DICK AND JANE

by

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"DICK AND JANE"

FADE IN:

CLOSEUP OF A FADED SCHOOL BOOK

lying closed on an old-fashioned wooden teaching lectern. We are ANGLED DOWN so all we can see is a piece of the lectern and the TITLE of the book (also the title of our movie)...

"DICK AND JANE"

The book miraculously opens by itself and, as a nostalgic version of "SCHOOL DAYS" PLAYS OVER, the pages quickly unfold the back story of Dick and Jane and the names and titles of the people who make this movie. The whole style of the opening should be a kind of kiddy-version of those "Book Openings" to old MGM movies. Like this...

MUSIC AND TITLES CONTINUE. We blow open to the first page where the story begins. This page is labeled, "DICK" at the bottom and the picture on the page is of a young boy of about ten sitting under a tree reading "IVANHOE." In the background is a large, comfortable house. (NOTE: All the pictures in the book are in that romanticized and naive style unique to the Dick and Jane Series. But we shall use the real childhood photos of our stars, Jane Fonda and George Segal.)

Another page turns and we SEE a picture of Dick's father, a rugged but gentle, distinguished but earthy, fun but serious, neat but casual guy, standing on the front porch of the house holding a football and shouting to his son, Dick, who has dropped his book and is looking eagerly at his father. Beneath the picture are these words...

"LOOK, DICK," SAID DICK'S FATHER. "LOOK WHAT I HAVE."

Another page blows open. The ball has been thrown and Dick is running after it. Caption...

"RUN, DICK, RUN."
CLOSEUP ON THE BOOK

Another page turns and we SEE Dick, now in a high school football uniform and helmet, running to catch a pass. This picture is captioned...

"SEE DICK RUN."

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

as we SEE DICK running through various stages of his life, years 15 through 19. He is in constant motion; running to classes, delivering newspapers, running for class office, running in every known sporting activity, running with his friends after a group of giggling girls. Beneath all this is the caption...

"RUN, DICK, RUN. RUN, RUN, RUN."

DISOLVE TO:

CLOSEUP OF THE BOOK

as another page blows open and we SEE a picture of a darling little girl in pigtails sitting on her pretty bed. Outside her window stands a magnolia tree complete with a chirping robin. The girl is reading "IVANHOE." This picture is labeled...

"JANE"

A page turns and the next picture is of Jane's mother coming in the room with a big wrapped present as Jane's eyes light up. Jane's mother is an even more wholesome-looking person than Dick's father. This picture is captioned...

"LOOK, JANE," SAID JANE'S MOTHER. "LOOK WHAT I HAVE FOR YOU."

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - DAY

JANE opens the gift her MOTHER has given her. It's a play tea set. Jane's Mother begins showing her how to set up the tea things on the bed, shoving the book aside.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JANE'S MOTHER
Have fun, Jane. Play and have fun.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

briefly fleshing out Jane's junior high and high school years...which seem to be one long whirl of fun. We SEE Jane dancing with a boy, trying to study in a class but succumbing to the flirting of a boy behind her, jumping up in a cheer-leader costume (great legs), taking a home-ec class, sleeping at a slumber party that is suddenly attacked by a group of boys, etc. UNDER THESE DISSOLVES the same legend remains constant...

"PLAY, JANE, PLAY.
PLAY, PLAY, PLAY."

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON THE BOOK

Many pages blow by as MUSIC AND TITLES CONTINUE. The miraculous breeze stops at a page titled:

"DICK AND JANE
GO TO COLLEGE."

ABOVE THIS TITLE is an idealized picture of a college (imposing and friendly). Eager students approach this citadel of learning from different paths. Easily discernible are Dick and Jane, coming from different directions.

MORE QUICK CUTS

Dick's college life. We SEE him in various classes, most of them centering on aerospace and related mathematical subjects. In the brief snatches of non-classroom life (playing ball, trying out for a play), he seems happier. BENEATH all this ACTION:

"DICK WORKS HARD. DICK
WORKS HARD TO GET GOOD
GRADES AND GET A GOOD JOB."

DISSOLVE TO:
QUICK CUTS - JANE'S COLLEGE LIFE

Pretty much the same as Dick, only her classes are more liberal-artsy and she seems to have a much easier time of it, getting good grades, helping others study, but goofing off really more than Dick and going out with a lot of different boys.

"JANE WORKS HARD. JANE WORKS HARD TO GET GOOD GRADES AND GET A GOOD HUSBAND."

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSEUP OF THE PICTURE BOOK

This picture shows a very 1950's collegiate Dick and Jane bumping into each other backstage at an auditorium. The caption reads:

"DICK AND JANE MEET."

ANGLE ON THE BOOK

Pages blow, finally fall open on an evening scene of a beautiful lake with two big trees framing both sides of the peaceful moonlit scene. A 1956 Ford is parked at a perfect vista spot. This is a PUZZLE PAGE and the trees are drawn in such a way that it's possible to image faces in them. This picture is captioned:

"CAN YOU FIND DICK AND JANE IN THIS PICTURE?"

EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT (MOONLIGHT)

...a police car ENTERS the SCENE and pulls up next to the Ford. A cop shines his flashlight down into the back seat on Dick and Jane in the semi-sexual position of the 50's. A new caption appears:

"THE COPS DID."

FREEZE FRAME. Picture becomes:

STORYBOOK

Pages flip and fall open on a very idealized and romanti-

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

cized shot of Dick and Jane as bride and groom. Caption:

"DICK AND JANE GET MARRIED.
DICK IS VERY HAPPY. JANE
IS VERY HAPPY."

Another page blows over and we SEE a drawing of a kindly old doctor winking at Jane as she hands him a piece of wedding cake at the party.

"JANE'S GYNECOLOGIST IS
VERY HAPPY."

More pages blow quickly, we SEE a drawing of Dick in a business suit approaching a large aerospace corporation, "DIXON AIRCRAFT." This page is captioned:

"DICK GETS A FINE JOB.
HE IS CALLED AN ENGINEER."

A page blows over and we SEE a drawing of Jane standing in a brand new living room with an apron on, feeding a baby.

"JANE GETS A FINE JOB.
SHE IS CALLED A MOTHER."

More pages flip to a portrait of an adorable little black and white puppy. This picture is labeled:

"SPOT"

14 EXT. YARD - DAY

... Dick, Jane, their little baby (in an outdoor playpen) and Spot laughing merrily in front of a brand new house. Dick is rolling a ball and Spot is stumbling after it as baby Billy laughs happily.

DICK
Run, Spot, run. See, Billy?
See Spot run?

Dick and Jane hug each other. We FREEZE FRAME on the tender tableaux.

15 STORYBOOK

The page blows over to a page with a picture of just credit

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:
cards...BANKAMERICARD, AMERICAN EXPRESS, TEXACO, etc.
The caption is:

"AND DICK AND JANE LIVED
HAPPILY EVER AFTER."

The page blows over and we SEE another drawing of "DIXON
AIRCRAFT." The storybook colors have turned dark, the
building looks ominous and forbidding. Caption...

"UNTIL OCTOBER 24th, 1975"

CUT TO:

16  EXT. DIXON AIRCRAFT PARKING LOT LONG SHOT DAY

As a Lincoln pulls in, we can't help noticing the vast gap
between cars, the lot somewhat less than half-filled.

17  CLOSER SHOT

Dick Harper, young, attractive, assured, carrying a soft
leather attache case, emerges from car, strides toward
building. Suddenly, he stops short.

18  POV DICK

In those spaces, where "Reserved" places are marked for
executives, he sees a Mexican worker lazily painting out
a name. Fresh white paint already obliterates two other
names. The Mexican worker's name, incidently, is RAOUIL.

19  INT. DIXON AIRCRAFT - DAY

Some 50 work desks, but only 15 to 20 functioning, the others
unattended. At functioning desks, black girls decked out in
white surgical costumes, large magnifying glasses before them,
are working on tiny transistors.

As Dick and Roger, another V.P., pass, en route to elevator.

