

"GHOST WORLD"

by

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OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE - EVENING

We MOVE through the city in a series of brief shots that define and establish our setting, from commercial district to residential neighborhood. Eventually we find ourselves moving down a street of two-story apartment buildings. Many of the windows are lit from within by an EERIE BLUE LIGHT. As we track past at window-level we see:

A glum, sedated-looking COUPLE watching TV. An ignored TODDLER runs amok behind them as a cheery commercial plays..

An empty room...

A large, hirsute MAN, wearing only Lycra jogging shorts, watching the Home Shopping Network while eating mashed potatoes with his fingers...

A dazed old woman staring out the window.

The silhouette of a TEENAGE GIRL dancing by herself.

We enter her room and see the TV SCREEN. The source of the THEME MUSIC is A VIDEO of an insane East Indian production number from the 1960's. The room is cluttered with heaps of clothes, old records, odd knick-knacks. We see her silhouetted back as she dances along to the video while trying on a GRADUATION CAP AND GOWN.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION - AFTERNOON NEXT DAY.

A modern high school auditorium. Over the entrance a banner with a "Coca Cola" logo reads: "GRADUATION TODAY 2 PM."

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - SAME DAY

A graduation ceremony is in progress. We DOLLY PAST the bland faces of teary-eyed graduates until we stop on ENID. At first, we only see the top of her mortarboard; as she lifts her head we see that she's trying desperately not to laugh.

She makes eye-contact with REBECCA, another graduate, who is also trying to stifle her laughter. The SPEAKER is in an elaborate wheelchair with severe-looking traction devices.

SPEAKER

High school is like the training wheels for the bicycle of real life. It is a time for young people to explore different fields of interest and to hopefully grow from their experiences. After all, that which we learn from our mistakes can be as valuable as what we learn from our textbooks, and often we can turn the negative experiences that are common to all high-schoolers into positive steps toward personal growth and achievement. In coming to terms with my own personal setback, which I'm sure you've all heard about, I've been able to learn a lot about myself. I've learned for one thing that I don't need to rely on drugs and alcohol

(APPLAUSE)

and that I'm very lucky--that more people besides Carrie and myself weren't hurt in the accident; I've learned that I'm blessed with wonderful parents, teachers and above all the best classmates in the world -- I love each and every one of you guys!!

(APPLAUSE)

and I've learned that to get through life's obstacles you need faith, hope and, most of all, a sense of humor.

(BIG APPLAUSE)

A trio of TEENAGE GIRLS (one white, one Asian, one black) come running out from the wings and start dancing and rapping. The audience loves them.

EBONY

No more eduCATION...

VANILLA

It's time for celeBRATION...

JADE

'cause this is the day of our high school GraduATION...

EBONY

We've stayed for the durATION...

VANILLA

Achieved matricuLATION...

JADE

Now we're the newest members of the
general popuLATION...

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - LATE AFTERNOON

The auditorium door opens and GRADUATES emerge. Enid & Rebecca run away from the crowd, triumphantly holding rolled up diplomas. They run toward the school playground, nearly bursting with excitement over their long-awaited release.

Enid stops and looks back at the school. She gives it THE FINGER. They sit on a see-saw, out of breath.

ENID

God, what a bunch of retards...

REBECCA

I thought Chipmunk-face was never going to shut up.

ENID

I know, I liked her better when she was an alcoholic crack addict! She gets in one car wreck and all of a sudden she's Little Miss Perfect and everybody loves her.

REBECCA

It's totally sickening.

(she unrolls her
DIPLOMA)

Let's see if they gave me the right diploma...

Enid opens hers. Instead of a diploma, it's an OFFICIAL
LOOKING DOCUMENT with a pink Post-It note on the front page.

ENID

What?... Oh suck my fucking dick!

REBECCA

What?

ENID

These assholes are saying that I have to go to Summer school and take some stupid art class!

REBECCA

Why?

ENID

Remember that stupid hippie art teacher who failed me sophomore year? I didn't think that just because you get an "F" that means you have to take the class over again.

REBECCA

You loser.

EXT. "DAYS INN" HOTEL - EVENING

The sign reads "Welcome Graduates".

INT. "DAYS INN" HOTEL - EVENING

Party in progress in the "Gold Room". A band plays TOP-40 "lite" rock

REBECCA

(watching band)

This is so bad, it's almost good.

ENID

This is so bad it's gone past good
and back to bad again...

CLOSE-UP ON ENID, we see the party from her POV: The six or seven MOST POPULAR STUDENTS huddle closely together.

ENID

Just think, we'll never have to see
any of these creepy faces ever again.

REBECCA

Unless they're in your Summer school
class!

ENID

Shut up!

REBECCA

Uh oh... don't turn around...

ENID

What? Why?

REBECCA

Forget it...

MELORRA, an ambitious, incessantly upbeat classmate, approaches them.

MELORRA

Oh my God, you guys! I can't believe
we made it!

ENID

Yeah, we graduated high school --
how totally amazing.

MELORRA

So what are you guys doing this

Summer?

ENID

Nothing.

MELORRA

I'm going to be in this actor's workshop, and I'm hoping to start going on auditions soon. I'm so excited to finally have some free time. We have to get together this summer!

ENID

Oh yeah, that'll definitely happen...

MELORRA

(spotting better people
to talk to)

Well, bye you guys... CONGRATULATIONS!

Melorra leaves.

ENID

Since when is she an "actress"?

REBECCA

I know, she needs to die immediately.

TODD, a friendly but slightly below-average-looking guy, approaches from behind.

TODD

Hey Rebecca!

REBECCA

Oh... hi...

TODD

(pause)

So... we finally --

ENID

What about me? Am I not even here?

TODD

Oh, hey Enid...

(starting over)

So... we finally made it!

REBECCA

Yep.

TODD

(awkward pause)

So... where are you going to college?

ENID
(before Rebecca can
answer)
We're not.

TODD
Really? Both of you?... Why not?

ENID
Just because.

REBECCA
We have other plans.

TODD
I guess I should have figured that
you two would do something different.

ENID
What are you going to be when you
grow up, Todd?

TODD
Well I'm going to major in Business
Administration and, I think, minor
in Communications.

ENID
See, that's exactly the kind of thing
we're trying to avoid.
(pause)

Todd starts to talk again but Enid has noticed something off
to the side.

TODD
So... I --

Enid grabs Rebecca and turns her away from Todd before he
can finish his sentence.

ENID
Oh my god, look! Is Stacy Himmler
going out with Rod Harbaugh?

REBECCA
How perfect.

ENID
He better watch out or he'll get
AIDS when he date-rapes her.

Todd, forgotten, walks away. The singer wails a sappy, maudlin
ballad. Enid spots DENNIS, the class loser, wandering around
by himself.

ENID

God, just think, we'll never see
Dennis again.

REBECCA

Good.

ENID

God, think about that... that's
actually totally depressing.

INT. THE QUALITY CAFE - DAY

The QUALITY CAFE is Enid and Rebecca's hangout. A 50-ISH
MAN with shaved head, and his VAGUELY DIABOLICAL WIFE sit
eating lunch. Enid is drawing a picture of them in her
sketchbook when Rebecca arrives.

REBECCA

Hi.

ENID

Look at these people behind you.
I'm totally convinced they're
Satanists.

REBECCA

Why?

ENID

Just look at them!

REBECCA turns and makes eye contact with MR. SATANIST. She
calmly turns back to face Enid before cracking up.

REBECCA

So, when are we going to start looking
for our apartment?

ENID

Soon... I have to wait and see how
this Summer class goes.

REBECCA

Did you sign up yet?

ENID

Yeah, I just picked the one that
sounded the easiest.

REBECCA

God, it's so weird that we're finally
out of high school... We've been
waiting for this our whole life! Now
we can get our own apartment and do
anything we want. It's such a weird
feeling.

ENID

I know, it hasn't really hit me yet.

Enter JOHN ELLIS, an obnoxious young man with a perpetual smirk.

JOHN

Well, if it isn't Enid and Rebecca,
the little Jewish girl and her Aryan
friend.

ENID

You're late, asshole.

JOHN

Fine, and how are you?

ENID

Did you bring that tape?

He puts a videotape on the table, just out of reach.

JOHN

You never paid me for that tape with
the Indian dance routine.

ENID

I did too!

JOHN

Tsk! You Jews are so clever with
money...

ENID

Fuck you, you stupid redneck hick!

REBECCA

Hey, look, the satanists are leaving!

ENID

We should follow them!

As the SATANISTS walk outside, they open umbrellas, even
though it's a bright, sunny day.

REBECCA

Totally... Oh my God, look!

The girls get up to follow them. Enid grabs the videotape.

ENID

(to John)

Thanks for the tape - I'll have to
pay you later, I'm broke.

JOHN

Hey, where are you going?

ENID

Later, "Dude".

REBECCA

Much later.

ENID

In fact, never.

EXT. QUALITY CAFE - DAY

Under harsh, glaring sunshine, the girls follow a half-block behind the SATANISTS.

REBECCA

What do you do if you're a satanist, anyway?

ENID

You know, sacrifice virgins and stuff...

REBECCA

That lets us off the hook.

EXT. ACROSS FROM WOWSVILLE - TEN MINUTES HAVE PASSED

The SATANISTS continue slowly along with Enid & Rebecca still following.

ENID

Maybe there's some weird secret satanic society that meets at the Quality Cafe and all of the other regular customers are in on it except for us.

REBECCA

Or maybe not.

ENID

Maybe they're slowly poisoning us or they're planning to brainwash us and --

REBECCA

Okay, okay!

EXT. WOWSVILLE DINER - CONTINUOUS

ENID

Hey, look at this...

Enid points at the mini-mall in front of them. A new restaurant - we see their banner: "GRAND OPENING. WOWSVILLE - THE AUTHENTIC 50'S DINER".

ENID

"Authentic 50's diner"? Since when were there mini-malls in the 1950's?

REBECCA

God, it's so totally pathetic.

INT. WOVSVILLE DINER - DAY

They're in a booth looking at menus. It's a less accurate version of "Johnny Rockets". A golden oldie from the 80's plays on the jukebox.

REBECCA

Who can forget this great hit from the 50's?

ENID

I feel as though I've stepped into a time warp!

The WAITER approaches. He has an ostentatious 70's-style perm.

REBECCA

Check out the awesome "fifties" hairdo on the waiter.

WAITER

Hi, my name is Allen, and I'll be your waiter this afternoon.

ENID

Hi, Al!

REBECCA

Can we call you "Weird Al"?

WAITER

Heh heh. Our specials today are pasta Vasilio, which is a pasta salad with a light basil vinaigrette--

ENID

That was a popular dish in the 50's, huh Weird Al?

AL

I imagine so! Also, we have a spinach tortellini in a ricotta sauce. Both of those are \$6.95... shall I give you a few minutes to mull it over?

ENID

I just want an order of onion rings.

REBECCA

I might actually get the pasta special.

ENID

You loser!

AL

Pasta special and an order of onion rings. Very good.

Al leaves.

ENID

Did you notice all those weird things on the menu? Like "The Salad Explosion"?

REBECCA

I know... and instead of "dessert" it says "Mindbenders."

