

BLAME IT ON THE BOSSA NOVA

(LOWER EAST SIDE STORY)

BY

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FADE IN

INT. MIMS' LIVING ROOM - GREAT NECK - EVENING (SPRING '62)

REBECCA "REBS" LITZER (34), a short-stature, brassy redhead, in the very latest fashion (a la Jackie Kennedy), restlessly drags on a nearly spent cigarette. She stares out the picture window of a lavishly decorated suburban home.

Her bratty twins, **GABRIEL** and **MICHAEL** (11), wrestle nearby.

She crosses to the bar, stubs out her cigarette.

Rebs pours a martini, grabs two olives from a bowl, stabs them with a toothpick, plops them into her drink.

From a pocket she produces a blue pill, places it on her tongue, washes it down with her cocktail. Sighs.

REBS

I said no rough-housing at your
bubbie's. You have one second to-

The glare of headlights briefly illuminates the room.

REBS

He's here!! Boys, off the floor!
Just look at the schmutz on you.

Rebs makes her way to the mirror over the mantel, inspects herself, smooths her hair, a stiff dome encircling her head.

REBS

Wanda, bring my mother out here,
please! Places, everyone!

Rebs and the twins assemble themselves before the front door. She makes a futile attempt to spiff up their appearance.

She steps back into line, inhales deeply, faces the door.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. SANITARIUM - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A disordered, book-filled office deep in a sanitarium.

DOCTOR BIRNBAUM (65), a portly, bespectacled man, his hair greasy, lab coat wrinkled, paces. He smokes.

Rebs, cigarette in her mouth, sits opposite his desk, half listens, digs in her purse.

BIRNBAUM
Mrs. Litzer, your brother's-

REBS
- Please, I insist, call me "Rebs."

BIRNBAUM
Your brother's latest regression is puzzling. It's odd for someone to plunge into a deep depression without some sort of trigger.

She blatantly glances at her watch, takes no interest.

BIRNBAUM
I've initiated a new treatment involving music. I'm optimistic we'll see progress.

REBS
Is that an ashtray?

The doctor slides a handmade ashtray toward her. A patient's creation, no doubt.

Rebs suspiciously eyes the crude, clay form, then gingerly stubs out her cigarette.

BIRNBAUM
As I've told you before, if we fail to see improvement I'll need to consider other options. Questions?

Rebs fusses with an earring, shakes her head, "No."

END FLASHBACK

MIMS' LIVING ROOM

WANDA HERMAN (56), a black maid, enters with **IRMGARD "MIMS" SOLOMON** (70), who is impeccably dressed, but oblivious.

WANDA
You stand here, Miss Mims.

Wanda positions Mims in line with Rebs and the twins, falls back from the group, stands with her arms folded.

REBS
Big smiles, everyone.

After a brief moment, the door opens, **ABRAHAM "ABE" LITZER** (42), Rebs' husband, a particularly jowly, balding, mountain of a man, enters.

ABE

Traffic was a beast.

He's followed by **ISAAC SOLOMON** (28), a gaunt man in a cheap, loose-fitting suit. Isaac sheepishly enters, suitcase in hand, halts when he sees the "welcome party."

The "welcome party" stands fixed, stares back.

REBS

You remember your Uncle Isaac...
 (nudges the twins forward)
 Gabriel, Michael, say hello.

Gabriel and Michael, poke at one another, don't respond.

REBS

Mom, do you see? Isaac's back.

Mims blankly scans the faces in front of her.

MIMS

Did he bring cinnamon babka?

REBS

This isn't one of her better days.
 Everything's a skosh foggy.

ISAAC

I'll put my bag in my room.

REBS

Um, no, you're not staying here.
 You'll be living with us,... for
 the time being. Doctor Birnbaum
 thought you needed a closer eye.

ABE

You didn't tell me that.

REBS

Well, Abe, I'm telling you now!

The group stands immobile, awkward glances all around.

REBS

(to Isaac)
 You might want to freshen up before
 guests arrive.

Isaac sets down his suitcase, looks at her dumbfounded.

ISAAC

Guests? For what?

REBS

It's just a little get reacquainted
with the neighbors party. You have
been in the,... you know, the-

ISAAC

- What? The nut house?

ABE

Who could use a drink? Me. That's
who. Anybody else?

Abe heads to the bar. The boys run off to the kitchen.

Mims wanders away to the living room sofa, sits.

The DOOR BELL RINGS.

Isaac, his anxiety visibly manifesting, wrenches his hands.

ISAAC

I need the bathroom.

He flees down the hallway.

REBS

Would everyone, please, just get a
grip! It's only light cocktails and
nibbles.

*

WANDA

That's a fine welcome home after
three and a half years.

REBS

Did anyone ask for your two cents,
Wanda? Just answer the door.

BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Isaac, hyperventilates, stands before the sink, stares at
himself in the mirror. The faucet gushes at full force.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. SANITARIUM - ISAAC'S CELL - DAY

Isaac, unshaven, hair mussed, sits still, expressionless, in
the center of a stark, windowless cell. He's illuminated by
the sickly, yellow glow of a caged overhead bulb.

The quiet is broken by the METAL CLICK of a HEAVY DOOR
UNLOCKING and OPENING.

A plump NURSE (30s), enters with a food tray.

NURSE (O.S.)
Morning, Mr. Solomon! Breakfast! I
see your bed wasn't slept in again.

She steps before him, moves a spoonful of grayish oatmeal
towards his mouth.

NURSE
You must be hungry. Open the
hangar, here comes the plane.

Isaac clenches his jaw tight.

The nurse sets the tray on the bedside table, bends close,
looks directly into his eyes.

ISAAC'S POV

The nurse's chubby face draws near.

NURSE
Hello! I know you're in there.

She steps back, arms akimbo, shakes her head.

NURSE
Two can play this game. I don't
know how this is supposed to help,
but doctor knows best.

The nurse moves to a knob on the wall, turns it. The "*THEME
FROM A SUMMER PLACE*" erupts from a speaker.

NURSE
Don't let me catch you dancing.

BEGIN DAYDREAM

Slowly the drab cell walls fade away, transform into a vast,
bright blue, cloud-filled sky. The nurse floats off.

Isaac, surrounded by swirling clouds, starts to lift off.

A slight smile appears on his face.

END DAYDREAM / FLASHBACK

BATHROOM

Isaac, now calm, is brought back with a KNOCK on the door.

REBS (O.S.)

Isaac? Everyone's wondering why the
guest of honor isn't-

Isaac yanks open the door. Rebs eyes him suspiciously.

REBS

You've been in here quite a long
time. What on earth are you doing?

ISAAC

I'm mentally preparing myself to be
ogled like a freak.

Isaac pushes past Rebs into the hallway.

LIVING ROOM

Isaac bursts into the room to find a small gathering of
NEIGHBORHOOD COUPLES, all close facsimiles of Rebs and Abe.

Isaac stops. The Neighbors cease conversing, stare.

ISAAC

Hi, all! Enjoying the festivities?
In case you're wondering, I'm not
suicidal, just a bit neurotic. Not
sure that's any of your business.
Oh, if you're hoping for some sort
of outrageous display, sorry to
disappoint, but I won't be publicly
defecating tonight. Carry on.

He walks through the uncomfortably silent room, plops himself
next to Mims on the sofa.

The Neighbors nervously CHATTER, return to their drinks.

MIMS

Jakob, where were you? You said
you'd bring babka.

ISAAC

Mom, it's me, Isaac. Jakob's dead.

He takes Mim's hand, looks at her, tears in his eyes.

INT. REB'S LIVING ROOM - LONG ISLAND - LATER

Rebs' family and Isaac enter. The room is decorated like a
life-sized Valentine, with pink curtains, red trim and white
satin. Hard to imagine anyone's actually allowed in here.

REBS
No TV tonight. Off to bed.

The boys and Abe GRUMBLE, head off. Isaac starts to follow.

REBS
No, Isaac, you're, ummm... We didn't think you'd be released so soon. I set up a cozy little corner for you in the basement.

ISAAC
A corner in the basement? Is there at least a toilet?

REBS
What do you want me to say? It all happened so quickly.

ISAAC
It'll be just like the sanitarium. Mind if I urinate on the floor?

REBS
Really, Isaac. Was I supposed to put the boys out of their rooms?

ISAAC
(opens door to basement)
Apparently not. Good night.

He starts down the stairs.

BASEMENT

Isaac's "room", an open space between stacks of boxes, lit by a bare bulb. A narrow cot is made up. Children's furniture completes the arrangement.

He brushes his teeth at a laundry tub, rinses, spits.

RAISED, BUT MUFFLED, VOICES make their way down from the floor above. A DOOR SLAMS, then STOMPING FEET.

Isaac lies down on the cot, covers his face with a pillow.

ONE HOUR LATER

Isaac, asleep, is awakened by a hand placed over his mouth. He looks up to find Abe stooped over him.

Abe brings his face close.

Isaac's eyes widen.

ABE

Listen up, queer. I'll make this plain. Family or not, I don't want you in my house and I don't want you anywhere near my boys. So, make this stay short! Got it?

Isaac nods his head.

KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

Rebs, in curlers and a dressing gown, pours a cup of coffee.

Isaac enters, dressed in his loose suit and tie.

REBS

You're up early. Dressed too.

ISAAC

Couldn't sleep.

REBS

No? Surely it's an improvement over that nightmare of a hospital.

ISAAC

Yeah, it's just like the Waldorf.

Gabriel and Michael, eat breakfast, "shoot" cap guns at one another from opposite sides of a cereal box fortress.

GABRIEL

You're dead! I shot you right between the eyes. Mom!

MICHAEL

No, I'm not. Uh-uh! You missed me. Mom!

REBS

Boys! Please! It's too early for cops and robbers.

MICHAEL

Jeez, mom. We're playing *Gunsmoke*.

REBS

I don't care if it's *Have Gun-Will Travel*. You're making me insane!

The boys eat their cereal. Rebs sneakily pops a pill.

ISAAC

I'm going into Manhattan. Thought I'd start looking for work.

REBS

Alone?

ISAAC

I've been going into the city,
alone, since I was twelve.

REBS

If you think you can manage...

Abe enters the room in his golf clothes.

REBS

Oh, no! I told you, Abe, you're
supposed to watch the boys this
afternoon. I marked the calendar.

ABE

Not today, I can't. Me and Mort are
entertaining clients.

REBS

Is that what you're doing?... Go!
I'll see the boys don't kill each
other, while maintaining our social
standing with the Ladies Auxiliary.

Abe leaves.

ISAAC

Can you take me to the train?

INT. LONG ISLAND RAIL ROAD CAR - DAY

Isaac looks out the window, observes as suburbia gradually
morphs to urban decay.

A COUPLE IN THEIR TWENTIES seat themselves opposite Isaac.
Soon they're groping one another, all hands and tongues.

The young woman, face toward Isaac, coyly smiles, winks.

Isaac gets up, moves to another row.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - LATE AFTERNOON

Isaac walks down Broadway, past strip clubs and greasy spoon
diners. PASSERSBY rush past, bundled up against the drizzle.

Isaac stops, looks in the smudged window of a coffee shop.

He opens his wallet. He has one dollar.

He enters.

INT. TIMES SQUARE COFFEE SHOP

Isaac seats himself at a table near the front window.

An old-school **COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS** (40s) comes up to him.

COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS
What'll it be? Coffee?

ISAAC
Actually, I'd like tea with lemon.
A slice, not a wedge. A doily too.

COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS
Get lost on your way to the Plaza,
Mr. Fancy Pants?

She walks away.

Outside, he spies, **MARCOS** (26), a swarthy young man, poorly dressed for the weather. He ducks under the dripping awning.

Marcos notices Isaac, discretely waves. Isaac hesitates, then shyly waves back. Marcos smiles.

Soon, a **MIDDLE-AGED MAN** (40s) approaches Marcos. They talk.

The waitress returns, slams down the tea, bangs on the window. Isaac jumps. She points at the two men outside.

COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS
You two! Scram or I'll call the
cops! Goddamn degenerates!

The men scurry off. Isaac watches them flee.

COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS
(walking away)
Trash, creeping out of the sewer
like rats...

Isaac shrinks down, wraps his hands around the steaming cup of tea, pulls it closer.

EXT. GREAT NECK TRAIN STATION - LATER THAT EVENING

The station is dark and deserted. The rain pours. Isaac huddles beneath the eaves.

A CAR HORN HONKS.

Isaac darts to a waiting Ford Falcon Coupe, jumps in.

INT. ABE'S FORD FALCON COUPE - NIGHT

Isaac closes the door. Abe is at the wheel. They pull away.

ISAAC

I thought Rebs was picking me up.

ABE

I'm not good enough for you? I can leave you here.

Isaac tightens his jacket, sinks lower into the seat.

ABE

She sent a thermos of chicken soup. Not sure how much is left. Helped myself.

He opens the thermos, peers inside, reseals it.

ABE

So? Did you land a job?

ISAAC

One publisher said they'd have an opening soon. It sounds promising.

ABE

Soon, huh? If you actually want work, I can get you a caddy position at the club. Tomorrow.

ISAAC

Publishing is where I belong. It's imperative I write.

ABE

Does that pay much? Or does old Abe keep footing the bill?

Isaac turns towards his window. The passing neon signs cast washes of color on his face.

ISAAC

I could afford a studio in the East Village, most likely.

ABE

Why anyone would want to live in-

ISAAC

- The city is where I belong... I can't picture myself in Great Neck. I couldn't create here.

Abe gives Isaac a sidelong glance, shakes his head.

ABE
(under his breath)
At least there aren't any perverts.

INT. REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - BASEMENT - LATER

Isaac, in his damp suit, enters the basement. He removes his jacket and shirt, hangs them from the exposed plumbing.