DICK
Christ, the body count is
getting heavy around here.
CONTINUED:

ROGER
Half of accounting was wiped out this morning. Structural design is taking heavy casualties.

As they reach the elevator door, and it opens, drunken singing is heard from within.

DICK
Bob...Oh, God...

20

ANOTHER ANGLE

Revealing Bob, clearly drunk, emerging from elevator, being supported by yet another V.P., Marty.

BOB
Good luck. I've just been asked to cut back my division by forty per cent. I feel like the grim reaper.

MARTY
We all feel the same way, but what are you going to do? After the last quarter --

BOB (interrupting)
The company's on its ass. The whole aerospace industry is on its ass. Son of a bitch. I need another drink.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As they wander off and elevator doors shut on a perturbed Dick

21

INT. DIXON OUTER OFFICE OF CHARLES SANFORD

Secretary sadly looks up as Dick strides past, into office of Charlie Sanford, Corporate Vice-President of Dixon Aircraft.

22

INT. SANFORD'S OFFICE DAY

Dick comes in to discover Sanford sitting on a leather couch with his coat off, his feet propped up on coffee table, a drink in hand. Charlie is a big athletic looking man, fifty, with a lot of silver hair. His walls are lined with framed signed photographs of astronauts, military brass, cabinet ministers.
CONTINUED:

SANFORD
Dick...Sit down and pour yourself a drink.

DICK
Thanks, Charlie.

Dick pours himself a drink.

SANFORD
This business stinks.
You know that?

DICK
Well...

CHARLIE
To know the feeling that you've been a part of the team that tied the lace on the shoe that took that giant step for mankind. You don't get that from building a goddamn missile. It stinks. It used to be the most exciting business in the world, and now it stinks on ice.

DICK
It's been a rough year.

CHARLIE
It stinks.

DICK
I guess it does stink.

CHARLIE
It stinks on ice.

DICK
On ice, Right.

CHARLIE
What's all this crap?

He's referring to Dick's stack of papers, charts, etc.
CONTINUED:

DICK
It's my plan to re-organize
my department. I figure...

CHARLIE (interrupting)
One small step. One giant
step for mankind...

DICK
Oh I wouldn't say that. But it's
not a bad plan. I ----

CHARLIE
You know who made that step
possible? We did. You and me
and Bob Kane and Marty Fields.
We put Neil and what's-his-name
on the fucking moon and then
they gave us the shaft. It stinks.

DICK
On ice.

CHARLIE
Goddamn right it does.

Charlie finishes his drink, pours himself another.

CHARLIE
How's you drink?

DICK
Fine.

CHARLIE
Well...What do you say we talk
turkey?

In response, Dick begins to arrange his papers in front of him.

DICK
I've tried to think of cutting
back in terms of cost rather than...

CHARLIE
Dick...

(pause)
CONTINUED:

DICK
Charlie...?

CHARLIE
Dick, I've always felt you were a guy I didn't have to bullshit.

DICK
I'm glad to hear that.

CHARLIE
In this job you have to bullshit a lot of guys, give 'em the old stroke...you know...But I've always felt I could level with you. You know what I mean?

DICK
Sure.

CHARLIE
Can I level with you?

DICK
Sure.

CHARLIE
I mean really level?

DICK
Charlie, you can tell me anything.

CHARLIE
You're fired.

Charlie breaks up. Dick laughs too, uneasily.

CHARLIE
I never once said it straight out like that.

DICK (laughing)
Practice makes perfect.

But Charlie is suddenly depressed.
CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
No, I shouldn't have done that. It's just that I'm sick of all the bullshit. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have...

DICK
Wait a minute... you're serious?

CHARLIE (hurt)
Would I kid a pal?

DICK
No jokes, Charlie. You're really firing me?

Charlie tries to salvage a little of his corporate manner.

CHARLIE
I don't have to tell you this has been a rough year for us...

DICK
But I haven't done a bad job.

CHARLIE
You've done a helluva job. Don't let anybody tell you different. Shit, you know how I feel about you and Jane.

DICK
Then why me? Why not Marty or Bob? My division's out-performed both of theirs.

CHARLIE (vague)
Seniority... I think that's what it was... seniority. I'm sure that's what it was. Yeah...

DICK
I can't believe it.

The high point of Charlie's drunk has faded and now he is verging on the nod.

CHARLIE
Listen, Dick, do you mind if we don't go into all this crap now? Frankly, I'm a little looped and... I've got blood on my hands... a lot of blood...

Cunningly, he now feigns sleep. Dick just stands there for a moment, glaring at him, uncertain. Finally, he gathers his papers and leaves.
INT. OUTER OFFICE

Dick emerges into secretary's office. He pays no attention, until she stops him.

ELEANOR
Mr. Harper...I just want to say that I'm very sorry you're leaving us.

DICK
Thank you.

ELEANOR
Did Mr. Sanford tell you about the car?

DICK
What car?

ELEANOR
The company car you've been using. You can retain the use of it for two weeks.

DICK
Isn't that thoughtful?

ELEANOR (obsequious smile)
And we will continue to pay your membership in the country club until the end of the quarter, but we must have your company credit cards now, please.

A beat; even as she holds out her hand.

DICK
Damn it, they're in my other suit. I'll bring them round tomorrow.

Then, as he turns to go, she lapses automatically into cheery Californese.

ELEANOR
Oh, and have a nice day.

EXT. DIXON AIRCRAFT PARKING LOT DAY

Dick, pulling out angrily, all but stripping the gears of his Lincoln.

INT. (MOVING) CAR

Driving, mutters to himself.
26   POV DICK

Holiday Inn by roadside.

27. ANOTHER ANGLE

FAVORING HOLIDAY INN Marquee, which reads:

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY WANDA
WUD U BELIEVE (sic)
TWENTY-NINE?"

As Dick pulls into lot, gets out of his car, starts toward Inn.

28. INT. HOLIDAY INN BAR - DAY

Dark, gloomy. Maybe eight or nine men and women drinking morosely at tables. The BARTENDER, a big, bronzed Indian, long greasy black hair, headband, is coping with a drunken salesman as Dick sits down at the bar.

   DRUNK (to bartender)
   Screw that. You just tell me where it says in the Bible -- and I want chapter and verse, man -- that the Indians are entitled to land claims settlements?

   DICK
   A J & B on the rocks, please. Make it a double.

   DRUNK
   Did your boys invent the electric light? Or the jet engine? Shit, you still hadn't discovered the fucking wheel when we landed here.

   DICK

   The bartender remains impassive.

   DRUNK
   No shit?

   (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DICK
(with a sweeping gesture)
Drinks on the house.

29. ANOTHER ANGLE
Bartender taking orders, filling glasses.

30. ANOTHER ANGLE
Everybody raising a full glass to their benefactor, big Dick Harper, which he graciously acknowledges, raising his own glass.

31. ANOTHER ANGLE
Bartender slaps down bill, which Dick promptly covers with his company credit card.

32. ANOTHER ANGLE
We PAN with bartender as he goes to phone, dials, reads out credit card number, repeats it, nods, hangs up, returns to confront a still beaming munificent Dick.

BARTENDER
It's no good.

DICK
What!

BARTENDER
Your credit's been cancelled.

DICK
Those sons of bitches.

BARTENDER
That'll be twenty-eight sixty.

DICK
Twenty-eight sixty!

DRUNK
Hey, ask him to throw Manhattan Island in with the deal.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

As he explodes with laughter at his own foul joke, Dick, seething, digs into his pockets for the cash.

33. EXT. HOLIDAY INN PARKING LOT

Indignant Dick striding toward his Lincoln.

34. ANOTHER ANGLE -- PARKING LOT

Edging out, Dick reverses, inadvertently running into parking lot concrete bumper guard.

35. INT. CAR

CU DICK

Suddenly, an evil smile.

36. ANOTHER ANGLE -- PARKING LOT

SOUND: Grinding gears, shattering glass, as a car is being pounded against concrete O.S.

We see a stunned old man...a lady in curlers...two small boys...watching something...utterly baffled.