ENID

What does that even mean?

INT. WOVSVILLE DINER - TEN MINUTES LATER

Enid spots an abandoned newspaper, THE FREE WEEKLY, on the adjoining table.

REBECCA

Check out the Personals... maybe our future husbands are trying to contact us.

ENID

God, this paper is so boring. Who reads all this shit?

(flips through it until she gets to the Personals)

Here we go...

(reading)

"Windsurfing Doctor, Mensan IQ, maverick Sagittarius. Let's hit the clubs, make each other laugh!"

REBECCA

You can have that one.

ENID

Okay, well here's yours...

(reading)

"Who said all the most eligible bachelors are taken? Not this one! Stunning bod, very snugglelicious ocean sunset dreamer."

REBECCA

Gross.

Al returns with their food.

AL

Can I get you ladies anything else,
or are you all set?

ENID

Later I might be interested in one
of those far-out "mindbenders."

Al leaves. Enid goes back to the paper.

ENID

Jesus! Listen to this one: "Do you
remember me? Airport shuttle, June
7th. You: striking redhead with yellow
dress, pearl necklace, brown shoes.
I was the bookish fellow in the green
cardigan who helped you find your
contact lens. Am I crazy, or did we
have a moment?"

REBECCA

God, that's so pathetic. I bet she
didn't even notice him.

ENID

I know. And he's like psychotically
obsessing over every little detail.

REBECCA

We should call him and pretend to be
the redhead.

ENID

Oh, we totally have to.

Enid tears out the ad and puts it in her sketchbook.

CU of sketchbook.

INT. OOMIE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Enid and Rebecca sit with Rebecca's grandmother OOMIE in her
living room. They eat TV dinners while watching Oomie's
favorite TV SHOW, which we hear but don't see.

NASAL-VOICED GIRL (V.O.)

So what happened next, Donna?

DONNA (DUMB BLONDE'S V.O.)

Then I told him he'd better take out
his hose and pump me!

NASAL-VOICED GIRL/ANOTHER GIRL (V.O.)

Don-na?!

DONNA (V.O.)

You guys! My car was out of gas!

LAUGH TRACK. Enid leans toward Rebecca.

ENID

(whispers)

Does Oomie really like this show?

REBECCA

(whispers)

Isn't it weird? It's her favorite.

OOMIE

Girls! Shh!

Enid and Rebecca exit.

INT. REBECCA'S ROOM - EVENING

Rebecca looks through Enid's sketchbook while Enid fiddles with the remote, fast-forwarding through a tape in the VCR.

REBECCA

So what should we do?

ENID

Wait... I just want to see what's on this tape.

REBECCA

What is this?

ENID

I dunno. John Ellis always puts on all this sick stuff that I have to fast-forward past to get to the good stuff. There's supposed to be a Don Knotts movie on here someplace.

Sound of FAST-FORWARDING. Rebecca glances up from the sketchbook.

REBECCA

Wait, what is that?

Enid stops fast-forwarding. We don't see the screen but we hear weird sounds like BOOTS WALKING THROUGH DEEP MUD.

ENID & REBECCA

EEEEWWWW!

Enid lurches forward to avert her gaze. She clicks off the VCR, but leaves the TV on. She notices a PHOTO ALBUM on a

bookshelf under the television.

ENID

Hey - why do you have this?

REBECCA

You lent it to me in like tenth grade.

ENID

I've been looking all over for this.

ANGLE ON ALBUM as she leafs through it. We see a picture of a FIVE-YEAR-OLD ENID with glasses.

ENID

Look at how cute I am!

REBECCA

What a little hosebag.

ANGLE ON PHOTO of ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD ENID & REBECCA at a party.

ENID

Look, that's back when I hated you.

REBECCA

I remember every minute of that party.

ENID

(another page)

There's my dad with Joanie.

REBECCA

I can never keep them all straight -
was she the super-bitch?

ENID

No, she was the second wife. The
third one was the super-bitch -
Maxine.

(finds a picture)

There! Look at her!

ANGLE ON PHOTO of MAXINE.

ENID

What a fucking monster!

Something on TV catches Rebecca's eye.

REBECCA

Oh my God! This is that comedian I
was telling you about! You have to
see this guy -- he's the absolute
worst!

A dead-pan comedian, JOEY McCOBB, is doing his stand-up

routine in a standard brick-wall comedy venue. He has a contrived "I'm a weirdo" shtick.

JOEY

Just because I live with my mother people think I'm peculiar... so what if she's been dead for fifteen years! Hehn hehn...

(Peter Lorre laugh)

REBECCA (V.O.)

God, that's barely even a joke.

JOEY

As I always say, take my life... please!

ENID (V.O.)

If he's supposed to be so weird, how come he's wearing Nikes?

ANNOUNCER

Joey McCobb, ladies and gentlemen...
Joey McCobb!

(APPLAUSE)

ENID

Joey McCobb is our God.

REBECCA

I want to do him!

ENID

I bet! Actually he reminds me of that one creep you went out with -- you always go for guys with some lame, fake shtick.

REBECCA

What are you talking about -- who?

ENID

That Larry guy -- what look was he going for? A gay tennis player from the forties?

REBECCA

Fuck you!

Rebecca turns the page of Enid's sketchbook to the torn-out personal ad.

REBECCA

Hey! We forgot to call the loser!

ENID

Which loser?

REBECCA

You know, the green cardigan guy.

ENID

Oh yeah.

Rebecca goes to the phone and offers the receiver.

REBECCA

You call.

ENID

Why do I always have to do it?

REBECCA

You're better at it.

ENID

(as she dials)

I remember when I first started reading these I thought DWF stood for "dwarf!"

REBECCA

(ear up to phone)

What does it stand for?

ENID

Shh, it's his answering machine...

(pause)

We hear the indistinct traces of a musical message followed by a faint BEEP.

ENID

Hi, it's me - your "striking blonde." Of course I remember you. Let's get together for lunch sometime... How about Friday at one o'clock?... Why don't you meet me at my favorite restaurant, "Wowsville"... It's in the mall on Century Parkway... I'll see you there, darling... and be sure to wear that sexy green cardigan...

As Enid hangs up they both start laughing.

EXT. SIDEWINDER - DAY

A franchise convenience store with a western motif.

INT. SIDEWINDER - DAY

JOSH, 19, is taking his apron off as his BOSS, a humorless Greek immigrant, counts out the cash register. Cheerful Muzak

plays.

BOSS

AH AH AH! What you think you doing?
You still got five minutes left on
you shift!

Enid (wearing wraparound shades) & Rebecca enter.

ENID

Well hello there, young employee of
the Sidewinder.

JOSH

Look, I already told you I'm not
going to give you a ride.

ENID

What can you tell me, young man,
about the various flavors of "frozen
yogurt"?

JOSH

Look, I'll be done in a minute.
Just wait outside.

ENID

I'm afraid I don't understand. I
simply wish to know --

BOSS

JOSH! WHAT YOU DOING!?

JOSH

(SIGHS)

The flavors we're featuring this
week, in addition to old favorites
chocolate and vanilla, are Six-Gun
Strawberry, Wild Cherry Round-up,
and Ten Gallon Tangerine.

ENID

I don't believe I care for any of
those.

Rebecca giggles. A customer, DOUG, enters: a lowly specimen
with bad hair-cut, mustache, and jail-house tattoos, wearing
filthy designer jeans and no shirt.

DOUG

Hey, Josh... I need two packs of
smokes. I'm on a double shift
tonight... fuckin' sixteen hours,
man.

Doug brings a 40-ouncer to the counter. Josh has two packs
of Newports waiting for him.

DOUG

Hey, and gimme six of these beef
jerkys too - I'm hungry enough to
chew the crotch out of a rag doll!

Doug pays.

BOSS

Hey! I told you: No shirt, no service!

DOUG

(as he leaves)
Fuck you, man!

ENID

So Josh...

JOSH

Look, can we talk in a minute? I'm
almost done.

Enid looks at herself in the security mirror. She takes off
her hat and messes up her hair. She then takes off her shades
and replaces them with her standard horn-rims.

REBECCA

(nudging Enid, points
outside)
Look at this!

Outside we see Doug practicing with nunchuks and drinking a
beer. Heavy metal music blares from his car radio. The BOSS
sees this and goes out to yell at him.

BOSS

You get out of here!

Josh joins Enid & Rebecca on the other side of counter.

ENID

That guy rules!

JOSH

Who, Doug? He spends more time here
than I do...

ENID

So Josh, will you give us a ride?
Please? Pretty please? It's going to
be super fun!

JOSH

No.

REBECCA

Please Josh?

JOSH

Forget it, there's no way... find
some other poor sucker to abuse.

EXT. JOSH'S CAR - DAY

Josh is driving, chauffeur-like, with the two girls relaxing
in the back seat.

JOSH

Why do you even need a ride? You
could walk there in two minutes.

ENID

It's just an excuse for us to spend
time with you.

Enid and Rebecca giggle.

REBECCA

So Josh, if this guy freaks out,
will you protect us?

JOSH

He has every reason to freak out --
this is a totally fucked-up thing to
do to somebody!

ENID

God, I think Josh is too mature for
us.

REBECCA

I know, look at the way he drives...
he's like an old man.

ENID

Yeah, Josh, c'mon... MOVE IT!

EXT. GAFFEY STREET - DAY

Their car accelerates.

INT. WOVSVILLE DINER - 12:35 PM.

The three of them are seated at a corner booth. A song from
any decade other than the 50's PLAYS on the jukebox. A
BUSINESSMAN enters.

REBECCA

Look, maybe that's him!

ENID

It's still twenty-five minutes early.

JOSH

Aren't there a million places like this?

ENID

This is the ultimate. It's like the Taj Mahal of bad, fake 50's diners.

JOSH

So, where's "Weird Al"?

ENID

SHH! He's back there. I can see his hair bobbing up and down.

REBECCA

I want to "make love" to him.

ENID

I'm going to tell him you said that.

WEIRD AL approaches with menus.

AL

So nice to see you again, ladies.

ENID

Hey, Weird Al, there's something my friend wants to tell you --

REBECCA

SHUT UP!

ENID

She says she wants to MMPH!

Rebecca puts her hand over Enid's mouth.

CUT TO:

A PUSH SWEEPER, SWEEPING THE CARPET.

ANGLE ON: OLD WOMAN slowly sweeping.

WE FOLLOW HER BACK TO: Enid, Rebecca & Josh. They're now eating: ten minutes have passed, it's 12:45.

ENID

So Josh... Becky and I are trying to figure out what makes you tick. Tell us about your political beliefs.

REBECCA laughs.

JOSH

Yeah, right.

ENID

No, I'm serious. Give us your whole basic philosophy in a nutshell.

REBECCA

Oh my God, look, that's got to be him!

A GUY enters.

ENID

Is he wearing a green cardigan?

REBECCA

What exactly is a cardigan anyway?

The GUY joins a friend.

ENID

That's not him... Jesus, stop freaking me out.

JOSH

In answer to your question, I suppose I endorse policies that are opposed to stupidity and violence and cruelty in any form...

ENID

I figured something like that...

REBECCA

Oh my God!

