

After Hours Script

- Okay, punch. Punch it in.
- Right.

Okay, let's, first of all,

refresh the screen here...

and go in a format ruler.

- There.
- All right.

- Now, file?

- Right.

- And it's in memory?

- Right.

And...

mark this down in the prefix file codes.

- Prefix code. Right.

- Okay.

Good. Yeah, you got it.

Another week, you'll have it down.

It's temporary anyway.

I said it's temporary anyway.

I do not intend to be stuck doing this

for the rest of my life.

- Don't tell Mr. Digman I said that, please.

- Okay.

Because what I really wanna do is

I'd really like to get into publishing.

There aren't any openings right now.

But what I would love to do

is create my own magazine...

which would be like a forum

for writers and intellectuals...

who can't get into print anywhere else.

I'm not into editing

or trying to reach a particular audience.

Getting it out there,

they would get some momentum going...

and do something with...

- With, you know...

- Excuse me, please.

I love that book.

- I love that book.

- Yeah.

I think Miller's really great.

"This is not a book.

This is a prolonged insult...

"a gob of spit in the face of Art..."

"a kick in the pants

to truth, beauty, God... "

Something like that.

That's very good.

That's all I remember.

I've read this before.

I am just rereading it.

I don't reread books that often...

but this one's my favorite.

I like it better than Capricorn or Plexus...

or Sexus.

He used to kiss himself

after he ate a good meal.

It's mostly...

Let me ask you. Does that cashier

seem a little weird to you?

He keeps making

these strange movements.

God!

I think he's just waiting to be discovered.

Do you want another coffee?

No. I'm gonna head over

to my friend's house.

- Which way you headed?

- Downtown, SoHo.

Nice. A loft?

Yeah. She's a sculptress.

Lately, she's been making these

plaster-of-Paris bagels and cream cheese.

Really?

She's trying to sell them as paperweights.

You wanna buy one?

Paperweight?

- Yeah, I would. How much are they?

- I don't know.

If you think you might be interested,

her number's 243-3460.

243-3460.

- Her name is Kiki Bridges.

- Kiki Bridges. Okay.

- Nice talking to you.

- Yeah. Great talking to you.

Excuse me. Can I borrow your pen?

Thank you.

- *Yeah?*

- *Yes. Is Kiki Bridges there, please?*

- *This is her.*

- *Hi.*

You don't know me. I'm calling because

I'm interested in your paperweights.

- *Yeah.*

- *You're the sculptress, right?*

A girl I met tonight at a coffee shop

told me that she was staying with you...

You mean Marcy.

- I don't know. She didn't tell me her name.

- Hold on. I'll get her.

She told me about these paperweights

and the work that you do.

Hello?

- *Hello? Marcy?*

- *Yeah?*

Hi. This is Paul Hackett.

We met earlier tonight.

Hi. Sure, I remember.

- *How are you?*

- *I'm all right.*

I just got in...

and I opened up my book

and saw your number...

Good.

I'm glad you called.

So...

So, do you work near that coffee shop

or live in the neighborhood?

No, I was just over

at a good friend of mine's.

Actually, we had a terrible argument.

- That's too bad.

- Yeah, it is.

Whatever it was,

I'm sure you'll straighten it out.

You think so?

Do you think I should try to make up?

I don't know. Maybe you're better off.

I don't know what the circumstances

were, but sometimes...

You know, I don't...

I mean it's not my business.

- *Maybe you should come over.*

- *What?*

- *Maybe you should come on over.*

- *Sure. Now?*

Yeah. Why not?

Where to?

I'm at 28 Howard Street.

Near the corner of Crosby.

It's in SoHo.

- The name on the buzzer is Franklin.

- Not Bridges?

Bridges is crossed out.

Just press the buzzer.

Okay. About 45 minutes?

- Yeah, great. I'll see you later.

- *All right.*

- *Paul?*

- *Yes.*

- *I'm really glad you called.*

- *Me, too.*

Okay, I'll see you later.

- *Bye.*

- *Bye.*

- I've only got a \$20. Can you break it?

- Yeah, sure. No problem.

No hurry.

Excuse me, I just... Damn! My God!

Excuse me.

My money flew out the window.

Okay, that'll be \$6.50.

Listen, my money

just flew out the window.

I put it in this cradle.

You went so fast around that corner

that I don't have any...

What I'm saying is, I don't have

any money. I'm really sorry.

Look, let me show you something.

Look, that was...

I had \$20, and now I don't have any more.

I'm really sorry.

Franklin.

- Are you Paul?

- Yeah.

Here, catch.

Hi.

- Your keys.

- You can just put them on the table.