He sits down in front of his Smith-Corona typewriter, looks at the blank page in the cradle. Next to the typewriter is a undisturbed, fresh, ream of paper.

A DOOR SLAMS upstairs. RAISED VOICES follow.

Isaac removes the sheet of paper, places the cover on the typewriter, snaps it shut.

BASEMENT - MORNING - A MONTH LATER

Isaac, now sporting a goatee, his face fuller, his hair longer, sleeps on his tiny cot.

He is awakened by KIDS ROUGH-HOUSING from the floor above. Isaac covers his head with a pillow, turns on his side.

A moment later, his cot is jolted by a KICK. Isaac, startled, flips over to find Abe looming over him.

He recoils.

ABE
Phone's for you. Webster somebody.

MONTAGE

- Isaac grabs his typewriter case. Pulls the ball chain on the overhead light.

- Rebs and Isaac drive across the **MANHATTAN BRIDGE**. The car loaded with boxes, a small pile of clothes and typewriter.

- He enters **WEBSTER PUBLISHING**, carries a small potted-plant.

- He types at a desk, in a windowless, high-rise office.

- Isaac, alone on a bench, in **TOMPKINS SQUARE**. The leaves are just changing color. A group of **BEATNIKS** play **BONGOS** near the fountain.

INT. ISAAC'S STUDIO APARTMENT - EVENING

Isaac, sits at his desk, eats spaghetti. He twirls his fork in the pasta, lost in thought. A RADIO PLAYS quietly.

The sun rests below the skyline.

A KNOCK at the door.

Isaac jumps up, startled, crosses to the door. He slides the chain into the lock, puts his eye to the peephole.

ISAAC

Who is it?

CLAUDIA (O.S.)

Mr. Solomon! It's your neighbor, Claudia Fitzpatrick. The sixth floor welcoming committee.

ISAAC

Hold on, please!

Isaac rushes around the apartment, straightens up, shoves discarded clothing in a drawer.

He returns to the door, opens it, the chain still intact.

In the hallway, stands **CLAUDIA** (33), a striking brunette with a Cleopatra do and coal-lined eyes. She wears a simple black sweater and slacks, clutches a bouquet of daisies that have seen better days.

CLAUDIA

Sorry for popping in unexpected. I've been in Cleveland tending to my mother's thrombophlebitis, otherwise I'd have come by sooner. So, delayed as it may be, welcome to the East Village, one enormous family of misfits... Italian?

ISAAC

No, Jewish.

She GUFFAWS, points at the spaghetti sauce stained napkin stuffed in Isaac's collar.

Isaac grabs the napkin, jams it in his pocket.

ISAAC

(undoing the chain)
Oh, I thought... Come in.

CLAUDIA

(enters, looks around)

I see you're keeping with the minimalist look. Kind of austere meets off-white. I like it. Well, these aren't fragrant, but they certainly are bright and cheery.

Claudia thrusts the daisies at Isaac. He takes them.

CLAUDIA

So, I hear you're new to the city.

ISAAC

Who told you that?

CLAUDIA

Machete Maya, the building super, the jalapeño hot line. She prides herself on knowing absolutely every juicy detail about every tenant.

ISAAC

Machete Maya?

CLAUDIA

That's what I call her. She has a huge knife by her door and threatens to lop off the genitals of anyone who crosses her, well, only the male tenants. I think she has a general dislike for Caucasians too. Who can blame her? Puerto Ricans have it rough in New York. It's not all dancing on roof tops like *West Side Story*. She has strict rules about questionable goings-on. So, be discrete or it's chop-chop!

A DOOR BUZZES down the hall.

ISAAC

I'll be on my best-

CLAUDIA

- That's me. Would love to stay and chat, but I'm hosting a soiree. Enjoyed our little pow-wow. Ciao!

Claudia rushes out the door, closes it behind her.

Isaac stands, flowers in hand, appears a bit awestruck.

His PHONE RINGS.

Isaac sets the flowers next to his typewriter, answers the bedside phone.

ISAAC
 (a la Groucho Marx)
 Solomon's Mortuary. Where we add
 spiff to every pasty stiff.

INT. REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - LIVING ROOM

Rebs, in a dressing gown, sans make-up, looking a little pasty herself, sits on the sofa.

REBS
 That was vile. I hate when you do
 that. What if it wasn't me?

INTERCUT

ISAAC
 It's always you.

REBS
 That's besides the point... Listen,
 I'll be in the city tomorrow and-

Abe steps in front of Rebs, dressed in trousers and an unbuttoned, white shirt.

ABE
 Enough with the girl talk.

REBS
 I'm talking to Isaac.

Abe makes an effeminate gesture, limp wrist and all.

REBS
 Go finish dressing, you dumb ape.

Abe sulks, wanders off.

REBS
 Can we do lunch tomorrow?

ABE (O.S.)
 Where's my sport coat?!

REBS
 (yelling, to Abe)
 For heaven's sake, try looking
 (MORE)

REBS (CONT'D)

behind the bedroom door for once!
(to Isaac)
I can meet you. How's noon?

*

ISAAC

Okay. But I choose where we eat. I
can't afford the Palm Room.

REBS

You're agreeable. Are you taking
your Valium?

Rebs pops a blue pill.

ISAAC

You're the champion pill-popper of
the family, not me.

REBS

I have a prescription.

ISAAC

A neighbor dropped by. She put me
in a good mood.

REBS

In that part of the city, she must
be a shiksa.

ISAAC

There is a world outside Great
Neck, you know.

REBS

Either way, she must be a beatnik,
a drug addict or Catholic.

ISAAC

All the things to get your country
club application denied.

Abe comes back. He wears a sport coat, holds his bow tie. He
stands impatiently, taps his foot.

REBS

Ha-ha, Henny Youngman... Big baby
can't dress himself. Gotta run.

INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Isaac sits under a circle of light emanating from a desk
lamp, types. He pauses for a moment.

He goes to the kitchen, turns on the tap, drinks.

As he turns off the faucet, MUFFLED FEMALE VOICES and LAUGHTER come through the kitchen wall. Isaac puts his ear to the wall, listens.

INT. WEBSTER PUBLISHING - EXECUTIVE RECEPTION - DAY

BRIDGET (29), a buxom secretary, chats with **NED** (37), a smarmy co-worker. Behind Bridget, gilded lettering reads "*Harold Lowenstein - Editor-In-Chief.*"

BRIDGET

Mr. Lowenstein can spare a few minutes at 9:45 tomorrow morning.

Isaac walks up. Bridget holds up her index finger, indicating "hold-on-a-sec". Ned moves in front of him.

NED

Swell, Bridget. Do you like French crullers or chocolate raised?

BRIDGET

Caramel! You're a peach, Ned.

Ned turns, gives Isaac a smug look.

NED

You're clean out of luck, bud. The lady doesn't go for cream puffs.

Ned LAUGHS, walks away.

BRIDGET

He can ply me all he wants with pastry. I'll never date him.

ISAAC

Can you see Mr. Lowenstein gets this? I'm late for lunch.

Bridget stands, rests her breasts on the counter in front of her, exposes ample cleavage.

BRIDGET

Business or pleasure?

Isaac averts his eyes, hands her a manila envelope.

ISAAC

Neither. I'm meeting my sister.

EXT. CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE & 43RD STREET - LATER

Isaac paces, constantly checks his watch. He steps over to the curb, looks down the street.

He steps back from the curb, as a taxi pulls up. Rebs emerges from the taxi, loaded down with shopping bags.

REBS

Bergdorf's was having a sale. I couldn't resist.

ISAAC

I can just hear Abe kvetching when you walk in with all that schmatte.

REBS

I was hoping you could hold onto a couple bags, until I-

ISAAC

- Absolutely not. I live in a studio smaller than your closet. Do I look like a putz?

REBS

I'm only asking. Always so testy.

ISAAC

Can we go to lunch? I'm running out of time.

INT. DINGY FIFTH AVENUE AUTOMAT - LATER

Rebs and Isaac sit at a small table along a banquette. They eat Cobb salads, drink iced tea. A slice of lemon meringue pie sits close to Rebs.

Rebs' shopping bags are heaped next to her.

TWO LADIES (50s), at the adjoining table, WHISPER, stare.

REBS

Well, this certainly isn't the Plaza... So, I'm still waiting to hear about this neighbor girl.

ISAAC

There's nothing to tell. She may or may not be single. Her mother lives in Ohio.

Rebs leans in closer.

REBS

That's all you've got? Did she attend Bryn Mawr? Does she have a trust fund? Who's her analyst?

ISAAC

You're unbelievable. Do you hear-?

The Lady closest to Isaac stands, squeezes by their table. She looks down at Rebs and Isaac, sneers.

Her lunch partner, also stands. Gives them the evil eye.

They glance back, WHISPER to one another, walk away.

REBS

Finally, some privacy. I thought those goyim would never leave... I'm not sure you're aware, but I'm trying to show some interest in your life. Don't fault me-

ISAAC

- Fine. She's a lovely girl. But, I'm not interested. Drop it.

REBS

With that attitude, it's no wonder Abe's convinced you're still a-

ISAAC

Screw Magilla Gorilla!

Rebs reaches for a bag, digs through the contents.

REBS

(hands Isaac a small box)
I bought you a little trinket.

ISAAC

I'm not ignoring Abe the Ape's-

REBS

- I'm the only one who gets to call him that. Now, would you open the box?!

Isaac opens the box, pulls out a Star of David tie clip.

ISAAC

That's subtle. As if I don't look Jewish enough.

REBS

It's what you are!... Give it here.
I'll return it.

Rebs puts out her hand for the tie clip.

ISAAC

I know you feel responsible for me,
what with mom's condition. But how
I live my life has nothing to do
with you or Abe. I moved to the
city to find myself.

Rebs looks around to see if anyone is listening.

REBS

I'm aware the doctor advised you to
venture out on your own, but is the
East Village the wisest choice? I
suggested the Upper West Side, but
that was too bourgeois for you. And
may I remind you, who helped set
you up in that horrid studio?

ISAAC

Here it is, folks, the as-to-be-
expected tirade of my failings.

Isaac settles back in his chair, arms folded.

REBS

Really, what kind of future is
there in encyclopedia research? If
you want to be a writer, then
write. But do you really need to
live in Manhattan to do that? What
you need is a nice Jewish girl-

ISAAC

- When did you become mom?

REBS

I'm going to pretend I didn't hear
that... It's really not my place,
but when was the last time you
bothered to visit her anyway?

ISAAC

I've been meaning to go.

REBS

What do you want me to tell you?
That she's back to making latkes
and lox? Because she's not.

ISAAC

I'm aware. If you're done with the lecture, my lunch hour is over.

Isaac gets up to go, knocks over a water glass.

Rebs grabs a napkin, mops it up.

REBS

Look what you... Surely you have a teensy bit of space for a bag or two.

ISAAC

All right. Hand 'em over.

Rebs pushes four bags toward Isaac, offers her cheek.

Isaac avoids the kiss, takes the bags, leaves in a huff.

Rebs digs into her purse, pulls out a pill bottle, promptly pops two pills in her mouth, chases them with a mouthful of lemon meringue pie.

INT. ISAAC'S TINY OFFICE - EVENING

Isaac types at his desk, hidden behind a stack of books.

Bridget peaks in, TAPS on the open door. His head pops up.

ISAAC

Were you aware cows have four stomachs? My sister should be so lucky.

BRIDGET

I'm about to lock up. You'll need to have the custodian let you out.

ISAAC

Gotcha. Thanks!

Isaac goes back to his work. Bridget remains in the doorway.

BRIDGET

Before I leave, I can make coffee or grab something from the deli.

ISAAC

I won't be long.

BRIDGET

Would you like me to wait for you?

ISAAC
That isn't necessary.

Bridget steps further into his office.

BRIDGET
I don't have plans. It wouldn't be an inconvenience.

ISAAC
I don't expect you to do that.

BRIDGET
Expect all you want. I don't mind.

ISAAC
I really need to finish this and I'm behind on my deadline.

BRIDGET
Oh, okay, then... good night.

Bridget gives him a pathetic smile, walks out.

He looks up at the ceiling, shakes his head.

INT. TIMES SQUARE COFFEE SHOP - AN HOUR LATER

Isaac seats himself at a table near the window. The same Waitress serves him.

COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS
Oh, look, Mr. Fancy Pants. Tea with a lemon slice and a doily, right?

ISAAC
That's me. The one and only!

COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS
(walking away)
Hardly. But you're the only one who requires a doily.

While he waits for his tea, Isaac looks out the window, taps his fingers on the table.

After a moment, Marcos walks up to the curb outside, lights a cigarette. Isaac watches.

The waitress returns with the tea.

COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS
Enjoying the view?

Isaac shakes his head "no." The Waitress SCOFFS, walks away.

ISAAC'S POV

A considerably OLDER MAN (60s) walks up to Marcos. They chat. Marcos gestures up the street. They wander off.

END ISAAC'S POV

Isaac quickly grabs his coat, drops a quarter on the table, exits the coffee shop.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Isaac turns down a dank alley, just as Marcos and the Older Man slip into a darkened doorway, a faint, green bulb above.

Isaac stops, checks his surroundings, proceeds to the doorway, hesitates, then returns to the street.

INT. WEBSTER PUBLISHING - CAFETERIA - DAY

Isaac sits alone, eats a sandwich. Reads a book.

OFFICE WORKERS, including Bridget and Ned, sit across the room at a long table. Ned WHISPERS to them. Everyone, except Bridget, LAUGHS, glance towards Isaac.

BRIDGET

That's a horrible thing to say!

Bridget stands, looks over at Isaac, leaves the room.

INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - THAT NIGHT

Isaac stands at Claudia's door. Sounds of a GATHERING come from within. He KNOCKS. The VOICES inside the apartment suddenly quiet.

After a moment, Claudia opens the door, just a crack.