They see a somewhat funny-looking guy in his late 30's, wearing a green cardigan, SEYMOUR, enter. Enid and Rebecca hunch down in their seats.

ENID

It's obviously him!

REBECCA

I can't believe it!

Seymour sits down and looks around. Weird Al brings a menu.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON: WEIRD AL bringing his milkshake. Ten more minutes have passed, it's 12:55.

REBECCA

What's going on now? What's he doing?

ENID

Oh my god, he just ordered a giant glass of milk!

JOSH

(bursting her bubble)

It's a vanilla milkshake.

Fifteen more minutes have passed - it's 1:10 PM. Seymour looks around, still hopeful. His date is now TEN MINUTES LATE.

REBECCA

What's he doing now?

ENID

He's still just sitting there. God, this is totally unbearable!

JOSH

I agree.

REBECCA

I wish I could see him.

ENID

Go ahead and look, but don't make it too obvious...

Rebecca turns around and pretends to look past Seymour.

It's now 1:30 PM. His date is 30 MINUTES LATE. Seymour gets up and walks sadly towards the cashier (Weird Al).

REBECCA

Do you think he knows?

ENID

I dunno...

They watch him leave. Enid goes up to pay the bill while Josh and Rebecca go outside.

ENID

Hey Weird Al, did that guy say anything to you before he left?

AL

Not a thing.

Enid goes back to the table to leave a tip, two dollars. Al passes behind her.

AL

(cheerfully
professional despite
her abuse)

Thank you and come again.

Enid hesitates, overcome with guilt. She glances back at Al, then digs every penny out of her pocket (about seven dollars in coins and wadded up bills) and adds it to his tip.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The trio drive in silence. Suddenly, an extra-wide pick-up vrooms past Josh, cutting off the driver (SEYMOUR) next to him. SEYMOUR bobs violently as he screams silent obscenities.

JOSH

Jesus, look at this guy.

ENID

Oh my God, that's HIM!

REBECCA

Are you sure?

ENID

Totally! Look!

ANGLE ON: SEYMOUR really having a fit now. Once it's out of his system, he reverts to an amiable poker-face.

ENID

He's insane!

REBECCA

We should follow him home.

JOSH

Forget it.

ENID

Come on, Josh... don't you want to see where he lives?

JOSH

No.

ENID

But this guy is like a one-of-kind, rare butterfly, and we have to follow him back to his natural habitat...

JOSH

You need counseling.

EXT. SEYMOUR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Several minutes have passed. Seymour parks.

REBECCA

God, he lives right in our neighborhood!

Seymour gets out and disappears up the steps of his building.

ENID

He doesn't even look that bummed

out, really.

REBECCA

I know... wouldn't you be totally
pissed off?

ENID

This kind of thing must happen to
him all the time.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL FILM - DAY

FULL SCREEN: grainy B&W video footage. The CAMERA travels up
a shadowy flight of stairs. We hear FOOTSTEPS, a rhythmic
POUNDING, and a deranged CHILDREN'S CHOIR ("LALALALALALA").

WOMAN'S VOICE

(cheap echo effect)

Returning to the house of my
Fatherfatherfatherfather...

The CAMERA reaches the top of the stairs, we see a door that
slowly CREAKS open. We move into the room beyond, it's
decorated with stuff from the 50's and a giant crucifix. We
HEAR a televangelist's sermon. We MOVE CLOSE on a little
girl's doll. Very slowly a MAN'S HAND reaches for the doll
and drags it into the shadows. The hand throws the now
mutilated doll into a toilet; water and blood swirl around.

We see grainy footage (shot off of TV) of Christians angrily
picketing an abortion clinic. CREDITS come up: THE END. A
FILM BY ROBERTA ALLSWORTH.

INT. ART CLASS - DAY

The lights go on, the VIDEO ends and the monitor is shut
off.

There are about a dozen students, mostly pimply 14-year-old
boys, a few 14-ish girls, and Enid, dressed in schoolgirl
outfit. The teacher, ROBERTA ALLSWORTH, addresses the class.

ROBERTA

That piece is entitled
"Mirror/Father/Mirror." I like to
show it to people I'm meeting for
the first time because it says so
much about who I am and what it feels
like to inhabit my specific skin.
And this is exactly what I'm hoping
to get from each of you over the
course of this Summer: a picture of
your own self-exploration. My own
background is in video and performance
art, but I'm hoping that doesn't
influence you and that you'll find
your own ways of externalizing the

internal. At the end of the Summer, this class has been invited, along with several others in the area, to participate in a show of High-School art at the Neighborhood Activity Center. The title of the show will be "Brotherhood and Community: Art as Dialogue." I think the "Brotherhood" theme ties in nicely with the theme of self-discovery that I'd like to emphasize in this class. Are there any questions so far?

(she's completely
lost them)

Great...

EXT. SEYMOUR'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Enid and Rebecca stand in front of Seymour's apartment.

ENID

This is way too creepy.

REBECCA

He won't see us... we'll just stalk him from a distance.

ENID

I'm afraid if I see him, I'll start feeling really bad again.

A pause.

ENID

So what should we do? We can't just hide all day waiting for him to come out...

EXT. SEYMOUR'S BUILDING - MAILBOX

There are three mail slots. Enid pulls the mail out of the first one. We see FLOWER BULB CATALOGUES, and LADIES HOME JOURNAL.

ENID

This is girl mail.

She grabs the mail out of SLOT NUMBER TWO.

ENID

This is all computer catalogues and stuff...

Rebecca is looking at the mail from SLOT NUMBER THREE.

REBECCA

The W.C. Fields Fan Club Newsletter...
(she flips through
the mail)
Oh my God, The National Psoriasis
Foundation!

ENID

Bingo!

She shoves back the contents of slot number two and grabs
the mail from Rebecca. We hear MALE VOICES around the corner.

REBECCA

Wait! Do you hear that?

Enid jams the mail back in the slot in a panic.

ENID

Shit!

They slowly walk around the bushes toward the voices.

INT. SEYMOUR & JOE'S GARAGE SALE - DAY

They see the GARAGE SALE, in progress. They've all spotted
each other.

REBECCA

What should we do? What if he
recognizes us?

ENID

Come on, it's too late now...

A middle-aged HOUSEWIFE browses with little enthusiasm as
Enid & Rebecca tentatively approach. Enid spots a MONGOOSE
VS. COBRA taxidermy piece near Joe...

ENID

Ew, look at this...

REBECCA

Gross!

ENID

I think it's cute - look at his little
weasel teeth.

REBECCA

Ew, it's like some gross rat...

JOE

(hardly looking up
from TV)

It's a mongoose.

REBECCA

Mm...

ENID

A what?

JOE

A mongoose... they eat snakes... you never heard of a mongoose? That's a classic piece of vintage taxidermy. Nobody alive today knows how to do work like that.

ENID

(looking underneath
it)

How much is this?

JOE

Umm... That's not officially for sale... I might have to hang onto that for the time being.

Joe shuts off the TV. He turns to the girls, not wanting to lose the rapport he's established with two potential customers.

JOE

So, are you looking for anything in particular? There's a lot of other stuff in storage...

He picks up a plastic Casio-type guitar/keyboard (a child's toy) and starts noodling pre-programmed rock licks.

JOE

Perhaps the "Jam-in-ator" appeals to you. Absolutely no practice necessary. You shread like a giant. Just press a button.

ENID

That's okay...

She notices several modern jazz LPs on Joe's table.

ENID

Do you have any other old records besides these?

JOE

Seymour does.

ENID

Who does?

JOE

Him. Seymour. He's the man with the

records.

Enid glances at Rebecca and mouths the implausible name: "Seymour?!" Rebecca snorts, unable to control her laughter, and turns away from the table. Enid keeps her cool...

ENID

Do you have any old Indian records?

SEYMOUR

Indian records?

ENID

You know, like weird 1960's Indian rock n' roll music.

SEYMOUR

I don't have anything after about 1935. I may have one Hindu 78 from the twenties in my collection, but it's not really for sale. I don't really collect "foreign."

Enid drifts over and begins thumbing through a box of 78s.

SEYMOUR

Those are all 78s... Can you play 78s?

ENID

Sure!... Wait, maybe not 78s, but I can play regular records...

He points her to a nearby box of LPs.

SEYMOUR

There's some good stuff in here... do you like old music?

ENID

Sure, I guess.

SEYMOUR

Well there's a few choice LPs in here that re-issue some really great old blues stuff.

Rebecca tugs on Enid's sleeve. Enid gets free and continues looking through the records. She stops on one with an especially wacky cover.

ENID

Is this one any good?

SEYMOUR

Nah, it's not so great. Here's the one I'd recommend.

He pulls out a bland-looking record: "COLLECTOR'S ITEMS, VOLUME THREE." Rebecca shifts impatiently behind her.

SEYMOUR

This track alone by Memphis Minnie is worth about \$500 if you have the original 78. She was one of the greatest guitar players that ever lived, and a great singer and songwriter as well. I know the guy who owns the original and lent it for use on this reissue.

ENID

Wow!

Rebecca snorts at Enid's over-exuberance. Enid kicks her.

ENID

How much is it?

SEYMOUR

A dollar seventy-five.

ENID

Okay.

She pays him.

SEYMOUR

If you don't like it bring it back for a refund. We're here every Saturday.

He puts the record into a bag.

ENID

I'm sure it's fine.

INT. QUALITY CAFE - DAY

Enid & Rebecca sit in their usual booth. Rebecca is reading THE FREE WEEKLY.

REBECCA

That was truly pathetic.

ENID

I know... I still can't get over that his name was "Seymour."

Rebecca starts looking through the APARTMENT LISTINGS. She takes a pen out of her purse.

REBECCA

He was so excited when you bought

that record -- you're a saint!...
God, these apartments are super
expensive...

ENID

It was so cute how he had his own
little bags. I thought I was going
to start crying!... Do you think
they're gay?

REBECCA

What about the "striking redhead in
the yellow dress"?

ENID

Oh yeah...

REBECCA

He should totally just kill himself...
Hey, here's one
 (circles it)
...Oh wait...
 (crosses it out)
you have to share it with a non
smoking feminist and her two cats...

ENID

I dunno... I kind of like him...
He's the exact opposite of everything
I really hate... In a way he's such
a clueless dork that he's almost
cool...

REBECCA

That guy is many things but he
definitely isn't "cool"... This one
would be okay, but there's no
kitchen...

ENID

Yeah, but... you know what I mean.

REBECCA

Not really...

ENID

Forget it, I can't explain it...

Awkward silence. Melorra enters.

MELORRA

Oh my god, what are you guys doing
here?

ENID

What are you doing here, Melorra?

MELORRA

My acting workshop is across the street from here. I'm just on my break.

ENID

Well, we won't keep you.

MELORRA

I love this place... it's so - you know, "funky."

Enid and Rebecca look at each other.

MELORRA

What are you guys up to?

REBECCA

We're looking for an apartment.

MELORRA

God how cool. Where are you moving?

ENID

We're not sure yet, that's why we're looking.

REBECCA

Somewhere downtown.

MELORRA

God that's so exciting!
(looks at clock)
Oops, I should go. Bye you guys!
Call me.