- I like that.

- Do you?

Yeah. Very much.

It reminds me of that

Edvard Munch painting.

Was it The Shriek?

- The Scream.

- Right.

Yeah.

Sort of like a three-dimensional version

of that painting.

Is Marcy here?

She had to go out

to the all-night drugstore.

- Is she all right?

- It's under control.

This place is huge.

Do you share it with anyone?

Would you like to work on this for a while?

- I could use a break.

- What?

It's not hard.

What are you talking about? This is yours.

- How would I know what you want?

- Look, it's real easy.

Just take some of this stuff,

and slap it on like this.

All right, I'm coming.

Yeah.

Of course he's here. You invited him.

That's your problem, Marcy.

I'm not gonna tell him.

I'm not telling him.

I can't talk any louder.

All right. Hurry up.

- How's it going?

- It's great.

I'm just giving him a shoulder.

Look what you did to your shirt.

Good.

- Give it to me. I'll throw it in the wash.

- It's all right.

It'll only take 20 minutes.

That's okay.

Come on.

You want to look nice

for your big date, don't you?

All right.

Twenty minutes?

- Put this on while you're waiting.

- Thanks.

Do that all day

and your own shoulders get pretty sore.

Want a massage?

- You read my mind. Would you?

- Sure.

I'm not too good at this.

Just know a few basic moves.

Just make it hurt,

and you're on the right track.

That's all I know.

Okay.

- You have a great body.

- Yes.

Not a lot of scars.

That's true.

It never occurred to me.

I mean, some women I know

are covered with them head to toe.

Not me.

Scars?

Horrible, ugly scars.

I'm just telling you, now.

I don't know.

I know when I was a kid...

I'd had my tonsils taken out.

After the operation...

they didn't have enough room

in Pediatrics.

So they had to put me in the burn ward.

But before they wheeled me in...

this nurse gave me...

this blindfold to put on...

and she told me never to take it off.

If I did...

they'd have to do the operation

all over again.

I didn't understand what my tonsils

had to do with my eyes, either.

But anyway...

that night...

at least I think it was night...

I had reached up...

to untie the blindfold...

and I saw...

Hello, again.

- Sorry about this. I was detained.

- Don't worry about it.

- So, how are you?

- Good.

I made it. You wouldn't... I'm here.

Let's go into my room

and get away from all this mess.

Sure.

Your roommate was just dipping all day.

Put me to work.

I feel like a real SoHo artist.

What did you do to her?

I didn't do anything to her.

She was asleep.

I mean, she was tired.

- What do you mean what did I do?

- Easy. It was an innocent question.

Look, I'm going to take a quick shower.

I'll be right back, okay?

Sure. Yeah, I mean, I think a shower

would probably do you good.

You had a tough day.

I knew there was something special

about you.

I hope you don't have to

get up early tomorrow or anything?

No, I don't.

Because I think you're somebody

I can really talk to.

And tonight I feel like...

I feel like I'm going to let loose

or something.

I feel like something incredible

is really going to happen here.

I feel so excited, and I don't know why.

I feel it.

I'm glad you came.

Me, too.

Do you want to smoke a joint?

There's some in there, feel free.

No. Maybe later.

- *Hello?*

- *Is Marcy there?*

She can't come to the phone right now.

May I take a message?

- *Could you just tell her Greg called?*

- *Sure.*

Is she back?

- That felt good.

- Yeah.

- You want me to close the window?

- No, I got it.

Boy! Whoever used to live here

must have been a bodybuilder.

Jesus.

Who's Franklin?

The buzzer when I came over...

Hey, I thought I told you

to stay on the bed.

Right.

I'm gonna ask you to wait here

just one more minute. I promise.

- All right.

- You're the best.

- What, Paul?

- What?

- What did you say?

- I didn't say anything.

You didn't just say something just now?

No, I didn't say anything.

I could have sworn

I thought I heard you say something.

I didn't.

I don't think

I'll be able to sleep at all tonight.

What's that smell? Is that linseed?

- It's skin moisturizer. I have dry skin.

- Really?

Feels pretty soft to me.

Please.

- What's the matter?

- Nothing.

I think you're very nice.

Could we just talk a little while?

Of course. Sure.

Greg called.

How did that little faggot find out

I was staying here tonight?

Probably wants to whine to me

about his latest boyfriend.

Friends like that

are hard to deal with sometimes.

That's what friends are for.

- I know that, but I meant...

- I just can't deal with it tonight.

Did he want me to call him back?

He didn't say.

Since you answered the phone...

he probably figured I was...

I'm scared.

Why don't you just tell me what's wrong?

