT

The West Side Highway is above. Docks are on one side and loft buildings on the other.

The MUSIC temporarily gets softer as the car makes a right turn with Irwin at the wheel.

EXTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

Heather is leaning over so her breasts are on Irwin's right elbow. The radio still plays "WILL YOU STILL LOVE ME TOMORROW?" by THE SHIRELLS.

SID
(continuing)

We'll have nice memories of each other. Tonight'll live forever in our thoughts.

They embrace affectionately. Maria rubs her forehead upon Sid's. He grabs her head passionately and they kiss violently. He puts his cheek upon hers and all but cries and purrs for many seconds. Maria gently takes her arms away and under her overcoat, they begin to undress.

EXTERIOR-WEST SIDE HIGHWAY-NIGHT

It is an elevated structure.

The car pulls through the ramp and they proceed along.

EXTERIOR-HENRY HUDSON PARKWAY BY THE TOLL BOOTH-NIGHT

The panorama has become countrified.

They pull up to the booth. Irwin throws money into the exact change box and they go on again. They travel a short distance and turn in at the rest area.

EXTERIOR-REST AREA-NIGHT

It has a main building and a parking lot.

The car stops and the MOTOR is turned off.

Irwin gets out, walks over to the other side and softly TAPS the rear window.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

Sid and Maria are fully clothed and in each other's arms. They lazily pick their heads up and Sid opens his window slightly.

EXTERIOR-REST AREA-NIGHT

IRWIN

You two love-birds finished?

SID

I guess so.

Maria straightens out her hair and clothing.

EXTERIOR-REST AREA-NIGHT

IRWIN

Well, it's our turn now.

Sid opens up and comes out at the driver's side. Maria appears in short order at the other end.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

Sid is at the wheel with Maria next to him. Irwin and Heather are in back. Heather jumps onto Irwin's lap and he playfully SMACKS her buttocks. The starter SOUNDS and the motor RACES!

IRWIN

(excitedly to Sid)

Listen, your car gives a real smooth ride and I like to do it while we're going fast.

Sid turns around and eyes Irwin sharply.

SID

Now, just hold on. Once a week can easily turn to zero and all I need's a ticket. My father won't take the car away from me for driving past a red light. But for speeding, he certainly will.

IRWIN

Then go a hundred. The cops won't chase you at that speed because they don't want to risk their own lives. It's a secret of theirs I found out.

EXTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

Sid stares ahead and gives a look of “you win”.

EXTERIOR-REST AREA-NIGHT

The vehicle pulls onto the parkway.

EXTERIOR-HENRY HUDSON PARKWAY-NIGHT

The car accelerates to a really high speed.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

The radio is playing “GOLLY GOLLY” by PERRY COMO. Maria’s eyes beam with delight.

MARIA

Whee!

Irwin and Heather have worked themselves into a frenzy. He puts his hands inside her blouse and she screams happily.

EXTERIOR-HENRY HUDSON PARKWAY-NIGHT

The car speeds on. The MUSIC is muted but audible. They pass a WESTCHESTER COUNTY POLICE car which doesn’t give chase.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

The radio continues playing “GOLLY GOLLY” by PERRY COMO. Heather holds her dress up so her panty can be seen. Irwin fondles her there and she squeals with joy. He then puts his hand underneath and she gives out a big laugh. She pulls her skirt really high and props her body up.

HEATHER

Let’s show the whole New York what we do!

Irwin hastily and clumsily undresses.

IRWIN

The whole country!

Heather throws her skirt upward and off, then starts removing her blouse.

HEATHER

The whole world!

EXTERIOR-HENRY HUDSON PARKWAY-NIGHT

They keep whizzing through to the muted sound of "GOLLY GOLLY" by PERRY COMO. Another police car is passed.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

The radio still plays "GOLLY GOLLY" by PERRY COMO. Irwin and Heather's nude bodies appear to dance in rhythm as they pant passionately.

EXTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

The radio keeps playing "GOLLY GOLLY" by PERRY COMO with Irwin and Heather going at it as if there were no tomorrow.

EXTERIOR-HENRY HUDSON PARKWAY-NIGHT

The MUTED MUSIC fades as the car goes off into the distance.

EXTERIOR-AVENUE X OUTSIDE SID WEINTRAUB'S BUILDING-DAY

Sid is WALKING BY, neatly dressed, school-books in hand.

Three high school aged YOUTH with D! A!, one short and blond, one red-haired with freckles and another medium height with brown hair look mockingly at him.

BROWN-HAIRED YOUTH

Hey, college man!

RED-HAIRED, FRECKLED YOUTH

Hey, king shit!

Sid continues along, making a point of ignoring them.

BROWN-HAIRED YOUTH

(pointing to the short, blond teen-ager next to him)

Here's your own brother and ya can't even stop ta say "hello".

Sid slowly comes to a halt. He reluctantly turns around and almost painfully walks over.

SID

(upon arriving)

You know, I wouldn't be mentioning this to any of you if you didn't practically force it out of me, but I do have a friend your age you'd really like to meet, Irwin Finkelstein.

Their demeanor changes to one of begging further explanation.

SID

(continuing and more emphatic)

Now, I don't know whether he'd agree to be introduced because he never hangs out with any high school kids, so let me tell you about him. He has his mind set on being a millionaire. And he's gonna make it too. He knows the angles and he can smell where the money is. And he had a realy talent for getting there and taking advantage of the situation.

INTERIOR-EMERGENCY INTENSIVE CARE UNIT-MONTICELLO HOSPITAL-DAY

Dr. Max Gottlieb is near Irwin's bed with the original older policeman right by. Herbert and two nurses are in the background. Irwin is in a stupor, his eyes half-open with a far-off look about him.

MAX

(to the policeman)

Any new word yet?

POLICEMAN

Sort of. The Lakewood Department gave up phoning to see if any Finkelstein knows another on Highway Nine. So they're gonna go out there themselves and see what's up.

MAX

(snapping)

It's taken them this long to decide on that? Do these people know they're holding up my work?

The policeman sighs disgustedly at Max.

POLICEMAN

Doctor, who knows what kind of idiots they take on that force?

EXTERIOR-IZZY BERMAN'S FRUIT STORE-AVENUE J-DAY

Fruit and vegetable stands come out into the street which is crowded with pedestrians dressed in very heavy clothing, most of whom are inspecting the produce. It is winter and slush covers part of the sidewalk.

Irwin is wearing dungarees and a dark, thick-wool sweater with a white apron over them. He is sorting fruits and vegetables when Jerry comes in on the delivery bicycle. Irwin throws his last fruit out and makes haste inside.

INTERIOR-IZZY BERMAN'S FRUIT STORE-DAY

Irwin tosses his apron onto a chair and runs over to Izzy at the cash counter. Jerry is walking the bicycle. Izzy hands Irwin a sales slip and Irwin goes quickly to the coat-rack, takes his heavy jackets and flings it on, then goes to the bicycle and grabs hold of the handlebars. Jerry smile and gently gives way.

JERRY

You sure in a rush for the tips, ain't you?

IRWIN

I, I thought you wanted all the orders.

JERRY

(his grin widening)

That's strange. I always thought you was the one who wanted them all.

They stare curiously at each other for a few seconds.

JERRY

(continuing and breaking the silence)

Now, ain't we both stupid?

Jerry bursts into laughter and Irwin follows suit.

They walk outside together, Irwin with the bicycle.

EXTERIOR-IZZY BERMAN'S FRUIT STORE-DAY

Irwin gets on the bicycle. He fixes upon Jerry, a little remorseful.

IRWIN

Listen, we've been working together now for about four months and if I look like I'm fighting you, I didn't mean it. It's not me, it's my old man.

(turning somewhat morose)

He wants part of my tips and he'll complain if he thinks he's not getting enough.

JERRY

Families; they can be a blessin' an' a bother. I know. I'm here partly 'cause of mine.

IRWIN

(puzzled)

Here? What do you mean, here? You're from somewhere else?

JERRY

Alabama. I'll tell you 'bout it some time.

IRWIN

Oh, I thought you meant from another country.

Jerry laughs heartily once more, then it slowly changes into a pleasant wink.

JERRY

From now on, no more runnin' for the bike. It's you one time, me the other, all right?

IRWIN

All right.

Jerry extends his hand.

JERRY

Some skin.

They slap palms. Then Irwin starts out.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-NIGHT

The door is opened and the figures of Irwin and Jerry appear. Irwin reaches for the light switch on the right wall and turns it on. Jerry looks around, completely astonished.

JERRY

Good Jesus! You complain all the way over here about the way you live! This place is a palace compared to mine!

Irwin registers some surprise as both go for the nearest chairs, take their heavy jackets off, set them over the chair tops and sit down.

JERRY

(continuing)

I was raised in a shack with no runnin' water and live where the heat breaks down.

They remove their sweaters. Irwin flings his onto the couch and Jerry sets his over his lap.

JERRY

(continuing)

It's good 'n' warm here. An' lots a space.

The telephone RINGS. Irwin goes over to the couch, sits down and reaches over to pick it up.

IRWIN

Hello.

HEATHER

(off and really alarmed)

Irwin, it's Heather!

IRWIN

(obviously worried himself)

What happened? Anything wrong?

INTERIOR-HEATHER'S BEDROOM—NIGHT

The walls are turquoise-blue and generously dotted with landscape paintings. It has a pink carpet and her bed has gold legs and head. A white dresser and a closet are at one side past the bed-post and a desk is at the other end.

HEATHER
(fighting back tears)

It's about Daddy! He's having me declared mentally incompetent.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEIN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Irwin turns distraught himself.

INTERIOR-HEATHER'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

HEATHER
(continuing)

The court hearing's in four days, right when I have my history final!

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEIN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Irwin's eyes flash with anger for an instant, then a relaxed calm come over him.

IRWIN

Heather, do you remember something Sid said when we all went out?

(turning to Jerry)

Girlfriend problems.

Jerry gives off an understanding grin.

HEATHER
(off)

Something Sid said? No, I don't think I do.

IRWIN

Heather, you have to pay attention to what's going on.

INTERIOR-HEATHER'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Heather looks into the phone, apparently puzzled.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-NIGHT

IRWIN

Heather, hold the wire a second.

He runs over to the kitchen.

INTERIOR-KITCHEN-NIGHT

Irwin grabs a pencil and paper and makes haste back.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEIN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Irwin hurries over to the phone and picks it up.

IRWIN

(continuing)

What time's your test?

INTERIOR-HEATHER'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

HEATHER

Two in the afternoon.

IRWIN

(off)

Who's your professor?

HEATHER

P-Professor Horowitz.

IRWIN

(off)

What room?

HEATHER

(stammering)

I, I can't remember now!

She squints, shakes her fists and cries uncontrollably.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-NIGHT

IRWIN

Okay, no need to go off the deep end. You must have some slip of paper that tells you. Where is it?

HEATHER

(off)

In my brief-case, I guess.

IRWIN

And where's your brief-case?

INTERIOR-HEATHER'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Heather looks all around.

HEATHER

(instantly relieved)

On my desk at the end of the room!

IRWIN

(off)

Get it.

Heather leaves the phone and goes to the desk. She hastily opens the brief-case and flutters through the books and papers before looking at something and seeing it has what she needs. She darts back to the telephone.

HEATHER

(quickly emitting the words)

Room two o nine in the Roosevelt Building.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-NIGHT

Irwin puts the phone clumsily between his chin and chest, sets the paper up against the wall and writes the last detail down. He then throws the paper onto the couch and holds the telephone normally again.

IRWIN

Okay, you just take your exam and don't worry. You won't be declared incompetent.

HEATHER

(off)

But, Irwin, how---

IRWIN

I'm telling you. Everything'll be all right. And from here on in, listen to what's being said. Now, you feel calm?

HEATHER

(off)

I think so.

IRWIN

All right, cheer up and do as I say. Good-bye.

The phone CLICKS from the other side and Irwin HANGS his up. He then dials another number as Jerry patiently waits and some seconds go by. A muted SOUND is heard at the other end.

SID

(off)

Hello.

IRWIN

Hello, Sid? It's Irwin. Call cousin Hal and tell him he has some work. Get a paper and write down what I say to you.