ISAAC

Sorry to intrude. I thought you might enjoy some cookies.

Isaac presents a pink, pastry box tied with a string.

Claudia opens the door a little wider. Isaac peers past her. Numerous BUTCH WOMEN are seated throughout the room. They all stare blankly back at him.

CLAUDIA
 (takes the box)
 How thoughtful. Thanks.

ISAAC
 Another soiree tonight?

CLAUDIA
 This? It's a last minute Tupperware
 training meeting... I should...

ISAAC
 Sure... Go get 'em, ladies. It's a
 jungle out there. Although none of
 you look like the type to take "no"
 for an answer.

Claudia closes the door.

ISAAC
 Another time, maybe.

Isaac, dejected, returns to his apartment.

EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE - DAY

Isaac sits on a park bench, watches the beatniks play their
 bongos. He nibbles on a bagel.

MARVIN (35), a scruffy, sandal and beret-wearing beatnik,
 with a hemp satchel slung over his shoulder, approaches.

MARVIN
 Like, seems you could benefit from
 alternative influences.

Marvin reaches in his satchel, hands him a small red book.
 Isaac reluctantly takes the book, examines it.

ISAAC
 Oh. Thought you were going to offer
 me narcotics. What's this?

MARVIN
 Ruminations for the enlightenment
 of mankind... My book of poetry.

Isaac puts the book in his breast pocket.

MARVIN
 Loosen up, Daddy-o! Khrushchev's
 gonna drop the bomb and you're
 nowhere near hip to life.

ISAAC

Is that my problem? I was told it was irregular constipation.

MARVIN

That's cool. I dig a cat with an acute sense of humor. Like, I have a built-in laugh track myself. I'm Marvin, as my modest tome states. What did the universe lay on you?

ISAAC

Are you asking my name?

MARVIN

Yeah! Your I.D., moniker, label, Hello, I'm fill in the void. Dig?

Isaac feels his lapel.

ISAAC

Must have left my name tag at the office. I'm Isaac.

They limply shake hands.

Isaac points at Marvin's feet.

ISAAC

Do your feet get cold or are they kept warm knowing you're unburdened by societal norms?

Marvin lightly punches Isaac's shoulder.

MARVIN

Right. No, I own a pair of socks.

ISAAC

Gotcha. I'll ingest your pages.

MARVIN

Cool! Maybe they'll help improve the flow. Like, see you around!

He SNAPS HIS FINGERS, once, returns to his fellow beatniks.

INT. REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Rebs and her Ladies Club members - **DOROTHY, DAPHNE, DEEDEE** (the 3-Ds), all slight variations of Rebs in style, stature, girth and age, hold court around the coffee table.

REBS

You didn't hear it from me, ladies,
but Abe won't be caught dead
selling in that part of town. He
says it's as bad as Harlem.

DEEDEE

Morty says that's where homes are
the most affordable.

A **MAID** (40) parks a cart of canapés and cocktails nearby,
leaves. The ladies serve themselves.

DOROTHY

Still, who would even want to live
there, Deedee? It's utter squalor.

REBS

Dorothy's right. What with all the
crime, the juvenile delinquents,
the noise from the expressway.

The 3-Ds all nod in agreement.

DAPHNE

Ladies, it's either that or they
move in next door. And I certainly
don't want them as neighbors.

REBS

Sorry to be the bearer of bad news,
but Abe informed me a group of them
just bought two blocks over.

The 3-Ds GASP.

DEEDEE

Wait. Who are we talking about?

REBS

Really, Deedee?! Must I spell it-

A LOUD CRASH is heard. Gabriel and Michael run in from the
kitchen. The Maid rushes in after them.

MAID

Mrs. Litzer, the crab salad-

The 3-Ds GASP again.

REBS

Boys?! What did you do?

The boys both point at one another.

GABRIEL
He did it. Yes, he did.

MICHAEL
No, I didn't. He pushed me.

The PHONE RINGS.

REBS
Boys! Enough!
(to the maid)
I know you're only the caterer, but
do you mind answering that?

The maid walks over to the phone. Answers it.

REBS
Out! Go play *Rawhide* in the yard.

GABRIEL
We hate that show.

MICHAEL
It's boring.

REBS
How am I supposed to know that?
It's Westerns day and night with
you two. If you don't want to go
play, study for your Bar Mitzvah!

Gabriel and Michael groan, leave. Rebs smiles at her guests.

REBS
My darling, little angels!

MAID
Excuse me, ma'am, it's your
mother's housekeeper.

INT. HOSPITAL - MIMS' ROOM - LATER

Mims, unconscious, lies in bed, surrounded by Isaac, Rebs, Abe and Dr. Birnbaum.

BIRNBAUM
We'll keep her sedated and under
observation. But, with her
dementia, I'm not sure we'll see
much improvement.

ABE
How long does she have?

REBS
Good God, Abe? She's right here.

ABE
She can't hear us! Can she?

REBS
Why don't you ask her?!

ISAAC
Take it outside, will you.

Rebs pulls Abe out of the room. Isaac sits next to Mims.

BIRNBAUM
How are you doing, Isaac?

ISAAC
Adjusting. I like my job. I'm
trying to be more social.

BIRNBAUM
That's good. I knew the move to the
city would be right for you.

ISAAC
Would you tell that to my sister?

Dr. Birnbaum pats him on the back.

BIRNBAUM
She'll come around. You'll see.

ISAAC
Thanks, doctor. But I doubt it.

The doctor leaves. Isaac takes his mother's hand.

ISAAC
Mom, it's me, Isaac. Sorry I
haven't visited. I don't have an
excuse. I just get overwhelmed.

Rebs comes back in, unbeknownst to him.

ISAAC
I'm lonely. It'd be nice to find
someone to love me. Rebs says she
does, but exerting control over
every aspect of my isn't-

REBS
- Baring your soul? Just remember
who's been here for you. It wasn't
her. She put you in that place!

He looks back at her, expressionless.

REBS
Do I ever hear "thank you?"

Isaac gets up to go. Rebs grabs his arm.

ISAAC
I never asked you to-

REBS
- But it's expected. Big sister
will see you're unburdened by
anything to do with family.

He yanks himself from her grip, leaves.

INT. WEBSTER PUBLISHING - CAFETERIA - DAY

Isaac, seated away from the others, eats a sack lunch. Fellow office workers gather in the corner, by the coffee maker.

BRIDGET
What's for lunch, doll?

ISAAC
Katz's liverwurst. Care for a bite?

BRIDGET
Ewww. No. I'm here for Ned's
birthday cake. Want a slice?

A chorus of "*HAPPY BIRTHDAY*" fills the room.

ISAAC
Sure!

They walk over, join in the SINGING.

NED
(cutting the cake)
You have my address for the party.
I expect to see everyone there.

Isaac looks around. Everyone's in on the fun. They CHAT, eat cake.

BRIDGET
(whispering to Isaac)
I'm not going to his party. Maybe
we could have dinner instead?

ISAAC
Why not?!

Everyone departs.

Isaac alone, tosses his cake in the garbage.

INT. GREASY SPOON CHINESE RESTAURANT - THAT EVENING

Isaac, hunkered down in a booth, reads Marvin's book. He glances at his watch, then goes back to reading.

Bridget hurriedly walks up.

BRIDGET

Sorry I'm late. Chinatown side streets always turn me around.

She takes off her coat, slides into the booth.

ISAAC

I ordered already. I assumed you weren't coming.

A WAITER delivers a tea pot and cups. Isaac pours.

ISSAC

Don't let the appearance fool you, it's the best food in Chinatown.

She glances to either side, pulls her arms in close.

BRIDGET

The cockroaches clearly like it. My mother would be horrified. When she visits, she's afraid they'll crawl into her handbag and make the train ride home. Schenectady would be so lucky to have Manhattan roaches, otherwise it's an absolute cultural void.

ISAAC

How do you feel about poetry?

BRIDGET

You're looking at an English major.

ISAAC

Some kooky, sandal-wearing beatnik in Tompkins Square handed me this.

Isaac pushes Marvin's book toward her.

ISAAC

It's entitled "*Investigating Perversity in the Twilight of Civilization.*" Look what was tucked between the pages.

He produces a joint from his breast pocket.

BRIDGET
 (under her breath)
 Is that reefer? You're not going to
 smoke that, are you?

ISAAC
 Maybe. I haven't decided... Hey,
 look at us, we didn't toast!

Bridget raises her tea. Isaac raises the joint.

ISAAC
 Here's mud in your eye.

BRIDGET
 Put that away! Do you want to get
 arrested?

The waiter returns with soup, leaves.

Bridget serves.

ISAAC
 My neighbor invited me to a shindig
 in the Village. You should come.

Bridget shakes her head, appears doubtful.

BRIDGET
 My apartment needs cleaning.

ISAAC
 On a Friday night? In Manhattan?
 (beat)
 You live in the world's greatest
 city and you plan to spend your
 weekend waxing your kitchen floor?
 It'll be fun.

INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE APARTMENT - AN HOUR LATER

Isaac and Bridget are densely packed, along with a CROWD OF BOHEMIANS, into a tiny Village apartment.

The mood is raucous and unruly. A DIN OF EXCITED CHATTER cuts through the DEAFENING JAZZ playing on the hi-fi.

Bridget and Isaac are jostled by passing merry-makers. She takes advantage of the tight quarters, rubs up against Isaac.

BRIDGET
 I've heard about these Bohemian
 parties. I'm told they can get
 (MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

out of hand. My cousin ended up pregnant after she went to one.

Isaac tries to avoid physical contact with her.

ISAAC

You have nothing to worry about.

Claudia slides up behind Bridget, winks at Isaac, mouths "Who is this?"

BRIDGET

How many more people can they get in here? I can barely breathe.

CLAUDIA

This is nothing. You should have been here two months ago. It was so crowded, I cracked a rib.

Bridget turns, comes eye to eye with Claudia.

CLAUDIA

I always rate a party by what's destroyed at the end of the night. Nothing beats the time we broke the bathtub. That was tops.

ISAAC

Bridget, this is my neighbor, Claudia.

BRIDGET

I can barely hear myself. How do you stand it?

CLAUDIA

You get acclimated. Why aren't you kids drinking?

ISAAC

We can't reach the bar.

CLAUDIA

Kitten, you look like you know your way around tight spots. Could you hit the kitchen for refreshments? Just ooze in that direction. I'll keep your place toasty warm.

Claudia points Bridget toward the kitchen, nudges her away.

Bridget gets swallowed up by the crowd.

CLAUDIA
Are you on a date?

ISAAC
No. Bridget's just a friend.

Marvin comes up behind Claudia.

CLAUDIA
She doesn't think so. I say, dump her. She's absolute dullsville.

MARVIN
Who's dullsville?

Claudia turns to him.

CLAUDIA
Marvin! Who let you in?

MARVIN
Uh, I moved in when you and Karl split. Shouldn't you be home, playing house with Jaq?

CLAUDIA
Karl's and my differences aren't putting the kibosh on my social life. And I'm not one to miss one of his nefarious debaucheries.

MARVIN
Nice of you to gift Karl the Pollock in the divorce.

Claudia looks at a small Jackson Pollock behind them.

CLAUDIA
That ugly thing? It's on loan. Karl just can't part with it. Says it reminds him of me. Frankly, I don't see a resemblance. To anything.

MARVIN
Not even the dark, inner workings of your psyche? Dig?

CLAUDIA
Karl's been spouting Jung to you.

MARVIN
(to Isaac)
It's rare to find Claudia without her six-foot, guard dog.

Claudia glares at Marvin.

CLAUDIA
They haven't met.

MARVIN
Does Jaq know the canary fled the cage? Or did you sneak out?

CLAUDIA
I'm solo tonight.

MARVIN
Then you won't mind my joining in on the discourse. I'm the official guru of the underground, after all.

ISAAC
We met once before, in Tompkins Square. You gave me your book.

MARVIN
Right! Opinions? Lay 'em on me!

CLAUDIA
Can we please not talk about that tiresome diatribe?

Bridget returns with three indistinguishable drinks.

BRIDGET
They're serving vodka stingers. But the contents look questionable.

Isaac and Claudia both take a drink from her.

MARVIN
I need one of those. Sayonara, cats!

Marvin heads off to the kitchen.

ISAAC
Why haven't I met this Jack?

VINICIUS (O.S.)
Claudia! Meu amor!

The three turn toward **VINICIUS** (30), a swarthy, curly-haired man, dressed in chinos and a colorful, striped shirt. He pushes his way through the room towards them.

CLAUDIA
Vinicius! Doll!

He bursts through the remaining people in his path.

VINICIUS
 (in a Brazilian accent)
 Mais linda! You are beautiful more
 when I see you, every time.

Vinicius dips Claudia, vigorously embraces her.

CLAUDIA
 (swooning)
 You Brazilian god!

Vinicius beams. Claudia remains reclined in his arms.

CLAUDIA
 Gang, this is Vince, Brazil's
 answer to Gene Kelly. Vince, baby,
 this is Bridget and Isaac.

Vince returns Claudia to an upright position. He goes to dip Bridget, but she slugs him. Vince kisses her hand instead, can't keep his eyes off her chest.

VINICIUS
 I am delighted, senhorita. So much
 beauty in one place.

Isaac extends his hand to Vince. Vince forcefully grabs Isaac's hand, pumps it.

ISAAC
 Don't I get a kiss too?

Vince slaps Isaac on the back. Isaac drops his drink.

VINICIUS
 Americans, so generous with jokes.
 It is why I love everything about
 America. Here everyone is free to
 do as they like.

ISAAC
 Blacks in Birmingham, Alabama would
 disagree.

His comment is met with silence.

ISAAC
 Somebody needs another drink.

He makes his way into the crowd.

The hi-fi stops. A FOLK SINGER plays a GUITAR.

VINICIUS
Merda! What is the shit I hear?!