Melorra leaves quickly.

REBECCA

"Funky"?

ENID

What, is she black now?

They watch her cross the street - she's dressed in expensive "casual" clothes with a fancy backpack.

REBECCA

I've been thinking about when we look for our apartment how we have to try and convince people that we're like these totally rich yuppies...

ENID

What are you talking about?

REBECCA

That's who people want to rent to.
It's a known fact that it's way easier
to get a job and everything if you're
rich... All we have to do is buy a
few semi-expensive outfits and act
like it's no big deal... it'll be
fun.

ENID

You just want an excuse to dress
like some stupid fashion model without
me making fun of you.

REBECCA

Just promise you'll do it.

ENID

Okay, okay, I promise... Jesus, you're
out of your mind.

INT. ENID'S BATHROOM - DAY

Loud water running; PUNK ROCK blares from adjoining bedroom
as Enid, her head in the sink, sings along, making up her
own words. As she straightens INTO FRAME, we see that she's
dyed her hair green. She grabs a towel and heads into the
bedroom.

INT. ENID'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Her DAD enters with a mixing bowl, oblivious to the green
hair and loud music.

DAD

(over music)

Have you seen my blue spatula?

ENID

Nope. What are you making, pancakes?

DAD

Not if I don't find that goddamn
spatula.

Dad leaves. Enid messes up her hair in different ways while
singing along to the tape and looking at herself in the
mirror. Rebecca opens the door and stands in the doorway.

REBECCA

(disdainful)

When did you do that?

Enid turns around, startled, but instantly regains her
composure.

ENID

What? How long have you been standing

there?

EXT. COMMERCIAL AREA/NEAR ACME SHOES - DAY

REBECCA

Did you have to buy new hair dye or did you still have some left over from eighth grade?

ENID

Fuck you, bitch!

They walk past a sad-looking ACME SHOES AND REPAIR STORE, in a distinctive old building, that looks as if it's been there forever. They stop and peer through the window.

ENID

We still have to go in there sometime.

REBECCA

It's always closed...

ENID

I bet they have tons of incredible shoes hidden in the back.

They continue walking.

ENID

Hey look, it's the pants.

We see a pair of discarded jeans on the sidewalk.

REBECCA

Where are we going?

ENID

Let's go hassle Josh.

REBECCA

"Hassle"?

They see a MIDDLE-AGED MAN dressed in a shabby threadbare suit and hat sitting at what was once a bus stop. The rusty sign has a red sticker on it that says "No longer in service."

REBECCA

There he is...

ENID

As always.

REBECCA

Waiting for the bus that never comes...

ENID

I wonder if he's just totally insane
and he really thinks a bus is coming
or --

REBECCA

Why don't you ask him.

Enid sits next to THE MAN. Rebecca stands behind the bench,
taken aback that Enid is going to end the long standing
speculation.

ENID

Hi... what's your name?

MAN

(looks at watchless
wrist, then down the
street)

Norman.

ENID

...are you waiting for a bus?

MAN

Yes.

ENID

I hate to tell you this but they
cancelled this bus line two years
ago... There are no buses on this
street.

MAN

You don't know what you're talking
about.

EXT. JOSH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Enid & Rebecca are on the outside porch/walkway on the second
floor of Josh's building. Enid POUNDS on his pasteboard door;
the windows RATTLE with each hollow THUD.

ENID

JOSH!

REBECCA

JOSH!

ENID & REBECCA

JOSH!

ENID

He's probably in there jerking off.

REBECCA

I'll bet he never jerks off...

ENID

Yeah, he's beyond human stuff like that.

REBECCA

Should we leave a note?

Enid finds a piece of paper - the back of a pizza flyer.

ENID

Do you have a pen?

She writes, while Rebecca looks over her shoulder. "Dear Josh. We came by to fuck you but you didn't answer the door. Therefore you are gay. Signed, Tiffany and Amber."

REBECCA

You're not really going to leave that are you?

Enid pushes the note over his doorknob.

EXT. ENTERING ZINE-O-PHOBIA BOOKSTORE - DAY

REBECCA

Why are we going here? I hate this place.

ENID

It'll only take a second.

INT. ZINE-O-PHOBIA BOOKSTORE - DAY

They enter. We see racks of books-with titles like "Make Explosives At Home." Rebecca walks over to the magazine rack.

CREEP #1

-- I'm telling you, you're wrong -- carpet beetles are the only way to get the flesh off a corpse... Boiling is strictly for amateurs!

ENID

Don't you creeps ever talk about anything nice? Don't you ever talk about fluffy kittens or the Easter Bunny?

CREEP #1

Look who's talking - little miss badass...

CREEP #2

Yeah, nice outfit - who are you supposed to be, Cyndi Lauper?

ENID

Blow me, doofus!

John Ellis emerges from the back and begins to unload a box of books onto the shelves. He stops and looks at Enid.

JOHN ELLIS
Didn't they tell you?

ENID
Tell me what?

JOHN ELLIS
Punk rock is over!

ENID
I know it's over, asshole, I --

JOHN ELLIS
If you really want to "fuck up the system" - you should go to business school -- that's what I'm gonna do: get a job at some big corporation and fuck things up from the inside!

ENID
That's not even --

JOHN ELLIS
Yeah yeah yeah. Do you have my money?

She wads up a twenty-dollar bill and throws it at him.

JOHN ELLIS
Oh, how "punk."

ENID
That tape sucked, by the way!

JOHN ELLIS
I'm so sorry if you were offended!

He heads toward the back room with the empty box.

ENID
Go die, asshole!

JOHN ELLIS
Get a job!

He exits. Rebecca walks over to Enid.

REBECCA
What was that all about?

ENID
It's not like I'm some modern Punk dickhead... It's obviously supposed

to be a 1977 Punk look, but I guess Johnny Fuckface is too stupid to get it!

REBECCA

I didn't get it either.

ENID

Everybody's too stupid!

INT. ENID'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM - EVENING

Enid dejectedly enters and heads straight for the bathroom. She rummages through a cabinet until she finds the right box (black hair dye). She wets her hair, then goes into the bedroom and mechanically turns on her boom box. The punk rock song we heard earlier plays. She yanks out the tape and flings it away. She skims through her records and CDs, dismissing them all. She notices Seymour's bag in the corner.

She takes out the record and puts it on. The first tune is an upbeat instrumental number. She returns to the bathroom.

Several minutes pass. TRACK TWO begins on the LP. She (and we) slowly begin to take notice. It's a strange, haunting old BLUES RECORD. We see that the tune has struck a nerve.

INT. ENID'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The song continues. Enid sits in her bean-bag chair. Her hair is now dyed back to black. As the song ends, she picks up the needle and starts it again.

INT. SEYMOUR & JOE'S GARAGE SALE - DAY

ENID

Yeah, it took a while before I got a chance to play it, but when I heard that song it was like --

SEYMOUR

So you really liked it? Yeah, there's some really rare performances. You liked that Memphis Minnie, huh?

ENID

Yeah, that's good too... the whole record was good, but that one song, "Devil Got My Woman" -- I mostly just keep playing that one over and over... Do you have any other records like that?

SEYMOUR

The Skip James record? Yeah, that's a masterpiece. There are no other records like that! I actually have

the original 78 of it in my collection. It's one of maybe five known copies.

ENID

(nearly sincere)

Wow!

SEYMOUR

Do you want to see it? I can run upstairs and get it...

ENID

Yeah, sure, I guess...

SEYMOUR

(to Joe, he always says this when he leaves his table)

Watch my stuff.

Seymour exits. An uncomfortable pause as Enid stands at the table. She touches the mongoose's tooth.

JOE

(not looking up)

You still interested in that?

ENID

I thought it wasn't for sale.

JOE

I'm thinkin' maybe I could let it go...

ENID

It's kind of falling apart.

Seymour returns with the 78, holding it like a precious object.

SEYMOUR

Here it is. It's only about V minus and has an incipient lam crack, but plays decent as I recall.

Seymour passes the 78 to Enid who follows suit and holds it carefully by the edges.

ENID

Wow...

Enid pretends to drop the record.

ENID

Oops! I dropped it!

SEYMOUR

NO!!!

ENID

Hey, I was only kidding!

She hands the record back to Seymour, who's shaken and embarrassed.

ENID

Jesus, Seymour... are you all right?

INT. ART CLASS - DAY

Starts with a PAN ACROSS a wall of unimpressive high school art: dumb drawings of fighting Chuck Norris-types, traced centerfolds, highly sexualized horses, etc. And, on a table, a wire sculpture made from two coathangers.

ROBERTA

I'm not going to start a discourse on the subject of "good" art vs. "bad" art; these judgments are for each person to make on his own. I merely want to help each of you find the best way to look within yourselves the best key to your particular lock. Last week I asked you to-try and create a piece of artwork that responds to something that you have strong feelings about.

Enid enters late and puts her sketchbook on the table.

ROBERTA

And it looks like we have some really interesting work up here....

Roberta peruses some of the art, then points to a very violent drawing.

ROBERTA

What can you tell, us about your piece... uh...
(struggles to read signature)
...Phillip?

PHILLIP

(very stupid and nervous)
Uh... it's uh... it's about The Mutilator...

ROBERTA

My goodness!

PHILLIP

It's this really great video game about a guy who kills people with a big hammer...

ROBERTA

(trying to make a joke)

I thought maybe this was supposed to be your father.

No response from Phillip. Roberta nicks up Enid's sketchbook and leafs through it.

ROBERTA

And what can you tell us about this...
(searches for name)

ENID

Enid. It's sort of like a diary I guess.

We see several sketches, including the drawing of the SATANISTS. Roberta shows a few pages to the class.

ROBERTA

I think that Phillip and Enid can help us to see that there are many different ways we can express ourselves. We can do things like these cartoons that are amusing as a sort of light entertainment or we can do work that is more serious in scope and feeling and that deals with issues; emotional, spiritual, political; of great importance. I hope that you will each have the tools to do that type of work by the end of this class.

(pause, points at WIRE SCULPTURE)

Who is responsible for this?

MARGARET

I am.

ROBERTA

Talk to us about it...

MARGARET

It's my response to the issue of a woman's right to choose... it's something I feel super-strongly about.

ROBERTA

Isn't this a wonderful piece, class? This definitely falls into that higher

category of art I was speaking of earlier.

MARGARET glances over at Enid. Enid gives her a dirty look.

INT. "MASTERPIECE VIDEO" STORE - AFTERNOON.

On a monitor, a generic trailer is playing.

MASTERPIECE EMPLOYEE #1
Hello and welcome to Masterpiece video. How may I help you this afternoon, sir?

CUSTOMER
I'm looking for a copy of 8 1/2.

MASTERPIECE EMPLOYEE #1
Yessir! Is it a new release, sir?

CUSTOMER
No, it's the classic Italian film.

MASTERPIECE EMPLOYEE #1
Let me look that up on the computer for you, sir!

(FIDDLES WITH COMPUTER)
Yes, here it is - 9 1/2 WEEKS with Mickey Rourke. It's in our "Erotic Dramas" section.

CUSTOMER
No, not "9 1/2", 8 1/2, the Fellini film.