The door opens and Michael comes through. He CLOSES upon noticing Jerry, pauses and nods pleasantly his way.

MICHAEL

You voik mit Oivin?

JERRY

(very politely)

Yes, sir.

Michael resumes his walk, opens the door to his room, goes in and slowly shuts that door.

INTERIOR-MANHATTEN CIVIL COURT-DAY

There are long benches in the spectators' sections which are separated by a center aisle. The judge's bench is in front with a witness-stand at its right. On the other side is a COURT RECORDER in her early thirties with a shorthand typewriter. Counsel seats are at the head of each spectators' section. The ceiling is high and two front windows near that ceiling give small but sufficient lighting.

A few SPECTATORS are in attendance. JUDGE RAYMOND ESPOSITO, a bald, fiftyish man with black piercing eyebrows is in his place. SOLOMON WEST is seated at one counsel table with his lawyer, STEVEN EDELBERG, a gaunt man in his early sixties, round-headed with a few thin gray hairs and a sly, penetrating countenance. A heavy set, black BAILIFF is near the witness stand and is mechanically taking out a sheet of paper. He looks at it carefully and begins to read.

BAILIFF

Mental capacity hearing: Solomon West petitioning incompetency for daughter, Heather West.

Steven gets up from his seat.

BAILIFF

(continuing)

Solomon West represented by Steven Edelberg.

(he looks around at the other table, which is vacant.)

Heather West represented by Harold Weintraub.

Sol bolts up.

SOL

What?

HAL WEINTRAUB slowly and deliberately rises from the first spectators' row and makes his way to the defense table. He is leanly and aesthetically built, immaculately dressed in a brown suit and tie which seem to match the color of his hair, well-polished shoes and a creaseless yellow shirt. A leather portfolio is in his right hand.

JUDGE ESPOSITO
(looking straight at Sol)

Mr. West, you will remain silent until called upon.

SOL
(turning furiously toward Hal)

But, but who hired you anyway, you, you no good squirt?

JUDGE ESPOSITO
(more harshly)

Mr. West, you will at all times speak respectfully to and act so toward the opposing counsel!

Steven puts a calming hand on Sol's shoulder, but Sol is oblivious.

SOL
I never got my daughter any lawyer!

JUDGE ESPOSITO
Mr. West, under our system of Anglo-Saxon Jurisprudence, your daughter is entitled to counsel of her own choosing. She is past the legal age and how she obtained it does not concern the court nor does it concern you. Now, you're to sit down and follow procedure.

Sol turns pale as his limbs tremble and he turns to Steven. His mouth moves quickly, but absolutely nothing comes out. He then looks haphazardly in every direction.

SOL
(suddenly hurling out the words)
That kid! He's straight from Hell! And he's everywhere!

JUDGE ESPOSITO
(sternly and resolutely)

Mr. West, this is your last warning! One more outburst and I'll cite you for contempt!

Steven touches Sol's shoulder again and Sol reluctantly and sullenly sits down.

JUDGE ESPOSITO

Counsel for the plaintiff, you will make the opening statement.

Steven takes a deep breath, weighing his every word.

STEVEN

(His voice tends toward the shrill side.)

Your Honor, I intend to show that the defendant, Miss Heather West, aged twenty-one, has maintained a relationship with a seventeen-year-old boy, contrary to every norm of society and to common sense as well. She stubbornly refuses to heed the admonitions of her father, even though evidence also indicates that this boy feels no affection for her and is interested only in the family's money. For her own good, she should be denied the power to make any decisions since time and again, she's proven herself incapable.

Steven seats himself and Hal rises.

HAL

Your Honor, I was assigned to this case a mere four days ago and ask the court's forgiveness for taking up its time at this point. My client is a student at Barnard University where she's been on the dean's list since the second half of her Freshman year. Today, the day this appearance was scheduled, is precisely when she has to take her final exam in History, fact of which renders her unable to be here in her defense.

(He reaches into his portfolio and takes out two slips of paper.)

Your Honor, I have here proof that today is exam day for my client and, if it please the court, I would like to approach the bench and place in your hand both the college schedule and the list of students with my client's name on it.

JUDGE ESPOSITO

Permission granted.

Hal goes up to the bench and shows the papers to the judge, who looks them over thoroughly. He hands them back to Hal, who then returns to the counsel table to go on with his argument.

HAL
(continuing)

Your Honor, we are all aware of the system here in which the defendant's absence indicates acquiescence to the plaintiff's petition. The preponderance of evidence shows definite bad faith in the arranging of the hearing on this particular day. I therefore ask a two-week postponement, so it coincides instead with the recess between semesters and Miss West can be in court to defend herself as well as to give me further time to prepare.

The judge looks about contemplatively for a few seconds.

JUDGE ESPOSITO
Request granted.

HAL
Thank you, your Honor.

Hal turns around and leaves the court. Sol's teeth chatter as his pale color continues. Steven has to help him from the table.

EXTERIOR-IZZY BERMAN'S FRUIT STORE-DAY

It is still winter. Wind is HOWLING and snow blows in every direction. Irwin is bundled up in heavy clothing as he wheels the bicycle and prepares to mount. Heather appears in a thick fur coat and runs up to him. She is obviously alarmed and Irwin stops in his tracks.

IRWIN
Heather, why in the world---

HEATHER
Irwin, what you did to Daddy! You could have killed him! He almost couldn't breathe at dinner and Mommy actually had to put him to bed!

IRWIN
(slyly)
I told you they wouldn't find you incompetent, didn't I?

Irwin kicks down the stand and releases the bicycle.

HEATHER

Irwin, Daddy's had one heart attack already and he can't take the slightest aggravation! It can send him right to the grave!

IRWIN

So he drops, we win. What's bad about that?

HEATHER

(aghast)

Please, don't even think such thoughts!

IRWIN

(puzzled)

Heather, why the sudden fondness for this guy?

Heather stares into nothingness and hesitates a good many seconds before any words come out.

HEATHER

Irwin, he's so nice to me.

She moves toward him, but Irwin draws back as his jaws drop.

IRWIN

Nice to you? He calls you a mental case, tries to get you judged incompetent and you call that nice to you? If that's nice, I'd hate to see the old ass hole when he gets mean.

HEATHER

Irwin, stop talking that way about Daddy!

IRWIN

(defiantly putting hands on hips)

I'll talk about Daddy any way I feel like! He sure as Hell isn't very nice to me.

HEATHER

(pleadingly putting hands on hips)

But you only see Daddy's bad side. When he's good, he's the sweetest man there is. He buys me all kinds of presents.

(ruffling the arms of her coat)

See this beautiful fur coat? He bought it for me. Remember the clothes I wore when we all went out? He had them specially made. He got me the low-cut blouse even though he didn't like it. And he'll buy me a car and teach me to drive, too, as soon as I graduate with Honors.

Heather's eyes tighten as her features contort in the extreme. Then she darts over to Irwin, flings her head on his chest and cries uncontrollably. Irwin softens, takes her in his arms and pats her.

IRWIN

It's all right. It's all right. You don't have to worry about anything. I look out for you and so does Sid.

HEATHER

(looking up at Irwin through moist eyes)

Daddy asked me how I got a lawyer. I told him I didn't know.

IRWIN

That's Sid's cousin. His name's Hal and Sid mentioned him that night when we came out of the movie.

(He playfully and affectionately squeezes her cheek.)

Now, you'll see him in his office on the first day after the intercession.

Irwin reaches into his pocket and takes out his wallet. Heather retreats from him, pulls out a handkerchief and dries her face. Irwin removes a card from the wallet, hands it to her, then puts the wallet back in his pocket.

IRWIN

(continuing)

Listen carefully to Hal and when you're in court, do what he tells you. The case isn't hard.

(chuckling)

At least not for us.

They look penetratingly into each others' eyes, then slowly approach and kiss gently on the lips. Jerry comes out of the store, but slows upon seeing them. Irwin notices Jerry and turns to him.

IRWIN

Oh, Jerry, I want you to meet my girl-friend, Heather.

Jerry extends his hand.

IRWIN

(to Heather)

Heather, my co-worker, Jerry.

Heather puts a hand out to Jerry.

INTERIOR-HAL WEINTRAUB'S OFFICE-DAY

It has gray carpeting, pale blue walls, a desk in the middle and a huge window on the right side.

Heather makes her way slowly to the desk where Hal is seated.

HAL

(amiably)

Come on in, Heather, and sit down.

He points to a chair in front of the desk as Heather continues in. He extends his hand and Heather takes it. Then she seats herself.

HAL

(continuing)

Take off your coat.

She removes her overcoat, gets up and hangs it on the chair.

HAL

(continuing)

Sid told me all about your case and it'll really give me personal satisfaction to help.

Heather turns and sits down again, pocket-book on her lap. Then she gives Hal all her attention.

HAL
(continuing)

When Sid called, the first thing that came to mind, he's in some kind of difficulty with his family. What a pleasant surprise to learn he's trying to do something for someone else.

(He at once turns really serious.)

So let's get down to business. The first thing, I want you to be in court nine sharp or earlier.

Heather nods.

HAL
(continuing)

We might just be the first ones called and if you're not there, it can count against us.

HEATHER
I'm used to having to be on time for school.

HAL
Good. Now, to the next point. I've waived your right to a jury trial.

Heather looks at him oddly.

HAL
(continuing)

The reason: your father's lawyer is going to be out to shock a jury. A a twenty-year-old college student with a high school age boy-friend would certainly do the trick. On the other hand, it's hard to shock a judge. He hears about all dorts of things and this'll be one of the mildest.

HEATHER
Irwin can be there so the judge can see for himself---

HAL
(putting up one hand)

No, I'm afraid not. Seeing him with you might annoy this guy. Merely knowing about it makes your boy-friend an abstraction.

HEATHER

I see.

HAL

(continuing)

Aside from all this, I spoke to your professors at school and all of them has nothing but good things to say about you.

Heather's mouth opens as her eyes rivet fearfully.

HEATHER

Spoke to the teachers? I don't want them to know---

HAL

Heather, they were outraged, each and every single one of them! You're not doing anything wrong. Wrong is being done to you. And they were ready to testify in your behalf.

Heather simmers down, but casts her eyes to the floor.

HAL

I told them not to. Edelberg'll try to trip them up. And a professor who lives in an isolated world is easy prey for him.

HEATHER

(focusing bewilderedly on Hal)

What do you mean, "easy prey"?

HAL

I'll give you an example. In an American History class, you were the only one who got upset at what was done to the Indian. You proposed giving each one a hundred thousand dollars and everybody laughed.

HEATHER

That makes me incompetent?

HAL

In the eyes of some, it makes you a kook, or a communist.

HEATHER

A communist?

HAL

Heather, Senator McCarthy hasn't even been dead two years and the damage he did lingers with us like a rotten cold. We'll have to deal with that in court.

Heather glances distractedly toward the window, then looks back at Hal.

HAL

(continuing)

Instead, I had them write letter to present to the judge.

(taking some papers off the desk and handing them to Heather)

Here, your carbon copies. Look what they wrote down.

Heather slowly leafs through each sheet of paper as her eyes light up. Some time elapses before Hal begins again.

HAL

Now, a few words about the judge we'll be facing.

Heather puts the papers into her pocket-book.

HAL

(continuing)

Judge Esposito: he can be nasty and irritable at times. He has an ulcer and high blood pressure.

Heather turns a little apprehensive again.

HAL

(continuing)

But he goes by the law unless you really excite him. Your father already did just that, so we have a sort of friend in him for now.

(twinkling mischievously)

He was easy prey for my trap.

Heather vainly tries to avoid wincing.

HAL

(continuing)

And as for the law, it's solidly on your side.

Heather's demeanor relaxes.

HEATHER

Anything more?

HAL

Just a few things. I'm keeping you off the stand.

HEATHER

Why?

HAL

Anyone can get nervous in a courtroom situation, unless he's used to it. And they'll try to do that to you if you speak in your own defense.

Hal looks around the room as if searching for some missing thought.

HAL

(continuing and snapping out of it)

Oh, and one last detail. At the hearing, I'll have to make like I don't approve of your relationship with your boy-friend either. The fact is, I have nothing against it.