Everyone around them stares at Vince, who swings around, confronts the Folk Singer.

VINICIUS
You! Folk singer! Stop with the
shit song. Show us your heart.

The Folk Singer stops strumming the guitar.

Vince turns back to Bridget and Claudia.

VINICIUS
I should return to Rio with such
shit. I would be the disgrace. My
friends would feed me to piranhas.
(to the crowd)
Have you not heard the Bossa Nova?

Everyone exchanges blank stares. The room is deadly quiet.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Isaac enters the packed room. A COUPLE locked in an embrace block his path to the open refrigerator. He squeezes by.

The refrigerator door closes to reveal Marcos, the young man from the coffee shop. He smiles at Isaac.

ISAAC
Find anything to drink in there?

Marcos holds up a single Rheingold beer.

MARCOS
It's the last. We can both drink.

ISAAC
When in Rome.

MARCOS
This is New York.

ISAAC
It's an expression. It means...
nothing relevant, really.

Marcos hands the beer to Isaac. He drinks, passes it back.

Marcos, without pause, sips, meets Isaac's gaze.

Isaac grins, blushes. Marcos seductively smiles back.

VINICIUS (O.S.)
 Move aside! Please make the space!
 Saia do caminho! I will show you!

A BOSSA NOVA SONG starts to play on the hi-fi.

MARCOS
 My brother. He is full of passion.
 It's in his blood.

ISAAC
 Are you full of passion too?

APPLAUSE and CHEERS come from the other room.

MARCOS
 Come. You must watch.

Marcos takes Isaac's hand, leads him back to the

LIVING ROOM

Vince has cleared a space in the center of the room. He leads Claudia through the steps. They dance the Bossa Nova.

Marcos and Isaac, in the doorway, witness the spectacle.

MARCOS
 You hear the genius of Jobim and
 Gilberto.

ISAAC
 It's very sensual.

Everyone CLAPS, as Vince and Claudia show off their moves.

VINICIUS
 Vêm, todo mundo. Dança!

ISAAC
 I'm Isaac.

MARCOS
 I am Marcos.

Bridget watches Isaac and Marcos from across the room.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE STREET CORNER - HOURS LATER

Isaac, Bridget and Claudia observe Marcos and Vince, who horseplay, SING, stagger down the sidewalk.

CLAUDIA

Siblings.

ISAAC

My sister and I don't behave like that. She'd have me screaming "Uncle," my head between her knees.

BRIDGET

I should really be going home now.

Isaac, engrossed with Marcos and Vince antics, ignores her.

VINCE

We have too much drink.

MARCOS

Bêbado.

Marcos falls into Isaac, who catches him.

ISAAC

Careful there, fella.

Marcos slips from Isaac's grasp, pivots, jumps on Vince's back. They spin wildly, LAUGHING, veer off the sidewalk, into the street and oncoming traffic.

A taxi slams on its brakes. HONKS. Everyone SCREAMS.

TAXI DRIVER

(leaning out window)
Goddamn queers!

Vince and Marcos LAUGH hysterically.

CLAUDIA

Who are you calling queer?! Go back to New Jersey. Asshole!

TAXI DRIVER

Next time, I ain't stoppin'!

The taxi speeds away.

Vince and Marcos move back to the sidewalk.

VINCE

Now we go. Marcos! Vamos!

Marcos jumps off Vince, latches on to Isaac. Vince pulls on him from the opposite side.

MARCOS
 (to Isaac)
 Boa Noite, gato!

Marcos kisses Isaac on the cheek. Isaac turns a bright red.

VINCE
 (dragging Marcos away)
 Beautiful lady. Gentle man. Good
 night, amigos! Vêm, homem louco.

Isaac, Bridget and Claudia watch them stagger off.

CLAUDIA
 Those Brazilians are something
 else, huh?!

BRIDGET
 They're a little forward, for my
 taste. So loud. And all that
 unnecessary groping and kissing.

The two women direct their attention to Isaac.

ISAAC
 I'll hail you a cab.

EXT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

Claudia and Isaac creep up the steps to their building. Out of the darkness comes-

JAQ (O.S.)
 Do you know what time it is?

Claudia and Isaac, both startled, SCREAM.

JACQUELINE "JAQ" WADE (35), Claudia's six-foot, black girlfriend, steps out of the darkness. She blocks the doorway.

CLAUDIA
 Jeezus, Jaq. You scared us.

ISAAC
 This is your Jaq?

JAQ
 Do you know how worried I've been?

CLAUDIA
 We were at Karl's party. I told you
 where I was going.

JAQ

You know I hate when you go to your ex's. It's been an awful night. This one's phone hasn't stopped ringing for hours. I couldn't sleep. I almost went to my mom's.

ISAAC

I wonder what that's about.

Isaac goes to open the front door. Jaq steps in front of him, blocks his path.

JAQ

You better not be getting my girl into trouble. I have connections.

CLAUDIA

Jaq! Isaac's a good guy.

ISAAC

It's true. I am. I promise.

JAQ

I'll be the judge of that... I'm watching you, mister.

Isaac edges past Jaq, scurries into the building.

CLAUDIA

Really, Jaq! You need to cool off!

INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

The telephone RINGS. Isaac rushes in, goes to the phone.

ISAAC

Hello?... What's wrong?... I'll leave right now... What?... Yes, I'll bring the large Bergdorf bag.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - MIMS' FUNERAL - FOUR DAYS LATER

MOURNERS are gathered graveside. The service ends, the attendees disperse. Abe leads Gabriel and Michael away.

REBS

I won't need the plot next to mom. It's yours to do with what you want. Although, I can't imagine why you'd ever need both.

ISAAC
 No? What if they split me in half?
 (nudges Rebs)
 Notice the man by the mausoleum?

Rebs looks toward an **OLD MAN IN A FEDORA**, who stands, far off, in the shade of a nearby crypt.

ISAAC
 He's been there the entire service.

REBS
 Probably somebody mom knew.

ISAAC
 He resembles Zeyde from her old photos. Kind of eerie, huh?

REBS
 Stop. Zeyde's been dead decades.

ISAAC
 I'm going over there.

Isaac walks toward the Old Man, who slips out of sight.

Isaac stops, looks around.

INT. MIMS' LIVING ROOM - LATER

The mirrors are covered with black cloth. Floral tributes are placed throughout the room.

Isaac, Rebs and the twins, dressed in black, sit on the couch. Gabriel and Michael fidget, poke one another.

Abe presents **FANNY** and **ESTHER** (70s), two dotty old ladies.

ABE
 You remember, Fanny and Esther.

FANNY
 Your mother, god rest her soul, put up with so much. Why, the stories she would tell about the two of you would shock Methuselah.

ESTHER
 (loudly, to Fanny)
 Is this one the feygele?

Rebs and Abe restrain a CHUCKLE. Isaac shoots them a look.

ISSAC

Ladies, refreshments are in the dining room. Thanks for coming.

ESTHER

I hope you have Manischewitz. I only do Kosher!

Abe hustles the ladies away. Isaac stews.

Claudia comes in the front door, glances around the room.

REBS

Who is that?

ISAAC

Claudia, my neighbor.

Isaac goes over to her.

ISAAC

Thank God, you came. This is Hell.

CLAUDIA

I can't imagine.

ISAAC

Ready to face the viper?

CLAUDIA

Does she bite?

Isaac leads her over to Rebs, who busies with the twins.

REBS

Is it too much for you to sit still? This is your Bubbie's shiva. You're supposed to be miserable, like everyone else. Go on. Eat.

The boys run off to the dining room.

ISAAC

Rebs. This is Claudia.

Claudia extends her hand, but Rebs doesn't extend hers.

REBS

Isaac mentioned you're in sales. Your feet must get tired pounding the pavement in Times Square.

Claudia looks like she's ready to pounce.

Isaac attempts to shuffle her off. Claudia stands firm.

ISAAC

It's very thoughtful of you to come all this way. Am I right, Rebs?

REBS

We all make sacrifices. Some bigger than others. I should know.

Claudia goes to respond, Isaac dissuades her, points her toward to the dining room. Claudia walks away.

ISAAC

That was rude!

REBS

She's not right for you.

ISAAC

Claudia's a friend. Nothing more.

They sit silently a moment. Guests pass by, pay their respects. Isaac and Rebs acknowledge the well-wishers.

ISAAC

When were you going to tell me about the reading of the will?

REBS

If you'd bother to answer your phone...

MR. LOWENSTEIN (50s) Isaac's boss, enters with **TILLY** (32), a trophy wife, overdressed in a mink hat and stole, in July.

ISAAC

Why is my boss here?... And what's he doing with Tilly?

Isaac gives Rebs, who pops a pill, a questioning look.

REBS

Oh, my, that is Tilly.

Isaac walks over, greets them.

ISAAC

Mr. Lowenstein! Tilly! This is a surprise.

MR. LOWENSTEIN

Felt we should come offer our condolences.

Isaac and Mr. Lowenstein shake hands.

ISAAC

I had no idea you two were an item.

Tilly looks past Isaac, removes her hat, hands it to him.

TILLY

Obviously you don't read the society page.

(turning toward Rebs)

Rebs, you poor, poor dear.

Tilly rushes over to her. Rebs bursts into exaggerated tears.

ISAAC

It's kind of you to come, Sir.

MR. LOWENSTEIN

Please, today it's Harold.

ISAAC

If you'll excuse me, Harold.

DINING ROOM

Gabriel and Michael skulk by the buffet. Gabriel spits into a finger sandwich, returns it to the serving tray.

Isaac approaches Claudia, who noshes on a plate of crudité.

ISAAC

(gesturing to nephews)

I wouldn't eat anything with those filthy brats around. You never know what they've been up to.

She puts down her plate.

CLAUDIA

I have to apologize for Jaq. She can be overprotective.

He pulls her away from the boys, draws her close.

ISAAC

I just wish you'd told me about her. When you said Jaq, I thought you meant, Jack.

CLAUDIA

I intended to tell you. I wanted to test the waters first. Also, um, my
(MORE)

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
Tupperware meetings are code for
lesbian activist meetings.

ISAAC
Aren't you full of surprises?

CLAUDIA
That's what keeps life interesting.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET - EARLY EVENING

Claudia and Isaac walk down the sidewalk. As they near their building, Isaac grabs Claudia's arm, stops.

The Old Man in the Fedora stands on the bottom step.

CLAUDIA
What's wrong?

ISAAC
That man was at the funeral.

CLAUDIA
Who is he?

ISAAC
The family ghost.

The pair walk up to where **UNCLE JAKOB** (70s), smartly attired in a suit and fedora, waits.

ISAAC
Uh, Claudia, will you excuse us?

CLAUDIA
I'll go check on Jaq. Good night.

Uncle Jakob tips his hat to Claudia.

She goes up the steps, looks back, enters the building.

ISAAC
Uncle Jakob, this is incredible.
It's actually you.

JAKOB
(thick German accent)
It's me, in the flesh. You may
pinch me to confirm.

ISAAC
That's not necessary. Please, come
inside. We have so much-

JAKOB

- I prefer we go elsewhere. My legs cannot manage all the stairs.

ISAAC

Of course. Whatever you like.

INT. EAST VILLAGE COFFEE HOUSE - LATER THAT EVENING

Isaac and Jakob are cosily seated in a dark, corner booth.

ISAAC

Rebs won't believe it. We all thought you were dead.

Jakob grabs Isaac's hand.

JAKOB

I must insist your sister not learn of my existence.

ISAAC

Why? I don't understand. She'd be so pleased to see you.

JAKOB

I recognize I must explain.

Jakob stirs his coffee, takes a moment.

JAKOB

Before the war, when our family fled Germany, I remained to sell the business. To tie the loose ends, you would say. But the war started and, being Jewish, our assets were seized. Not before I concealed a large sum of money.

ISAAC

Why didn't you leave?

JAKOB

I was foolish in my youth, thinking Berlin was a sanctuary. At first, the Nazis turned a blind eye to we bohemians. But, it did not remain so. Soon they outlawed our decadent ways. Frightening, violent purges came, institutions that had forged a path for those who were different were shuttered or burned to the ground. Men who had tried to change

(MORE)

JAKOB (CONT'D)

minds were arrested and executed. For nine months, I was imprisoned at Spandau. I avoided transfer to a camp, because the Nazis knew I had much money and badly wanted it. I agreed to surrender our fortune if I was allowed my freedom.

ISAAC

Did my mother know all of this?

JAKOB

Only your grandfather had such knowledge. But he hid this out of shame. I was denied my heritage, my birthright. I was considered dead.

ISAAC

But, why? You were his only son.

JAKOB

My boy, I am schwule. In English, you say homosexual. My father discarded me. Like so many, I was tossed aside, as if rubbish. I had no place to go. I had to follow a different path. Make a new life.

Isaac reaches over, places his hand on Jakob's hand.

JAKOB

You're very kind, young man... You don't know how much I've longed to know you, to rejoin my family.

ISAAC

It's not too late. We can be a-

JAKOB

- No. No. I must ask this meeting remain our secret.

ISAAC

That doesn't make any sense.

JAKOB

If I am present, others will say I am seeking what little there is of the family fortune. I'm here to at last say goodbye to my sister. To make a gesture of peace. Our last meeting was strained. We had a divisive quarrel about my way of living. She did not understand.

ISAAC

How did you know she died?

JAKOB

Our rabbi's son was my intimate in Berlin. He escaped Germany and managed to find me years later in France. All these years, we have maintained a correspondence. He has kept me informed of your family.

ISAAC

Uncle, I have something I need to tell you, something about myself.

Jakob takes hold of both Isaac's hands.

JAKOB

We are alike. I know. I've learned of your suffering. The hospitals. Your mother's shame... But you must know, your mother's mind was always fragile, even as a girl. You are not to blame for her condition.