MASTERPIECE EMPLOYEE #1
I'll check that for you sir. How do you spell the actor's name - F-I-L-E-E-P-E-E...?

WE SEE Enid & Rebecca, dressed up in sexy outfits.

REBECCA
How about this one?

ENID
Hey, you have to see my new good luck charm.

She pulls out a small porcelain figure of a MAN FLUSHING HIMSELF DOWN A TOILET with the words "Goodbye Cruel World" on the base.

REBECCA
Ew ... when did you get that?

ENID

This morning at Seymour's garage sale.

REBECCA

God, aren't you tired of Seymour yet?

Rebecca picks up another tape.

REBECCA

How about this?

ENID

Forget it. I'm sure it sucks. All these movies suck.

An obnoxious SIX-YEAR-OLD tries to get his PARENTS to add another tape to their already tall stack. He stares at the video monitor.

Another MASTERPIECE EMPLOYEE reshelves videos near them.

MASTERPIECE EMPLOYEE #2

(overly cheerful)

Hello! How are you young ladies this evening? May I help you find a particular Masterpiece movie?

ENID

No.

They walk by him.

ENID

Let's get out of here, this place makes me sick.

REBECCA

We have to do something fun tonight this is my last weekend of freedom before I start my stupid job.

ENID

I know a party we could go to...

REBECCA

What? Where?!

ENID

It's a surprise.

REBECCA

I don't believe you.

ENID

If I promise you there's really a

party with a lot of guys, do you
promise you'll go?

INT. SEYMOUR & JOE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A depressing COLLECTORS' GET-TOGETHER in progress. Enid & Rebecca sit on an old sofa in the corner. Nine or ten RECORD COLLECTORS mill about.

JEROME

There are some records I will pay
serious money for, provided they're
a sincere V plus. Other than that
I'd prefer to just have them on CD.

STEVEN

CDs will never have the presence of
an original 78.

JEROME

WRR-ONG! A digital transfer adequately
mastered will sound identical to the
original. Do you have a decent
equalizer?

STEVEN

I have a Klipsch 2B3.

JEROME

Obviously the problem! You expect a
ten-band equalizer to impart state
of-the-art sound? Dream a little
dream! etc...

Enid & Rebecca are sitting nearby.

REBECCA

I totally, totally hate you.

ENID

Aw c'mon, this is a fun party.

ANGLE ON: Joe stands talking to GERROLD, an obnoxious, pushy,
fast-talking guy who keeps eyeing Rebecca. He shovels food
into his mouth as he speaks.

GERROLD

So what's the story with the two
cheerleaders over here?

JOE

They're Seymour's.

GERROLD

Seymour? You gotta be kidding me!

JOE

Don't worry about it. He's not gettin'
any and neither are you.

GERROLD

(poking Joe in the
chest)

Let me tell ya somethin', Joe...
Listen to me, Joe... you can't hit a
home run without swinging the bat!

JOE

Right.

Gerrold walks over to where Rebecca is sitting. He sits on
the arm of sofa next to her.

GERROLD

Mind if I sit here?

REBECCA

(staring straight
ahead)

Yes.

GERROLD

Whoa, that was cold! Hey, you're
okay, you're pretty sharp. So uh...
hey, you're wearing a green dress -
whadda you Irish? I bet you're Irish.
What's your name?

REBECCA

Melorra...

GERROLD

Melorra, listen to me - let me tell
you something Melorra... you seem
like an interesting chick - what are
you doing hanging out with these
losers here? Whaddya say you and me
take off and hit some nightspots
etc. etc.

ENID

I'll be right back, I'm gonna go get
a beer.

REBECCA

(to ENID)

Wait...

Enid goes over to the beer keg. Nearby Seymour stands talking
to PAUL - a humorless, middle-aged guy in a suit and tie
who's contemptuously examining one of Seymour's 78s.

SEYMOUR

...but it plays like new. There's no

groove wear.

PAUL

Oh please... It has an enlarged center hole and a hair crack.

Enid approaches them.

SEYMOUR

But the crack is so tight it's completely inaudible.

PAUL

A tight hair crack is just that - a crack. I don't collect cracked records.

(walking away)

I only pay a premium for mint records Seymour, you know that! Please!

ENID

What was all that stuff about enlarged holes and tight cracks?

SEYMOUR

I... I didn't think you would have any interest in this get together... I mean if you had told me you were coming I would have warned you -- it's not like a real party or anything.

ENID

You're right about that.

(pause)

So this is your record collection?

SEYMOUR

Oh God no. This is just junk I have for sale or trade. The record room is off-limits.

ENID

Really? Can I see it?

SEYMOUR

Yeah, well sure... you can if you want to... it's just I don't want all these guys in there at once... you know...

INT. SEYMOUR'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Enid & Seymour enter his inner sanctum, beverage containers in hand -- nicely-displayed old collectibles cover just about every inch of wall space.

ENID

Wow! This is like my dream room!
Are these all records!

SEYMOUR

I have about fifteen hundred 78s at
this point. I've tried to pare down
my collection to the essential...

ENID

God, look at this poster! I can't
believe this room! You're the luckiest
guy in the world! I'd kill to have
stuff like this!

SEYMOUR

Please... go ahead and kill me!
This stuff doesn't make you happy,
believe me.

ENID

Oh, come on! What are you talking
about?

SEYMOUR

You think it's healthy to obsessively
collect things? You can't connect
with other people so you fill your
life with stuff... I'm just like
all the rest of these pathetic
collector losers.

Enid writes her name in the dust.

ENID

No you're not! You're a cool guy,
Seymour.

SEYMOUR

Yeah right... If I'm so cool, why
haven't I had a girlfriend in four
years? I can't even remember the
last time a girl talked to me.

ENID

I'm talking to you... I'll bet there
are tons of women who would go out
with you in a minute!

SEYMOUR

Oh, right...

ENID

No really... I guarantee I could get
you a date in like two seconds...

SEYMOUR

Good luck...

ENID

I'm totally serious!

SEYMOUR

Yeah, well...

ENID

I mean it -- You leave everything to me -- I'm going to be your own personal dating service!

SEYMOUR

I appreciate the offer but you really don't --

ENID

Mark my words, by the end of this summer you'll be up to your neck in pussy!

SEYMOUR

Jesus! That's very nice of you Enid but I - I really --

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

As Enid and Seymour walk. A 20-ish secretary-type passes.

ENID

What about her? Would you go out with her?

SEYMOUR

I don't know, what kind of question is that? I mean it's totally irrelevant because a girl like that would never be caught dead with me...

ENID

But putting that aside for now, would you go out with her?

SEYMOUR

I really didn't get a good look at her.

A breasty, overweight 40-year-old walks by.

ENID

Okay, what about this one? Are you into girls with big tits?

SEYMOUR

(embarrassed)

Jesus!

ENID

C'mon Seymour, I'm trying to collect data here! Don't you want me to find you your perfect dream girl?

SEYMOUR

I'm just not one of those guys who has a "type"...

ENID

Every guy has a type!

SEYMOUR

(he doesn't really mean this)

I mean as long as she's not a complete imbecile and she's even remotely attractive...

They walk by "the pants."

ENID

Hey look, there's Norman!

He's sitting as before at the defunct bus stop.

ENID

Hi Norman.

Norman nods politely. Seymour looks quizzically at Enid.

EXT. CITY STREET/NEAR SIDEWINDER - DAY

They're in another part of town near THE SIDEWINDER.

ENID

We need to narrow this down somehow... we need to find a place where you can meet women who share your interests.

SEYMOUR

Maybe I don't want to meet someone who shares my interests. I hate my interests! Where can I go to meet the exact opposite of myself?

ENID

Yeah yeah yeah... Just tell me your five main interests, in order of importance.

SEYMOUR

(sighs)

Well, let's see... I guess I'd have to put Traditional Jazz, Blues, and

Ragtime music at the top of the list,
then probably...

ENID

Let's just say "music" - that way
you only use up one...

(spots The Sidewinder)

Wait, we have to go in here for a
second...

INT. SIDEWINDER - DAY

They enter. Josh has his back to the counter as he makes a
complicated frozen yogurt sundae for a little girl.

ENID

Hi Josh.

JOSH

(without turning around)

Hi.

ENID

I just stopped in to say hi.

JOSH

Yeah, well... hi...

He turns around non-chalantly, holding the sundae. He looks
up and sees Enid with the guy from Wovsville (Seymour).

ENID

This is my friend Seymour.

Josh is startled and drops the sundae. The girl starts crying.
Josh immediately starts to clean up the mess. Enid, satisfied,
heads with Seymour for the door.

ENID

See you later, Josh!

As the door closes, we hear a familiar voice.

BOSS

JOSH! WHAT YOU DOING!?

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Enid & Seymour continue walking.

SEYMOUR

(pause)

So is that your boyfriend?

ENID

Josh? He's nobody's boyfriend...
He's just this guy that Becky and I

like to torture.

SEYMOUR

Well are --

ENID

(interrupts suddenly)

Oh my god! We have to go in here!

They are in front of STAN'S, a porno shop.

SEYMOUR

Yeah, sure... very funny....

ENID

Please, Seymour... Becky and I have been dying to go in here but we can't get any boys to take us... Please?

SEYMOUR

I - I'd really rather not...

ENID

We'll just go in for one minute -- it'll be a riot!

SEYMOUR

I don't think so...

ENID

PLEASE? We have to!

SEYMOUR

I really don't think it's a good idea.

ENID

Fine, I'll go by myself then...

INT. ANTHONY'S II - DAY

Enid & Seymour enter. There are a half dozen MEN browsing through the videos and magazines.

ENID

(whispering)

Wow! Look at all these creeps!

SEYMOUR

Shh!

ENID

OH MY GOD!

Enid runs over and grabs a BLOW-UP SEX DOLL. Everyone in the store looks at them. Seymour blushes and sweats.

ENID

What kind of weirdo would actually have sex with this? We have to buy this!

She looks around, over-stimulated.

ENID

God, this place is a total riot!

She picks up a magazine.

ENID

Look at this -- "Lollipop Lollitas" - isn't child pornography totally illegal?

SEYMOUR

These are older women just dressed up to look young... I think.

ANGLE ON a pair of THIGH-HIGH LEATHER FETISH BOOTS.

ENID (V.O.)

Oh my god!

WIDER ANGLE: She's in another part of the store near the CASHIER.

ENID

How much are these boots? Do you have these in size five?

CASHIER

That's the only pair of those I have right now. I'm getting a new order in next week...

She spots something and gasps. She yells across the store.

ENID

OH MY GOD SEYMOUR! You have to lend me the money to buy this.

Everyone looks at Seymour as he sheepishly approaches. He takes out his wallet.

SEYMOUR

Uh, I don't have much money with me right now.

ENID

C'mon, Seymour, please?

CASHIER

Why don't you come back in two weeks - we'll be having our annual Back-to-

School sale.

INT. THE COFFEE EXPERIENCE - LATE AFTERNOON

Rebecca is at the counter serving a long line of YUPPIES. We can see a sign next to the counter that reads: "Answer today's trivia question and get a free small coffee".

YUPPIE #1

I'd like a medium latte for here.