I was raped once.

As a matter of fact,

it happened right here in this room.

I lived here once.

He came in through there

off the fire escape.

He held a knife to my throat and said...

if I made any noise

he'd cut my tongue out.

He tied me to the bed.

He took his time. Six hours.

My God.

Was he... Did they get this guy?

No.

Actually it was a boyfriend of mine.

To tell you the truth,

I slept through most of it.

So, there you are.

You want to get some coffee?

I feel like getting out of here.

Absolutely. Is there a place open this late?

Sure. It's not even 2:00 yet.

Ready?

Can I ask you something?

I've wanted to ask you this all night.

- Who's Franklin?

- Franklin?

Franklin is my husband.

Really?

Is that his loft, then?

He owns it, yes.

- Do you live with him?

- No. He's in Turkey.

I stayed with my husband for three days.

I was very young when I got married.

My husband was a movie freak.

Actually, he was particularly obsessed

with one movie:

The Wizard of Oz.

He talked about it constantly.

I thought it was cute at first.

On our wedding night, I was a virgin...

when we made love...

- *You've seen the film, haven't you?*

- *The Wizard of Oz? Yeah, I've seen it.*

When we made love...

whenever he...

you know, when he came...

he would just scream out,

"Surrender, Dorothy! "

That's all. Just, "Surrender, Dorothy! "

- Wow.

- I know.

Instead of moaning or saying, "Oh, God,"

or something normal like that.

It was pretty creepy.

I told him I thought so...

but he just couldn't stop.

He said he didn't even realize

it was happening.

He just couldn't stop.

So I just broke the whole thing off.

Sorry. I guess I'm really putting you

through the mill tonight.

It's okay. I'm used to it.

You know, I still love him very much.

In fact, we write each other every day.

Naturally, I don't like to talk about it.

- Could we have the check?

- It's on the house.

- Really?

- Sure. What the hell.

Different rules apply this late.

Know what I mean? It's like after hours.

- Thanks, Peter.

- Sure, Marcy. Have a good evening.

It's okay. It's...

Do you want me to go?

...the pill makes me sick.

Everything makes you sick, Marcy.

The guys gave it to me.

Oh, my...

God!

Here we are.

- So, how about that joint?

- Yeah.

- Good idea.

- Great.

What type of pot is this?

It's Colombian.

- That's a lie.

- What?

This isn't Colombian.

I don't even think it's pot.

That's what the guy

who sold it to me said it was.

The guy who sold it to you is a liar.

So are you. That's shit.

Don't get upset.

I just won't buy it from him anymore.

That's horseshit.

Are you all right?

Where are those plaster-of-Paris

paperweights, anyway?

That's what I came down here for.

That's not entirely true.

I came to see you...

but where are the paperweights?

That's what I wanna see now.

- What's the matter?

- I said I wanna see a plaster-of-Paris...

bagel-and-cream-cheese paperweight.

Now cough it up.

- Right now?

- Yes, right now.

They're in Kiki's bedroom.

Then get them. As we sit here chatting...

there are important papers

flying rampant around my apartment...

'cause I don't have anything

to hold them down with.

Fine.

I don't know, Kiki.

Sorry about that.

- It's really coming down, huh?

- You bet.

Here you go.

- The fare is \$1.50.

- What?

Fare went up to \$1.50 as of midnight.

You're kidding.

Look...

- I've got 97 cents.

- No.

- It's raining like mad out there.

- No.

Would you just give me a break?

I really just wanna go home.

I'm sorry, I can't do that.

I could lose my job.

Who would know, exactly?

I could go to a party, get drunk,

talk to someone. Who knows?

Would you just give me a goddamn token?

No, goddamn it! I cannot give you a token.

Those tokens are \$1.50.

I can't sell for 97 cents.

We'd lose money that way.

There's the train! Come on!

Give me a token!

- Can I help you?

- I wanted to take the Express...

Get away from me!

- I'm talking to you.

- I know. I'm sorry.

I've never done that in my life.

I don't know what came over me.

The fares went up and I have 97 cents.

I won't even take the train. I'm sorry.

That's not my train.

That's the one I wanted. Thanks a lot.

Must be a full moon out there.

Can I get you something?

I have 97 cents.

- It's not very much, is it?

- No, it's not.

Do I have to order something?

I mean, can I just sit here for a minute?

- Yes. Sure.

- Thanks.

Anytime.

What'll it be?

I don't want anything.

I just want to sit here.

- Is that okay?

- Sure.

Thanks.

But if you're looking to make friends,

don't get your hopes up.

Looks like a pretty slow night.

Yeah.

It is late.

Not for this place.