ISAAC

I want to believe that, so much.

JAKOB

I assure you. You must believe.

EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET - LATER THAT EVENING

Isaac and Jakob stand in front of Isaac's building, under a street lamp. A light rain falls.

ISAAC

Will we meet again?

JAKOB

The future is not mine to tell...
But now, I must go. Dampness is
cruel to an old man's bones.

Isaac grabs him, holds him tight.

ISAAC

Uncle, I'll always cherish this
time we've had.

JAKOB

So shall I. Now, one final look at
your beautiful face.

Jakob pulls back. They sadly smile at one another.

JAKOB

Be strong, young man. Strive to
discover love in all that exists.

Jakob kisses Isaac's forehead, then pulls a thick envelope from inside his coat; he presses it into Isaac's hand.

JAKOB

Open this when I've gone. Auf
Wiedersehen, mein lieber Neffe.

Jakob walks away. Just as he is about to round the corner, he turns back, tips his hat, disappears into the night.

INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - LATER

Isaac, teary-eyed, knees pulled to his chest, rocks on his bed. He looks at the city through the rain streaked window.

He picks up Jakob's envelope, begins to break the wax-seal, stops, places it in a bedside drawer.

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Isaac and Rebs sit at a long oak desk. Behind the desk, an **ATTORNEY** (40s) pushes forward a few documents.

Rebs eagerly grabs the papers.

REBS

If I understand you correctly, in
order to receive the inheritance,
the house needs to be sold.

ATTORNEY

That's correct.

REBS

Just so you're aware, my husband's
a broker. He could handle the sale.

ATTORNEY

The estate requires an independent
party complete the transaction.

REBS

How long might that take?

ISAAC

Rebs, will you please just sign?!

REBS

All right. I'm only asking. Don't rush me. You know how I am. I like everything neat and tidy.

She signs, slides the papers to Isaac.

He signs immediately.

LAWYER'S OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Isaac and Rebs enter from the office. Abe waits.

ISAAC

I should go. I'm late for work.

Isaac leaves.

ABE

So? Does the pansy get half?

REBS

Why wouldn't he?

ABE

After all the years you spent caring for your mother?

REBS

The will was completed before mom lost her marbles.

ABE

You're going to contest it, aren't you? He doesn't deserve a red cent.

REBS

Relax, will you? I'm working on it.

INT. ISAAC'S TINY OFFICE - NEXT EVENING

Isaac stretches at his desk. He gets up, puts on his jacket, turns off the desk lamp. Bridget pops her head in.

BRIDGET

Headed out?

ISAAC

Yep.

BRIDGET

Fancy that. If you're interested, I have an extra ticket to a one-act a
(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
college friend wrote. If you like,
we could get a bite before.

ISAAC
Okay. But, I'll pay for dinner. And
no place too pricey. I'm still
waiting for my raise to go through.

INT. CAFE VICINO - GREENWICH VILLAGE - LATER

A crowded bohemian coffee house/theater, with collage-covered walls and Chinese paper lanterns hung over each table.

Isaac and Bridget sit at a tiny two-top table, next to the stage. Bridget looks away, shields her eyes.

A hairy, **NAKED ACTOR**, on a wooden platform, faces the room.

NAKED ACTOR
Witness my insanity, my solitude,
my desolation. Can't you see I'm
slipping away? I don't want to be
who I am... I am beautiful. I will
never grow old. Tonight I'm aflame,
... I am glorious! I am sublime!...
Still, I'm lost! Let me go home.
Please, someone, just lead me home!

The AUDIENCE APPLAUDS, all except for Bridget.

The Naked Actor bows, his buttocks aimed directly at her.

EXT. CAFE VICINO - GREENWICH VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Isaac and Bridget stand on the sidewalk. The Bohemian crowd exits the cafe, flows around them.

BRIDGET
I'm mortified. Had I known, I never
would have come.

ISAAC
If you knew my history, you'd know
I don't shock easily.

BRIDGET
I need to go before he sees me. I'm
not sure what I'd say. Interested
in a night cap?

ISAAC
Not tonight. I think I'll pass.

BRIDGET

Well, I guess it's good night then.

Bridget puckers, leans forward for a kiss. Isaac extends his hand. They shake hands.

ISAAC

See you on Monday. Good night.

Isaac quickly slips away with the crowd, abandons Bridget.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Isaac loiters outside, dodges PEDESTRIANS.

The Waitress bangs on the window. He looks at her. She points up the street. Isaac shrugs.

COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS

(comes outside)

Can't you take a hint?

Isaac looks confused.

COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS

The cops chased your kind to 53rd.

ISAAC

They did? Thanks!

He hurries off.

EXT. 53RD STREET - MINUTES LATER

Isaac walks along the dark street. He stops, looks around, heads toward a lone figure on the distant street corner.

As he nears the figure, it becomes clear it's Marcos.

ISAAC

It is you.

Marcos turns, looks at Isaac, smiles.

MARCOS

Olá, meu amigo.

ISAAC

What are you doing out here?

MARCOS

I wait for you.

Marcos grabs Isaac's hand, pulls him to a darkened stairwell. When they shrink into the shadows, they kiss.

INT. REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Rebs lies awake in bed. Abe, by her side, SNORES loudly.

Rebs flicks on the bedside lamp. The clock reads 11:40. She picks up the bedside phone, begins to dial, then hangs up.

She gets up, tiptoes to the bathroom.

MASTER BATH

Rebs turns on the light, stands before the mirror.

She puts her hands to her cheeks, pulls the skin taut. She repeats the gesture around her eyes.

Next, she grabs the small amount of sagging flesh under her chin, tugs on it. She emits a pathetic SIGH.

She opens the vanity, removes a bottle, dispenses two pills, swallows them, places the bottle back in the vanity.

EXT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ROOF - LATER

Isaac and Marcos stand near the ledge. A half moon, rises over the Manhattan Bridge, casts a glow across the rooftops.

MARCOS

This is like the "*West Side Story*."

ISAAC

(singing)

"*I LIKE TO BE IN AMERICA!*

O.K. BY ME IN AMERICA!"

MARCOS

(playfully slugs Isaac)

It's why I come to New York, but I don't know I be the Shark.

ISAAC

Has it been rough for you?

MARCOS

My English is not good. I can't find jobs. We live in a room in a hotel. Vinicius works three jobs for us to eat.

ISAAC

Is that why you hustle?

MARCOS

It's my way for living. Vinicius has luck. It was his plan to come here. He is a dreamer. He wants to dance. I am happy to leave Brazil.

ISAAC

What about your family?

MARCOS

Our mamãe died two years past. She wanted us to go from the Favela. My papai I don't know. He is gone.

Isaac puts his arm around Marcos' shoulders.

ISAAC

I didn't grow up with a father either. He left when I was a child.

Marcos cozies up to Isaac, lays his head on his shoulder.

ISAAC

We're all orphans in search of a family.

He runs his hand through Marcos' hair. They gaze at the city.

EXT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STREET - NEXT MORNING

Rebs pulls up in the Falcon, remains in the car.

Claudia and Jaq exit the building, playfully walk down the street. Rebs discretely watches from her car.

When Claudia and Jaq are some distance away, Rebs gets out of the car, sneaks into the building.

INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Isaac and Marcos sleep intertwined on the narrow Murphy bed.

They're awakened by a KNOCK at the door.

Isaac raises his head, looks at the clock; it's 10:50. He sits up, rubs his eyes.

A LOUDER KNOCK.

Isaac, in his boxers, groggily shuffles toward the door.

He puts his eye up to the peephole, reels back, panic stricken, rushes over to Marcos, rouses him.

REBS (O.C.)

Isaac! I know you're home. I just saw your shadow.

ISAAC

Hold on, Rebs!

As he pulls Marcos from the bed, he gestures to keep quiet, leads Marcos to the bathroom.

ISAAC

(whispering)

Get in the shower and keep quiet.

Isaac pushes him into the bathroom, closes the door.

ISAAC

Coming!

Isaac locates Marcos' clothing, tosses it on top of the Murphy bed, lifts the bed back into place.

Before opening the door, he slips on pants and a tee-shirt. He unchains the lock, opens the door, keeps ahold of it.

Rebs stands there, impatient.

ISAAC

Rebs! What are you doing here?

REBS

Paying you a long overdue visit...
Who were you talking to?

ISAAC

No one. What do you want?

Rebs ducks under Isaac's arm, boldly enters.

REBS

Do I need a reason to drop by?

ISAAC

Considering you only drop by for shopping bags-

REBS

- Oh, pish, don't nitpick. I'm here now, aren't I? No strings.

Rebs wanders to the window, inspects the view.
She picks up an ashtray with two cigarette butts.

REBS
You're smoking now?

Isaac takes the ashtray, quickly disposes of the butts.

ISAAC
Those are a friend's. He smokes.

REBS
He? A him?

ISAAC
Yes, a him. Does it matter what
gender my-?

REBS
- No. Of course not. Just curious.

Rebs wanders into to the kitchen.

ISAAC
Prying eyes will see what they-

REBS
- Is there something to see?

She emerges from the kitchen.

ISAAC
Enough with the act.

REBS
What act? I'm here to treat my only
living relative to breakfast.

ISAAC
I can't today. I have plans.

REBS
You'd think, after driving all this
way, I'd receive a warmer welcome.

ISAAC
Enough. What's the angle? With you,
there's always an angle.

REBS
I know it's not my place, but-

ISAAC

- Can I quote you on that?

REBS

May I finish? Please?

Isaac folds his arms.

REBS

I never hear from you. I call and call and you never pick-up.

ISAAC

I take the phone off the hook. I like to write undisturbed.

REBS

If you ask my opinion, that seems anti-social and you know what Dr. Birnbaum says about isolation.

Rebs wanders around the room, glances toward the bathroom.

ISAAC

I get plenty of social interaction. Right now, I just need distance. I don't consider that isolation.

REBS

(acting hurt)

Distance? That's what you need?

ISAAC

Yes, I do.

Rebs pulls out a handkerchief, dabs her eyes.

ISAAC

Tears?!... I'm sorry, but, I needed a break from family, especially after mom died.

REBS

Even Abe has asked about you!

ISAAC

How heartwarming. I swear I'll call more. Now, I have plans and need-

REBS

- Fine. I'll take a few bags, since I'm here. Abe's golfing all day.

ISAAC
I'm not storing these much longer.

REBS
Grab both the Bloomingdales'.

Isaac retrieves two shopping bags, hands them to Rebs.

Rebs gives him a peck on the cheek, leaves.

Isaac closes the door, gains his composure. When the coast is clear, Isaac opens the bathroom door.

ISAAC
You can come out. She's gone.

Marcos emerges from the bathroom. He appears terrified.

ISAAC
Don't let her frighten you. She's
all bark and no bite.

EXT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Rebs in her car, smokes, keeps an eye on his building.

She stubs out her cigarette, drops the butt out the car window onto a growing pile next to the car.

A BURLY MAN (40s) taps on the passenger window.

Rebs leans over, rolls down the window.

BURLY MAN
Who's gonna clean up your mess?

REBS
My what?

BURLY MAN
Your mess, lady! We take pride in
keeping our neighborhood clean. And
that heap of butts, it ain't gonna
clean itself up!

REBS
Manhattan doesn't have street
sweepers? Go kvetch someplace else!

The Burly Man bangs on the hood of her car, gives her the Italian gesture for "Fuck You", storms off.

Rebs starts the car, drives away.

INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ENTRY - SAME TIME

Isaac and Marcos, inside the entry, peer outside.

ISAAC

I knew she'd be waiting to pounce.
We're safe now.

MACHETE MAYA (O.S.)

Safe from what?

Isaac and Marcos jump, turn toward the voice.

MACHETE MAYA (50s) the building super, an imposing figure, in dungarees and a man's flannel shirt, blocks the stairway. She holds a mop in her hands like a night stick.

ISAAC

Machete, uh, Maya! How long have
you been there?

MACHETE MAYA

Long enough. Who's outside?

ISAAC

Uh, no one, really.

MACHETE MAYA

You look like two guilty boys
afraid of being caught.

ISAAC

There's nothing to be afraid of.
(to Marcos)
Is there?

Marcos nods, "yes." Isaac nervously LAUGHS.

ISAAC

His English isn't very good. We're
just going out.

MACHETE MAYA

I don't want any trouble in my
building and this stinks like
trouble. So, strike one. Two more
and it's snip-snip.

Machete Maya makes a cutting gesture with her fingers.

Isaac hustles Marcos out the door.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE ARCH - LATER

Isaac and Marcos walk through Washington Square, join a group SPECTATORS watching a demonstration.

A **SIXTIES RADICAL** (20s), on a wooden box, speaks through a megaphone.

SIXTIES RADICAL

The disruption of peaceful rallies must end. Village coffeehouses are raided, musicians are routinely fined, student protestors are arrested, while Mayor Wagner and city council members turn a blind eye to these injustices.

A small phalanx of POLICEMEN saunter up to the crowd.

Marcos situates himself on the other side of Isaac, away from the police. He ducks down, conceals his face.

ISAAC

What's wrong? Why are you hiding?

MARCOS

I know the policeman.

ISAAC

What?

MARCOS

The blond policeman in front. He can't see. We met. He paid me.

Isaac steps in front of Marcos, hides him.

SIXTIES RADICAL

Right now, the police are gathering to shut down this demonstration. As citizens of New York City, we must demand our right to publicly raise our voices. We must fight back against the forces of oppression.

The police make their way through the onlookers. RUMBLINGS OF DISPLEASURE rise from the crowd, as they are pushed aside.

SIXTIES RADICAL

It is our duty to stand up-

The BLOND POLICEMAN (30s) yanks the megaphone from the Radical's hands.

MARCOS

We must go.

Isaac and Marcos flee the park. The crowd disperses.

SIXTIES RADICAL (O.C.)