REBECCA

Can I get you a biscotti to go with that?

YUPPIE #1

NO! Just the latte.

Enid is next wearing a RUBBER BONDAGE MASK with devil horns.

ENID (V.O.)

Give me all your money, bitch!

REBECCA

Where did you get that?

ENID

You won't believe it! Guess!

REBECCA

Where?

ENID

Anthony's II!

REBECCA

No way... when?

ENID

Just now... I went with Seymour.

REBECCA

You cunt!

FELDMAN is in line behind Enid. He's a poodle-haired, fedora wearing eccentric in a motorized wheelchair-golf cart contraption.

FELDMAN

Excuse me - I can't read the trivia question!

Enid is in the way. She reads it to him.

ENID

"Where on the human body is the 'Douglas Pouch' located?"

Feldman grunts and starts to tap away on his powerbook while Rebecca, rolling her eyes, goes to get his coffee. A DIGITAL GRAPHIC of the FEMALE FORM on his computer screen. With a few keyboard strokes he zeroes in on a schematic of the REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEM. An area behind the cervix BLINKS.

FELDMAN

Slightly below the uterus on a female.

He takes his coffee and putters towards the door.

ENID

That guy is totally amazing.

REBECCA

He does that every single day.

YUPPIE #2

Can I get a decaf mocha to go?

REBECCA

Can I get you a...

YUPPIE #2

NO, I don't want a biscotti with that.

YUPPIE #2 pays and leaves.

ENID

God, how can you stand all these assholes?

REBECCA

I don't know... Some people are okay, but mostly I feel like poisoning everybody.

ENID

At least the wheelchair guy is sort of entertaining...

REBECCA

He's a total asshole... He doesn't even need that wheelchair, he's just totally lazy!

ENID

That rules!

REBECCA

No, it doesn't. You'll see... you get totally sick of all the creeps and losers and weirdos.

ENID

But those are our people...

REBECCA

Yeah, well...

(pause)

So when are you going to get your job?

ENID

I'm working on it... I've got a few leads... it's just that right now I have, all these projects that take up all my time.

REBECCA

Like what?

ENID

Nothing. Don't worry... I promise I'll get a job next week.

REBECCA

(pause)

God, I can't believe you went to Anthony's without me.

INT. ENID'S APARTMENT - DAY

Enid and her dad are eating breakfast. A 13" TV sits on the kitchen counter behind them.

TV COMMERCIAL (V.O.)

(sincere)

Hope comes in all forms. To the endangered white stork searching for wetlands it comes in the form of a sanctuary provided by people who care. Do people care? Chevron does. That's why at Chevron we're just as concerned...

DAD

Are you still looking for a job? Do you have any leads?

ENID

Will you get off my back for once?

DAD

It's tough to find a good job without any kind of training.

ENID

Look, I told you I'm not going to college.

DAD

Well, I think it's good to keep all your options open. You can always enroll for the winter quarter. You could even live here and go to the city college part time, and still get a job if you wanted to.

ENID

Look at me -- I'm not even listening to a word you're saying.

Pause.

DAD

Did I tell you who I ran into at the bagel place?

ENID

(reading cereal box)

Who?

DAD

Guess.

ENID

How should I know?

DAD

Someone from the past.

ENID

Who?

DAD

Give up?

ENID

YES.

DAD

Maxine.

ENID

Not the Maxine?

DAD

Yup.

ENID

God, how horrifying.

INT. COLLEGE COFFEE HOUSE DAY

Enid and Rebecca sit in a semi-crowded college hang-out.

REBECCA

...you don't have to make a million

dollars -- just get any stupid job
so we can at least start looking for
an apartment.

ENID

(thoughtful pause)

I wonder if I hang around with you
because you're like my surrogate
mother figure or something. Like I
have this subconscious biological
need to be nagged and bitched at
constantly.

REBECCA

You hang out with me because nobody
else can stand to be around you.

ENID

Or maybe... did you ever think that
deep down we really might be lesbos?
Maybe that's why we spend so much
time together.

REBECCA

You're gross.

(pause)

See that guy?

ENID

Which one?

REBECCA

He gives me a total boner!

ENID

He's like the biggest idiot of all
time!

The guy, a COLLEGE SOPHOMORE, walks by them with two friends.

COLLEGE SOPHOMORE

Are you guys up for some reggae
tonight?

REBECCA

Okay, you're right.

ENID

(whispers)

Heads up.

An earnest "ALTERNATIVE-ROCK" GUY approaches Rebecca. He
hands her a flyer.

GUY

Hey, my band is playing here on Friday
night and uh... there's gonna be a

bunch of cool bands playing and stuff
and you don't have to pay if you
show this flyer at the door... you
should come check it out.

REBECCA

(shyly)

Thanks...

(she looks away)

Enid takes the flyer from Rebecca. There are a bunch of
bands listed.

ENID

Which one is your band?

GUY

Alien Autopsy.

ENID

(sarcastic)

Bitchin'.

GUY

(embarrassing pause;

then, to Rebecca)

Yeah, well... maybe I'll see you
there...

(pause; walks away)

ENID

What a dork!

REBECCA

You're just jealous.

ENID

Yeah, right... Believe me, at this
point I'm over the fact that every
single guy likes you better than me!

REBECCA

Face it, you hate every single boy
on the face of the earth!

ENID

That's not true, I just hate all
these obnoxious, extroverted, pseudo-
bohemian losers!

(sad pause)

Sometimes I think I act so weird
because I'm crazy from sexual
frustration.

REBECCA

Haven't you heard about the miracle
of masturbation?

ENID

(sighs)
...maybe we should be lesbos...

REBECCA

Get away from me!

INT. ENID'S FANTASY - EVENING

Starts on full moon in night sky, framed right --

DISSOLVE TO:

...a dark moonlit room. Enid lies on her stomach in bed. We MOVE IN CLOSER to her head as though entering her thoughts, which slowly fade in: WE MOVE TOWARD a vertical sliver of light -- a cracked-open bathroom door.

WE MOVE into the bathroom and see Enid taking a shower. Josh enters, dressed in a black suit, holding a large bouquet of flowers. CUT. We start again, exactly as before, only without the flowers. He starts to take off his clothes. CUT. He enters again and gets right in the shower, fully clothed.

They begin to kiss. After a passionate moment, the door opens. Rebecca stands there, stunned.

CUT BACK TO:

We see only the slightest trace of Enid in the darkness. She sighs.

INT. ART CLASS - DAY

CLOSE-UP ON a charcoal portrait of DON KNOTTS.

ROBERTA

Who is this, Enid?

ENID

It's supposed to be Don Knotts.

ROBERTA

And what was your reason for choosing him as your subject?

ENID

I dunno... I just like Don Knotts.

ROBERTA

I see... interesting...

She moves on.

ROBERTA

What do we have here, Margaret?

MARGARET

It's a tampon in a teacup...

Class GIGGLES.

ROBERTA

I can see that... now what can you tell us about it? First of all, what kind of sculpture is this?

MARGARET

It's a "found object"... that's when an artist takes an ordinary object and places it in an artistic context and thus it becomes art.

ROBERTA

Very good. Now, what can you tell us about it in regard to your artistic intent?

MARGARET

I guess I see the teacup as a symbol for womanhood, because of tea parties in the olden days, but instead of tea I was trying to kind of confront people with this... like...

ROBERTA

This shocking image of repressed femininity!

MARGARET

Right, exactly!

ROBERTA

I think it's really a wonderful piece, Margaret!

Enid gives Margaret another dirty look.

ROBERTA

This illustrates perfectly what I was saying about not being afraid to use controversial imagery, class...

EXT. SEYMOUR'S CAR - DUSK

Seymour drives. Enid plays with the radio stopping on an obnoxious AM Disc Jockey.

DISC JOCKEY

KFTO comin' atcha on this beautiful evening.

SEYMOUR

God, that asshole's voice is so hateful! No wonder I never listen to the radio!

ENID

(shutting it off)
Relax, Seymour, relax...

SEYMOUR

That thing is just so shrill and piercing and loud - it's like someone jabbing me in the face!
(imitating insincere DJ voice)
KFTO comin' atcha on this beautiful evening...

She changes the subject and holds up a 78 record.

ENID

So, why did you bring this along?

SEYMOUR

I brought it for him to autograph. He's going to be amazed to see it - it's one of two known copies... I can't believe they have him for the opening act and not the headliner. What an insult!

ENID

This bar's going to be packed with girls for you to pick from.

SEYMOUR

I'm not holding my breath in that department.

Seymour waits at a stop sign for two OBLIVIOUS OVERWEIGHT WOMEN, each with TODDLERS and baby carriages, to cross..

SEYMOUR

What are we, in slow motion here?! What are ya, hypnotized? Have some more kids, why don't you?... For Christ's sake, would you move!?

ENID

Jesus, Seymour.

EXT. BLUES CLUB - NIGHT

A marquee reads, "TONITE: BLUESHAMMER also FRED CHATMAN"

INT. BLUES CLUB - NIGHT

FRED CHATMAN, age 82, plays an acoustic blues number. He's

good, but he's being politely ignored for the most part by the TWENTY-SOMETHING PATRONS. Most of them are more interested in a baseball game showing on a big-screen TV.

SEYMOUR

I can't believe these people! They could at least turn off their stupid sports game until he's done playing!

FRED finishes to POLITE APPLAUSE. An M.C. takes the mic.

M.C.

Let's hear it for Fred Chatman.
(a little more APPLAUSE)
Hey don't go away because we've got Blueshammer coming up in just a minute!

A CUTE GIRL, mid-20's, stands near their table sipping her drink. Enid nods in her direction for Seymour's benefit as if to say, "check it out."

SEYMOUR

Yes, that would certainly do...

ENID

Well, offer her a seat! You want me to do it?

SEYMOUR

Wait a minute! Hang on! Jesus, I gotta think of something to talk to her about. No! No...

ENID

Just wait here.

Enid gets up before Seymour can stop her and talks to CUTE GIRL who looks back at Seymour and smiles. She goes to join him. Enid walks off in the direction of the bar, giving Seymour a "thumbs up."

CUTE GIRL

Hi.

SEYMOUR

Hello. Uh... that was great music, huh?

CUTE GIRL

(sitting down)
Yeah, I just love blues.

SEYMOUR

Actually, technically what he was mostly playing would more accurately be classified in the "ragtime" idiom.

Although of course not in the strictest sense of the more classical ragtime piano music like that of Scott Joplin or Joseph Lamb. Authentic Blues has a more conventional twelve-bar structure in its stanzas.

CUTE GIRL

Oh if you like authentic blues, you've just gotta see Blueshammer! They're so great!

ANGLE ON: Enid standing alone at the bar. We see Seymour and Cute Girl from her POV. Her gaze drifts to the other people in the bar. WE MOVE OVER the faces of all the guys and stop on a skinny, introverted-looking guy with a pool-cue. He makes a shot and instantly goes into an ostentatious cue twirling routine. Her gaze drifts on.

She sees herself in a mirror behind the bar and takes off her hat reconfiguring her hair. She reaches into her purse and puts on a bulkier pair of glasses. This is interrupted by BLUESHAMMER taking the stage. Young, white, cocky, pretty boys.