Things are usually hopping around now.

That's all right.

I just want to get in out of the rain.

I just hope it lets up soon.

I really just want to go home.

Aren't the subways running?

But I happen to be broke at the moment.

Christ. I'll give you the money.

Really? I can't tell you

how much that would mean to me.

- Christ! Not another one.

- Another what?

The guy lives in the same building as me.

He's been here three times tonight...

to tell me about three separate burglaries

in this neighborhood, all tonight.

- Shit!

- What?

What?

I'm just trying to remember if I turned

my burglar alarm on at home tonight.

Sometimes I forget.

Oh, well, anyway.

It's all right.

That's all right. Forget it. Doesn't matter.

No. I'd like to open the register.

What if I got a rush now?

Yeah, I see your point. What about a key?

Do you have a key for that?

- Yeah. But I keep it up in my apartment.

- Damn. That's too bad.

I can't go anywhere,

but how would you like to do me a favor?

- For subway fare?

- Lf you don't mind.

- You got it.

- I'm at 158 Spring Street, top floor. Wait.

What am I doing?

Right.

You don't know me. I don't know you.

I might rip you off, right?

Is that what you're thinking?

I'm not gonna rip you off. I'm not.

With what I've been through tonight...

the last thing I want to do

is steal from somebody.

I really just want to get home.

Look, here.

Here are my keys.

This is my deposit, okay?

If I don't come back, these are yours.

Everything I own is yours.

I just want to get home. Keep them.

Okay. All right. Good. Here.

The keys for the register

are over the light switch, on a hook.

The alarm is underneath the light switch.

Make sure you see a beeping red light.

- Beeping red light. 158 Spring.

- Top floor.

I'll be right back.

No.

God.

Jesus!

What's come from Phil?

I don't wanna read it. I'm jealous.

He even sounded tanned on the phone.

I wonder if this is

our local friendly burglar.

Did you get what you wanted

or did we get back and spoil your fun?

- Who are you? You don't live here.

- I'm a friend of Tom's.

Tom who?

There are three Toms living here.

Look, guys, I'm not a burglar.

So get your hands off me.

He asked you which Tom.

I don't know Tom's last name.

He's on the top floor.

- How many Toms are on the top floor?

- How did you get in?

He gave me the keys. Look. See this?

He gave me the keys and I let myself in.

Sorry, but there have been

about eight break-ins here just last week.

Okay, I'm sorry, all right.

I didn't know that.

We're gonna hit Radio Shack

tonight, man?

Wait till next week.

That's when the new models come in.

Hey, where did you get that?

Kiki! God, what happened?

Just throw down the keys.

Throw it. Be careful.

That's right. Give it a good throw.

There you go.

Hold on, Kiki.

Shit!

What have they done?

What are these guys, sailors?

Look at this work. It's so elaborate.

Must've taken them hours.

- How'd they get in?

- How did who get in?

- The burglars.

- The burglars? What burglars?

The ones that took your sculpture

and your TV set.

God.

- Neil and Pepe?

- Who?

It was Neil and Pepe.

They're friends of mine.

I just sold them my television for \$300.

How did you get ahold of my sculpture?

- This the guy?

- Yeah.

I'm Horst.

I'm Paul. Hi.

That was rude of you before, Paul.

You really ought to be

ashamed of yourself.

I am.

I don't know what could have

come over me.

- Lack of discipline.

- Possibly.

It's not too late to finish

what you started.

Marcy, it's Paul.

Hi.

Listen, I owe you an apology.

There's just no excuse

for leaving the way I did. I'm sorry.

I just figured...

it's not working out between us, and...

hell, I'll never see you again.

There's just no excuse.

I think I just got a little spooked,

you know...

with that story

about your husband and your boyfriend.

I mean, that was really weird.

What was that all about?

And, I gathered there's something...

wrong, or you have

some burns or something...

and I just couldn't handle that.

I'm sorry.

I don't know what happened to me.

I don't know. Maybe the timing's

just off or something, but...

I think I just better go.

Okay?

Marcy?

What...

Jesus! Marcy.

God! Breathe.

Kiki! Come on!

Jesus!

God!

Think.

Kiki! Horst!

"Paul and Marcy,

Horst and I went to Club Berlin for drinks.

"Join us if you feel up to it.

Corner W. Broadway and Grand.

"See ya! Kiki. "

Shit.

Operator, give me the police.

Yes. I want to report a death.

God.

Oh, no!

It's me. I did it. I quit my job.

What do you want me to do about it?

Let's go have a drink.

Let's celebrate. Pier Three is open.

I don't know what your problem is...

but I've got to get over that bar,

get my keys, so I can get home.