37. ANOTHER ANGLE

Dick finally pulling out, his big smile manic, waving at his small audience, from his battered Lincoln, as he pulls triumphantly into traffic.

CUT TO:

38. EXT. HARPER HOUSE - DAY

Fairly new, fairly large, Mediterranean style house. Pandemonium in garden, however. Excavator excavating, concrete being mixed, tiles being moved, plants being embedded...11 year old BILLY Harper, other kids, playing football through the confusion and racket...and overseeing all this

(CONTINUED)
activity, the big, muscular, barechested MR. GOLDONI. Hanging from Goldoni's bull-neck, a pendant with an astrological sign (Aquarius), as well as a whistle on a chain.

...as Dick pulls up in his freshly battered Lincoln and walks across the lawn, through din, he is confronted by the menacing Goldoni.

    GOLDONI
    Mr. Harper!

Dick ignores him.

    GOLDONI
    (blocking his path)
    Oh, Mr. Harper.

    DICK
    (shouting to make himself heard)
    What is it?

    GOLDONI
    Congratulations. Your second payment on the pool is due today. (even as he thrusts a statement at him)
    A check would be most convenient.

    REVERSE ANGLE

39. INT. KITCHEN

From the window, ESPERANZA, the maid, sees the two men shouting, gesticulating. Wiping her hands on a towel.

    ESPERANZA (calling urgently)
    Senora Harper! Senora Harper!

40. EXT. GARDEN

Dick and Goldoni

    GOLDONI
    But your wife said ---

As Jane, on the trot, comes within earshot.

    (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DICK (shouting back)
I don't give a shit what my wife said.

41. ANOTHER ANGLE

JANE (aghast)
Oh, Dick...

DICK (shouting)
I've just been fired.

42. CU JANE

Startled

43. ANOTHER ANGLE

Goldoni reaches for his whistle and blows on it shrilly...
once, twice...

44 PANNING over the wreck of the garden as everything comes
to an abrupt halt: the cement mixer, the tile-layers,
the excavator. Everything. A sudden menacing silence
enhanced by Goldoni's big intimidating presence.

GOLDONI
What did you say?

DICK (to Jane)
Tell him what you said.

GOLDONI
No. You.

Jane is the first to recover.

JANE
He said he was tired.

Goldoni shakes his head, he grins, admiring her cool, but
he is not to be conned.

GOLDONI
Mr. Harper you were canned today.

DICK
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

As Billy comes running up.

BILLY
Hey, Dad, what did you do to your car?

DICK
Not now, Billy.

A dry tense pause, as Dick braces himself, fists clenched, and Goldoni, all belligerence, reflects suddenly, without warning, driving a finger into a terrified Dick.

GOLDONI
What's your sign?

POV DICK

The Aquarian sign Goldoni wears.

DICK (chancing it)
Aquarius.

GOLDONI
Oh, you poor prick, I knew it.

He walks away, holding his head, lips pursed, and returns, despairing.

GOLDONI
As of yesterday, our Third House is empty.

Dick whistles in amazement.

GOLDONI
It's a real ball crusher. Jupiter has just entered our Seventh House and --- oh, shit, you might as well know --- Mars is in direct juxtaposition to Saturn.

JANE
Oh, my God, no.

As Goldoni curses his luck --- Dick's luck --- roundly in Italian.

GOLDONI
It's a bad time for us, a real bummer.
I'll give you until next Wednesday.

And turning away from them, he blows on his whistle again, once, twice, and the men resume work.

CUT TO:
45. INT. BILLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cozy, middle-class. Snoopy and other stuffed animals. Toys everywhere. As Jane tucks him in, switches on night light, and slips out the door.

46. EXT. FRONT DICK AND JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We note, in passing, a 17 foot boat on a trailer in adjoining driveway. We also note that all the gardens we can see, including Dick and Jane's, are well-lit, spotlights concealed in shrubbery.

SOUND: A shrill, pulsating police siren approaching --- seemingly upon them --- then fading into the night.

47. EXT. REAR DICK AND JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dick and Jane are by the hold partially dug for their long-awaited swimming pool. Excavating equipment alongside, also stacks of tiles, etc. A child's toys also on seat of the excavator ---smiling---as she watches a somewhat looped Dick trying stunts on Billy's skateboard. Finally, he strolls over to her, joining her at "poolside". Jane refills both their glasses with wine.

JANE
I can't believe it. Charlie fired you.

DICK
Charlie fired me.

JANE
That son of a bitch. After all the years of bottom-pinning I took from him.

Dick maintains a morose silence.

JANE (contin)
The hell with them. You'll get a better job.

No answer.

JANE
Won't you?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DICK
You're damn right I will.

A beat; Jane staring at pool.

JANE (meekly)
What are we going to do about paying
for the pool?

DICK
Darling, there is nothing to worry about.

But Jane is now prepared to make real sacrifices.

JANE
Look, we won't heat it. Not until you
get another job.

DICK
And what will the neighbors say if they
don't see steam rising off our pool on
chilly nights/
(as he gropes for her, kissing her neck)
Dick Harper's a loser!

JANE (responding to his advances)
Screw the neighbors. We're going to start
making some real economies around here. I'm
going to give up my tennis lessons. No more
French wines at home. And I'm going to start
canning things, just like my mother.

DICK (his advances growing more
heated)
I do appreciate your pioneering spirit,
Calamity, and now if you'd care to mosey
upstairs with me there's something in my
sleeping bag I'd like to show you.

JANE (kissing him)
Shoot. What could that be?

DICK
Well, it's good for lumbago, athlete's foot,
headache...and guaranteed to melt your little
ole panty straps.

JANE
You are talkin' dirty now!

As they embrace.
48. INT. DICK AND JANE'S HOUSE, ESPERANZA'S ROOM

Esperanza gathers up her large, overstuffed cardboard suitcase, bound with cord.

49. EXT. HOUSE GARDEN AND GARAGE

As a taxi driver takes Esperanza's suitcase, she walks to garage, where Billy is trying to flip a basketball into net overhead of doors. Baffled, he allows himself to be hugged and kissed by departing maid.

50. ANOTHER ANGLE

Across the street, the Bradleys have just pulled up, getting out of their car. He's a fat fellow, spilling over his Bermuda shorts.

51. POV MRS. BRADLEY

Esperanza getting into taxi.

52. RESUME BRADLEYS

MRS. BRADLEY
The Harper's maid is leaving!

MR. BRADLEY
What?

MRS. BRADLEY (shoving him)
Hurry! Damn you! She may not have another job yet.

53. ANOTHER ANGLE

Bounding Bradley, in his Bermudas, succeeds in stopping taxi.
55. INT. DEN - DAY

Dick, who has obviously been on the phone for hours, nods wearily into receiver, as we HEAR a click on the other end of the line, and he x's another name off a list on the pad before him.

FAVORING pad, we see that it is a list of all the country's leading airplane manufacturing firms, the last name and hope now x-ed off.

56. ANOTHER ANGLE

As Billy spills into the room, Dick, still holding 'dead' phone, parodies the day's defeats for his son.

DICK (into 'dead' phone)

Billy looks on uncertainly as Dick hangs up phone.

BILLY
Things are that tough, Dad?

DICK
It's not just that I'm unemployable --- I also seem to be obsolete!

Dick sees his son's growing alarm, decides to make light of it.

DICK
Why don't you get a newspaper route, kid? Eleven years old and still sponging off the old man.

As he dives at him and the two of them begin to wrestle on the floor.

CUT TO:
57. INT. KITCHEN


CUT TO:

58. INT. HARPER DINING ROOM - NIGHT

PANNING over Billy, Jane, Dick, eating Hamburger Helper listlessly, not a word being said. Only sounds we hear that of cutlery against plates. Finally.

    JANE (obviously trying to cheer him up)
    Maybe your Third House is still empty.

    DICK
    That was last month, dear. Tomorrow Dick Harper puts his fabled shoulder to the wheel once more.

    JANE (overjoyed)
    You've found a job!

    DICK
    Yeah.