It is our right to assemble! This harassment will not be tolerated!

INT. REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Rebs sits poised on the couch, the phone pressed to her ear.

REBS

Tilly, darling? It's Rebs! I need a small favor. How about lunch?

EXT. TILLY'S CENTRAL PARK APARTMENT - DAY

Tilly and Rebs are seated on a spacious, high-rise balcony overlooking Central Park, a lavish lunch spread before them.

REBS

I can't believe your view. Mine is our algae-filled swimming pool.

TILLY

Harold's ex took forever to leave. I was ready to march in here and throw her over the railing.

REBS

Splat!

They HOWL with laughter.

TILLY

Oh, Rebs. You're as wicked as ever.

REBS

Stop, you'll give me a swollen ego! Now, shall we get down to business?

TILLY

I'm all ears.

EXT. WEBSTER PUBLISHING - MAIN OFFICE - FOLLOWING MONDAY

Isaac walks up to Bridget. She coldly looks up at him. Isaac places a small paper bag on her desk.

ISAAC

It's my apology for abandoning you on the curb. I got you three kinds of sprinkles.

Bridget grabs the bag, peers inside. Her face lightens. She buzzes Mr. Lowenstein.

BRIDGET

Sir? Mr. Solomon is here.

MR. LOWENSTEIN'S OFFICE

Mr. Lowenstein pushes the button on the intercom.

MR. LOWENSTEIN

Send him right in.

After a brief moment, Isaac enters the office.

MR. LOWENSTEIN

Young man, please close the door and take a seat.

Isaac closes the door, crosses the room, sits.

MR. LOWENSTEIN

Isaac, I'm sorry to inform you, but Webster's is forced to let you go.

ISAAC'S TINY OFFICE - LATER

Isaac gathers a few personal items from his desk, places them in a cardboard box.

Bridget watches from the doorway.

Isaac puts on his jacket, stops, looks at Bridget. She goes to hug him, hesitates, then draws back.

Isaac takes his belongings, leaves.

EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE - DAY

Isaac, his box at his side, slouches on a bench, both arms folded across his chest. His head hangs down. The Spring grass is emerging. The trees are blossoming.

Nearby, Marvin and his Beatnik buddies play their BONGOS, pass around a joint. Marvin breaks away, walks up to Isaac.

MARVIN

Hey, daddy-o! Why the frown?

Isaac doesn't look up.

ISAAC
I just got canned.

Marvin sits next to Isaac, assumes the same posture.

MARVIN
Sounds like liberation, baby. Like,
shout hallelujah time.

Isaac doesn't respond. Marvin scoots closer.

MARVIN
I get it's drag-city, like, a real
come down. But dig my galaxy. Like,
they pick up on the scene. Ain't
got bread? No need to cut out. They
just stay with the action. You dig?

Isaac still doesn't respond.

MARVIN
Shake it, daddy-o. Like, the
establishment is apocalyptic. You
dodged the ultimate lobotomy.

ISAAC
You don't know the half of it.

Marvin stands up, gestures for Isaac to follow.

MARVIN
Spot on, dad. Now, let's blow the
jets with the other cats.

Isaac goes with him, abandons his box on the bench.

As soon as he is among the Beatniks, someone passes him a
joint. Isaac takes a drag, immediately starts to cough.

The Beatniks CHEER. The BONGOS increase in volume.

EXT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - THAT EVENING

Isaac, tie loosened, jacket slung over his shoulder, walks
down his street.

Marcos waits outside his building, a grocery bag by his side.

ISAAC
You're a welcome sight.

Isaac sits down next to him.

MARCOS

I was at your job. You didn't come.

ISAAC

I got fired. I've been out walking, trying to clear my head. Turns out this did the trick instead.

Isaac pulls a joint from his pocket.

MARCOS

I have food to cook.

ISAAC

That's good, because I'm famished!

INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Marcos wears a frilly apron, SINGS softly, cooks.

ISAAC

What do you call this?

MARCOS

Feijoada. My mamãe cooked it.

Isaac sticks his finger in the pot. Marcos swats it away.

ISAAC

My mother? She made martinis.

The phone RINGS.

Isaac wipes his finger on Marcos' apron, plops on the bed, picks up the phone.

ISAAC

Solomon's deli. Where New York's posh go to nosh.

INT. REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Rebs, a mess, her hair stringy, sweat on her brow and upper lip, cooks liver.

REBS

You're surprisingly cheery.

INTERCUT

ISAAC

Am I?

REBS

Who is that singing?

He gestures for Marcos to keep quiet.

ISAAC

It's the radio. What do you want?

REBS

I'm clearing out mom's house on Saturday. Come by, if you want any of what's left.

ISAAC

It better be worth the trip.

REBS

Nobody's twisting your arm... So, don't you have some news?

ISAAC

Nothing worth mentioning.

REBS

Getting fired isn't worth-?

ISAAC

- Who told you? Tilly? It's nice of her to spread the news.

REBS

She said Harold had no choice. She said he feels awful, you being family, in a way.

ISAAC

Is that what she told you?

REBS

I'm sure it wasn't personal.

ISAAC

My psychiatric history was brought up. That isn't personal?

REBS

Well, you must have done something. What about finding another job?

ISAAC

The inheritance will allow me
plenty of time to look and write.
I'm hanging up.

He hangs up, goes over to Marcos, who feeds him a spoonful of
the Feijoadá.

ISAAC

Mmmmm. What was this called again?

EXT. MIM'S HOUSE - LONG ISLAND - FIVE DAYS LATER

Isaac, with Jaq and Claudia, pull up in Claudia's black Opel.
They get out of the car, stand on the lawn, view the house.

A black-face lawn jockey, close by, holds a lantern.

JAQ

This is where you grew up?

CLAUDIA

Swanky!
(indicating the jockey)
Except for him. He's offensive.

Jaq cozies up to the lawn jockey, pats it on the head.

JAQ

In Harlem, these guys are white.

INT. MIMS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

The house is nearly empty, save for a stack of boxes in the
middle of the room, a few picture frames and assorted lamps.

Rebs and the 3-D's look out the picture window at the trio on
the lawn.

DOROTHY

You didn't tell me he's friends
with one of them.

REBS

You need to be more specific about
which "them" you mean.

DAPHNE

Is that a man or woman?

REBS

Oh, that one! Who can tell?!

Isaac, Jaq and Claudia enter. Rebs and her friends eye them, their arms folded in judgement.

ISAAC
The whole committee is present.

REBS
Moral support.

Jaq and Claudia remain behind Isaac.

ISAAC
Ladies, meet my sister's friends,
Moe, Larry and Curley.

Rebs and the 3-D's GRUMBLE.

REBS
Hilarious... That's your pile.

Rebs points to a heap of junk in the corner.

ISAAC
I came all the way out here for a
pile of junk?
(points to stack of boxes)
What are those?

REBS
Claimed.

ISAAC
Gee. Hopefully I'll find something
salvageable.

Isaac and Jaq go to the corner, sort through the pile.

REBS
I'll be out back. If you need any-
thing, just yell... Girls.

Rebs and the 3-D's go out the back door.

CLAUDIA
Do you mind if I look around?

ISAAC
Feel free. My room was the last
door on the left. Don't let the
clown wallpaper frighten you.

Claudia wanders off down the hall.

JAQ
 (holding up a lamp)
 This might work, if you paint it,
 buy a new shade, fix the cord.

Jaq places the lamp back on the pile.

JAQ
 On second thought. You should help
 yourself to her stuff.

EXT. MIM'S HOUSE - BACK PATIO - SAME TIME

Rebs and the 3-D's sit around the patio table.

REBS
 I had no idea he'd show up with
 that collection of freaks.

Claudia, framed in the window above, discretely eavesdrops.

REBS
 Did I mention I got him fired? My
 girlfriend, Tilly, told her husband
 to do that. Didn't take much
 convincing once he heard about his
 time in the nut house

DOROTHY
 Well, it's just a matter of time
 and everything's yours.

REBS
 I have something else planned. Then
 it'll be time to send him back in a
 straight-jacket.

INT. CLAUDIA'S OPEL - DAY

Claudia drives, with Isaac in the passenger seat. Jaq rides
 in back with her arm around the lawn jockey.

Isaac digs through the contents of the box on his lap.

CLAUDIA
 Gutsy move there, fella.

ISAAC
 She won't miss just one box.

CLAUDIA
 Are you sure you should cross her?

ISAAC

I can handle Rebs. I've been doing
it my entire life.

Isaac reveals an inexpensive jewelry box.

CLAUDIA

Don't you think she'll miss that?

He digs deeper in the box.

ISAAC

My mother wore costume jewelry. It
can't be worth... Hold on!

JAQ

Find something good?

ISAAC

My mother's diaries.

JAQ

Bingo!

EXT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATER

Isaac frantically POUNDS on Claudia's door.

The door opens. She stands there looking perplexed.

CLAUDIA

What's wrong?

ISAAC

I'm an absolute idiot! Read this.

Isaac pages through the diary, points to an entry.

Claudia pulls him inside, takes the diary, reads to herself.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE

- Rebs (19) enters the kitchen, where Mims (55) mixes a cocktail. Rebs gestures towards the hallway.

- Mims storms down the hallway, Rebs behind her, throws open Isaac's door to reveal Isaac (13) and a friend (16) in a compromising position. The boys scramble to separate. Isaac's friend darts past Mims, flees.

- Mims ushers Isaac into Doctor Birnbaum's office. Mim's places Isaac firmly in a chair. Smacks the back of his head.

- Isaac strapped to a gurney, surrounded by HOSPITAL STAFF, a rubber tongue depressor inserted in his mouth. A NURSE rubs petroleum jelly on electrodes. Doctor Birnbaum places the electrodes on his temples. The Nurse switches on the device. Isaac's body stiffens. He violently seizes.

END FLASHBACK MONTAGE

CLAUDIA'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Claudia closes the diary.

ISAAC

When my mother didn't like my behavior, she'd send me back. It was her way to control me. But Rebs, she was the instigator.

CLAUDIA

That hateful bitch!

ISAAC

For twelve years, I was subjected to that hell.

CLAUDIA

Isaac, I think you need to sit down for this.

He moves to the couch, sits.

ISAAC

What's going on?

CLAUDIA

I hate to add to your distress, but you should know what I heard today.

INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

Isaac digs in the closet, pulls out five shopping bags. He tosses the bags to the floor. Marcos watches.

A KNOCK. Isaac peeks through the peephole, opens the door.

Claudia stands in the hallway, holds a handful of mail.

CLAUDIA

I intercepted the mailman.

Claudia hands him two pieces of mail. He glances at the first piece of mail, sets it aside.

ISAAC

Con Ed. That can wait.

CLAUDIA

You must be devastated after yesterday. Are you okay?

ISAAC

A bit numb. I'm still trying to wrap my head around it all.

Isaac opens the second piece of mail.

ISAAC

Ha! A Bar Mitzvah invitation from my nephews.

CLAUDIA

You're not going, are you?

ISAAC

Of course, not.

CLAUDIA

(pointing to the bags)
What are all of these?

ISAAC

My sister's hoard. She hides her expensive purchases here, then sneaks them home without her husband knowing. It's all going in the trash.

CLAUDIA

Can I have a look?

ISAAC

Go ahead. Take what you want.

Claudia settles in next to Marcos, opens a bag, pulls out a medium-sized box. From the box, she reveals an expensive looking, floral satin dress.

CLAUDIA

That's pretty. Not something I'd wear, but Marcos, with your figure, you'd look marvelous in it.

(hands the dress to him)

Are there any hats? I'm a hat girl.

Isaac grabs a hat box from the closet, tosses it to her.

Claudia fumbles the box. It hits the floor, spills open.

Five pill bottles roll across the floor.

ISAAC

Holy Moses! What have we here?
(grabs a bottle, reads)
Valium.

CLAUDIA

(reads another bottle)
Dexedrine. Your sister's being a
very naughty girl.

ISAAC

It's Rebs' pharmacy. What else is
she hiding?

They open the remaining boxes, find a black sleeveless
cocktail dress, a powder-blue Chanel knock-off and a faux
leopard coat.

ISAAC

I changed my mind. I think we're
all going to a Bar Mitzvah.

INT. REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - POOLSIDE - TWO WEEKS LATER

An extravagant party takes place poolside. GUESTS mingle, as
WAITERS pass hors d'oeuvres and drinks.

A QUARTET, near the end of the pool, plays COCKTAIL JAZZ.

KIDS, mostly boys, run wild in their swim trunks, SCREAM,
jump into the pool. The entire atmosphere is chaotic.

Rebs holds court with the 3-D's at her side.

REBS

Weren't my boys simply marvelous?

DAPHNE, DEEDEE, DOROTHY

Wonderful! Remarkable! Amazing!

ABE

(coming up to Rebs)
Would you please calm the natives?
I paid good money for that band and
I can't hear a goddamn thing.

REBS

Kids! Enough with the yelling and
horseplay! We can't hear the music.

The kids ignore her. The noise increases.

Rebs throws up her arms in defeat.

Isaac enters with Claudia, Jaq, and Marcos. Isaac wears a suit, the three others wear Rebs' clothes: Claudia, in the Chanel suit, Jaq, squeezed into the leopard coat, and Marcos, in drag, in the floral satin dress.

Daphne immediately points at them.

DAPHNE

Dear God! Would you look at that!

Rebs turns, looks. Her jaws drop.

Isaac approaches her.

REBS

How dare you show up with-

ISAAC

- The invitation said plus one, but I brought two extras. I figured you wouldn't mind. The more, the-

REBS

- You know what I'm referring to.

ISAAC

(to his friends)

I won't be long. Bars over there.

(pulling Rebs aside)

It's time you and I had a talk.

Isaac's friends go off to the bar.

REBS

What is that trash doing in my-?