Heather looks gratefully at Hal.

HEATHER

Nothing else to go over, I take it.

HAL

Nope, that's about it. See you in court three days from now.

They wave "good byes" at each other. Then Heather gets up and turns around to leave.

INTERIOR-COURTROOM-DAY

The spectators' section has several more people than before. Hal and Heather are seated together in the right front row. Sol and Steven are a few seats back on the other side. The bailiff is at his post but the judge's bench is still vacant. The bailiff takes a small step forward as the rear door opens and Judge Esposito walks in.

BAILIFF

All rise for the entrance of presiding Judge Raymond Esposito.

Everybody stands up as Judge Esposito CLOSES the door and makes his way to the bench. He steps up and seats himself on his chair.

BAILIFF

Be seated.

Everyone sits down. The bailiff looks at a sheet of paper.

BAILIFF

Competency hearing; Solomon West versus Heather West.

Hal nudges Heather's arm and winks at her as if to say "I told you so." They go to the counsel table while Sol and Steven do the same. The judge looks briefly at him.

JUDGE ESPOSITO

We were pretty much through this two weeks ago, so let's get on as quickly as possible.

(turning to the plaintiff's table)

Counsel, call up your witness.

Steven motions to Sol and Sol goes to the witness chair. The bailiff takes a Bible and holds it in front as soon as Sol sits down.

BAILIFF

(continuing)

Mr. Solomon West, do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

SOL

I do.

The bailiff retreats to his place.

JUDGE ESPOSITO

Your witness, counsel.

Steven rises and collects himself.

STEVEN

Mr. West, please relate to the court what transpired at the Laurel's Hotel during August of last year.

SOL

Well, we were on a two-week vacation, my family and me.

STEVEN

And what was your daughter's behavior during that time?

SOL

She took up with this kid just seventeen and called him her boy-friend. They held hands, hugged and kissed.

(frowning)

It was disgusting.

STEVEN

How old is your daughter?

SOL

Twenty-one.

The audience GASPS and some snicker. Judge Esposito looks up, gavel in hand, but restrains himself as they quiet quickly.

STEVEN

How did you react to this?

SOL

Well, first I tried to explain that it's completely inappropriate, a college student going into her senior year. She should find someone her own age or older.

STEVEN

And in what manner did your daughter respond?

SOL

She was really stubborn and when I tried to be more emphatic, she raised her voice to me in public. I was really embarrassed.

STEVEN

Aside from the difference in their ages, do you find anything else objectionable about this young man?

SOL

(bolting upright)

I sure do! That kid's a lousy, good-for-nothing who wants our money! And an out and out liar besides. His very name there was a lie!

JUDGE ESPOSITO

(looking over at Sol)

What do you mean by that?

SOL

He borrowed someone else's birth certificate and worked under that phony name because they don't allow some snot nose on a hotel staff!

Hal turns to Heather and shoots her an annoyed look.

HAL

(in a hushed tone)

Why didn't you tell me about that?

HEATHER

I forgot, I forgot. I'm sorry.

She blushes and the judge focuses his eyes disapprovingly on her. Then Hal calms and resumes his normal bearing, but Heather is unable to retrieve herself.

JUDGE ESPOSITO

What did he do there?

SOL

He was a waiter, my waiter. No good luck of mine.

JUDGE ESPOSITO

(turning to Steven)

Do you wish to question your witness any further?

STEVEN

No, your honor. That will be all!

JUDGE ESPOSITO

(looking toward Hal)

You may now cross-examine.

Heather continues moving about nervously. The judge glances at her with more scorn. Steven sits down and Hal rises. Hal pauses as if planning some new strategy. Then he looks straight at Sol.

HAL

Mr. West, when your daughter was on this vacation, did she know it was at the Catskills or did she think she was somewhere on the South Sea Islands?

STEVEN

(leaping to his feet)

Objection, your honor! Counsel is introducing irrelevancies.

HAL

Your honor, I'm trying to establish that during that summer, my client was coherent. Incompetent people tend to imagine things that aren't, so my question is very relevant.

JUDGE ESPOSITO

Objection over-ruled. Let him answer.

SOL

(with an exasperated, condescending smile)

Of course she didn't think she was anywhere in the South Seas.

HAL

I see. Now, when she and her boyfriend hugged and kissed, did she then do a striptease in front of a crowd, thinking she was Gypsy Rose Lee?

SOL

Of course not. Why would you think---

HAL

Because these are the things incompetent people do, not make bad decisions. Now you say this young man is only out for your money. What evidence have you of this?

SOL

(trying to get his thoughts together)

Well, there were lots of other girls there, waitresses, high school kids and all that, and he goes right for my daughter.

(He turns his head back and forth, then his eyes shoot out.)

And besides, he was at my house once and all he did was stare at the paintings on the walls! He wanted all these things. I could tell!

HAL

Very interesting. Whose paintings have you?

SOL

Let me see. A little Rembrandt, a little Van Gogh, some Rockwell Kent---

HAL

(cutting him off)

Mr. West, if some day I work for you and have to go and visit, please give me a blind-fold! I like these artists too and I'll take a good, hard look! But I assure you I don't want a penny of yours I didn't earn!

(turning to the judge)

No further questions, your honor. The witness may step down.

Sol gets off the chair and slowly walks back to Steven.

JUDGE ESPOSITO

(to Hal)

Have you any witnesses to call?

HAL

No, your honor.

JUDGE ESPOSITO

Your summation, then.

Hal inhales deeply, then begins.

HAL

Your honor, many people in this world make the wrong decisions, from housewives right up to national leaders. And if each one were declared a mental defective, we'd all be in a bad way. Youth is a treasured time of life during which we can make our mistakes and learn from them. And if we're big enough, we come out the wiser for it.

(pointing accusingly at Sol)

Your honor, this father wants to clip his daughter's wings and classify her with the world's psychotics for doing something that can't meet with our approval. This in no way comes close to the fairness in which we pride ourselves as a country! It doesn't at all resemble our heritage of inalienable individual rights, but smacks instead of the totalitarianism we claim to be fighting!

(withdrawing his finger, looking briefly at his client, then directly at the judge)

Now, as for Miss West. Far from being mentally incompetent, she's a brilliant individual who attends a prestigious university where she's admired by students and faculty alike. I have here, several letters from the institution's most respected professors to attest to that and I ask the court's permission to approach the bench and enter them as evidence.

JUDGE ESPOSITO

(dully)

Permission granted.

Hal strides confidently over, removes some papers from a folder and puts them up into the judge's hand. Judge Esposito leafs through each one rapidly and expressionlessly as Hal walks back and resumes his position at the table.

HAL
(continuing)

Your honor, this is what my client is all about and my summation would be over if the character of the young man Miss West sees weren't defamed. Yes, he borrowed someone else's birth certificate to get his job and maintained it under an assumed name.

(waving his arms fiercely)

But he did it to work, not to swindle, not to steal but to work! Mr. West doesn't even claim this young man was under any suspicion for stealing from a room or even swiping anything from a table! And do you know why he isn't here now? Because he's doing hard, honest labor on a fruit stand so he can some day go back to school and better himself, just as my parents did, just as you probably did and just as everybody does in our immigrant culture of which we're all proud!

(He pauses to a hushed courtroom.)

Thank you, your honor. That is all.

Hal sits down.

JUDGE ESPOSITO
Counsel for the plaintiff will now sum up his case.

Steven rises.

STEVEN
(a little uneasy)

Your honor, there obviously isn't very much to talk about. Mr. Weintraub can say whatever he wishes, but a twenty-one-year-old woman who, by my client's uncontested testimony, hugs and kisses a seventeen-year-old boy evidently isn't all there. I trust you'll make the right decision.

Steven seats himself. The judge quickly clears his throat.

JUDGE ESPOSITO

My decision, I've already reached. First of all, let me point out that a violation of the labor laws has come to light here, but that doesn't fall within our jurisdiction. And regarding the case I now have before me, in my line of work, you come across lots of idiots and this defendant is just another one. Watching her twiddle and fidget, she looks like a stupid, kindergarten kid barely out of her diapers. As for the recommendations, for my part, you can toss them all into the waste basket. College professors can be the looniest bunch in town and, naturally, they'll leap to defend one of their own. I know. I had to go to college to get this job.

Murmured LAUGHTER comes from the spectators as Heather looks about apprehensively.

JUDGE ESPOSITO
(continuing)

However, it's true, you can't take every jerk and rule him incompetent. If we did, you might even wake up one morning and find out the country doesn't have a president.

The audience ROARS.

JUDGE ESPOSITO
(continuing)

Petition for incompetency denied.

Heather and Hal all but jump for joy as a smile shows through Heather's moist eyes. They happily embrace each other. Sol springs to his feet and looks daggers at Heather.

SOL
That little punk won't sneak into our family through you and rob us! I'll kill ya first!

The judge shoots a threatening look at Sol. Sol's wrath dissolves and he trembles in place.

SOL
Oh, I'm sorry. I mean I love you, Heather, but I can't let this guy take advantage of you. I wouldn't be a good father if I did.

Contestants and lawyers turn to leave. The judge of a sudden looks out at everyone present.

JUDGE ESPOSITO

Just one moment before we adjourn.

All get back into place.

JUDGE ESPOSITO

(continuing and looking sternly at Heather)

I trust, young lady, that your relationship with this child is strictly limited to kissing and holding hands.

Heather eyes him fearfully, then cries and hides her face in her hands.

JUDGE ESPOSITO

(continuing and more harshly)

If it's gone any further, let me warn you there are laws against corrupting the morals of a minor, and they're enforced.! If there's been any intimacy, the law supposes you initiated it and you'll wind up in a criminal court! There, if you're found guilty, you'll be sent to jail!

Heather weeps on further as Hal puts his arms about her shoulder to comfort her.

EXTERIOR-AVENUE X NEAR SID'S APARTMENT BUILDING-DAY

It is still winter. Small snow-piles cover the building and some lawns and slush as at the curbs and under the cars.

Irwin and Sid are walking along. They are hatless, but well-bundled.

IRWIN

(anxiously)

Now's the time!

Sid nods in agreement.

IRWIN

(continuing)

If we don't strike today, we never will. You just remember everything you thought up.

They walk across the street.

IRWIN

What you tell her'll make or break us so you'd best do everything right.

(He takes a glance at his watch.)

She should be waiting outside just when we get off the bus.

They reach Ocean Avenue as a bus arrives. Irwin hurries the last few steps and thrusts himself so the DRIVER can plainly see. Sid follows. The vehicle pulls over, the door opens and they step in.

INTERIOR-BUS-DAY

The driver is at his place, forward facing seats are on each end and a fair amount of PASSENGERS occupy them.

Irwin and Sid pay their fares and procede toward the rear. The bus takes off and Irwin and Sid struggle one brief moment to maintain their balance. They get into one seat midway through and settle in with Irwin near the window. The bus continues along.

IRWIN

(grinning mischievously)

I wish I could've been there to see old Sol Weisberg go ape-shit in the court.

SID

My cousin's tops in his business. And I told him about you, what I thought he oughtta know.

(regretfully)

I hated to keep anything from him. He's one hell of a nice guy. But what could I do? He was all we had and if he knew the score, he'd've dumped you quick.

IRWIN

(turning to Sid, a little nervous)

Sid, there are things about me you don't even know and I think it's about time I told you.

Sid looks on silently.

IRWIN

(continuing)

Four years ago, I got together with two friends of mine and we stole chemicals, bottles, formulas and labels from the Mc'Doughald laboratories. That's when I lived in the Bronx. I figured out how to mix the stuff myself and sold them to the pharmacies. I told them I was the owner's son.

(chuckling)

I called myself Paul Mc'Doughald.

Sid keeps staring ahead.

IRWIN

(continuing)

I must've made two hundred a week during two months until I got to one drug store and the cops were there. My look-out beat it, but I took the rap alone. That's the kind of guy I am.

The bus comes to a stop. Irwin looks briefly outside, then begins again as it pulls out.