    JANE
    Doing what?

    DICK
    Let's just say I'm embarking on a second career, and leave it at that, shall we?

DISSOLVE TO:

59. INT. CLASSROOM UCLA OR WHEREVER - DAY

It's a large studio, and we PAN over rapt students a drawing boards, sketching a figure as yet unseen, and the only sound we hear is the scratching of charcoal pencils. PANNING over intent faces, some sketches, until, coming full circle, we come upon the model. Dick, reduced to a bikini, and striking a Thinker's pose for the assembly.

CUT TO:
60. CLOSE SHOT LA TIMES HELPED WANTED PAGE

A "bartender needed" ad being circled with ballpoint.

61. EXT. THE STRIP - DAY

Dick, clutching newspaper, entering what turns out to be a
topless (or bunnied) bar/restaurant.

62. INT. SEEDY RESTAURANT

PANNING over serving waitresses, the men at tables, as well-
dressed Dick finds himself, for the first time in his life,
in a topless bar...TRACKING with him to proprietor who sits
at cash register. In the enveloping din, we don't hear the
conversation, but we see Dick point out Bartender Wanted Ad
to proprietor, who grins and slaps his cheek with amazement.

63. CLOSER SHOT

PROPRIETOR
You crazy, man? The only require-
ment for a bartender in this joint
is knockers. Shit, you couldn't
even bluff your way into a training
bra.

DISSOLVE TO:

64. CLOSEUP OF PAGE FROM DICK AND JANE STORYBOOK, TITLE READS:

"DICK AND JANE'S BIG DAY."

65. EXT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE - DAY

A large sullen mob has gathered outside the Department of
Human Resources. We PICK UP Dick and Jane in her car as
they stop at the curb.

66. INT. CAR

Jane is behind the wheel. Dick wears a suit and tie and a
forlorn look.

JANE
You'd think you were committing a
crime. Lots of people collect unemployment.
CONTINUED:

DICK
It just seems there's no point in going through all this when I'm having lunch with Jim Weeks at Northrop next week. He says that things are about to break over there.

JANE
Dick, my darling, you've been without work for three months now. We are in no position to be turning up our noses at ninety-five dollars week tax-free.

DICK
I've worked for every dime I've ever made in my life. Nobody ever gave me anything.

JANE
Nobody's giving you anything now. You have to work to collect unemployment. It's like insurance.

(as she bends over to kiss him)

O.K.?

DICK (sullen)
See you later.

JANE
I'd wait, you know, but I've got to pick up Billy.

DICK
I know.

67. EXT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE

Dick walks among the ranks of the unemployed. Apart from the people who are there merely to get their money and beat it, there are the usual hangers on. Also, a small selection of real crazies who make speeches, talk to themselves or sing. Dick is the only person dressed in a suit and as a consequence he attracts attention. He goes inside.

68. INT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE

Dick looking lost and a little panic stricken. An elderly black woman standing in front of him turns around, bemused, and looks him up and down.
CONTINUED:

WOMAN
You looking for a maid, honey. I can
iron like a dream.

DICK
The truth is....

WOMAN
(drifting away)
Yeah, I know. You want somebody
younger.

Dick, moving away, embarrassed, finally sights the window
marked INFORMATION. As he is about to join the long line
leading up to it, he is accosted by a longhaired, bearded,
mustached Mexican (RAOUL)

RAOUL
You're Mr. Harper, aren't you?
Dixon Aircraft.

DICK
Yes...?

RAOUL
I'm Raoul Esteban. Remember? I
was with Dixon Maintenance Division.
I used to do your office.

DICK
Sure... Raoul... How are you?

Raoul seems genuinely delighted to see Dick. Dick is un-
comfortable. They shake hands.

RAOUL
Great. Hey, what are you doin' here?

No ready answer.

RAOUL
They canned you too, huh?

DICK
Actually, it was more complicated--

RAOUL
That company, man...They can all the
guys who got ability. It's a bitch.

DICK
It sure is.
CONTINUED:

RAOUL
Is this your first time in here?

DICK
Damn right. I mean, yeah, it is.

RAOUL
Hey, man, you're in luck. I'm going to take care of you.

DICK
That's very decent of you.

RAOUL
Don't mention it. Mi casa, su casa, you know what I mean? First thing... You're in the wrong line. Information you stand in line two hours and all they tell you is to fill out one of these.

He hands him a card.

CUT TO:

69   EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY

A school for kids. Billy, and others his age, boys and girls with teeth braces, as instructor trots out, calling it a day.

70   EXT. STREET SCHOOL

Cars parked everywhere. Attractive, well-dressed young mothers waiting, chattering, Jane among them. HOLD only long enough so that we will remember the faces of some of these ladies, before all the kids come charging out toward the cars. Among them, Billy.

71   EXT. HOUSE - DAY

As Jane's car, Billy inside, pulls up in front of the house. A gang of Goldoni's workmen busy repossessing the landscaping (the pool, incidentally, still half complete). Trees are pulled up out of the ground, as are ferns and plants; all done with great care. Great gouges, however, are left in garden. Piles of sand, etc. Jane gets out of car and speaks to one of the workmen.
CONTINUED:

JANE
Stop it! Stop!

WORKMAN
This your house?

JANE
That's right.

WORKMAN (yells)
Pete...we got one of 'em.

Pete who is in charge today comes over to Jane.

PETE
You got our notice, Mrs. Harper?

JANE
Yes, and I sent you a check.

PETE
Bouncy, bouncy. That's naughty, Mrs. Harper.

JANE
But I told you to put it throught again.

PETE
We did. That's why we're here.

JANE
Look, just because the bank makes a mistake, is no reason to rip up my garden.

PETE
A check bounces once, that's a mistake. Twice, we repossess.

JANE
Well, I'm going to call them right now. You just hold on.

She starts into the house, Pete follows.

JANE
Where are you going?

PETE
I thought while you're calling I'd get the plants inside.

JANE
Get off my property before I call the police.
CONTINUED:

Pete just stands there, clacking his tongue.

JANE (shouting)
Right now.

PETE
C'mon, guys. Everybody back to the truck.
The workmen retire to the truck. Jane and Billy go into house.

CUT TO:

72  INT. BAR - DAY
Meanwhile, Dick is discovering a new world. He and Raoul are
having a beer and shooting a little pool. Some of the unemployment
office regulars are there, Mexican pop music in background from
jukebox. Raoul, we see at once, is something of a pool shark.
Watching him shoot, Dick is charged with admiration.

73  INT. HOUSE
Jane is on the phone.

JANE
But that's impossible! Are you
positive...?

We HEAR Pete's voice coming through an electric bull horn from
the outside.

PETE (O.S.)
Open the door, Mrs. Harper ---

Jane reacts in horror.

PETE (O.S.)
---or we'll huff, and we'll puff, and
we'll blow your house down.

JANE (into phone)
Thank you.

She hangs up and goes to door.
EXT. HOUSE

Pete is speaking through the electric bullhorn.

PETE
You are behind in your payments on
your indoor-outdoor landscaping and
your pool. We do not want your
neighbors to know you are deadbeats,
but we must repossess...

Jane opens the front door. She looks utterly defeated.

CUT TO:

EXT. DICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dick and Jane's garden, like all the others, illuminated, but the
landscape in front of his house is all but totally denuded. As
Dick walks slowly to the front door, looking around him in stunned
disbelief -- pouf!--- suddenly all the lights in his garden, as
well as any lights that were on in the house, are extinguished.

INT. DEN

Even as Billy watches Hawaii Five-O or whatever, on TV, suddenly
the picture shrinks to the size of a postage stamp and goes out.

INT. OUTER HALL

Dick, entering, striking matches, as Billy comes running up to him.

BILLY
You're just in time, Daddy. I think
we blew a fuse.

DICK
I'm afraid not, Billy.

BILLY
What's wrong, then?