Look at this.

Now what?

This is incredible.

Where the hell is he?

I live across the street.

Would you like a TV dinner?

Wait a minute! Neil! Pepe!

Wait a minute! I didn't know!

Speed up. It's that dude again.

Get out of here.

I didn't know.

I've had enough, God.

My place?

You like The Monkees?

What's your name?

Julie.

I'm Paul.

Rough night, Paul?

You look depressed.

I came downtown tonight...

Oh, God.

I didn't even know this girl.

Oh, God.

I didn't even know her.

Hang on.

Is that better?

Chelsea Morning.

Go on. What is it? Talk to me.

I'm fine, really. I'm just going to be

out of your way in just a sec.

I'm just waiting for them

to open up downstairs.

I'll just get my keys and go home.

Boy, oh, boy.

Just let it go, honey.

Tell me your problems.

I don't think so.

Paul, lighten up. What is this?

This doom and gloom and...

Be loosey-goosey. Come on.

- What are you talking about?

- Come on, tell me your problems.

Where the hell is he? What time is it?

It's very late.

Jesus.

So, you really hate that job?

Yeah. I hate both my jobs.

Yeah? What else do you do?

I work in the Xerox shop downstairs.

Downstairs?

Yeah. We're right on top of it.

I've got the keys.

You want to go down and see it?

No, thanks. I've had

about enough excitement for one night.

It's a lousy job, but...

I can get free copies whenever I want to.

Gee whiz.

What is that, "Gee whiz"?

I mean, you're humoring me?

I don't have to take that kind of shit.

What is it with people today?

You can't say anything

without getting a smart answer.

You have to be so goddamn careful

about everything you say.

You think I don't notice?

I know what's going on.

I overhear the customers

at the Xerox shop making fun of me.

I didn't mean anything by that.

It was raining outside,

and I invited you to come into my home.

I didn't have to do that, now, did I?

First of all, you're not stupid.

Look, I have trouble figuring out

the tax on checks. So what?

I mean, 8% is a bitch!

So I make a few mistakes.

Sue me! Call your lawyers!

Okay, come on. I'm sorry. I didn't mean it.

- You want to sit down?

- Okay.

I'm sorry I was rude before. I really am.

Okay, no more crying. Please.

What a night.

Paul?

Do you like my hairdo?

Yes, I do.

Then why don't you touch it?

- I don't want to mess it up.

- You won't.

- You want me to?

- Yeah.

Okay.

That's him. I hear him. No, it's okay.

Thank God he's there. I can go home.

What's the matter?

Nothing. I just...

You know, I really got the feeling

that you kind of liked me.

You're not going to leave, not after

I brought you out of the rain, are you?

All right. I'm going to...

Here's what I'll do. I'll...

go to the bar,

give your boss back his keys.

I'm going to get my keys

and I'll be back, okay?

- Should take all of two minutes.

- Yeah, sure.

Julie, two minutes. Okay?

Well, what happened to you?

Long, difficult story.

Honestly, when you didn't show up

for so long, I figured you did rob me blind.

I had to close up here and check it out.

My neighbor told me he did see you leave.

But he wasn't too sure about you, either.

But here you are.

I tell you, you had me worried.

How about a drink?

You look like you could use one.

You don't happen to have any

powerful aphrodisiacs back there, do you?

She won't put out?

It's not for her. It's for me.

I seem to have gotten myself

involved with...

one of your cocktail waitresses.

- Miss Beehive, 1965.

- Yes.

Don't even ask me how.

Take off. What's she going to do,

kill herself?

Terminal.

What's up, Rich?

You know, you're right.

Just give me my keys. I'm gonna go home.

What's the matter?

My girlfriend...

just killed herself a little while ago.

- Took some sleeping pills.

- Jesus Christ.

- Oh, no.

- Yep.

We had an argument. I told her

she had to get out of the apartment...

It's my fault.

God.

Marcy.

I don't know what to say. I just...

What can you say?

After all, it wasn't your fault.

I'm going to...

I'll be right back, okay? Try to stay calm.

- Are you all right?

- Why, yes.

- You said two minutes, though.

- I know.

- I'm sorry.

- Did you miss me?

Like I've never missed anyone in

my whole life, is how much I missed you.

- Really?

- I can't believe how much I missed you.

- I really did miss you.

- That's very sweet.

I'm going to give you a present.

Don't do that.

That's really not necessary at all.

I've only known you an hour.

No. You said that you were going to

come back, and you did.

In these days,

that is something to be commended...

and rewarded.

- Do you know what this is?

- No.