LANCE

(LEAD SINGER)

All right people! Are you ready to BOOGIE? Cuz we gwine play you some authentic, way-down-in-the-delta blues to rock your world! One, Two, Three...

A din of loud noise. CUTE GIRL immediately leaps to her feet, boogeying to the music.

Several horny ALPHA MALES press in on Seymour (who's still sitting), spilling his drink as they vie to dance with her.

Seymour extricates himself from the table and walks toward the bar where Enid sits.

SEYMOUR

What did you tell that girl?

ENID

I told her you were a big record executive and you were thinking of signing that band to your label.

SEYMOUR

Jesus...

INT. SEYMOUR'S CAR - NIGHT

SEYMOUR

Now I remember why I haven't gone

anywhere in months. I'm not even in the same universe as those creatures back there. I might as well be from another planet.

ENID

We just need to figure out a place where you can meet somebody who isn't a total idiot, that's all.

SEYMOUR

Look, I really appreciate your help, Enid, but let's face it, this is hopeless.

ENID

It's not hopeless...

SEYMOUR

Yeah, well it's simple for everybody else - give 'em a Big Mac and a pair of Nikes and they're happy! I just can't relate to 99.9% of humanity.

ENID

Yeah, well, I can't relate to humanity either, but I don't think it's totally hopeless...

SEYMOUR

But it's not totally hopeless for you... I've had it. I don't even have the energy to try anymore. You should make sure you do the exact opposite of everything I do so you don't end up like me...

ENID

I'd rather end up like you than those people at that stupid bar... At least you're an interesting person... at least you're not exactly like everybody else...

SEYMOUR

Hooray for me.

INT. SEYMOUR'S APT. - NIGHT

Enid walks in behind Seymour.

SEYMOUR

I'm not sure I have anything to drink... there might be some --

ENID

It doesn't matter, I'm not staying

long... I just want to make sure I convince you not to give up yet.

SEYMOUR

"Yet."

INT. SEYMOUR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

They both have drinks now. He puts on a jazz record, an instrumental.

ENID

(picks up an antique
knick knack)
Wow, this is so cool...

SEYMOUR

If you don't mind my asking -- why do you care so much if I get a date or not?

ENID

I dunno... because I can't stand the idea of a world where a guy like you can't get a date...

Enid finds a PAINTING leaning in a pile of stuff against the wall in the corner. It's an old-fashioned cartoony stereotype of a black man's head, with big lips and a huge toothy smile.

ENID

What the fuck, Seymour?! What is this?

SEYMOUR

What?... Oh that... I borrowed that from work about fifteen years ago... I guess it's mine now.

ENID

What, are you a klansman or something?

SEYMOUR

Yeah, right, I'm a klansman - thanks a lot!... Do you know the Cook's Chicken franchise?

ENID

(quoting TV commercial
in deep voice)
"Four-piece Cook's special deep fried with side n' slaw it's OUT RAY-GEOUS"!

SEYMOUR

Yeah, well "Cook's" is just a made up name. When they originally opened back in 1922 they were named "The

Coon Chicken Inn" -- that's an early painting of their first logo.

He takes out a scrapbook.

SEYMOUR

I'm obsessed with all this stuff - this lost culture of the 20th century.

She looks through the scrapbook - we see the Coon Chicken logo transform first into a less stereotyped black man, then into an older distinguished black chef with the logo "Cook's Chicken Inn." Then to a white version of the same chef, followed by a female white chef, then to a streamlined 90's version. On another page is a collection of cosmetic labels tracing the design evolution of a different company.

ENID

Why doesn't everybody know this?

The record ends. Seymour gets up to take it off the turntable.

SEYMOUR

(somewhat bitterly)

It's ancient history. The same reason nobody knows about this Lionel Belasco record.

He puts on another record.

SEYMOUR

Actually, I was a whole lot more interested in the Cook's phenomenon when I was about your age. I've kind of lost interest since I've been working for them...

ENID

You work at Cook's Chicken?

SEYMOUR

For nineteen years...

ENID

What are you, a fry cook or something?

SEYMOUR

Nothing so glamorous... actually, I'm an assistant manager at their corporate headquarters.

ENID

Jesus, I'd go nuts if I had to work in an office all day.

SEYMOUR

Hey, I get good benefits, a good

early retirement plan, nobody ever bothers me...

ENID

Yeah, but still...

SEYMOUR

I make enough money to eat and buy old records... what more do I want?

Enid puts down the scrapbook, stares at the painting.

ENID

So, I don't really get it -- are you saying that things were better back then

(points at painting)
even though there was stuff like this?

SEYMOUR

No, in a lot of ways things are better now... I dunno... it's complicated. Everybody still hates each other, but they know how to hide it better, or something...

ENID

(suddenly)
Hey, can I borrow this?

SEYMOUR

What? Why?

ENID

I promise I'll take good care of it.

SEYMOUR

I dunno... they're very sensitive at work about all this stuff. Maybe it would be better if you --

ENID

Don't you trust me, Seymour?

INT. ART CLASS - DAY

We see another wall of student art dominated this time by Enid's (Seymour's) 3' x 4' painting.

ROBERTA

Let's address some discussion to this piece.

SNOTTY GIRL

I don't like it.

ROBERTA

Can you tell us why?

SNOTTY GIRL

I don't know.

HIPPY-ISH BOY

I think it's totally weak.

BLACK GIRL

Yeah, it's not right.

More kids respond at once. Even Margaret is confused.

ROBERTA

These are all valid comments, but I think we should see if the artist has anything to bring to this.

ENID

Well, I got the idea when I was doing some research and I discovered that Cook's Chicken used to be called Coon's Chicken, and so I decided to do my project based on this discovery as kind of a comment on racism... and the way racism is whitewashed over in our culture...

ROBERTA

Did you actually do this painting?

ENID

Well, no - it's more like a "found art object."

ROBERTA

And how do you think this addresses the subject of racism?

ENID

It's complicated... I guess I'm trying to show how racism used to -- more out in the open and now it's hidden, or something...

ROBERTA

And how does an image like this help us to see that?

ENID

I'm not sure... I mean...

(thinks)

I guess because when we see something like this it seems really shocking and we have to figure out why it's so shocking?

A long pause as Roberta and the class stare at the painting.

ROBERTA

I don't really know what to say,
Enid...
(another over-long
pause)
...It's a remarkable achievement.

INT. REBECCA'S ROOM - EVENING

Enid is lying on her back with her head on Rebecca's stomach.

Both stare blankly at the ceiling.

REBECCA

Are you kidding? It's a dream job!
I can't believe you got a job like
that without even trying... God, I
wish that was my job...

ENID

(trying to generate
some enthusiasm)
Yeah, maybe it'll be okay. At least
I'll get to see every movie for free,
I guess... I had to lie and tell
them I already graduated...

REBECCA

When are you finally going to get
your diploma?

ENID

I dunno, but next week is my last
class...

REBECCA

Anyway, now we can start looking for
the apartment...
(waits for some
response from Enid,
but there is none)
Do you remember when we first came
up with that whole idea of renting
our own apartment?

ENID

Wasn't it like eighth grade?

REBECCA

Seventh... you wanted to move out
right then!

ENID

That must have been when my dad was

married to Maxine...

REBECCA

I remember our big plan was as soon as we got the apartment we were going to trick Daniel Duentrieb into coming over and then fuck him.

ENID

We were such desperate sluts back then.

INT. PACIFIC THEATER - AFTERNOON

Enid is behind the candy counter dressed in a brown and orange uniform.

MANAGER

I'm gonna let you handle the four thirty crowd by yourself - that way I can evaluate your performance while it's slow and ease you into the bigger crowds.

ENID

You can count on me, sir!

A customer, an ALCOHOLIC LOSER, approaches the candy counter.

LOSER

Do you serve beer or any alcohol?

ENID

I wish!... actually you wish... after about five minutes of this movie you'll wish to God you had about ten beers!

LOSER stares blankly, hesitates, then goes into theater.

MANAGER

(pulling her aside)

What are you doing? You don't ever criticize the feature!

ENID

Why? What difference does it make? You already got his money...

MANAGER

Look, that's the policy... if you want to make up your own rules you can open your own theater...

ENID

But I was only trying to be friendly...

MANAGER

Look, we don't pay you to be a movie critic -- just do your job.

ENID

Okay, okay... I won't say a word...

ANOTHER ANGLE - an hour has gone by.

CUSTOMER

Medium popcorn.

ENID

That's three dollars.

CUSTOMER

Let me have plenty of butter on that.

ENID

Ewww!...

(making a face)

Here you go -- smothered in delicious yellow-chemical sludge!

MANAGER

(pulling her aside)

What the hell is wrong with you?!

ENID

What? I'm just kidding around with the customers... It's my shtick!

MANAGER

Well lose it! And why aren't you pushing the large sizes? Didn't you get training about upsizing?

ENID

But I feel weird... it's so sleazy.

MANAGER

It's not optional!

ENID

Jesus...

CUSTOMER #2

Can I get a medium sprite?

ENID

A medium sprite? Why sir, do you not know that for a mere twenty five cents more you could purchase a large beverage that has a volume of over twice that of a puny medium drink?

(she gives MANAGER a

look)
...I'm only telling you this because
we're such good friends -- Medium is
strictly for suckers who don't
understand the concept of value!

INT. THE COFFEE EXPERIENCE - DAY

Rebecca is behind the counter glaring at Enid.

REBECCA
What are you talking about? What
kind of loser gets fired after one
day?!

ENID
I told you - my manager was a total
asshole! Don't worry, I'm going to
get another job... and anyway, I
have some ideas for how to make money
in the meantime...

An angry CUSTOMER returns with her drink.

CUSTOMER
I'm not at all happy with this latte
what do you intend to do about it?

EXT. ENID'S GARAGE SALE - DAY

It's the next day. Enid has set up a GARAGE SALE in front of
her apartment building. Rebecca arrives.

REBECCA
This is it? I can't believe you're
selling some of this stuff.

ENID
Fuck it. Everything must go!

REBECCA
Oh my god, I remember this hat...
this was during your little old lady
phase...

A trendy young HIPSTER happens along and looks through the
clothes, then to the table where he picks up a ridiculous
looking stuffed animal.

HIPSTER
How much is this?

ENID
That's not for sale.

HIPSTER
(noticing price tag)

Wait, it says five dollars...

ENID

Oh, that's a mistake -- I decided not to sell it...

The HIPSTER looks around a little more and then leaves.

REBECCA

What was that all about? I thought everything must go!

ENID

Oh yeah right, like I'm gonna let some asshole with a goatee own Goofy Gus.

A couple is browsing. The GIRL, a severely skinny, CLUBHOPPER TYPE in platform shoes looks at the clothes; the BOY, a long haired SKATEBOARDER, goes through her records.

GIRL

How much is this dress?

REBECCA

Oh my god, you're selling that?

ENID

(long pause)

That's five hundred dollars.

GIRL

What?

ENID

Five hundred.

GIRL

You're crazy -- it should be like two dollars!

ENID

I was wearing that dress the day I lost my virginity.