DICK
Um, something of a misunderstanding
...between ourselves and the Department
of Water and Power.
INT. LIVING ROOM

As Dick comes in, Jane is sitting in a chair wrapped in a menacing calm, flashlight in hand. For his benefit, she shines the flashlight on those places where plants, now repossessed, used to stand. Dick stumbles over to sideboard, pours himself a small scotch, draining the bottle. The last of it.

JANE
Are you going to tell me how bad things really are, or are we just going to wait for the roof to fall on our heads?

CU FLUTE

SOUND: Scales.

TRACK BACK

INT. BILLY'S ROOM

A music stand before him, he is practicing by the light of a Coleman Camp lamp.

INT. DEN NIGHT

SOUND: Flute. Scales again and again.

Dick and Jane sit across the desk from each other. The candlelight is romantic, but on the desk, a very businesslike file of papers, documents, etc.

DICK
Look, Jane, it isn't all that bad.

JANE
We have no income and no assets, Dick.

DICK
We have the house.

JANE
We owe eighty seven thousand dollars on the house...but never mind that for the moment. I see that you've left fifteen thousand dollars in your will to your sister.

DICK
Yeah...?
CONTINUED:

JANE
If you died tonight I'd owe her the fifteen thousand, wouldn't I?

DICK
It would come out of the insurance.

JANE
Guess what, darling?

DICK
Don't tell me. I don't want to know.

JANE
There is no insurance. You've borrowed against it.

DICK
Look, this is ridiculous. I'm not going to die tonight. Dick Harper is in his prime.

JANE
Yes. Maybe.

The "maybe" scorches. Dick is suddenly outraged.

DICK
If Dr. Rabinovitch told you anything he didn't tell me after my last check-up, it is your duty to come clean. Right now. I want it straight from the shoulder.

Jane is baffled.

JANE
What on earth are you talking about?

DICK
My health. All I've got left. He assured me it was tennis elbow. (leaning close) Is it terminal, Jane? I demand to know.
CONTINUED:

JANE
There is absolutely nothing wrong with your health. But, Dick, you have been leading a whole secret life in the last few years, haven't you?

Now he is really ready to blow his top.

DICK
You are looking at a faithful husband, Mrs. Harper. I haven't even been to see 'Deep Throat' yet.

JANE
I'm not talking about sex, I'm talking about money. Here I always thought of you as Dick Harper, mild-mannered husband--

DICK (insulted)
Mild-mannered? Thank you.

JANE
--and aerospace executive. Who knew you were the Typhoid Mary of high finance?

DICK
Look, I gambled on a few things and I lost. But they were sure things, damn it, I didn't go wrong, Jane. Everybody's in the same boat. The economy's shot to hell.

JANE
You gambled. You lost. What about me? I gambled and lost and didn't even get to play. I didn't even get to watch.

DICK
They weren't gambles! How could I know my stock options would be worthless, or that the price of gold would disintegrate. Or that our condominium development in Maui would fold?

JANE
Maui?

DICK (defensively)
Charlie was in that one, too. So were all the fellows.

JANE
Good God!
CONTINUED:

DICK
Excuse me, Dr. Keynes, but I thought that your interest in economics was always limited to the spending part.

JANE
I didn't know you were running amok, wheeling and dealing us into poverty.

Dick, still concerned, has begun to roll up his sleeve, and probe his elbow.

DICK
If only I'd consulted you, we wouldn't be in this position. There wouldn't have been a recession. I wouldn't have lost my job.

(suddenly, leaning close to her again, his manner imploring)
Tell me the truth. What did he say?

JANE
Who?

DICK
Dr. Rabinovitch.

JANE
There is nothing wrong with your health, but as Director of Family Economics, you're through. I'm taking over.

Dick has to laugh, he slaps his knee with simulated delight.

JANE
You shouldn't have waited three months before you applied for unemployment.

DICK
Mea culpa!

JANE
Tomorrow you can apply for the Food Stamp program.

DICK
Why don't I get a job? A waiter, a bus boy. If we're not too proud to go on welfare, then I can ---
JANE
Sorry, we can't afford it.

DICK
What!?

JANE
We'll make more money from unemployment than you could make on any of those jobs, assuming you could get one.

DICK
Gee, thanks.

JANE
Your job for the moment is to collect unemployment, apply for the food stamp program, and keep looking for work in your field. My job is to get one.

DICK (amused)
You're going to get a job?

JANE
That's right. Incredible as it may seem, I am going to get a job.

DICK
May I ask -- no offense, mind you -- what you think you're qualified to do?

JANE
There must be plenty of things I can do.

DICK
Oh, come on. You've never worked a day in your life. You can't type. You can't take shorthand. You don't even know how to run a PBX.

JANE
I'm a college graduate, reasonably intelligent, personable, not altogether unattractive...

DICK
But will you be happy being a hooker?
EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY

It's school field day. Tennis finals or whatever. Young Billy on court, playing doubles with three other kids. If tennis is out, a relay race will do.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Parents seated in stands everywhere. We pick out Dick, an empty seat beside him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

PANNING with an exuberant Jane as, muttering "excuse me", she works her way toward Dick in stands.

BILLY PLAYING

RESUME DICK

As Jane snuggles in beside him.

JANE

I got a job!

Dick, looking left and right, obviously conscious of neighbors.

DICK

Ssssssh.

JANE (whispering)

I start on Monday.

Resolutely he continues to watch game.

JANE

Aren't you pleased?

DICK

Pleased? I'm thrilled. You start your job on Monday and tomorrow morning at nine, I've got an interview about food stamps.

CUT TO:
INT. RESTAURANT DEPT. STORE - DAY

Many matrons at lunch, occasionally peering at models who roam between table like frightened birds.

INT. BACKSTAGE

Jane is getting ready to make her debut. The woman in charge, PAULA, tries to reassure her.

PAULA
You ever modelled before?

JANE
Sure...clay, model airplanes...

PAULA
Just don't knock anything over, or fall on your ass, and you'll be fine.

As Jane gets set to move out for her tour of the room. Another model speaks to Paula.

MODEL
Who's she?

PAULA
Some friend of the fashion co-ordinator.

POV JANE (moving out)

The assembled ladies.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT DEPT. STORE

Jane, modelling a coat, is shaky, but manages reasonably well, until

POV JANE

Sipping martinis at a table, two or three of the ladies she chatted with when she went to pick up Billy at the tennis school. Obviously, they are surprised to see her.
REVERSE ANGLE

Hopelessly rattled now, her fragile confidence shattered, Jane inadvertently knocks over a drink at a ladies' table. As she immediately moves to assist the outraged victim, muttering apologies...

CUT TO:

INT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE

The crowd seems to be even larger and more bizarre than the last time we were here. Dick and Raoul are together.

RAOUL
I'm telling you, man. It's no sweat. Particularly for a guy in you position.

DICK
Look, I'm in the same position everybody else is...unemployed.

RAOUL
But you're a professional guy. You know what I mean?

DICK
No.

RAOUL
Look at your card, man. Look what it says...Aerospace executive. You think they're going to hassle an aerospace executive?

DICK
But I'm not an aerospace executive anymore. No one needs an aerospace executive anymore!

RAOUL
In here, man, you are what you were. You know what I mean? It's the rules. They ain't going to mess around with a guy like you. No problem.

CUT TO:

INT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE - DAY

Dick stands in line behind a guy (RAYMOND) in full slap and semi-drag, i.e., a pant suit rather than a dress. Raymond, at window, telling his tale. Dick, enormously amused, stands behind him, listening.
CONTINUED:

RAYMOND
I'm going to have an operation in a month. You know, the operation. And my analyst said I should start making the adjustment. That's why they fired me...just for wearing a most demure grey maxi with a matching cashmere twin set. It's all there in the letter from my analyst.

We cannot hear the clerk nor do we get a good look at him. We can, however, see Dick who is trying to keep himself from dissolving with laughter.

RAYMOND
Why do I have to see the supervisor? It's all very simple...Oh, all right. Shoot!

A deep sigh from Raymond as he packs up his stuff and moves away from the window. Dick watches him go, then approaches window himself. The clerk is writing something, we don't see his face.

DICK
I've seen some fruits in my time, but she really takes the cake.