This is a plaster-of-Paris,

bagel-and-cream-cheese paperweight.

I bought it from a local artist,

Kiki Bridges. Did you ever hear of her?

Julie.

I promised I would come back, and I did.

Now, I really do have to go.

I got to sleep. You understand, don't you?

I promise I'm going to see you again.

I will. Okay?

You all right?

Why do you keep asking me that?

What's with you? Are you nuts?

Let's exchange phone numbers.

Want to do that?

- Phone numbers?

- Yeah, come on.

It's a great idea. I'll write it on this.

What's your number?

My number is 5-4433.

Very easy to remember.

5-4433.

That's not enough numbers, but okay.

5-4433.

- Okay.

- No. KL 5-4433.

I'm sorry. Okay.

- Oh, God.

- Wait.

Get that away from me. Jesus!

Oh, really?

You're going to be sorry for this

because I am going to get you.

You're kidding me. Not again.

What is this?

Let's knock off for tonight.

My back's killing me.

Let's look for my statue, man.

It's got to be around here someplace.

It makes me sick. That statue was

the first thing in my life I ever bought.

See what happens when you pay for stuff?

Somebody rips it off. Shit.

It's got to be around here someplace, man.

Let's cruise down Mercer Street.

Tom, it's Paul.

I was afraid to go in because

you don't want to confront one of them.

Some of them are drugged up...

I wasn't out an hour.

I come in, the cameras are gone,

the lenses are gone, the whole thing...

- Did you call your insurance agent?

- I don't have insurance, besides...

It's that guy again.

Don't let him get away.

Let's go this way. Maybe that's him.

Come on, get your grubby face

out of here. Get out.

- Fella, where you going?

- Restroom?

Did you come just to use the bathroom?

The bathroom's for customers only.

I'm going to order something, really.

I just want to use the bathroom, okay?

Didn't you hear me?

Come on, get out of here and stay out.

Menu's on the table.

Make yourself comfortable.

I set it up for you.

Thank you.

"Paul and Marcy, Horst and I

went to Club Berlin for drinks. "

I'm just going to go put a quarter

in the meter at my car.

Let's see.

I'll have a burger, medium rare, coffee.

May I enter?

I can't let you in at the moment.

Will it be possible to be admitted...

at a more convenient time for the club?

It is possible, but not at the moment.

God.

If you're so drawn to it,

try and force your way in.

Got any money?

Yes, I have money.

Is that what you want? Money?

Why didn't you just ask that

in the first place, man?

Here, it's not much. But it's all I've got.

I'll take your money

'cause I don't want you to feel...

you left anything untried.

You keep the quarter.

You still have to wait a few minutes.

Hey, mutt.

Why doesn't he have to wait

a few minutes?

Tonight is Mohawk night.

If you had a Mohawk, you could go in.

Come on. We're both adults.

Why don't you just let me in?

Do you really want to go inside?

It's very important. I've got people

in there who are expecting me.

Why don't you let me in?

You're sure?

Yes, I'm sure.

Coming through.

- To your left and straight ahead.

- What?

Right through there. It's straight there.

- Mohawk this guy.

- With pleasure.

Kiki! Horst!

Marcy's dead! Neil and Pepe are crooks!

I'm broke! Help!

No! Don't!

God, what have they done to me?

God. I'll kill those barbarians.

Bald. God! Get me a gun.

Hello?

Taxi.

Come here.

- God, I'm so sorry.

- It's all right.

This is great. Look, I got the money back.

Isn't that great?

Now you can take me uptown.

Great. I'll be right back.

- See how you like it!

- No, don't!

Oh, no!

I don't believe it. Did you see that?

Look at your arm. It's bleeding.

Great.

I feel terrible.

Look, why don't you come with me?

I'll get you a bandage.

- No, thank you. It's not that serious.

- No, I insist.

No.

- Do you have a telephone?

- Yeah.

I'm sorry. I just...

You wouldn't believe

what I've been through tonight.

You wouldn't believe it.

- I'm an ice-cream vendor. Mister Softee.

- What?

You misunderstood.

I didn't ask what you did for a living.

I said, "You wouldn't believe

what I've been through tonight. "

It's not boring.

I have my own Mister Softee truck.

It's not boring.

Also, you need a Class Four

New York State chauffeur's license.

Guess who has one? Got it on my own.

Manhattan, please. Could I have

the number of Peter Patzak?

That's P-A-T-Z-A-K.

- Need a pencil?

- No.

On Mulberry Street.

Thank you.

5, 8, 1, 9...

6...

2.

That was funny.

Patzak, please. P-A-T-Z-A-K

on Mulberry Street in Manhattan.

Thank you.