IRWIN

(continuing)

They hold me in "Youth House" for a couple of weeks and I thought they'd send me up for sure. Then my old man came into the children's Court with this well-dressed type who announces himself as a State Senator. He said such great things about me you wouldn't guess I never saw the guy in my life. And the judge let me off with a year's probation.

(light headedly)

I guess the Senator wanted my old man's vote.

They share a laugh.

IRWIN

(continuing)

I was a juvenile, so my record's sealed unless I get in trouble again.
And don't worry, I won't.

Irwin looks outside again, rises and pulls the cord. They get up and walk to the back of the bus.

IRWIN

(continuing)

It doesn't pay to be a thief. Better to be a lover.

They arrive at the rear door. The vehicle stops, the door opens and they get out.

EXTERIOR-OCEAN AVENUE ACROSS FROM IRWIN'S BUILDING-DAY

Irwin and Sid stop into the street. The bus takes off as the door shuts and Heather appears on the other side. Irwin and Heather both put up one hand. The traffic decreases and Irwin darts over with Sid trailing. They fall into each other's arms and hug and kiss intensely. Irwin strokes Heather's cheek as Sid catches up. The the three walk into the building as Heather clutches onto Irwin.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

They come in and Irwin turns on the light. Irwin then SHUTS the door, all remove their top coats and Irwin and Heather sit arm-in-arm on the couch. Sid picks up a chair and get opposite them.

IRWIN

(softly to Heather)

Listen to Sid now. He knows what he's talking about.

SID

(to Heather)

Okay. The first thing, a message from my cousin. Don't worry about what the judge told you. He's more bluff than anything else and he's probably forgotten you already.

Heather breathes a sigh of relief.

SID

(continuing)

But take it from me, there's someone you've gotta think about, your father.

HEATHER

Daddy?

SID

That's right. He's the one who can do you in. You had a good scare this time. Next time, Hal may not be able to do anything for you.

HEATHER

(alarmed)

What next time?

SID

You have an inheritance in life if my guess is accurate.

HEATHER

Yes.

SID

That, your father can take away any time without even giving a reason.

Heather looks around with foreboding.

SID

(continuing)

My cousin operates only within the Law. He wouldn't bribe a judge or anything like that.

Heather hurls her head onto Irwin's chest.

HEATHER

(near panic)

I don't want to go to any court again!

Sid leans over and taps Heather's shoulder.

SID

You won't have to if you follow my advice.

(getting back into position)

When do you get your inheritance?

HEATHER

(regaining some composure)

As soon as I graduate from college.

SID

Good! Now when you do, you and Irwin get married quietly at City Hall, no ceremony, no reception and then you put the money in his name. Your father can have power of attorney, escape clauses or whatever, even after you have that money. But these things don't apply if it legally separates from you.

She glances at Irwin, who shakes his head in the affirmative.

SID

(continuing)

You know Irwin wouldn't hurt you. You've had so many good times together.

HEATHER

I'll think about it.

SID

(emphatically)

Don't think about it. Do it!

Irwin and Sid get up.

IRWIN

(apologetically to Heather)

I've gotta go to the store now, Heather. I told you there wouldn't be much time.

Heather rises. All put on their coats. Irwin turns off the light and opens the door and they go out.

INTERIOR-HALL-DAY

One by one, all come through the doorway. Irwin CLOSES up and takes Heather by the arm when the adjacent door opens and TRUDY appears. She is in her mid-twenties and as she drapes herself with an over-coat, a low-cut blouse and an enormous bust come clearly into view. Sid turns around and gapes.

IRWIN

(hurriedly to Sid)

That's my neighbor Trudy and put your eyes back in your head. Wait'll you see what comes out next.

Trudy's HUSBAND follows. He is a hulk of a man with a perpetual scowl and muscles showing even beneath his jacket. Sid quickly looks ahead and the other door SLAMS as they continue on.

EXTERIOR-COURTYARD-DAY

Irwin, Heather and Sid walk on out. Trudy and her husband come next but overtake them as he angrily hurries her on, shaking his finger at her. They both leave the yard as Sid gets in front of Irwin and Heather and halts. Heather and Irwin detain themselves as well.

SID

One detail I should've mentioned.

They stand and wait.

SID

(continuing)

It's best that between now and graduation, you don't see each other.

Heather looks sadly at Irwin.

SID

(continuing and focusing on Heather)

It'll be a sacrifice, I know, but your father has to think you don't go with him anymore. Otherwise, he'll be constantly thinking of ways to get at you.

Irwin eyes Heather as if to say "It hurts me too, but Sid has a point."

SID

(continuing)

During Easter Week, he'll be at his business and you'll be home so you can talk on the phone and he won't find out. And as soon as you graduate, you both marry secretly and then follow the rest of what I said.

HEATHER
(haltingly, but a little more up-beat)
That's what I believe I'll do.

SID
Excellent!

They start walking again.

SID
(continuing)
Another point, Irwin'll still need his father's consent to marry because he won't be twenty-one.

They go out into the street.

EXTERIOR-OCEAN AVENUE-DAY

Sid
(continuing)
But no matter what he might have told you, his father's a nice man and he'll sign.

Irwin frowns slightly. They reach the curb.

A taxi comes along. Heather signals and the cab comes to a halt. Irwin and Heather embrace tenderly. Then she pulls slowly away and gets into the taxi. A tear comes to Heather's eye as she closes the door. The cab pulls away. Irwin stares as it goes off into the distance. Then he turns to Sid and grabs his arms wildly.

IRWIN
(beaming all over)
That was a good move, telling her not to see me until graduation! A really great move!

(pulling away slightly)

She's the only cunt I've had since October and I'm tired of it. Now I can get some variety again! And when I do get her back, a good deal of her old man's bread comes too and I'll probably get rid of her later!

He looks with ecstasy over the whole panorama, then turns somber and peers at the horizon, reflecting for a good many seconds.

IRWIN

(still gazing ahead)

Sid, remember those Park Avenue buildings?

SID

Yeah.

IRWIN

Well, some day I'm gonna own one of those buildings. And you'll have a nice soft job administrating it. Five hundred a week, I'll start you off with. That and all the call-girls you can get; all the call-girls we can get.

(He turns to Sid and bursts again into a radiant smile.)

For us the future's nothing but bright.

INTERIOR-EMERGENCY ROOM-MONTICELLO HOSPITAL-DAY

Irwin is semi-conscious on the journey. Max and Herbert are near-by when the older policeman opens the door and barges in. Irwin's face begins to show some expressions as he turns his head with great difficulty, obviously trying to focus on something.

POLICEMAN

We just got the low-down from Lakewood. The address on Highway Nine's a phony. There isn't even a house on that road. The license, he got from the New Jersey office at Rockefeller Center and the car's not registered or insured.

(He chuckles.)

Aside from that, everything's on the level.

Max and Herbert eye each other. Then Max twinkles and looks toward Irwin.

MAX

Driving at a high speed with a phony license in an unregistered car and cracking it up without insurance. If this kid miraculously survives, he's in for one hell of a tough time.

Max goes and busies himself with something else, but Herbert walks up close to Irwin, shooting him a look of intense disapproval. Herbert then leaves the journey as Irwin regains consciousness further, his eyes riveting with fright.

INTERIOR-IZZY BERMAN'S FRUIT STORE-DAY

Irwin and Jerry are sorting out the produce.

IRWIN

I broke up with my girlfriend.

JERRY

(smiling upon Irwin)

I figured that was gonna happen the way I heard you fight'n' those times.

IRWIN

(shrugging)

Maybe it's for the best. I sort of like playing the field.

Jerry stops what he's doing and shoots Irwin an enthusiastic glance.

JERRY

Irwin, you wanna party with me next Saturday?

IRWIN

(surprised)

Party?

JERRY

That's right. Lottsa girls there, all of 'em lookin' for one thing.

IRWIN

(all aglow)

I sure do!

They resume work, Irwin showing zeal in all his movements. Then he slows down and turns to Jerry.

IRWIN

Jerry, something else.

JERRY

Yeah?

IRWIN

Can I bring a friend with me?

Jerry pauses pensatively, then replies.

JERRY

If he's a pal of yours, he must be a good guy too. So take him along.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

Irwin dials the phone. He waits impatiently for an answer.

IRWIN

Hello, Sid, Irwin. I got something for us next week! Plain screwing----

The door OPENS:

IRWIN

(continuing in a more hushed tone)

My old man's walking in. Wait outside. See you as soon as I get there.

Michael enters and CLOSES the door. Irwin HANGS UP.

EXTERIOR-AVENUE X OUTSIDE SID'S BUILDING-DAY

Sid's countenance registers shock and disgust.

SID

Schvartzas! Ugly, greasy things. How could you---?

IRWIN

They'll fuck like bunnies. Jerry, the colored fellow I work with, he turned out to be a nice guy and he told me---

SID
(interrupting with his face still contorted)
You wanna screw around at a schvartza party, go yourself.

EXTERIOR-OCEAN AVENUE OUTSIDE FINKELSTEINS' BUILDING-NIGHT

Jerry's faded-blue car is parked in front.

Dressed in suits and ties, Irwin and Jerry go to their respective sides of the vehicle. It has New Jersey plates.

Jerry opens his door and gets in, then opens up Irwin's and Irwin follows suit.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

They SLAM shut. Jerry puts the key in the ignition, then of a sudden stops and turns Irwin's way.

JERRY
And your friend?

IRWIN
(blushing as he looks ahead)
Oh, he called and told me he wasn't feeling well.

JERRY
(skeptically)
I see.

He puts his hand back on the key.

JERRY
(continuing and a little tensely)
Well, it's not your fault.

He turns the ignition and the motor SOUNDS.

EXTERIOR-OCEAN AVENUE-NIGHT

They pull out.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

They are absolutely quiet as the car crosses Avenue I and travels the next block.

EXTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

The vehicle gets to Avenue J and turns right.

EXTERIOR-AVENUE J-NIGHT

The go past the block of two-story residences.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

IRWIN

(finally breaking the silence)

I invited Sid. Who knows if he told me the truth or not?

JERRY

(slowly regaining his relaxed bearing)

Jus' forget it. I've been through a lot worse than that an' now's as good a time as any to tell you the whole business. You know how long I've been livin' here in Brooklyn?

Irwin looks at him and waits for an answer.

JERRY

(continuing)

Ten years. Seems like yesterday I got here.

They go past the commercial section which somewhat illuminates the car inside.

JERRY

(continuing)

Firs' thing I ever remember, I was four. We lived in a little shack in the country, my mother and father, me, my brothers and sisters; twelve kids.

Irwin gazes over again as if begging for more. They cross Ciney Island Avenue and the street gets dark.

JERRY

My mother an' me, we're listenin' to President Rossevelt speak on the radio an' I tell her, "Mam, I wanna be president too some day." She took her hand an' hit my face so hard I fell flat on the floor an' then she says, "Get dad outta yo head, boy, 'fore day hurts you real bad."

EXTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

Tehy turn at Ocean Parkway.

EXTERIOR-OCEAN PARKWAY-NIGHT

Box-type apartments are on each side and bicycle malls separate the service roads from the main avenue.

They are going along the wide section.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

JERRY

(continuing)

So, now I'm six, I go to school. We had two; one for us, the other for the white kids. I loved readn' an' learnin' even though there wasn't much in that cramped old school-house to learn or read.

(lifting his head for emphasis)

Specially, I liked Colombus crossin' the big ocean an' imagine I'm doin' it too. Then one day, I was maybe thirteen, they took us outta school an' had us working the fields. Guess they figured that's all we're good for.

IRWIN

You could've gone into the navy when you were seventeen or eighteen.

Jerry laughs loudly.

JERRY

I'd already forgotten sailin' by then an' thought only a' survivin'. An'
that's what I'm into now, gett'n' by from day to day.

EXTERIOR-PROSPECT EXPRESSWAY-NIGHT

It is a brightly lit viaduct; a continuation of Ocean Parkway with a sign bearing its
name.

The car enters and goes on.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

JERRY

(continuing)

I was twenty when the thing happened.

IRWIN

What thing?

JERRY

(contorting bitterly)

Outside a movie house in town lookin' at a film advertisement, some
redneck comes over to me an' says, "What you starin' at that white girl
for?"

IRWIN

A picture?