ISAAC

- Here in front of your guests? Or in private?

INT. REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Isaac and Rebs enter. Rebs SLAMS the door.

REBS

The nerve going through my things.

ISAAC

Your purchases have been crowding my closet for months.

REBS

And then to let that trash wear my-

ISAAC

- Consider it payback for getting me fired.

REBS

I don't know what you're talking about. You're sounding delusional.

Isaac has Rebs backed up against the washer.

ISAAC

If you've got some grand scheme to send me back to the hospital, I'll die before that happens.

Rebs LAUGHS in his face.

ISAAC

When I get my share of mom's money, all of this, us, we're finished.

REBS

You're not going to see one penny. I'll make sure of that.

ISAAC

I'll get my share. And just one more thing.

Isaac reveals a bottle of pills. Rebs grabs for them, but he opens the bottle, pours the contents onto the floor, stomps on the scattered pills.

She drops to her hands and knees, scrambles after them.

ISAAC

Look at you. You're pathetic. You need professional help!

Isaac leaves. Rebs squats on the floor, visibly shaken.

EXT. REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - POOLSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Isaac's friends watch the spectacle. He walks up to Claudia.

ISAAC

Did you manage to make the switch?

CLAUDIA

I did. But they're not quite right.

ISAAC

In her state, she won't notice.
Just wait until she pops the
Dexedrine, thinking it's Valium.

Claudia hands him a cocktail. Isaac promptly downs it.

ISAAC

Now, we wait for the show to begin.

INT. REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - MASTER BATH - SAME TIME

Rebs rushes in, goes straight for the vanity. She wrenches the drawer open, violently digs for her pill bottles.

She pulls out a bottle, spills three pills into the palm of her hand, shoves them into her mouth, gulps them down with handfuls of water from the faucet.

REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - DINING ROOM

Rebs, wild-eyed, manic, bursts into the dining room. She spots the 3-D's, rushes up to them.

REBS

Have you seen my brother?

Daphne points outside.

A HORRIFYING SHRIEK comes from the pool.

EXT. REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - POOLSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

There's a commotion poolside. Kids flee the pool in a panic, adults pull them from the water. The band stops.

REBS (O.S.)

Let me through! Get out of my way!

Rebs plows through the guests, who stare at the pool, aghast.

REBS

What's happening?

Michael runs up to Rebs, points at the water.

MICHAEL

Mom! There's poop in the pool.

There, in the center of the sparkling blue water, floats a nasty, brown mass.

Rebs reels around, her face searches the crowd.

REBS
Who did this?! Who would do such a
horrible, disgusting thing?!

The guests back away from her, protect their children.

REBS
Isaac?! Show yourself!

Abe rushes up, attempts to subdue her.

ABE
Rebs, calm down, you're making a-

REBS
- You can't hide from me! Isaac!

ABE
(under his breath)
What's gotten into you? You're
acting completely nuts.

REBS
Me?! Crazy?! I know crazy. My
entire life I've been surrounded by
insane people.

Abe grabs her arm, tries to pull her toward the house.

REBS
Let go of me! I need to find my-!

Rebs yanks her arm free, launches herself into the pool. She
creates a huge splash that drenches the 3-D's.

Rebs surfaces, her hair flat, her mascara smeared, running.

REBS
Everybody out! The party's over!
Abe, get me out of this pool!

EXT. REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Isaac and his gang hurry to Claudia's Opel.

ISAAC
That couldn't have gone any better.
The neighbors will be talking about
that spectacle for years.

CLAUDIA

Your sister has done some awful things to you, but don't you think that went a little too far?

ISAAC

If you mean the fecal party favor, I had nothing to do with that; it was probably one of my nephews.

CLAUDIA

She'll never be able to show her-

ISAAC

- Claudia, you were complicit the minute you put on that dress. That goes for all of you.

Jaq pulls Claudia away from Isaac, leads her to the car.

ISAAC

Every despicable thing she's done has led up to this. Why are you defending her?

CLAUDIA

I'm not defending... Just don't sink to her level.

Isaac begins to respond, then takes a beat.

ISAAC

I hear you. Loud and clear.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - PHONE BOOTH - NEXT DAY

Rebs stands in a phone booth, across from Isaac's building, the phone pressed to her ear. She taps her fingernails furiously on the glass. A PHONE DIMLY RINGS in the earpiece.

EXT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

Isaac and Marcos, loaded with Rebs' shopping bags, emerge from the building.

They go to a trash can, stuff the bags in the garbage.

Rebs, unhinged, darts out of the phone booth, rushes across the street toward them.

REBS

So, you were home, after all.

Isaac and Marcos immediately freeze, turn toward her.

REBS
(pointing at Marcos)
Who is he?

ISAAC
(shielding Marcos)
Leave him out of this.

REBS
He was the one in my floral! You disgust me! You're perverted! Do you know that? Sick!

ISAAC
Nobody cares what you think.

REBS
Oh, you'll care soon enough.

She storms up the steps to Isaac's building. He follows.

ISAAC
Where are you going?

REBS
Your landlady will appreciate knowing about the depravity going on right under her nose in 6B.

ISAAC
I wouldn't do that.

REBS
Just you try and stop me.

She reaches the front door, when Machete Maya steps onto the threshold.

MACHETE MAYA
What is this awful screeching?

Isaac catches up with Rebs.

ISAAC
My sister's having trouble at home.

Isaac tries to pull Rebs back. She breaks free.

REBS
That's an outright lie.
(to Machete Maya)
(MORE)

REBS (CONT'D)

You look like a reasonable person
and I'm certain you aren't the kind
who would harbor degenerates.

Machete Maya blankly looks at both of them.

ISAAC

Ignore her. She's on medication and
probably missed a dose. It happens-

Machete Maya silences him with an outstretched palm.

MACHETE MAYA

(to Isaac)

No más! I want to hear what the
rich, white lady has to say.

REBS

Thank you.

(takes a deep breath)

You see, my brother's a complete
sicko. He's depraved. He came to my
sons' Bar Mitzvah last night, and
he actually shat in my pool, in
front of my guests. And his beatnik
friends, they're worse. They stole
all of my clothes and, you should
have seen them, showing up to my
party dressed like a pack of bozos
in Coco Chanel. And the one in my
floral print had a... penis!

Machete Maya looks at Isaac, winks.

REBS

All that was missing was a clown
car and a monkey in fez... Wait!
What was that wink for?

Rebs looks from Machete Maya to Isaac and back.

REBS

You don't believe me! You think I'm
making this up! That I'm insane!

Machete Maya backs Rebs up to the edge of the first step.

MACHETE MAYA

Lady, you white people think the
whole world is concerned with your
problems? Well, look around. We
couldn't care less. So, get your
bony ass off my steps, it's almost
time for *As The World Turns*.

REBS

But... you need to know about my
brother, about what he's been...

Machete Maya goes back inside, closes the door in her face.
Rebs stares at the closed door.

ISAAC

You need to leave now.

Rebs pivots round, points a finger at his face.

REBS

I don't want you anywhere near me.
Abe was right! We should have left
you in the sanitarium.

Rebs runs to the garbage, rescues as many shopping bags as
she can carry, retreats to her car, gets in, speeds away.

MARCOS

Is your family all louco like her?

ISAAC

Yeah, I'm afraid so.

INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ENTRY

Isaac and Marcos enter the building.

Machete Maya waits at her door.

MACHETE MAYA

You were warned about making
trouble in my building.

ISAAC

I promise she won't come back.

MACHETE MAYA

That's strike two. Still, it was
fun. I don't see that every day.

INT. REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - DAY

Rebs, agitated, sits, chain smokes. She is joined by **LOU**
(50s), a gruff, not terribly bright-looking private dick.

He jots on a small note pad.

REBS

You have to be careful, Lou. He can't suspect anything.

LOU

It's what I do. I'm like a mouse.

REBS

I'm sure you're very discreet. But you must know, he's not a dummy.

LOU

I'll keep that in mind. Now is this your everyday kind of surveillance?

REBS

What other kind is there?

LOU

That's why you called a pro. Now, what is it exactly I'm looking for?

REBS

Unseemly behavior.

LOU

That's all I see. I need specifics.

REBS

Anything, you know... perverted.
(coughing up the word)
Homosexual.

LOU

Oh, now I've got you. Sheesh. It's amazing what married men will do behind their wives-

REBS

- I'm not talking about my husband! God, no!! It's my brother.

LOU

Aaah, gotcha! Do you have a photo? I like to know who I'll be tailing.

She hands her wedding photograph to Lou; in the photo, she and Abe, hand in hand, are flanked by Mims and Isaac.

LOU

(eyeing the photo)
Uh, which one's the perv?

Rebs points at the photo.

REBS

See the groom, next to the bride?
Not him. You want the other guy.

INT. NEW BOWERY THEATER - PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT

Vince, Marcos, Jaq and Claudia are crowded into the booth.

Vince changes reels on the projector.

Marcos peers through the projection window at the flickering light inside the theater.

MARCOS

What is the movie?

VINICIUS

It's a man asleep for five hours by
Andy Warhol.

CLAUDIA

Warhol asked to do my portrait, but
after Jackson Pollock pounced when
I was posing for him, I told Andy
to find another girl.

JAQ

Isn't Warhol queer?

CLAUDIA

I know that now.

Isaac, visibly distraught, bursts into the booth.

ISAAC

My uncle died.

INT. EAST VILLAGE DINER - DAY

Isaac, Jaq, Claudia and Marcos sit, silently eat. A **DINER WAITRESS** walks up with a pot of coffee.

DINER WAITRESS

Refills, anybody?

They shake their heads. She slides a bill onto the table.

DINER WAITRESS

Pay up front. Tip generously.

Jaq taps Isaac on the shoulder.

JAQ

See the creep in the booth? He's been watching us since we got here.

Jaq jerks her head toward Lou, who sits nearby, watches from behind a newspaper. Lou quickly acts like he's reading.

Isaac discretely looks over his shoulder. Claudia acts like she's yawning, looks as well.

ISAAC

He was across from our building last night.

CLAUDIA

I saw him yesterday in the bodega. Must live in the neighborhood.

JAQ

Well, I don't like his face. I'm going to give him a talking to.

CLAUDIA

Jaq, don't do anything stupid.

Jaq walks over to Lou's booth, slips in opposite him. She leans forward, slowly pulls down his newspaper.

JAQ

Hello. You and me, we're going to have a little chat.

LOU

Uh, that seat's occupied.

JAQ

Listen, creep. Whatever you're up to, I don't like it. You got me?

LOU

Huh? You got the wrong guy.

JAQ

Cut the crap, buddy! Don't mess with me. I'm watching you.

She slides out of the booth, towers over him a moment, then proudly saunters back to her friends.

INT. ART GALLERY OPENING - UPTOWN - LATER THAT EVENING

An artsy CROWD cluster before a Warhol dance-diagram silk screen. The back of WARHOL'S head is visible above the crowd.

Isaac, Marcos, Jaq and Claudia view a different silk screen.

ISAAC
Which dance step is this?

CLAUDIA
It's a rhumba; a basic box step,
like the Bossa Nova. I'll show you.

Claudia takes his hand, he retracts it.

ISAAC
Not me. Marcos is the dancer.

CLAUDIA
(grabs Marcos)
I'll lead... Ready?

They demonstrate the steps. Isaac and Jaq APPLAUD.

Marcos takes Isaac's hand.

MARCOS
Now us. I lead.... One, Two, Three,
Four,.. Mais uma vez.

Isaac eventually gets the steps. Marcos counts faster.

MARCOS
Muito bom. One, Two, Three,...

Isaac suddenly stops dancing, pulls away from Marcos.

There stands Bridget and Ned, looking at them in disgust.

NED
See! Like I said! A queer.

Isaac proudly takes Marcos' hand, resumes dancing. Claudia
grabs Jaq, they join in.

Ned walks away. Bridget eventually turns, follows him.

INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

Isaac types at his desk. He's disturbed by BANGS on the door.

Isaac opens the door. Claudia and Jaq stand there PANTING.
Claudia supports Jaq, whose nose is bloodied.

ISAAC
What happened?

CLAUDIA

Remember our friend from the diner?
Well, Jaq spotted him, behind a
tree, taking our picture.

Jaq holds up a smashed 35mm camera.

JAQ

He won't be trying that again.

INT. REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Rebs, disheveled, in her bathrobe, talks on the phone.

She puffs on a cigarette, her hands shake.

REBS

What do you mean you didn't get any
photos?... Who destroyed your
camera?... Go buy another one...
Listen, Lou! I'm paying you to dig
up dirt. And my patience is paper
thin... No, you can't have another
month... I need proof, now!

Rebs slams down the phone, stubs out her cigarette, then
pulls out a pill bottle, pops two pills.

She darts over to the stove. Smoke rises from the pots and
pans. She yanks the largest pot off the burner.

REBS

Abe! Boys! Dinner!!

INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Vince, Jaq and Claudia sit comfortably on Isaac's bed.

Isaac turns off the lights, then goes to his desk, aims the
lamp at the bathroom, creates a pathetically dim spotlight.

ISAAC

Are you ready in there?

MARCOS (O.S.)

Some help. Por Favor.

Vince, joint in his mouth, runs over to the bathroom. Passes
the joint to an outstretched, evening glove covered hand,
that reaches out, from inside the darkened doorway.

VINCE
 Senhorita.

The hand takes the joint, disappears behind the door frame.

MARCOS (O.S.)
 Obrigado.

Vince resumes his place with the others.

MARCOS (O.S.)
 Música, maestro!

Isaac, next to the hi-fi, drops the needle on the record. The opening chords of "THE GIRL FROM IPANEMA" burst forth.

Marcos slinks into the light. He wears Rebs' black cocktail dress, black evening gloves, holds a long cigarette holder. He is **Holly Golightly** from "Breakfast At Tiffany's".