CLERK
Not really.

DICK
C'mon. That's the flamingest fag I've ever seen.

CLERK
In the first place, she is a transsexual, not a fruit, not a fag, not even a homosexual. She has the mind, soul and desires of a woman imprisoned in a man's body.

Even Dick has now realized that the clerk is gay.

CLERK
And now what can I do for you, sir?

CUT TO:
INT. DEPT. STORE (COSMETICS) - DAY

Jane approaches an elderly harridan (THELMA) who appears to have spared no expense to look like Sandra Dee in her gidget period.

JANE
Can I help you?

THELMA
Honey, my teeth soak in a glass every night. I haven't been properly laid in ten years. I'm beyond help. Where's Irene?

JANE
Irene is out to lunch. Is there...?

THELMA
Lunch, my ass. You mean she's having a nooner in some sleazy motel.

JANE
I don't really know. But maybe I could help you.

THELMA
Irene is my regular girl. You're new, aren't you?

JANE
Yes. My name is Jane. Is there something I can get for you?

THELMA
Sure, twenty years of my life back. Or a fella with a big whang. But, failing that, I'll just take the usual.

JANE
You'll have to forgive me, but since I'm new, I don't really know what the usual is.

THELMA
Well...Give me some of that facial. And then....

JANE
Any particular facial?

THELMA
What do you think? My skin is made of sandpaper? I want just any facial?
JANE
I'm sorry, but I really don't know.

THELMA
I want my facial.

JANE
Fine. But which kind of facial do you want?

THELMA
The green one that smells like Sorrento on a summer's night.

JANE
You don't happen to remember the name?

THELMA
I've had three husbands and I can't even remember their names. Irene knows.

JANE
Maybe you should wait until she gets back.

THELMA
How many times do I have to tell you that I want my facial now?

Jane, deciding to try her luck, takes a box off the shelf.

JANE
How about this?

THELMA
How about letting me have a vaginal spray? Something sweet for secret places. If only for auld lang syne's sake. No, that isn't it at all, honey.

JANE
This is the best facial in the store. I thought perhaps you might like to try it.
THELMA
But I've been using the same facial for twenty years, and that's the one I want.

JANE
I'll get it for you. Just tell me what it's called.

THELMA
You keep asking the same stupid questions. I don't know what it's called.

JANE
Then how can I get it for you?

THELMA
Never mind. God, what a stupid girl!

ANOTHER ANGLE
As a hard old lady, obviously the department supervisor, approaches, more than a little interested.

JANE
Look, lady, if you've been using the same facial for twenty years, I don't think it's too much that you might remember what in the hell it's called!

THELMA
Don't you speak filthy to me, you stupid cunt. I tell you young people today they have no respect. They've only got one thing on their mind.

As Thelma, outraged, stomps off, Jane is suddenly aware of the grimfaced supervisor down on her.

SUPERVISOR
Mrs. Harper...?

JANE
Don't say it. There's no need. I'll go quietly.
CONTINUED:

As she reaches for her hangbag and turns to go.

CUT TO:

97  INT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE

We SEE Dick collecting his check, his exuberance apparent to all.

98  ANOTHER ANGLE

As one of the regulars, wearing a chrome-studded black motorcycle costume, sidles up to him, whispering something.

99  EXT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE

Dick climbing on to rear of a big bike, zooming off into traffic with Regular.

100  EXT. FREEWAYS - DAY

Two or three shots of Dick and Regular zooming through canyons on big bike.

101  EXT. CREST OF HILL - DAY (2nd Unit)

As Dick approaches on bike, in valley below we SEE cars parked, men, women, even kids, walking between, lugging bridge tables, lamps, etc.

102  CLOSER SHOT SWAP MEET AND "ANTIQUE" FAIR

Dick and Regular walking between displays of junk on grass, searching for somebody.

103  ANOTHER ANGLE

It's Raoul, wearing a funny peak cap, a basket strapped to his shoulders, merrily handing out free new long cigarette samples to all comers.

104  ANOTHER ANGLE

Dick with Raoul.
CONTINUED:

DICK
What was so urgent?

Even as Raoul breaks open a cigarette sample and he and Dick light up.

RAOUL
The Opera is coming to town next Tuesday.

DICK
So what?

RAOUL
So forty bucks a night: cash.

DICK
Can you sing?

RAOUL
Hell, no. All you got to do is stand around while the rest of them sing. Sometimes you carry a spear. Other time you hold the elephants. It's real easy, man.

Even as they talk, they continue to drift through the swap meet, strolling past displays of Nazi memorabilia, old theatre posters, ancient barber chairs, etc. etc., Raoul, all smiles, handling out cigarette sample to all comers.

DICK
What about unemployment?

RAOUL
We don't tell them.

DICK
Suppose they find out?

RAOUL
How they going to find out? They pay you in cash. There's no papers, nothing. No way they going to find out.

Greetings, in passing, other cigarette vendors, recognizable from unemployment office.

DICK
You mean I'm going to be a welfare chiseler?
CONTINUED:

Dick is pleased at the prospect, but Raoul's sensibilities are offended.

RAOUL

Look, man, a welfare chiseler is just a bum who don't want to work. We want to work, don't we?

DICK

Yeah, but the rules say you can't work and collect unemployment.

RAOUL

You can't follow the rules all the time, man. I mean what about guys like the Rockefellers or the Du Ponts? How do you think they got where they are?

DICK

Breaking the rules?

RAOUL

Those guys had initiative and enterprise and they were willing to work hard, and they didn't let a few crummy rules stand in their way. That's what made this country what it is. It's the whole enchilada that made America great. You know?

DICK

I never thought of it quite like that.

RAOUL

You got to think about these things, man. I ain't no deadbeat, welfare chiseler, and neither are you.

DICK

I'm sorry.

RAOUL

It's O.K., man.

CUT TO:

105 INT. OPERA HOUSE

A performance of Carmen is in progress. We are in the camp of the gypsies at the end of the second act. The stage, needless to say, is crowded with gypsies. Closer inspection reveals two of the gypsies are in fact Dick and Raoul. They wear head scarves, earrings, and generally tend to blend with other gypsies. All goes reasonably well until Dick is accidently stabbed with a prop knife which causes him to yell.
CONTINUED:

DICK

Jesus Christ!

And stumble against a piece of the set, which wobbles slightly. This raises a laugh from some of the audience.

106 ANGLE TO AUDIENCE

Some people are smiling, others are angry. One of those who is angry is the clerk from the unemployment office, who, furthermore, seems to have recognized Dick.

107 INT. OPERA HOUSE BACKSTAGE

The gypsies, other extras. Even before Dick can remove his make-up, he sees, looming over him.

108 POV DICK

The unemployment officer, exuding nasty delight.

OFFICER

Oh, ducky, don't you look simply divine ce soir.

109 CU DICK

His reaction

CUT TO:

110 INT. RAOUl'S CAR NIGHT

Dick and Raoul driving home from the performance.

DICK

No unemployment for three years. Shit.

RAOUl

You got to look at the positive side. They could have sent you to prison. They don't usually do that, but...

DICK

Three years... what am I going to tell Jane.

RAOUl

I wouldn't tell her.
CONTINUED:

DICK
Unemployment was half our income.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOAN COMPANY - DAY

Dick and Jane sit across the desk from the loan officer,
Ned Glass. Ned is going over their books shaking
his head, occasionally grunting, and snorting with derision.

NED
Mister, you got problems.

DICK
Why do you think we're here?

NED
I know why you're here.

He sighs and shakes his head.

NED
You got guts. I give you that.

DICK
Your ad says if you've been
turned down elsewhere...

NED
It didn't say if you've been turned
down everywhere.

DICK
This is the first place we've been.

NED
Lucky us.

JANE
Listen, we can go lots of places for
abuse. C'mon, Dick.

NED
Sit down. Did I say I wasn't going
to give you money? Did I say that?

DICK
No. I just...

NED
Sit down. Let's look at the pluses
and the minuses.
CONTINUED:

DICK
There are a couple of...