JERRY

That's right, a picture! An' he took a knife outta his pocket. He didn't get
the chance to use it 'cause the second I see it, I took my fist
an'smashed his mouth. Two a' his teeth dropped down on the street
where I left him. Next thing I know, the cops're after me.

IRWIN

(jolting as his eyes flash with indignation)

But it was self-defense!

JERRY

(grinning broadly)

That's not how they look at it down there. So I hadda split.

EXTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

They turn up the Brooklyn Queen's Expressway, another viaduct with one-way Traffic.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

JERRY

My mother jus' cried an' cried. She told me to take the family jalopy an' go that second an' not stop 'till t'm really far away. She kissed my cheek a thousand times an' when I open the door to go she says, "Dat what you gets fo' trying' a' be president o' de country." I drove north like she said I should an' now I'm here.

(breaking into a grin once more)

Instead a' sailin' over the waves on those three ships, I wen over the bumpy road in a rickety, beat-up car.

Jerry guffaws as Irwin looks on in a stupor.

EXTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

They get off at the Atlantic Avenue exit and go down the ramp.

EXTERIOR-RAMP-NIGHT

The car continues until it rides off.

EXTERIOR-ATLANTIC AVENUE-NIGHT

It is a huge thoroughfare with stores and lofts on each side.

They enter and keep going.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

Irwin is still transfixed as Jerry playfully takes his right hand off the wheel and slaps Irwin's shoulder.

JERRY

What're you so glumb about? We're gett'n' to the party!

EXTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

They turn down a tenement-lined street.

EXTERIOR-STREET-NIGHT

The car continues until it reaches one of the buildings. Music BLARES from a second-story window as the vehicle halts.

Irwin and Jerry get out and CLOSE their doors.

They walk out into the tenement.

INTERIOR-TENEMENT STAIRWAY-NIGHT

It is narrow with faded, chipped paint.

Irwin and Jerry are walking up side by side.

Irwin stops in his tracks and Jerry detains himself as well.

IRWIN

Jerry, no one's gonna have anything against me being there, will they?

JERRY

(looking over with disbelief)

Irwin, I already told them about you. You're the only white guy I could ever say "hi" to an' call by his firs' name. So let's go on up.

They resume their walk.

IRWIN

(bubbling all over)

I wanna switch girls during that second part you mentioned.

JERRY

(smiling upon him)

We'll do that too.

They get to the second story.

INTERIOR-SECOND STORY-HALL-NIGHT

It has the same aspects as the stairway but doors are on each side.

They continue on. Jerry gets in front and Irwin follows.

INTERIOR-PARTY HOST'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

It has a linoleum floor and its walls are papered blue with flowers. The ceiling is a freshly-painted red.

Everybody is living it up as the door opens and Irwin and Jerry walk in. The MUSIC is instantly turned down and the party's HUM all but ceases as the attention turns to Irwin. Most, but not all of the women, swoon and most men gape with admiration. A processed-haired GIRL in her mid-twenties can't take her eyes away from him.

GIRL

Ain't he gorgeous!

Irwin and Jerry remove their coats and hang them on a rack. The MUSIC gradually resumes its volume as the record plays "THE GREAT PRETENDER" by THE PLATTERS. Jerry and Irwin go to the dance floor. Jerry quickly picks a WOMAN and Irwin hesitates. Jerry leaves his partner for the moment and motions a little impatiently at Irwin to go ahead and choose his. Irwin walks over to a short-haired THIRTY-YEAR-OLD who sits in a corner. She gets up slowly and unwillingly and Jerry angrily goes and "hoogies" her head with his clenched second finger.

JERRY

Dance with him!

She uncomfortably takes his hand and goes through the motions but stays only a brief while before the processed-haired girl scurries to them and pulls her off.

GIRL

You, get away! Ah'll give him what he wants.

The girl approaches him with a sultry look and rubs her body up.

GIRL
You Irwin, right?

IRWIN
(head in the clouds)
Sure.

GIRL
Ah'm Shirley.

"THE GREAT PRETENDER" continues playing as their cheeks meet.

INTERIOR-TENEMENT STAIRWAY-NIGHT

Jerry and his woman friend are gayly going down with Irwin and Shirley following and BRUCE and Irwin's first woman partner behind. Jerry ignores the women as he turns to address Irwin and stops walking. The others halt as well.

JERRY
I want you to meet Bruce 'cause he's my-man.

They extend hands and shake. Bruce is very dark and on the heavy side. He is friendly, but reserved.

They proceed downward again.

JERRY
(continuing)
I got a dollar, Bruce got half of it.

They get to the door, Jerry opens and they go out.

EXTERIOR-STREET-NIGHT

Bruce takes the door from Irwin and lets it close, then they walk down the stoops.

JERRY
(continuing)

My-man lost his license for lett'n' some un-licensed guy drive who got into an accident.

They get to the side-walk and turn left.

JERRY
(continuing)

Then he's usin' his old car after they fix it up, like mine, Jersey plates, you don' need insurance. An' he slides on the ice an' hits a lamp post with a police car right by. I jump out 'n' say, "I was drivin'!"

(beaming proudly)

I'll take my chances without a license for six months before I'll let my-man go to jail.

They get to another apartment, turn up the steps and go in.

INTERIOR-JERRY'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

It has a small, combined bedroom, kitchen and living-room. Its floor is chipped linoleum and the wooden walls are unpainted with some splinters coming out.

Jerry opens and flicks on the light as all come in. He feels around and takes his coat off with a sigh of relief.

JERRY
The heat's workin'. That means we take a bath!

INTERIOR-BATHROOM-NIGHT

It has a crude tub on one side and an old toilet on the other. Above the toilet is a wooden shelf with a small radio on it.

The tub is filling and steam permeates the aire as the couples are in various stages of undress. The radio plays "CUPID" by SAM COOKE. Shirley and Irwin joyfully shed their remaining under-clothes. She throws her arms around Irwin's neck as they PLUNGE into the tub. Bruce and his woman get in beside them as Shirley pulls Irwin closer. He caresses her back, then grabs her buttocks. Jerry is pressing his mistress against the tub's side.

IRWIN

(eyes almost out of his head)

Now! Let's switch!

Irwin nudges Shirley Bruce's way and with a sad, droopy face, she goes. Bruce's woman looks at Irwin with disgust and remains in her spot. Jerry peers over, leaves his lover and reaches out with gritted teeth. He grabs Bruce's woman by the neck and violently shoves her to Irwin.

JERRY

Get with him!

EXTERIOR-AVENUE X OUTSIDE SID'S BUILDING-DAY

Irwin and Sid are on the corner. It is still winter and they wear heavy clothing.

IRWIN

These girls are white if it'll make you feel better.

Sid gives him a look of "What do you think?"

IRWIN

(continuing)

I met them at a Bel Harbor party I snuck into.

Sid grins.

IRWIN

(continuing)

They think my name's Frank and that I'm twenty and I come from a rich family in the Jamaica Estates. I told them I'd pick them up in a Caddy, so when we get there in your Buick, go along with whatever I say, okay?

Sid

(chuckling and patting Irwin's shoulder)

All right.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-NIGHT

Irwin is immaculately dressed and by the phone. Michael is in the kitchen. Irwin dials with a sense of urgency. A few seconds elapse.

IRWIN

Hello, Jenny? It's Frank Gold! Listen, I won't have the car tonight. A really terrible emergency came up!

He hesitates and listens again.

IRWIN

(continuing)

I got hold of another one and we'll meet you just the way we planned! Tell Barbara to be there too. My friend'll be driving instead of me.

He hesitates and listens again.

IRWIN

(continuing)

We're gonna be a little late. I hadda go out to Brooklyn to pick the car up.

An inaudible voice is heard from the other side.

IRWIN

(continuing)

Okay, wait there!

He HANGS UP. Michael approaches from the kitchen.

MICHAEL

(sadly)

I don' know vat you vant mit det goil or vy you give det name, but it iss shitty business, Oivin. It iss shitty business.

Irwin completely ignores his father and hurries out, SLAMMING the door.

INTERIOR-SID'S CAR-NIGHT

Sid is wearing a good suit and drives with BARBARA beside him. She is thin and brunette. Irwin is in back with JENNY, a stiking blonde with glowing-pink nail polish. Under her top-coat is a low dress. She gazes upon Irwin and Irwin looks pleadingly at her. The large, well-lawned houses of Bel Harbor can be seen through the windows.

IRWIN

Jenny, I wanted to test the car, that's all.

She keeps looking upon him with pity and a little curiosity.

IRWIN

(continuing)

All right, I went too fast, but I didn't see the oil slick on Sunrise until I spun out of control.

EXTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

They turn up another street and proceed along the well-to-do residential street. Sid's mouth opens wide as he stares blankly ahead.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

IRWIN

(continuing and extremely emotional)

Two people died, one guy in his twenties and a child!

He moves his head towards Jenny's bust. She takes it and cradles it maternally.

IRWIN

(continuing and more matter-of-factly, but melancholically)

The only reason I'm here now, it happened in Nassau County, where my father knows the D.A. and he managed to call a private conference without the assistants finding out.

Jenny nudges Irwin slightly back. His eyes are downcast.

IRWIN

(continuing)

So my father took me to the D.A.'s office. And the D.A. said I should be put away for twenty years, whether my family's influential or not and he'll try and see that it happens.

They turn onto the parkway facing Jamaica Bay with the body of water on one side and houses on the other.

IRWIN

(continuing)

Then my father reminded him he donated lots of money during the last campaign and it might not be forthcoming this time. So the D.A. said all

right, he'll bury the charges, but he's personally going to the Motor Vehicles Bureau to get my license taken away. And that's what he did because two days later, the cops came over and made me hand it to them.

EXTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

They go leftward into the Riis Park parking lot.

Some cars with couples are scattered throughout.

They pull into a space far from the others.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

Sid's mouth is still wide open and he looks about incredulously as they come to a stop. Barbara strokes his face and suddenly, he turns and kisses her passionately. Irwin takes Jenny's hands into his own.

IRWIN

I hope some day, they'll let me drive again.

JENNY

(gently running her fingers through Irwin's hair)
Maybe they will, but five years from now, it you're good.

(at once giggling and crushing his face into her breasts)

And now, let's both be bad.

They embrace wildly.

INTERIOR-EMERGENCY ROOM-MONTICELLO HOSPITAL-DAY

Irwin is on the gourney with Max and Herbert walking about and tending to business. Irwin opens his eyes, moves his head as best he can and looks all around, obviously in distress. He contorts in the extreme.

IRWIN

Owww!

Max and Herbert suddenly look his way.

IRWIN

(continuing)

The pain! I can't take it! Go to hell! You fuckin' bastards!

Max makes his way toward the journey with an annoyed look. Irwin points a trembling finger at him and tries to sit upright.

IRWIN

(continuing)

Suck my dicky, you lousy piece a turd!

Max stops and stares open-mouthed as Herbert scurries over.

IRWIN

(continuing)

You stinking ass-holes don't do shit for me around here!

Irwin tries to get more words out, teeters and slumps back onto his pillow, completely exhausted. Max resumes his walk and reaches the journey. He grasps it and eyes Irwin harshly.

MAX

Now, listen here, kid. You have one big problem. You can't do what you're told! If you could, you wouldn't be here in the first place. So I'll give you some lessons. First of all, you'll watch your language around your elders. We're not your street buddies. And second, you don't tell us how to run this hospital. We're in charge here, not you.

Irwin lapses back into a semi-stupor as the black nurse enters and Herbert stands near him also, giving his own look of complete disapproval. Max turns to the nurse, then motions toward Irwin.

MAX

Shoot him up with pain killer.

The nurse goes to get her syringe. Max brusquely turns his back and walks away.

HERBERT

(breathing hotly upon Irwin)

Tell us where your parents are! It's your only hope!

Irwin tries desperately to talk and utters some incoherent syllables. The nurse injects him and he falls back into a lethargic state. Herbert shrugs and both go elsewhere as well, leaving Irwin to himself.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

Irwin is in the living-room by the phone. Sun-beams penetrate from the kitchen window, indicating that spring has come. Irwin dials a number, listens to a faint SOUND and waits patiently. He hears a soft CLICK from the other side.