Everyone APPLAUDS and CHEERS.

MARCOS
 (lip-synching)
 "TALL AND TAN AND YOUNG AND LOVELY,
 THE GIRL FROM IPANEMA GOES WALKING
 AND WHEN SHE PASSES, EACH ONE SHE
 PASSES GOES, "AAAH." "WHEN SHE
 WALKS, SHE'S LIKE A SAMBA THAT
 SWINGS SO COOL AND SWAYS SO GENTLY,
 THAT WHEN SHE PASSES, EACH ONE SHE
 PASSES GOES,..."

EVERYONE
 "AAAHHH!"

Marcos stumbles, falls to the floor in a FIT OF LAUGHTER.

Isaac rushes over to him, helps him to his feet.

ISAAC
 You've had enough of this.

Isaac takes the joint from Marcos.

CLAUDIA
 Fabulous, sweet, but we should be
 leaving for Isaac's big debut.

MARCOS
 My clothes. I must change.

Claudia stops him from leaving the room.

CLAUDIA

You look gorgeous. All you need is
a wrap and a tiara.

MARCOS

I would be embarrassed.

ISAAC

You're with the playwright. You'll
be safe. I'll protect you.

Marcos scans his friends' encouraging faces.

MARCOS

Okay... I do it.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CAFE VICINO - LATER

Isaac and his friends joke around on the sidewalk in front of
the cafe, discretely pass around a joint.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - ACROSS FROM CAFE VICINO

Lou, ensconced in a phone booth across the street, watches
them. He picks up a receiver, dials.

LOU

It's your lucky night... It's me,
Lou... The private dick!

EXT. SIDEWALK - CAFE VICINO

Marcos parades around, minces, garners reactions from
passersby. The gang LAUGHS at his antics.

JAQ

(signaling the gang)
Hey, that sleaze-bag with the
camera is back.

She takes off across the street.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - ACROSS FROM CAFE VICINO

Lou looks up. Jaq rushes toward him.

LOU

I delivered. Mail me my check.

Lou quickly hangs up, exits the phone booth, runs away.

JAQ
You better run, cracker!

INT. REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Rebs, her hair a tangled mess, talks on the phone. A cigarette with an inch-long ash hangs from her lips.

The *BONANZA THEME SONG* plays loudly in the other room.

REBS
Turn down that TV! I'm on a call.

The TV volume decreases.

REBS
Yes, I'm reporting a crime... What kind?.. I'm not sure, exactly, but I'm told it involves depravity and narcotics... Who? Me?.. Anonymous.

The sound of GUNSHOTS comes from the other room.

REBS
Yes, those were gunshots... It's Bonanza... No, this isn't a prank!

INT. CAFE VICINO - LATER

Isaac, Marcos, Claudia, Jaq and Vince sit in the back of the cafe. Their faces, lit by stage lights, are fixed on TWO MALE ACTORS, who are locked in an embrace on a crumpled bed.

Suddenly, the lights come up. The performance stops. The startled AUDIENCE looks around.

The Blond Policeman rushes on stage, separates the actors.

BLOND POLICEMAN
This cafe's being shut down for promoting obscene material.

The doors of the cafe burst open. In floods a POLICE SQUAD. Chaos ensues as the audience scatters, attempts to leave.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CAFE VICINO - MINUTES LATER

Flashing police lights illuminate the scene.

The Blond Policeman forces PATRONS onto the sidewalk.

Isaac and his friends, sans Marcos, emerge from the cafe.

ISAAC
Where's Marcos? I lost him.

CLAUDIA
He was behind me.

A Policeman brings Marcos out of the theater.

MARCOS
Isaac!

Isaac rushes over, followed by his friends.

Marcos avoids making eye contact with the Blond Policeman.

BLOND POLICEMAN
What do we have here?

POLICEMAN
A sexual deviant. Found him
underneath the espresso bar.

The Blond Policeman slaps handcuffs on Marcos.

ISAAC
He didn't do anything. You should
arrest me, I wrote the play.

BLOND POLICEMAN
He violated subsection 4 of section
240.35 of the New York Penal Code.

ISSAC
What's that?

BLOND POLICEMAN
He's dressed like a broad and, from
what I can tell, he ain't wearing
nothing a real man would wear. Now
step aside unless you want a free
ride to the station too.

Marcos is shoved in the police van, along with the actors. He
looks back with a frightened, desperate expression.

The doors SLAM SHUT. The police van pulls away.

INT. PRECINCT 9 - MANHATTAN - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Isaac, Claudia, Jaq and Vince stand at the police counter. A
POLICE WOMAN (30s) handles the paperwork.

POLICE WOMAN

With his prior record he won't be released. Bail's been denied.

ISAAC

A prior record? For what?

POLICE WOMAN

Loitering and solicitation. Along with the indecency and narcotics charges, he'll likely be deported.

The group pull back from the counter, confer in a huddle.

ISAAC

This is all my fault. I encouraged him to go out dressed like that. I told him he'd be safe.

Jaq puts her arm around Isaac, pulls him close.

JAQ

That creep with the camera is responsible. I know it.

INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

Isaac places Mim's jewelry box and diaries in a box.

Claudia and Jaq come in the open door.

CLAUDIA

Are you about ready?

ISAAC

Yeah. I'll be done in a sec.

CLAUDIA

We'll see you downstairs.

Claudia and Jaq leave.

He closes the box, looks around the quiet apartment.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marcos, at the stove, stirs a steaming pot. Isaac comes up, kisses him on the neck. Marcos turns, kisses him back, then pushes Isaac toward the bed. They fall onto the mattress.

END FLASHBACK

ISAAC'S APARTMENT

Isaac, teary, picks up the box, leaves.

EXT. STREET - REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - AN HOUR LATER

Claudia's Opel pulls up. Isaac exits the car.

JAQ
 (handing him the box)
 We're right here. Just holler if I
 need to rough her up.

Isaac takes the box, makes his way toward the house.

EXT. REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - FRONT PORCH

As Isaac approaches the house, Rebs emerges. She's haggard, dark circles under her eyes. She brandishes a cocktail, appears a little shaky, glares at him.

ISAAC
 I came to return these.

Isaac sets the box at Rebs' feet. She glances at the box.

REBS
 If this is some pathetic attempt at
 a peace offering, it won't work.

ISAAC
 I'm not here to fight.

REBS
 (gestures toward car)
 What are they doing here? Couldn't
 do this on your own, huh?

ISAAC
 They're my moral support.

REBS
 That's laughable... You returned
 what you stole. Now go.

ISAAC
 Rebs, I have something to say to-

REBS

- What could you possibly say that would make any difference?

ISAAC

I know you were the reason mom put me in the mental hospital. She was weak, but you manipulated her.

REBS

Is that what her diary said?

ISAAC

You turned her against me.

REBS

My brother, the homosexual, always so dramatic. Do you honestly think she would have accepted you? She would have spit on you and tossed you out with the garbage.

ISAAC

You win. Take it all. I don't want any money. All I ever wanted was a family that loved me. But you stole that from me.

REBS

You turned your back on your family when you chose to be a degenerate.

Isaac turns to go, then stops. Slowly he turns back to her.

ISAAC

You betrayed me. I can live with that, but I'll never forgive you for what you did to Marcos. You ruined another person's life, a person I love.

REBS

I've heard enough of this.

Rebs turns to go back into the house.

ISAAC

However much you despise me, no matter how much you've hurt me, I don't hate you. I can't. Because, if I did,...

Rebs pauses, grips the door handle.

ISAAC

I'd be just like you and I refuse
to live my life consumed by
bitterness and hate.

(trembling)

I love you, Rebs. I always will.

She continues inside, closes the door.

EXT. STREET - REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME

Isaac crosses the lawn towards the Opel.

Claudia waits by the walk. As he nears her, he begins to
crumble. She rushes up, grabs ahold of him.

She signals for help. Jaq assists her. Isaac collapses.

They lead him to the car, place him in the back seat. Jaq
gets in beside him.

Claudia climbs into the driver's seat.

INT. REBS' LONG ISLAND HOME - LIVING ROOM

Rebs, ashen, leans with her back to the closed door.

An ENGINE STARTS, CRUNCHING OF GRAVEL, a car drives away.

She straightens up, walks to the center of the room, stares
at herself in the huge mirror above the mantel.

She takes a deep breath, hurls her cocktail at her
reflection.

The mirror shatters, rains silver shards onto the carpet.

Rebs emits a HORRIBLE WAIL, sinks to the floor.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - A WEEK LATER

Isaac and Claudia view Mims' grave and an adjacent headstone.

ISAAC

I hope they're happy side by side.

He kneels, places flowers by the headstone.

ISAAC

Well, Uncle, at long last, you're
reunited with family.

INSERT - Headstone - *"Jakob Weismann, 1892 - 1964, Beloved Brother and Uncle" "Simply discover love in all that exists."*

Isaac picks up a rock, places it atop the headstone.

A CAR HORN HONKS. They turn toward the sound.

Jaq, Vince and **Marcos** stand next to the Opel.

MARCOS

Come on! The beach waits!

Isaac, shocked, looks to Claudia, who shrugs her shoulders.

Isaac jumps up, takes off toward him.

Marcos runs toward Isaac.

They meet halfway, embrace.

ISAAC

I thought you were being- How is this possible?

The rest of the group join them.

MARCOS

Claudia helped.

CLAUDIA

It's amazing what a lawyer with an art obsession will do, especially when a priceless Pollock is involved. I may have offered him a fair price for a tiny favor.

INT. SANITARIUM - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Doctor Birnbaum paces. Abe attentively listens.

BIRNBAUM

Your wife's case is complicated. She is addicted to Dexedrine and Valium. She exhibits anti-social behavior. Yesterday, a violent outburst forced us to put her in restraints. And, the nurses inform me, she refuses to eat.

ABE

Sounds like the last thirteen years of marriage.

BIRNBAUM

We may need to resort to electro-convulsive therapy.

ABE

She's gonna be furious.

BIRNBAUM

I've been administering a treatment involving music. It's been known to lift a patient's mood. Although, she's particularly resistant... Do you have any questions?

Abe shakes his head.

INT. SANITARIUM - REBS' CELL - SAME TIME

Rebs, in a soiled straightjacket, sits surrounded by padded, windowless walls. Her hair is a matted, lopsided mess.

Her isolation is disturbed by the metal click of a HEAVY DOOR UNLOCKING and OPENING.

A Nurse enters with a food tray.

NURSE

Lunchtime!... Oh, good lord, Mrs. Litzer! Did you do what I think you did? Ooo, what a stink!

Rebs does not react.

NURSE

I'm fed up with this nonsense. Until you're cleaned up, no lunch.

The nurse bends close to Rebs, looks directly in her eyes.

NURSE

Hello! I know you can hear me. You're not fooling anyone, honey.

REBS' POV

The nurse's chubby face draws nearer.

NURSE

Still nothing?.. Anyway, here's today's musical selection.

The nurse moves to a knob on the wall, turns it. The "THEME FROM A SUMMER PLACE" blares from overhead.

BEGIN DAYDREAM

The walls gradually dissolve to a blue sky, but halt and revert to the padded cell. The nurse turns, leaves.

END DAYDREAM**EXT. FIRE ISLAND BEACH - EVENING**

The sun, perched on the horizon, fills the sky with brilliant color. SCATTERED PEOPLE walk along the shore. Waves CRASH.

Isaac, Marcos, Claudia, Jaq and Vince spread out on a blanket, the remainders of a picnic before them.

CLAUDIA

Are you ready?

ISAAC

I am.

Isaac takes Jakob's envelope from his beach bag. He breaks the seal, pulls out a yellowed letter, unfolds it.

ISAAC

"My dearest nephew...
(choking up)

I leave these with you - One, a reminder of the past and the other, a hopeful message for the future."

Isaac reaches into the envelope and reveals a faded, yellow, felt Star of David and a pink, felt triangle. Both items are dirty and worn, threads hang from their edges.

Isaac gently lays them on the blanket.

ISAAC

"I was forced to wear these as a prisoner, but I was never ashamed to be labeled a Jew or homosexual. What they tried to denigrate and spit upon, I chose to put right under their noses. What I truly am, they could not destroy. There is no shame in being what God created..."

Isaac, overcome with emotion, hands the letter to Claudia.

CLAUDIA

"So, I urge you, be true to yourself, live bravely, forgiving those who do you harm. Life is
(MORE)

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
 fleeting and leaves no time for
 hate. Now, finally, from your
 friends build your own true family.
 L'chaim!"

Claudia lifts a paper cup.

She is promptly joined by the others.

CLAUDIA
 To our "own true family!"

EVERYONE
 L'chaim!

They toast. Drink.

MARCOS
 Say the poem I like.

Isaac shifts onto his knees, clears his throat.

ISAAC
*"LISTEN HERE, NOW, PERHAPS I'LL
 STAY AWAKE ALL NIGHT, WITNESSING
 THE GLORIOUS DISPLAY OF STARS, OR
 ELSE DIVE INTO THE DEPTHS, FULL TO
 THE BRIM WITH ANXIETY, OR PEACEFUL
 CALM, NOW JANGLING EMPTY BOTTLES,
 OR ADRIFT FAR OFF ROCKAWAY, FLAT ON
 MY BACK, WITHOUT A SINGLE CARE."*

Isaac kisses Marcos.

ISAAC
 Wait here. I need to do something.

He gathers the star and triangle from the blanket, rises.

He goes to the sea, enters up to his waist, bends, dips the
 felt mementos gently in the waves.

As the water gently splashes against him, he holds the star
 and triangle aloft, like an offering. Water drips from his
 hands.

ISAAC
 I'll see the world never forgets.

In the fading glint of the setting sun, Isaac lowers his
 hands, clutches the star and triangle near to his heart.

FADE OUT