NED (cutting him off)
We'll start with the minuses. You're in hock up to your eyes. And you got nothing serious for collateral. You're behind on both mortgages which makes us third in line after the bank. Your car is paid for but that and a dime will get you a cup of coffee.

DICK
That is a perfectly good late model car that's worth at least 1,000 dollars.

A grunt from Ned on this.

NED
You got some jewelry which might be worth a few bucks.

DICK
That car's worth at least nine hundred.

Ned shoots him a disgusted look.

NED
I haven't come to the pluses yet.
Wait for the pluses.

DICK
O.K..

NED
On the plus side, you're actually working....

This last to Jane who brightens a touch.

NED
You're getting paid bupkas, but you're working. It's regular.
(to Dick)
You could get another job. Who knows. They might even find a cure for cancer. Next year the Kings could win the Stanley Cup. Nixon could come back. We're also due for an earthquake. It's a wonderful world we live in. Right? Right?
CONTINUED:

DICK
Actually, there are a couple of things starting to break.

NED
Anyway, the biggest thing you got going for you is stupidity, which is to say you have a history of paying your debts. And me, I love people. I can let you have a thousand dollars for one year at eighteen and a half compounded...

DICK
A thousand!?

JANE
Eighteen and a half. That's against the law.

NED
Take it or leave it.

JANE
We'll take it.

NED
You had me worried there for a moment.

CUT TO:

112 INT. LOAN OFFICE - LATER

Dick and Jane are at the cashier area. They have completed signing all the forms and they are getting their money. At this moment, two men burst through the front door carrying large guns.

FIRST ROBBER
This is a hold up! If nobody moves, nobody gets hurt. Everybody lie down on the floor.

NED
I thought you said nobody move.

FIRST ROBBER
Just lie down and shut up.
CONTINUED:

NED
I will do nothing to offend. Count on it.

ROBBER
I told you to shut up.

Ned lies down and shuts up with the rest of the people. One robber goes behind the counter and begins collecting the money out of the till. The other one collects from the customers lying on the floor. Dick is the first one. He is clutching a thousand dollars in cash. As the robber reaches for it.

DICK
Hey, look, I just borrowed this.

ROBBER
Now, you're loaning it.

Dick slides the money to Ned.

DICK
Borrow it from him.

NED
That money is legally yours. You signed the papers.

Ned pushes it back to Dick.

DICK
I'm paying it back. What's the interest on two minutes?

ROBBER
Shut up.

He grabs the money.

DICK
Could we just clear this up? Who are you stealing this from?

ROBBER
Shut up.

He whacks Dick on the hand with the butt of the shotgun which causes it to fire. This startled everybody but most of all the robbers.

SECOND ROBBER
What the hell was that?
CONTINUED:

FIRST ROBBER
It was me. My gun went off.

SECOND ROBBER
Shit, that'll bring all the heat in the world. Come on, let's get out of here.

He comes out from behind the counter carrying a bag full of money. We HEAR a siren in the distance. He stops and speaks to the nearest person who happens to be Jane.

ROBBER
O.K. lady. On your feet. You're coming with us.

DICK
Hey, wait a ....

He is interrupted by a gun butt over the head. Jane instinctively moves toward him but is grabbed by the robber and hauled along with him toward a back door. Jane is pushed out ahead of them. As the door closes behind them, the front door bursts open and the cops come racing in.

NED
They went out the back.

ANOTHER CUSTOMER
They've got a woman with them.

The cops race through the office to the back door.

113 EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

The rear of the loan company opens onto a vacant lot. As the cops come out of the rear door we SEE Jane on the ground about twenty feet from the door. One of the robbers is racing for a waiting car the other who is a few feet away from Jane seems to be about to go back and get her. His attention is diverted by the cops. He races for the car after firing a shot at the cops. The cops pursue, firing, running by Jane. However, the robbers make it to their car and take off. The cops fire a few shots without any noticable effect. Jane gets up and goes back inside.

114 INT. LOAN COMPANY

Dick is just coming around. Jane comes back in to attend to him.

CUT TO:
INT. LOAN COMPANY, STILL LATER

Many cops writing reports, talking to people etc. One of them is talking to Dick and Jane.

COP
You're sure you're all right. You don't want to go to the hospital or...?

DICK
I'm all right. Jane are you?...

JANE
I just want to go home.

COP
You're free to go. You were very cool under fire, Ma'am.

JANE
I'll faint at home, but thank you.

They start to leave. Ned stops them before they get to the door.

NED (confidentially)
How much did you tell 'em you lost?

DICK (puzzled)
A thousand dollars. What do you mean?

NED
Schmuck. You couldn't have told 'em two thousand? The insurance would have paid and I'd have split the extra grand with you.

CUT TO:

INT. HARPER HOUSE - DAY

Jane strides briskly through the front door, then holds it for Dick. She seems highly agitated.

Dick comes in. He is barely through the door when Jane shuts it behind him and locks it.

DICK
Honey, are you feeling all right?
CONTINUED:

In reply, she moves off toward the bedroom at a brisk pace. Dick follows.

117

INT. BEDROOM

Jane whips through the bedroom and goes directly into the bathroom. Dick pursues, but pauses at the bathroom. Jane motions impatiently for him to come in. He does.

118

INT. BATHROOM

Jane shuts the door and locks it behind him. Dick puzzled, alarmed. Jane does look distraught.

    DICK
    What's the matter?

She opens her purse, takes out a thick wad of hundred dollar bills, and drops it on the counter in front of Dick. It's fair to say Dick is surprised.

    JANE
    He dropped it and I fell on it and while they were chasing him I just stuck it in my purse. I don't know what happened to me, but I just did it.

Dick has been examining the money through this.

    DICK
    There's two thousand dollars here.

    JANE
    I can't believe I did it.

Dick starts to laugh.

    DICK
    Neither can I.

    JANE
    It's not funny. I have just committed a crime.

    DICK
    And done a helluva job at it.

He puts his arms around her.
CONTINUED:

JANE
I'm going to give it back.

DICK
Who would you give it back to? The robbers?

JANE
The money belongs to the loan --- of course they're insured.

DICK
Exactly. You couldn't give it back now even if you wanted to.

JANE
I guess not. Anyway, I don't want to. Two thousand dollars...

We HEAR Billy yelling OS

JANE
It's Billy.

She quickly stuffs the money into her purse.

JANE
He's going to ask why we were in the bathroom together.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dick and Jane are undressing, preparing for bed.
CONTINUED:

They are still without electricity, obliged to manage by candlelight.

JANE
By the time we pay all the bills there isn't going to be much left.

DICK
If you don't buy me a car, I'll turn you in to the police and collect the reward.

She kisses him.

JANE
Their rewards aren't nearly as good as mine.

Another kiss.

DICK
I don't come cheap, you know.

DISSOLVE TO:

120 EXT. DICK AND JANE'S STREET - NIGHT

As their house and garden, plunged in darkness until now, is suddenly bathed in light.

SOUND: Cheers, whistling.

121 INT. DINING ROOM

Billy, two fingers in his mouth, whistling as lights go on. Jane applauding. Dick cheering...For this very special celebration, Jane is wearing her most alluring evening gown, Billy a Sunday suit, and Dick his dinner jacket. Table set with best silver. Wine in a bucket.

As cheering dies down...

SOUND: Door bell.

122 INT. OUTER HALL

As Jane goes to answer door, she looks through peephole, then fastens the chain, and opens the door.
JANE (nervous)

Yes...

MALE VOICE (hostile)
Is this the residence of Mr. Richard Harper?

JANE
Yes. I'm Mrs. Harper.

MALE VOICE
You've applied for the Food Stamp Program.

123 CU JANE

Oh, my God.

JANE
Yes...?

VOICE
My name is Johnson. I'm here to interview you for the Program.

JANE
...now? Tonight...?

VOICE
You want to see my credentials?

JANE
No. Come on in. Join the party.

She opens the door to reveal a very large, very mean looking black man, in a black leather jacket. As he looks around, his manner contemptuous.