IRWIN

Hello, Heather? Who do you think this is?

INTERIOR-HEATHER'S BEDROOM-DAY

HEATHER

(joyous but anxious)

Irwin, I've been waiting for you. Vacation started two days ago.

INTERIOR-LIVING ROOM-FINKEISTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

IRWIN

Me, too.

INTERIOR-HEATHER'S BEDROOM-DAY

HEATHER

(up-beat)

Irwin, Daddy goes out early in the morning.

(She hesitates for a moment.)

No, I told you before, he never comes back for lunch.

(She waits some more to hear him out.)

We can get together in Central Park and he won't find out.

INTERIOR-LIVING ROOM-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

IRWIN

(alarmed)
Heather, Heather, that's a really big chance!

(He listens for a while.)

You really don't think he'll figure anything's up? Okay, right after his scheduled break tomorrow, Central Park entrance.

He hangs up and beams contentedly.

EXTERIOR-CENTRAL PARK WEST-DAY

Plush apartment buildings are on one side, the park with its grass and narrow cement walk lined with trees and bushes is on the other.

Heather is at the entrance as Irwin goes along nonchalantly. The two are informally dressed. His features light up upon seeing her. She runs to him and they ardently embrace and kiss, tears streaming from both their eyes. Background music plays "CATCH A FALLING STAR " by Perry Como. An unshaven VAGRANT in a hand-me-down is sitting on the thick cement fence near them. They pay him no mind and they walk arm-in-arm to the open entrance gates, affectionately rubbing hips.

EXTERIOR-CENTRAL PARK-DAY

Background music continues with "CATCH A FALLING STAR".

They come in and Heather teasingly breaks away and runs with a mischievous smile. Irwin laughingly goes after her, brings her onto the grass and tackles her. They hug and kiss, then she gets up and darts toward some shrubbery. The vagrant makes his way unobtrusively and seats himself on a bench.

HEATHER
(beckoning with a finger)
Come and get me if you can.

He scurries some more, catches up and gets hold of her by a bush. Both fall and roll under. "CATCH A FALLING STAR" still plays as his hand can be seen affectionately touching her cheek.

EXTERIOR-UNDER THE LOW BUSH-DAY

They rub noses as "CATCH A FALLING STAR" continues. Then he reaches under her blouse. They fondle each other and undress.

EXTERIOR-CENTRAL PARK-DAY

The "vagrant" is still seated. The MUSIC comes to an end as he reaches into his inner jacket pocket, pulls out a notebook and pen and begins writing things down.

INTERIOR-IZZY BERMAN'S FRUIT STORE-DAY

Irwin and Jerry are dressed in light jackets. They are leaving their shifts and on their way out when Jerry stops and nudges Irwin's shoulder. Irwin detains himself as well.

JERRY

Say, you liked that party a few months back, judgin' how that's all you talked about for the next few days.

Irwin nods.

JERRY

(continuing)

How's 'bout another one this Saturday?

IRWIN

I'm afraid I can't. I just got back together with my girl friend.

JERRY

(somewhat surprised)

Ohhh.

(He hesitates, then snaps his finger.)

Tell you what. S'pose this time, you bring me to some party an' fix me up with one a your girls.

Irwin looks earnestly and pleadingly at Jerry

IRWIN

Jerry, I personally have nothing against you meeting a girl who's white and making it with her. But I don't know a single white girl who'd feel the same. To get you one, I'd have to drag her over and stand there ready to beat her with a chain. That's the way this lousy world is. I didn't make it. Nothing any of us can do to change it.

Jerry winks at him, then gives off a hearty laugh.

JERRY

I was only jokin'.

Irwin roars as well.

They resume their walk out of the store.

EXTERIOR-AVENUE J-DAY

They wave and go in separate directions, Irwin breaking into a slow trot.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

The door opens and Irwin comes in. He CLOSES it, merrily takes his jacket off and throws it on the couch. The phone RINGS. Irwin goes and picks it up.

IRWIN

Hello.

(Some seconds go by.)

Heather, what is it?

INTERIOR-HEATHER'S BEDROOM-DAY

HEATHER

(with frightened, moist eyes)

Daddy found us out!

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

IRWIN

(aghast)

What?

INTERIOR-HEATHER'S BEDROOM-DAY

HEATHER

He knows about us in the park. And he threatened to cut me off his will if I'm ever seen with you again, married or not!

(Time elapses as Irwin's VOICE comes through from the other end.)

He must have had us followed. That's all I can think of.

(She erupts into sobs.)

I can't live the way you do, Irwin. I'm not used to it!

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

Irwin's teeth chatter as his left arm flails about in blind rage. Then he slowly collects himself and returns to normal. Heather's CRYING can be heard.

IRWIN

Heather, now take it easy. He's not gonna disinherit you.

(Her desperate WAILS die down and cease as he hears her out.)

I came through for you the last time, didn't I? This'll be the same.

(Some more time passes.)

Don't you worry. Get off the phone now and wait for my next call in four days at this time. Everything'll be okay.

He HANGS UP. Then he hastily dials a number and waits nervously.

IRWIN

Hello, Sid? I'm sure glad I got you in. Go outside this second and a'll be over as soon as I can.

(He sits and listens attentively.)

This is too delicate to speak about on the phone. Just do what I say and hold everything.

He THROWS the receiver into place, then takes out a cigarette and matches and anxiously lights up. Putting the matches into a side pocket, he puffs rapidly, opens the door with his free hand, leaves and SLAMS it shut.

EXTERIOR-AVENUE X OUTSIDE SID'S BUILDING-DAY

They are at the corner, Irwin with a cigarette in his mouth. Sid leans on the lamp-post as Irwin puffs quickly and breathes hotly.

IRWIN

Sid, I'm asking a really big favor. I want you to knock off Heather's old man.

SID

(eyes shooting out of his head)

What?

IRWIN

Knock off Heather's old man.

SID

But, but that's murder!

IRWIN

No, it's not what you think it is. The guy already had one heart attack and he can't take another. I still have some bread from last summer, so I'll rent out a car for a couple of days and we'll drive by Madison Avenue and Twenty Third at twelve. He always meets some associate there at that time and you can find out what he looks like. Next day, you go right near him and jam on your brakes. He'll kick off from the shock for sure.

Sid focuses dumbfoundedly on Irwin.

IRWIN

(continuing on obliviously)

They probably won't arrest you because he'll die of natural causes, but if they do, say someone forced you in. You think you can stand up to hours of questioning?

Sid keeps staring.

IRWIN

(continuing)

An extra twenty grand just as soon as I set you up in that building administrator's job.

Sid moves his head slowly back and forth. That movement then ceases and he looks straight at Irwin.

SID

Number one, no one's gonna arrest me so number two, I won't have to stand up to a second's questioning.

Irwin throws away the cigarette and beams as if to say "That's the spirit".

SID

(continuing and eying Irwin harder)

And number three, you can skip the bonus! You know why? Because I'm not gonna do it!

Irwin shoots him a look of extreme disappointment.

SID

(continuing)

You're my friend, Irwin, and I like you, but when it comes to murdering or messing with schvartzas, count me out.

Irwin takes out another cigarette and match book. He strikes the match, puts it to his cigarette, then takes the cigarette out of his mouth and inhales deeply, slowly letting the smoke come out.

SID

(continuing)

And why the hell do you wanna get rid of this guy when all you have to do is mark time?

IRWIN

(shame-faced)

He found out about us.

SID

(startled)

He did. Just how---?

IRWIN

Some detective probably tailed us into Central Park.

SID

(arms suddenly flailing about)

I told you not to get together 'till graduation! What kind of an ---?

IRWIN

I called on the telephone like you said and she wanted to see me---.

SID

(shouting)

What do you do, listen to everything she says?

(He thrusts his fists out in front.)

Shit!

Sid's features turn completely blank. He takes a slow walk half the block, then returns, somewhat more composed.

SID

Now, I don't know what to advise you.

IRWIN

(humbly)

I made a mistake. What else can I say?

Sid becomes calm and pensive. He is silent for a good while. Then at once he sparkles.

SID

Okay, there's a way out and I've got it. You marry her as soon as she gets her first job. Let's figure the worst. The old man disinherits her. She'll have a degree in Public Relations and she'll make a respectable living anyway.

Irwin's lips at once purse as his limbs shake slowly.

SID

(continuing)

Put on a show of going back to school. If you flunk, you flunk. She's some day gonna get promoted or start her own firm and you'll progress more slowly. Then convince her to put some of the money in your name and you can cut me in little by little. I'll understand. And we'll both get richer even though it won't be exactly the way we planned it.

Irwin can contain himself no longer. He jerks sharply in place as his cigarette falls and hair nearly stands on end.

IRWIN

I don't want a respectable living! I want a fortune! And I want it now! I don't feel like waiting around twenty some-odd years until I'm a beaten-up old man! And I hate the thought of her saddling me down with kids I can't stand! I know how to live it up and I wanna do it while I still can!

SID

Doesn't matter to me what you may have in mind, I won't kill anyone for you.

Irwin turns toward the street and looks dejectedly at the pavement.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-TWILIGHT

Irwin dials and waits for a reply. A muted voice SOUNDS from the other side.

IRWIN

(extremely edgy)

Hello, Heather? It's me, Irwin. Look, my plan didn't work. But don't worry. I'll find something else.

(He listens a little.)

No, it's not all over! I'll get us out of this somehow! I swear!

Irwin PUTS DOWN the telephone and looks about in despair. Then pounding NOISES come from outside. SCREAMS are heard followed by WEEPING.

VOICE

(off)

You no good whore! That'll teach ya!

Next come loud, rapid FOOTSTEPS which quickly die out. Irwin collects himself, walks over and opens the door. He finds Trudy, shivering with blood streaming from her cheeks, nose and lips.

IRWIN
(extending his arms)

Trudy, what happened?

INTERIOR-HALL-DAY

TRUDY

He, he---.

IRWIN
Well, don't just stand there, come on in.

INTERIOR-LIVING ROOM-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

Trudy slowly enters. Irwin gently CLOSES UP, leads her to a chair and seats her.

IRWIN
Now, tell me what went on out there.

Trudy points at her face.

TRUDY
My husband. And it's not the first time. He thinks I cheat on him.

Irwin gently takes her by the shoulder.

IRWIN
Okay, the first thing, you go to the sink and get cleaned up.

Irwin walks over to the kitchen. Trudy gets up and follows.

INTERIOR-KITCHEN-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

Irwin goes to the sink and turns on the water, gets a cake of soap and a sponge and hands them to Trudy. She washes her wounds.

IRWIN

Why'd you ever marry this guy?

Trudy detains herself and turns ashamedly toward him.

TRUDY

You know why.

IRWIN

But, but I never see you with any children.

TRUDY

I lost the baby after three months. But he says if I leave him, he'll give his friends my address and tell them I'm an easy mark.

She bursts into tears again. Irwin comes and helps her finish cleaning. Then he takes her gingerly and escorts her back to the living room.

INTERIOR-LIVING ROOM-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

Irwin and Trudy come in. He guides her to the couch and she sits down.

IRWIN

All right. Listen to what I'm gonna tell you. Don't stay here too long because the neighbors'll start to gossip.

(He goes to a table and picks up a pencil and paper.)

I'll give you my phone number. Call me in a week and meanwhile, I'll try and think of what I can do to help you.

Trudy calms as Irwin writes his number down.

EXTERIOR-BROADWAY-EAST SIDE-MANHATTAN-OUTSIDE BROADWAY CENTRAL HOTEL-NIGHT

A huge, fairly well-lit blue sign bears the establishment's name. The building is five stories high, but looks worn and has obviously known better days.

Irwin is by the entrance and observes some shady characters going in and out. He focuses upon a wiry, twenty-ish looking BLACK MAN with processed hair and

pegged pants. Nervously approaching, he taps his shoulder. The man stops and jerks his head around.

IRWIN

Hey, you wanna make some quick money?

BLACK MAN

(turning completely towards Irwin)

Sure, if you can show me what it's about.

IRWIN

Look, there's this Madison Avenue guy I need eliminated.

The young man shoots him a surprised look.