- 5, 8, 6, 2...

- Don't.

9, 3, 8, 0.

Now I have forgotten the number.

What is wrong with you? Are you all right?

I have had a terrible, terrible night.

Do you understand?

I'm just trying to entertain you.

I don't want any entertainment!

And I'm sorry I did that.

I'm under... Oh, God.

I'm unable to get home tonight.

I can't get home.

And I'm trying desperately...

to find a place where I can stay tonight.

All I want to do sleep.

I could stay in a place on Spring Street,

but I don't want to.

- Why not?

- Why not what?

Why aren't you there? Go.

Because the bartender who lives there,

his girlfriend killed herself tonight.

And I think it's because of me.

- That's out, then.

- That's right, that's out.

That is not a possibility.

So if you just let me

make this phone call...

you'd be doing me such a favor,

you really would.

That can wait.

I hurt your arm, and now

I want to dress your arm, please.

All right.

- How'd that get there?

- What?

- I was dipping papier-mâché earlier.

- What is this?

"A man was torn limb from limb...

"by an irate mob last night...

"in the fashionable SoHo area

of Manhattan...

"Police are having difficulty identifying

the man because no form of ID...

"was found on his shredded clothing. "

Shredded?

"His entire face was pummeled

completely beyond recognition... "

Forget that.

I can't handle things like that right now.

What does a guy have to do

to get his face pummeled?

- Why does it hurt so much?

- Because it's infected.

- Stop touching it!

- I want to get it off...

- I know. I'll burn it off.

- No.

I just need matches. I'll go ask a neighbor.

- No, lady!

- My name is Gail!

No matches. That's enough now.

Where are you going?

I'm going home. I'm walking home now.

- How far is home?

- East 91st Street.

East 91st? Are you kidding?

Listen, I like you.

Why don't I give you a ride

in my Mister Softee truck?

How does that sound?

- Where's the truck?

- Right around the corner.

Come on.

Come on.

- What's the matter?

- Shut up.

What's wrong?

- You're dead, pal.

- I'm what?

Gail, what are you doing? What's wrong?

Gail, what is it?

Are you still giving me a lift home?

Why are you looking at me like that for?

That's him! Over there with the whistle.

That's him! Get him!

Shit!

Help! Call the police!

I went to school with your son.

Mom, it's me! I can't... God damn it!

You're so stupid! Come on! Cut it out!

I'll probably get blamed for that.

What do you want from me?

What have I done?

I'm just a word processor,

for Christ's sake!

Excuse me.

I wonder, would you...

It's okay.

Would you help me?

Would you please help me?

What do you want me to do?

Where do you live?

Can you take me home?

There's certain things that I will not do.

I'm telling you in advance.

I really have to tell you something

before we start.

I have never done this with a man before.

I'm a little bit nervous.

Listen, can I...

Can I use your telephone?

- Sure. It's...

- I see it. That's great.

- *Operator.*

- *Get me the police, please. Right away.*

Just a minute.

-*12th Precinct, Fitzgerald.*

- *Yes, Officer. Thank God.*

My name is Paul Hackett. I'm in SoHo.

I don't know the exact location.

I'm being persecuted by a vigilante mob.

I'm sure you're aware of their actions.

Now, I have every reason in the world to

believe that my life is in serious danger.

Evidently, there's a series of robberies...

that are being conducted

in this neighborhood.

Just get some sleep, buddy.

Hello?

I don't believe you.

I'm sorry. I wonder...

Could I just crash out

on your couch here for a couple hours?

I am just beat.

Why don't you just go home?

I've been asking myself that one

all night long.

So? What happened? Why can't you?

All right.

I met this girl tonight in a coffee shop.

She gave me her phone number.

So when I got home, I gave her a call.

She said to come over. In the cab,

all my money flew out the window.

Then I got to know this girl,

and I didn't get along with her that well.

It didn't really work out, so I left.

I tried to take a subway tonight.

But the fare went up? Did you know that?

- Yes.

- You knew that?

I didn't know anything about that.

I haven't enough money to get home

until I meet this bartender...

a really nice guy who really wanted

to lend me the money...

...they'd actually purchased

this piece of work here.

I didn't know anything about that.

She's pissed off at me,

and for this, I don't blame her at all...

for the way I treated her friend.

It was inexcusable.

So I march right in there to apologize,

but she'd already killed herself.

I was too late.

...he was about to give me the money,

when all of a sudden, his phone rang.

His girlfriend killed herself tonight.

Is that a coincidence?

No, because the same girl...

who I came downtown to see

was dead, too.

That's because they're the same person.

They're both dead.

I couldn't believe that.