124 INT. DINING ROOM

A beaming Dick, entering, carrying roast beef on carving board.

125 ANOTHER ANGLE

Jane with Johnson.

JANE
Darling; this is Mr. Johnson.
GROUP SHOT

As Dick just manages to set roast down on table without dropping it. And Johnson, no longer contemptuous, is absolutely incredulous.

JANE
(putting a bold face on it)
Have you eaten yet, Mr. Johnson?

JOHNSON (icily)
Yes. Thank you.

DICK
...you don't understand...

JOHNSON
Don't I?

Jane pours herself a much-needed glass of wine.

JANE
Yeah, the truth is we just happened to knock off a loan company yesterday, and this feast is the last of the proceeds.

Dick dives for the wine himself.

JOHNSON
Don't you dare make fun of me.

As Billy, frightened, begins to cry.

CUT TO:

INT. DEN ~ NIGHT

DICK, JANE, JOHNSON. He's going over their books. He doesn't look any more thrilled with them than when he arrived. They look like they've been at this for quite a while.

JOHNSON
You don't have any assets other than what's here?

DICK
That's it.

JOHNSON
You sure messed up good, didn't you?
CONTINUED:

JANE  
We sure did.

DICK  
Never mind the editorials. Are we eligible or not?

JOHNSON  
...according to the rules, you're eligible.

DICK  
Thank you.

JOHNSON  
Don't thank me. As far as I can see it's people like you who give this program a bad name, and screw it up for the people who really need it. But you're eligible.

DICK  
Just a minute...

JANE  
We really need it...you just saw...

JOHNSON  
Nobody living in this house and this neighborhood really needs it.

DICK  
If the lecture's over...

JOHNSON  
Sit down. The lecture's just begun.

Dick, unable to contradict a man of Johnson's size, sits down.

CUT TO:

128  
INT. DINING ROOM

Billy's in bed, as they sit down at last to what amounts to a charred overdone roast, which they eat bravely, but with obvious difficulty, obliged to put in a lot of chewing.
CONTINUED:

DICK (steamed)
You know why that bastard stuck it to us? Because we're the nouveau poor. The old rich are always sticking it to the new rich. I guess there's no reason why the old poor shouldn't stick it to the nouveau poor.

JANE
Well, I agreed with a lot of what he said.

DICK
What, all that crap about our middleclass pretension. Shit, we're barely hanging in there.

JANE
I'm sorry, but that's probably what it looks like compared to the people he usually sees.

DICK
Oh, really? I suppose you think we should sell the house and move to Watts, where we belong.

JANE
I think we should sell the house before the bank sells it for us. Which will be, next week.

Dick, finally giving up the pretense and shoving plate of charred roast beef away from him.

CUT TO:

129 INT. BEDROOM/BATHROOM
The quarrel continuing as they undress.

DICK
Well, you can just forget it. We are not selling this house. I worked my ass off to get this far.
CONTINUED:

JANE
How are we going to make the payment?

DISSOLVE TO:

130 EXT. A SEEDY DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY
A gun shop. Saturday night Specials. Rifles. Dick, outside, studying display.

DICK O.S.
We'll make the payments. Don't worry.

JANE O.S.
But, it's the house that's killing us.

CUT TO:

131 INT. GUNSHOP
Proprietor or salesman showing Dick guns.

DICK O.S.
You have just accepted our current problems as permanent. They aren't. This is a temporary condition which we have to cope with until I get another job.

As Dick clumsily settles on a gun, hardly knowing which way to hold it.

132 CLOSEUP: DICK AND JANE STORYBOOK. TITLE READS:
"DICK AND JANE GO TO WORK"

DISSOLVE TO:

133 EXT/INT DICK AND JANE'S HOUSE
As Jane enters house, carrying shopping bags. We HEAR Dick's voice OS in the bedroom.

DICK
Stick 'em up.

Jane starts for the bedroom.
INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Dick dressed in a black turtleneck stands in front of the mirror with a gun in his hand.

DICK
This is a stick up!

Apparently not satisfied with his performance or his appearance, or both, he pulls a nylon stocking over his head. Actually, it's pantyhose which makes him look like a rabbit. It also makes him barely intelligible.

DICK (muffled)
This is a stick up.

Jane enters the room and watches him for a moment. She wears a coat and carries her purse. Dick has another go at the mirror trying for greater clarity of speech.

DICK
This is a stick up.

A little clearer.

JANE
Are you kidding?

Startled, Dick spins around gun momentarily pointed at Jane who jumps for cover. Dick shouts something at her which is incoprehensible due to the stocking mask.

JANE
Are you crazy?

Dick answers but we still don't get it.

JANE
Will you take that ridiculous thing off? I can't understand a word you're saying.

Dick removes the stocking.

DICK (angry)
Never sneak up on a man holding a gun. You can get killed.

JANE
What in the hell are you doing with a gun? Never mind, I know what you're doing.
DICK
Yeah, well you are right. Now as long as you're here you can give me the keys to the car.

JANE
I think this has gone far enough.

DICK
You don't think I can do it, do you? I'm a wash-out. A loser. I'm not even capable of holding up a goddam grocery store.

JANE
Any idiot can hold up a grocery store.

DICK
Thank you.

JANE
You're really determined to do this?

DICK
That's right, Jane.

JANE
O.K. I'll go with you.

DICK
Forget it.

JANE
Any gambling with our lives will be done by us, together. You want to hold up grocery stores? Fine. We'll hold up groceries together. The family that steals together, stays together.

DICK
Oh, no. You are not going.

JANE
I'm going with you.

DICK
What do you say we take Billy along too?
CONTINUED:

JANE
If I have to follow you, I'm going with you.

DICK
All right, Jane. You can come. As long as you promise to do exactly what I tell you.

JANE
Sure. Is that what you're going to wear?

DICK
What do you think?

JANE
You might as well wear a sign saying arrest me.

As he starts to take off his turtleneck.

DICK
O.K., smart ass. What should I wear?

JANE
How about something a little more inconspicuous? Say, a Batman costume.

JUMP CUT TO:

135 INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Dick has changed into slacks, shirt and tie.

DICK
O.K. Baby, let's go.

JANE
Haven't we forgotten a little something?

DICK
Oh, shit, my iron.

He picks up the gun, a hot coal, and is immediately faced with the problem of where to put it. He tries sticking in his pants.

JANE
Um, don't you think the gun might attract a little attention sticking out of you belt like that?
CONTINUED:

DICK (impatiently)
I'm going to wear a jacket.

As he gets into his jacket.

JANE
Now, remember, we are not going to
shoot anybody. We just want to
scare them.

DICK
Of course. What do you think I am?

CUT TO:

136 INT. LIVING ROOM
Billy, in pajamas, watching TV with 60ish baby-sitter. Dick
waits, as Jane crosses room to kiss him goodnight.

JANE
Remember, Billy. Bedtime is ten
o'clock tonight.

BABYSITTER
You're not to worry about a thing,
Mrs. Harper.

137 CU JANE

JANE
Oh yeah.

138 ANOTHER ANGLE
As TV show erupts into a fierce gun battle, Jane flinches
and Dick goes into a defensive crouch.

CUT TO:

139 INT. CAR - NIGHT
Jane backs the car out of the garage. Dick, who has been
waiting for her, opens the door and gets in. As he sits
down, wincing with pain.

140 POV JANE
Gun pointing down toward his groin.
CONTINUED:  

JANE
Do you realize, if that goes off, you'll be a eunuch?

As he swiftly rearranges gun.

DICK
Ho, ho. Very funny.

JANE
Look, Dick, we're not cut out for this. Why don't we ---

DICK
Just drive, damn it.

141  EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As car pulls out of driveway and starts down the street.

JANE
Where are we going?

DICK
Just get on the freeway. I'll tell you where to get off.

142  EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Jane's car in traffic.

JANE (O.S.)
I'm curious about one thing.

DICK (O.S.)
I knew it.

JANE (O.S.)
How were you planning on getting to the scene of the crime, if I hadn't come home. Cab?