IRWIN

(continuing)

I'll tell you where he comes out for lunch tomorrow, so you can get a good look at him. Follow this guy until he's where there're no witnesses, then waste him any way you can.

The man breaks into a sarcastic smile.

IRWIN

(continuing)

Take his wallet or rifle it so it can look like robbery. He's worth millions and, if all goes well, lots of that cash comes my way and you get a hundred grand, enough never to have to sweat money.

(He pulls out his wallet, removes a paper and hands it to him.)

Here's my name and address. We'll go there right now to show I'm not bullshitting. Carry it with you, so if it doesn't work, we both go down.

The man stares at him, his incredulity increasing by the second. Finally, he responds.

BLACK MAN

Just what you think I'm gonna do on Madison Avenue? I'll stick out like a sore thumb there and that ain't never gonna change. I do my stuff where I fit in. Get it?

IRWIN
(somewhat mollified)

I didn't think of that.

Noticing Irwin's attitude, the man turns big-brotherly.

BLACK MAN
Now, don't do 'round here askin' this 'a' no one else 'cause instead 'a' you gett'n' this guy, someone's liable to kill you.

Irwin peers into the lobby, then turns his attention back.

IRWIN
Listen, I didn't mean to upset you. I'm gonna take a quick look inside because this hotel may be good for something else, if you know what I mean?

BLACK MAN
(laughing loudly)
I think I know where you're at now.

Irwin hurries into the hotel as the man tosses away the paper and goes off.

EXTERIOR-STREET IN BENSONHURST-BROOKLYN-NIGHT

Shabby, box-type apartment houses are on each side.

It is RAINING HEAVILY as Irwin's figure can be made out in a moving taxi. He sits in the passenger's section and a stocky DRIVER is in front. Irwin is saying something while the driver listens.

The vehicle suddenly SCREECHES to a halt and skids slightly.

INTERIOR-CAB-NIGHT

The driver bolts around and faces Irwin.

DRIVER

I figured you wanted me ta take ya to a whore house or something like that! Pay ya fare and get the fuck outta this cab! I don't know no Mafia killers!

The driver looks daggers at him and Irwin quickly scoops up the change, pays up and leaves. Lightning flares and thunder CLAPS as the rain COMES DOWN ever harder.

EXTER-STREET-NIGHT

The downpour quickly drenches Irwin as he runs for shelter.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

Irwin has recently woken and is putting on his shirt. Michael is in the kitchen. He turns off the stove and approaches Irwin, getting to him just as he finishes dressing.

INTERIOR-LIVING ROOM-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

MICHAEL

Oivin, you come late all de nights now, en vet yesterday.

IRWIN

(turning swiftly)

I'm trying to get a second job so I can live as decently as I can! And if you'd only use some of that fifty thousand to get us out of here, I wouldn't have to!

Michael puts a hand on Irwin's shoulder.

MICHAEL

Oivin, you alwayss saying fifty toisant. Vat make you tink I hav ded?

IRWIN

(taken aback)

I've heard you telling the neighbors, that's what.

MICHAEL

(painfully facing Irwin)

Okay, I boolshit.

Irwin looks wide-eyed at him.

MICHAEL
(continuing)

Now van hea, now you hea. I boolshit.

He goes and opens a dresser drawer, removes a booklet and hands it to Irwin.

MICHAEL
(continuing)

Here, look on de benk-book. Tghee toisant dollarss, all I hev. Oivin, ve live here because ve poor, not becauss I chip.

Irwin opens the book and scans it carefully.

MICHAEL
(continuing)

Voot be five toisant, Oivin. Voot be five toisant. Vy you tink dey don't sent you to de ghfogh school ven you steal?

IRWIN

Because, because the State Senator spoke to the judge.

MICHAEL

En vy you tink he speak to de jutche? Because he goot poisson? No! Because I pay!

(gesticulating violently)

Two toisant dollaress I pay de senator so dey don't sent you to de ghefogh school vere de bet boyss dere, maybe dey kill you!

Irwin gapes at his father.

MICHAEL
(continuing)

You don't like I save fogh al ghainy day. Oivin, it ghain en ghain en ghain in Polant.

Michael stops momentarily to watch his son's curious look.

MICHAEL
(continuing)

I live in de shtetl vere dey all ortodox en dey make us vere de payis. I taylor dere like here en save up money.

EXTERIOR-JEWISH TOWN-POLAND-1935-DAY

One story houses with chimneys are spaced along the unpaved streets.

It is spring and Jewish CHILDREN and YOUTH walk about. They have hairlocks and YOUNG MICHAEL is among them. A few GENTILES in traditional Polish garb roam in proximity.

MICHAEL
(off and continuing)

De Gentiless, dey like come and pool de payis.

A ROUGH-LOOKING TYPE runs over and pulls Michael by his lock, throwing him off balance. Michael regains footing and cocks his fist.

MICHAEL
(off and continuing)

I young en I stghong en I fight-beck!

Michael punches the gentile in the face and knocks him down. The other Jews cheer as the attacker gets up and fearfully scurries off.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

MICHAEL
(continuing)

De policman come to aghest me en I give money! So he take me to de tghain en make look like I escape.

IRWIN
Jerry told me something like that about Alabama.

MICHAEL
De colort here, de Jewss dere. Dey trit us bot de same. So I go to de town vegh I meet you moder en ve maghy. Dere I save en save again en open my shop vere I oin goot.

(a dark foreboding comes into his eyes)

En den, de Nazis come.

EXTERIOR-SECOND JEWISH TOWN-POLAND-1939-DAY

The wooden, smoke-stacked houses are closer together than in the first.

Brown-uniformed, GERMAN SOLDIERS with swastikas on their arms march in amid tanks. Stoic, sadistic-looking OFFICERS bark orders at the younger conscripts and enlisted men. Most enthusiastically bash the JEWISH ONLOOKERS with their rifle butts while others lethargically go through the motions and a few hide away with horrified looks on their faces.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

MICHAEL
(impassioned)

I tghy talk de oder Jewss: "Dis be voister den ever before!" but dey don't believe. So I hev do myself.

Irwin listens attentively.

MICHAEL
(continuing)

For two years I vatch de Goimanss en de vay dey go "Heil Hitler". Some gheally believe en some don't. I finte von I tink don't en I gheight! To him I give enghyting I ever make in my life!

Irwin's face goes blank as his mouth opens wide.

MICHAEL
(continuing)

You in you moder. He blinte me en blinte her so I don't know how he do, but he get us to Jewss near to de Baltic Sea. Even in de var, dey sail us to Englant!

Michael breaks down and closes his eyes. He takes a little time to pull himself together and begin again.

MICHAEL
(continuing)

Dey bomb Englant so I tink maybe dancherous dere too so I save dis time to pay bot to New York. De vaves, dey make me sick en you moder sick, but ve geg to Ellis Islant ghight vere it safe! You moder, she hiot en dey get her off de bot en she hev you ghight dere. You born becauss I pay!

Michael pauses and looks about melancholically.

MICHAEL
(continuing)

It too much for you moder, en she die.

(focusing strongly upon Irwin and begging understanding with tear-filled eyes)

Oivin, no place iss vere de sun alwayss shine. Maybe some day ve hev de Nazis here.

Irwin's bearing instantly changes and he bursts into silent laughter, trying to cover it with a hand over his mouth.

MICHAEL
(continuing)

If det heppen, I pay again en ve go vere dey can't harm us.

Irwin can no longer contain himself and explodes aloud. He regains some control and looks straight at his father.

IRWIN
(between subsiding snickers)

First of all, we're not in Poland.

He turns completely serious and moves toward Michael until he nearly gets on top of him. His limbs and body tremble.

IRWIN
(continuing)

And second of all, you have that money! It's in some other bank-book you didn't show me! And when I find it, I'll get it all out of you even if I have to beat you to death!

Irwin bolts toward the door, throws it open and storms out without bothering to close. Michael slowly makes his way to the couch, sits down and looks upward and beyond as if begging divine help.

INTERIOR-EMERGENCY ROOM-MONTICELLO HOSPITAL-NIGHT

Irwin is on the journey. The black nurse goes to attend him. His eyes rivet and begin to focus on her, as his head moves slightly. He opens his mouth with great difficulty.

IRWIN
(barely emitting any sound)

Shirley.

The nurse detains herself.

IRWIN
(continuing and slightly stronger)
I shouldn't have pushed you away.

She gently props his head up and smiles upon him.

BLACK NURSE
(speaking for the first time)
I'm not Shirley. I'm Mabel. But I can help you.

IRWIN
(struggling harder to get the words out)
Give me another chance. I won't do it again.

She puts his head down and looks him over carefully.

IRWIN
(continuing)
I wasn't a good friend to Jerry. Tell him that'll change.

MABEL
(a light coming into her eyes)
If you say where you live, I can let him know.

IRWIN
(showing surprise)

Brooklyn, like Jerry and you.

MABEL
(looking rapidly around the room)
Doctor Gottlieb! Doctor Gottlieb!

Max runs over along with Herbert.

MABEL
(continuing and pointing at Irwin)
The boy lives in Brooklyn! He just told me!

MAX
(skeptically)
Where in Brooklyn?

Irwin has fallen unconscious again. Max glances quickly at him, then back to Mabel.

MAX
(continuing and irritable)
I can't go calling every Finkelstein in Brooklyn. It'll bankrupt the hospital with a huge phone bill. Wait'll he wakes up again and get his address or his father's name.

Both turn around and leave, Herbert going so much the quicker as if extremely anxious to take his mind off what's happening.

INTERIOR-SID'S CAR-NIGHT

Sid is driving through Lenox Avenue in Harlem with Irwin in the passenger seat as crowds of black humanity populate the tenement and store-front filled setting outside. Sid appears jittery as they proceed along.

IRWIN
You know something, Sid? When it comes to Heather, I've decided to do things your way.

Sid nods as if to say, "Now, you make sense."

IRWIN

(continuing)

I've tried everything for the past couple of months. I was thrown out of a taxi during a downpour and almost got ganged up on in Little Italy. Tomorrow, I'll give her a call.

SID

I already told you what to do, so go and do it.

He looks apprehensively around, then turns back to Irwin.

SID

(continuing)

And now let's get on with this "no expenses" scheme of yours before we get knifed here!

IRWIN

Okay, with this you follow my instructions and if you're nervous, just look ahead and say nothing.

A lone, ordinarily-dressed BLACK MAN in his mid-forties is at a corner. Irwin focuses on him.

IRWIN

(pointing)

Slow down and stop at this curb.

With a long, stony face, Sid veers over.

EXTERIOR-LENOX AVENUE AND WEST 105TH STREET-NIGHT

The car comes near and halts. Irwin opens the window and leans out.

IRWIN

(to the black man)

You need a ride somewhere? We'll take you wherever you want to go for a quarter.

MAN

(smiling and up-beat)

Shoa thing!

He runs over and Irwin opens. Irwin leans his seat forward and the man gets into the back. The the chair returns into place, the door CLOSES and the car takes off.

INTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

They move slowly on. Irwin turns toward the passenger.

IRWIN

(apologetically)

Listen, we never usually do a thing like this, but both of us just got laid off and someone said there were some jobs in Chicago. The car's all we have now and we need gas money to get there. We'll really appreciate anything you can do for us.

MAN

(melting with extreme sympathy)

You ain't gotta tel me 'bout no hard tahms. Ah've been with nothin' but the clothes on mah back an' hadda sleep in the street.

(reaching into his pocket, removing a wallet and taking out a bill)

So here's fahv bucks.

Irwin turns and takes it, looking exceedingly grateful. Sid's eyes orbit about. His countenance relaxes completely and he is obviously flabbergasted with relief and pleasant surprise.

MAN

(continuing)

Go fahnd work an' do good at it. Better days'll come. Jus' take it from me.

(He motions outside.)

Here's where ah get off. Good luck to you both.

They come to a stop. Irwin opens and the man shakes his hand.

EXTERIOR-LENOX AVENUE AND WEST 132ND STREET-NIGHT

The vehicle is stationary for a while as the former passenger strolls off.

EXTERIOR-CAR-NIGHT

SID
(turning and shouting to make himself heard)

Thanks! Thanks an awful lot!