He didn't know that I came down to,

you know, his girlfriend...

because he would have taken my face

and he would have smashed it.

Luckily, there was this girl, who saw

everything, who let me use her phone.

Really nice about it, too.

Let me use the phone. That was it.

Just use it. Pick it up and put it down.

She's the one in the Mister Softee

ice-cream truck who's trying to kill me!

They're all trying to kill me.

I just wanted to leave my apartment...

maybe meet a nice girl.

And now I've got to die for it!

That's the girl. That is Julie.

That's her. Look.

Julie, it's me!

What are you doing? Come here.

Oh, God. That's the one. Unbelievable.

What's the matter with you?

- You've got to help me.

- Get a hold of yourself, okay?

Can you get a glass of water?

Tell them it's not my fault. I didn't do it.

You've got to make things

clear to me, pal.

I just got back from the morgue.

I'm not thinking too straight, either.

There's an angry mob out there,

and they want to kill me...

because they think

I'm robbing apartments.

I had the keys to your apartment.

Did I rob you?

I could have robbed your apartment.

I didn't because I'm not a thief.

Right?

I'm not a thief.

- Stay here.

- Wait! Where are you going?

To get your keys.

Thank you. Go ahead. I'll be right here.

- Just relax.

- I will.

Thanks.

He's in here!

What can I do for you?

- Why so empty?

- Invitation only.

Then where is everybody?

Beats me. Must have stayed home.

Who's she?

That's June. She's always here.

Usually nobody notices her.

If you're interested, you better hurry.

I'm closing up in a few minutes.

Excuse me, miss.

I couldn't help noticing you,

and I wondered...

would you...

care to...

join me for a drink?

Just talking.

I'm having a really...

really bad night...

and I can't seem to find anyone...

who just will sit with me for just...

Without yelling at me

or something, you know?

I honestly wouldn't approach you

in this state...

were I not so...

unusually...

intrigued.

There.

I bared my soul to you.

May I?

- Why are you doing this?

- What?

You flirt with me.

You share your cigarette with me.

You dance with me.

You're nice to me.

Open up!

Why are you doing this?

I want...

to live.

Sorry, folks. Closing up.

I just want...

to live.

Live.

Come downstairs with me, Paul.

- They got in!

- What is it?

I have to tell you, I'm in big trouble.

Those people up there want to kill me.

- Is there another way out of here?

- No!

- What is this?

- Don't go in there.

- What's this?

- No, don't touch that!

No, don't touch that vat!

Oh, God.

- Come with me, Paul.

- What?

Come on.

You're closed, and you want to go home.

It's only going to take a minute.

- I'm telling you, no one's in here.

- You cannot reason with this man.

Don't move.

I don't want to stick you with this stuff.

I'm just gonna put this piece here.

Hold up!

You don't sense the pressure here?

This is very good for the pores.

- Come on, it's a total search!

- All right.

- Good.

- No.

Now pick this up.

Where's this lead to?

- A private apartment.

- Knock on the door.

Wait. I'll knock.

- June!

- Yeah, what is it?

Some people want to look around

your place. Something about a robbery.

I'm working! Can't you see I'm working?

I know. I'm sorry.

Excuse me.

Have you seen this guy?

Doesn't look so hard.

- Is there another way out of here?

- No. That's it.

All right, we're moving out! Come on.

We're sorry we disturbed you, lady,

but we were sure that...

Okay, let's boot it! Wasting time here.

- It's okay. They're gone.

- Great.

Okay, will you let me

out of this thing now?

No. You're safe like this.

They could still come back.

Look, lady, you've been great.

But can you let me out of here...

Listen, I'm involved in this, too, now.

I got to keep working on you.

They could still come back.

Lady, let me out of this thing now!

Do you hear me? Let me out...

Okay, that's it.

I just want to go upstairs

and check if they're still there.

Be right back.

Didn't I tell you, man? Check it out.

- Check it out.

- Man, this is junk.

What are you talking about?

This is antiques, man. This is old.

It's plastic. Let's call it a night.

We've got enough stuff already.

It's my sculpture!

- Be careful with it.

- All right.

Is it worth taking this thing?

Are you crazy, man? This is art.

Art sure is ugly, man.

Yeah, that's how much you know.

The uglier the art, the more it's worth.

- This must be worth a fortune.

- That's right.

- It's by that famous guy, Segal.

- Yeah?

You see him on the Carson Show.

Plays the banjo all the time.

I never watch Carson.

That's how much you know about art.

I don't know, man.

I'll take a stereo any day.

Yeah, what do you know, man?

A stereo's a stereo. Art is forever.

English