Irwin shuts the door and turns to Sid.

IRWIN
(beaming)
See? A few more guys like that and the night's áid, gas, food and all!

Sid utters not a word as he drives off.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

Irwin is sitting by the phone. He dials and waits for a reply.

IRWIN
Hello, Heather?

INTERIOR-HEATHER'S ROOM-DAY

HEATHER
(with a relaxed smile)
Irwin, so long since I've heard your voice.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

IRWIN
Heather, I've been busy contacting lawyers these past months, but none of them could help us. So I'm asking you to just come with me.

(He listens attentively for a short while.)

Heather, it was you I always wanted, not your money. You said you couldn't live the way I do and that's the only reason I even tried to do anything. If you can't be poor, we'll marry right after some company hires you. I'll keep working to better myself and we'll do even without your inheritance.

INTERIOR-HEATHER'S ROOM-DAY

HEATHER

Irwin, there's another thing involved now.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

IRWIN

(aghast)

You haven't been seeing anyone else, have you?

Irwin turns pale as he listens.

IRWIN

(continuing)

And he's been screwing you, I suppose!

INTERIOR-HEATHER'S ROOM-DAY

HEATHER

Irwin, maybe I said something I shouldn't have, but when you didn't call in all this time, I assumed we'd broken up. I'm not a virgin anymore and girls have needs too. I might decide to end what I'm in now, but I need time to think.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

IRWIN

(trembling from head to toe and nearly gritting his teeth)

I made you what you are! You understand that? You belong to me, not some Ivy League idiot!

INTERIOR-HEATHER'S ROOM-DAY

HEATHER

(testily)

Irwin, I'm not your slave.

INTERIOR-FINKELSTEINS' APARTMENT-DAY

IRWIN
(oblivious to anything heard)
I'll look for this guy an' I'll kill him! An' I'll kill you too!

A loud CLICK can be heard from the other side.

IRWIN
(continuing and desperate)
Heather! Heather!

(flinging the phone, throwing himself to his knees and staring into the vast
beyond)
Oh, God! What'll I do?

INTERIOREMERGENCY ROOM-MONTICELLO HOSPITAL-DAY

Irwin lies limply with Mabel and Herbert chatting nearby. His eyes little-by-little become better focused and he moves his head. Mabel turns and notices. She stops everything and darts over to Irwin. Herbert then follows behind.

MABEL
Irwin, what's your father's name?

Herbert reaches seconds later and clenches his fists.

HERBERT
Tell us now, you stupid jackass! It's your only hope!

IRWIN
(voice extremely faint)
Father, Michael. Lives on Ocean Avenue. Call him, call him---.

HERBERT
(excitedly)
We have it! We did it, finally!

(to Mabel)

Go to the reception and tell them where and who to call! They'll probably include it on his bill!

Mabel runs off.

EXTERIOR-AVENUE X OUTSIDE SID'S BUILDING-DAY

Irwin and Sid are on the corner. Sid looks daggers at Irwin.

SID

Well, you fucked this one up, big time!

Irwin gazes in Sid's direction.

SID

(continuing)

What the hell do you care who she's sleeping around with? You did more for her than any of those stuffed shirts ever could! And she'd come right back to you!

(eying Irwin curiously as his bearing changes)

Are you in love with that girl?

Irwin looks all around for a good while.

IRWIN

No.

SID

(as he was)

Good, because now I'll tell you what I think of her and if I felt otherwise, I wouldn't have helped you at all. She's as phony as a three-dollar bill. She was slumming with you.

IRWIN

Slumming?

SID

That means going to a lower neighborhood to do what you wouldn't back home. But most girls like that end up dumping the guy. She, on the other hand, would've slummed with you forever.

IRWIN

Maybe I'll wait a few months and give her another call.

SID

No. Now, you threatened her and forget it!

IRWIN

(looking intensely at Sid)

Sid, you're in school most of the time. It would be nice if I always had you with me. Two heads are better than one---.

SID

(interrupting)

Irwin, I've heard you talk big and seen you fuck it up big. Okay, you stole apples from a fruit stand, you cheated some nig- colored people out of their money and you handed some girl a pack of fantastic bullshit that she was stupid enough to believe. Who the hell can't do that?

IRWIN

(desperately)

Sid, I screwed it up. I know it---!

SID

(cutting him off again)

Believe me, I'd love to get out of that shit-hole they call an institute of higher learning. But I'll have you know something. What your father only talks about, my parents'll do. They've told me in so many ways that if I drop out or flunk out, I get out. And there I'll be with nothing but the clothes on my back, like that guy we picked up in the car. So you show me something that surely works. Then I'll do what you're asking. And I'm beginning to think you never will.

IRWIN

Okay, I made a big mess out of this, but I swear, it won't happen again! Don't just walk out on me! Honestly, Sid, you're like a brother to me now! You're the only one in this world I wouldn't fuck over!

(reflectively)

I never had a brother, never knew my mother and my old man fucks over me.

(SNAPPING his fingers and suddenly radiating optimism)

So tell you what! I'm gonna show you what I can do! First, we're gonna collect the quickest three hundred bicks we ever got. And you know who'll pay it? Trudy.

SID
(features black with fright)
Are you crazy?

IRWIN
(tapping Sid's shoulder)
Take it easy. Her husband works the food trucks on the four to midnight shift. He doesn't suspect a thing. Now, come with me.

He pulls Sid to the phone booth and opens the door.

IRWIN
(continuing)
Listen to what I tell you.

They squeeze in. Irwin points to the dial and whispers instructions.

EXTERIOR-AVENUE X OUTSIDE PHONE BOOTH-NIGHT

Sid is inside. The telephone RINGS eight times. Sid doesn't pick it up and walks out when the sound ceases.

INTERIOR-LOBBY-BROADWAY CENTRAL HOTEL-NIGHT

It has a green, linoleum floor and a mahogany reception counter at the far right and with gray lettering at the above wall indicating the hotel's name. As with its exterior, it gives an impression of having known better times.

Irwin is waiting outside the booth. Trudy emerges. He takes her hand and caresses her cheek.

IRWIN
He's not in?

Trudy nods.

IRWIN

Okay, let's go up and we'll try again later.

INTERIOR-PHONE BOOTH-AVENUE X-NIGHT

Sid is on the chair. Three RINGS are heard. He picks the phone up and listens attentively.

SID

Hello.

(short pause)

Yes. This is he.

(long pause)

Irwin Finklestein? Accident? Monticello?

INTERIOR-LOBBY-BROADWAY CENTRAL HOTEL-NIGHT

Trudy is inside the booth while Irwin waits. He suddenly opens, scampers in and snatches the phone.

INTERIOR-PHONE BOOTH-BROADWAY CENTRAL HOTEL-NIGHT

IRWIN

(anxiously)

Hello, Sid? It's me, Irwin! Look, it's all right! You can tell her!

INTERIOR-PHONE BOOTH-AVENUE X-NIGHT

SID

Oh, I didn't realize. Irwin, yes, he had a bad accident in Monticello a few months back and if he doesn't pay three hundred dollars, he'll go to jail.

EXTERIOR-AVENUE X OUTSIDE SID'S BUILDING-DAY

Sid is standing there as Irwin strides triumphantly over and puts a white envelope in his hand.

IRWIN

What did I tell you? The easiest three hundred we ever made! And here's your cut. Fifty percent! More than a week's tips at the Laurels!

(all aglow as he puts his watch in Sid's face)

In three days right at this time, stop outside my house and I'll have a really big surprise!

EXTERIOR-OCEAN AVENUE OUTSIDE FINKELSTEINS' BUILDING-DAY

Sid is on the sidewalk. A green, 1950 Chevrolet with New Jersey plates glides along and double-parks right by him. The horn HONKS and Irwin radiantly thrusts himself out of the window.

IRWIN

Hop in and take a ride!

Sid darts over and opens.

INTERIOR-CAR-DAY

Sid gets in.

IRWIN

A hundred for the car, twenty bucks to get some guy outside the unemployment office in Newark to say he's my old man and sign consent. Jersey plates, you don't need insurance. I cheated some company out of three hundred and a half. So that's six fifty minus the car and some petty expenses in just a few days.

Sid SLAMS shut and looks wonders at Irwin. Irwin takes out his wallet and removes two small papers.

IRWIN

License and registration.

He puts them in Sid's hand and Sid reads them.

IRWIN

(continuing)

They didn't question anything at the Rockefeller Center Jersey Office.

Sid gives the documents back to Irwin, who puts them in the glove compartment.

IRWIN

(continuing)

And that's just the beginning! I quit working at Berman's and tomorrow, I take off for the mountains. I'll loaf for a couple of weeks 'till I'm eighteen, then I'll get another waiter's job.

SID

(sternly)

No fucking up this time. I'm not going this year or I'd personally be over you to see to that!

IRWIN

There'll be Heathers at the next hotel. And I won't fail!

They slap palms. Then Irwin RACES the motor.

IRWIN

A spin through the whole Ocean Avenue!

SID

Right!

EXTERIOR-OCEAN AVENUE-DAY

The car takes off quickly and goes out of sight.

INTERIOR-LOBBY-MONTICELLO HOSPITAL-DAY

It is huge with a white tile floor and a reception desk in the middle.

Michael scurries in and darts helter-skelter among the DOCTORS, NURSES, SECURITY GUARDS and others milling about.

MICHAEL

Save my boy! Save my boy! I sign anything! I pay anything!

All attention turns his way as a GUARD rushes over.

MICHAEL
(to the guard)
Vere I go sign de permission?

GUARD
(lackadaisically and pointing to the reception desk)
Over there.

Michael scampers to the desk. He looks wide-eyed at the RECEPTIONIST.

MICHAEL
(ultra-rapidly)
My son, Oivin Finklestein! Vere de paper? Give me! I sign!

She goes through a stack of papers, pulls one out and hands it to him. Michael grabs it and hastily scribbles from right to left in Yiddish (Hebrew) lettering. The receptionist takes the document from him.

MICHAEL
How much I pay?

The receptionist takes out a yellow card and reads it carefully.

RECEPTIONIST
Seven hundred so far.

MICHAEL
I hev!

He takes out his wallet, counts seven-hundred dollar bills and hands them over. The receptionist opens a drawer with a key, puts them in, closes and turns the key again. She stamps the card.

MICHAEL
Now, vere my boy? I vant see him!

RECEPTIONIST
In the emergency room.

MICHAEL

Vere det?

RECEPTIONIST
(to the security guard)

Jimmy, will you show him there?

Jimmy starts leading Michael by the shoulder.

INTERIOR-EMERGENCY ROOM-DAY

Michael throws the door open, then halts momentarily as he sees Irwin on the journey. He proceeds slowly over, tears coming from his eyes as he reaches him.

MICHAEL

Oivin, baby.

Irwin weakly focuses on Michael. He smiles contentedly.

IRWIN

Daddy.

MICHAEL
(stroking his son's hair)

Vat heppen?

IRWIN

I don't know. I think a wheel came off.

Michael looks dejectedly upon his son. Then a ray of hope starts glowing upon his countenance. It grows stronger and Michael's bearing turns positive.

MICHAEL

Oivin, I tell you alwayss I save pogh ah ghainy day en det ghainy day
iss now! I sigh, I pay en dey fix-it-up!

(He leans down and hugs and kisses his son.)

Evghyting be fine!

IRWIN

Daddy.

Michael picks himself up and looks affectionately at Irwin.

IRWIN

(continuing)

Please take me out of this place. They're bad people here. I won't make trouble any more. I promise.

Michael caresses Irwin's face.

MICHAEL

No more tghouble. All de tings forgotten. Dey make you vell, den ve bot come home.

Michale strokes Irwin's forehead one last time before taking leave of him with great difficulty. Irwin looks toward the ceiling and beyond with deep serenity. Then his features turn completely expressionless. His head droops down upon his chest and his arms drop limply and horizontally over the gourney as his elbows and limbs hang down from each side, giving him a resemblance to Christ crucified on the cross. GOLDMINE IN THE SKY by PAT BOONE resumes where it left off. ORGAN MUSIC then PIPES a final refrain.