GIRL

Well why do I care about that?

ENID

Why do you even want it? It would look stupid on you.

GIRL

God, fuck you!

Enid turns to the boy - he's holding some records and a book.

ENID

Put that stuff back, it's not for sale.

BOY

What is this? Some fuckin' joke?

ENID

Yes! Go away!

They stomp off.

REBECCA

Now are you going to get a regular job?

ENID

(defeated, quiet)

Don't worry.

REBECCA

If it makes you feel any better, I don't think you could've gotten more than ten bucks for all this stuff.

ENID

Yeah, thanks.

EXT. ENID'S GARAGE SALE - DAY

Twenty minutes later. Most of the stuff is gone. Enid packs up one last box to carry inside.

REBECCA

Do you want to do something tonight?

ENID

I can't, it's Seymour's birthday...

(suddenly)

Shit! What time is it? I have to go to the store! I was going to make him a cake...

REBECCA

(miffed, sighs)

Well, are we still going shopping tomorrow?

ENID

Yeah, I guess... call me...

She heads toward the stairs with the box. Rebecca watches her go.

REBECCA

Since when can you make a cake?

INT. SEYMOUR'S ROOM - EVENING

Enid presents Seymour with a HOSTESS CUPCAKE with a single lit candle in the center. The lights are off.

ENID

You can open your eyes now.

SEYMOUR

Oh... uh, thanks a lot Enid... I really appreciate it...

ENID

No, Doofus... blow it out!

He leans forward and blows out the candle, then abruptly straightens up and holds the small of his back in pain. Enid turns the lights back on.

SEYMOUR

Arrrrghhh! Ah Jeez... Christ...

ENID

Are you okay?

SEYMOUR

It's just my stupid back. I'll be all right in a minute...

She notices him adjust something under his shirt.

ENID

What is that?

SEYMOUR

Oh... uh... It's just this elastic thing I have to wear for lumbar support...

ENID

What, like a girdle?

SEYMOUR

Maybe now you understand why I can't get a date.

ENID

Yeah, well, you're not the only one. Everybody I know has totally fucked up problems... It seems like only stupid people have good relationships...

SEYMOUR

(sarcastically cheering her on)

That's the spirit!

ENID

I mean, I'm eighteen years old and I've never even had a real, steady boyfriend for more than like two weeks!

SEYMOUR

Really?

ENID

Never...

SEYMOUR

I'm starting to think that even if I did get a girlfriend it really wouldn't change anything.

ENID

I know. It's not like it makes all your problems go away.

SEYMOUR

Then again, that's easy for me to say, since I'll never even get a date. I'm sure you have hundreds of guys who are interested in you.

ENID

Actually, I've got a total crush on this one guy right now, but it's a really fucked-up situation...

SEYMOUR

Oh yeah?

ENID

Oh wait, you met him... remember that guy Josh? I'm like practically obsessed with him, but I can't do anything about it because Becky would freak out.

SEYMOUR

Why?

ENID

Never mind, it's way too complicated...

(pause)

Did you have problems like this when you were my age - where you're totally confused all the time?

SEYMOUR

I won't even dignify that with a response.

He gets up and looks through his shelves for a record.

ENID

(looking at his records)

I wonder if you really like all these old records or if you only like the fact that nobody else likes them?

SEYMOUR

(a sore subject)

Who knows?

The phone RINGS. Seymour ignores it.

ENID

Aren't you going to get that?

SEYMOUR

Let the machine get it. I have no desire to talk to anyone who would be calling me...

After several more RINGS the machine picks up and we hear Seymour's message. After the BEEP there's a long fumbling pause...

SEYMOUR

I knew it... it's my mother.

VOICE ON MACHINE

Uh... HI! Uh... I'm calling for... um... you placed an ad in the Weekly over a month ago and... well, I'm the redhead in the yellow dress... at least I think I am... I saw the ad when you first placed it but I was in this relationship at the time so I cut it out, and now I'm not in the relationship anymore...

(giggles)

God, this is really confusing... anyway, if you still want to talk to me I can be reached at KL5-2603, that's my work number and my name is Dana... um... BYE!

ENID

Wow!

(feigning ignorance)

What was that all about?

SEYMOUR

It's just somebody's idea of a joke...

ENID

That didn't sound like a joke to

me... what, did you write a personal ad or something?

SEYMOUR

(still confused)

Uh yeah. A long time ago... she called before once... it's just somebody trying to humiliate me.

ENID

Seymour! I promise you that wasn't a joke -- you have to call her back!

SEYMOUR

How can you be so sure?

ENID

Well, uh... I'm an expert--about stuff like this -- she was totally for real!

INT. ENID'S APARTMENT - ABOUT 10 PM

Enid enters - a light is on in the kitchen.

DAD (O.S.)

Pumpkin? Could you come in here for a minute?

She walks slowly to the kitchen - a suspenseful moment. She sees, first, her Dad (wearing an apron) and then, a hauntingly familiar MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN.

DAD

Pumpkin, do you remember Maxine?

MAXINE

Hi, Enid.

ENID

Hi.

(to Dad)

Look, I'm kind of tired - I think I'll go to bed.

DAD

I made spaghetti. Do you want some?

ENID

I-I really have to get up early for class tomorrow.

MAXINE

It's really quite something to see you all grown up like this, Enid.

(no response from Enid)

I'd love to hear about what you're doing. I can't help but feel that I had some small part in how you turned out...

(another silent pause)

What are you studying? You were always such a smart little girl.

ENID

I'm taking a remedial high school art class for fuck-ups and retards.

INT. ART CLASS - DAY

A toothy, zit-covered 14-YEAR-OLD BOY poses with a very poorly-made sculpture. A flash goes off and he jumps slightly, sending pieces of his sculpture flying.

It's Roberta, taking photos. She moves on to Enid, in front of her big painting.

ROBERTA

Smile, Enid...

Enid ad-libs a weird expression as... the flash goes off.

Roberta now turns to address the class.

ROBERTA

I'm going to miss you people... I feel that we've all done a lot of growing this summer. I hope that each of you feels as though you'll be taking away something from this experience; I know I certainly will be...

A long "poignant" pause as she smiles admiringly at them.

ROBERTA

Remember, the art show is this Saturday at seven-thirty sharp. Try to get there at least 15 minutes early.

The students get their things together and file out.

ROBERTA

Enid, can I talk to you for a minute?

ENID

Uh-oh.

ROBERTA

Don't worry - it's nothing bad. I was just wondering what your plans were for next year?

ENID

I'm not really sure - working, I guess...

ROBERTA

Well, I know this is really short notice, but I got a call from a very close friend at the Academy of Art & Design and she tells me that I'm allowed to place one student from your graduating class in a one year scholarship program... and, well, I hope you don't mind, Enid, but I took the liberty of submitting your name.

She gives her a booklet and an application form.

ENID

Hmm.

ROBERTA

As far as I know it includes housing and meals and everything... it is really quite an offer...

ENID

...wow...

ROBERTA

(pause)

So what do you think?

ENID

I dunno... Would I have to take classes and stuff?

ROBERTA

Well, yes...

ENID

I...

ROBERTA

Let me know as soon as you can, Enid. This could be a great thing for you.

INT. INDOOR SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Enid & Rebecca are in a Crate & Barrel-type store looking at housewares.

ENID

I think one of us should fuck Josh...

REBECCA

Go ahead...

ENID

No, really...

REBECCA

God, you're really obsessed...

ENID

I am not -- I just think it'd be funny to see what he'd do...

REBECCA

I thought we decided that Josh was way too cool to be interested in sex, and that he's the only decent person left in the world and we would never want to bring him down to our level and all that...

ENID

Yeah, but maybe one of us should at least try...

REBECCA

No matter what happened it would be a big disaster... Let's just try and keep everything the way it is.

Rebecca spots some particularly fetching dishware.

REBECCA

Look, we have to get these...

ENID

I can't afford stuff like this right now.

REBECCA

I'm sick of waiting - we need to start getting stuff if we're ever going to move.

(pause, sees towels)

Aren't these the greatest towels?

ENID

Why do you care about this kind of stuff?

REBECCA

Don't you want nice stuff?

ENID

I can't imagine spending money on towels.

REBECCA

You don't have to. I'll pay for all the stuff right now and you can pay me back when you finally get a job.

ENID

You're insane.

REBECCA

Do you still want to go to that thing tonight?

ENID

What thing?

REBECCA

That guy's band is playing tonight... Alien Autopsy.

ENID

Oh yeah... maybe... Seymour's going on his big date tonight and I kind of want to be around when he calls, so I can hear how bad it went.

REBECCA

God, I'm so sick of Seymour.

INT. DANA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Seymour is just finishing the dinner DANA has cooked for them at her place. Dana is an attractive redhead, about 40.

SEYMOUR

That was great - jeez, thanks again for cooking all this.

DANA

Oh I love to cook. I guess most women wouldn't invite a man over on the first date, but I believe you should trust your instincts. When I talked to you on the phone you just seemed so... I don't know... harmless. Ready for ice cream?

Dana heads for the kitchen. Seymour gets up to relieve his backache. He walks over to a framed photo on the wall.

DANA

Here we are... it's mocha mint from Lickety Splits. Oh, isn't that photograph just heart-rending?

SEYMOUR

Yeah ... where is this? Bosnia?

DANA

Was it Bosnia? I forget...

(pause)

It's so sad, the tragedy of an entire country eloquently captured in the face of one little boy.

(pause)

A Soul/Funk song starts up on the radio that catches her attention. She goes over and turns it up.

DANA

Oh, I just love this song! Isn't it great? Doesn't it make you want to dance? C'mon!

SEYMOUR

Uh, well, that's okay - I don't dance, heh, heh...

DANA

Don't be silly, anyone can dance. Here, just follow me... watch my feet.

SEYMOUR

No, really I --

She drags him around. He's still holding his ice cream.

DANA

C'mon Seymour, it's all in your mind. Just loosen up and feel the music! Here, put down your bowl of ice cream.

She takes his ice cream and puts it on a table.

SEYMOUR

(checking his watch)

Hey, it's nearly nine already - we're gonna have to leave now if we're going to make that movie.

DANA

Oh, all right... Party-pooper! Just let me put a few things away.

She shuts off the stereo as he sits and eats his ice cream.

DANA

I'm so excited to see this film - Dustoffvarnya is such a brilliant director! Did you see his last film, The Flower That Drank The Moon? It was simply glorious!

SEYMOUR

Uh, no. I missed that one. But what

do I know? I like Laurel and Hardy movies.

DANA

Really? I never really cared for those. Why does the fat one always have to be so mean to the skinny one?

INT. ENID'S ROOM - EVENING

It's 9:30 PM. Enid is drawing in her sketchbook. She looks impatiently at the phone. Time passes - it's 11 PM. She can't stand it anymore.

INT. SEYMOUR'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Seymour picks up the phone. Dana is in the background getting some ice in the kitchen.

SEYMOUR

Uh... hello?

ENID

Hi, it's me...

SEYMOUR

Oh, hi...

ENID

So, what happened?

SEYMOUR

(almost whispering)
Actually, it's kind of still happening... she's over here right now... I think everything's going pretty well...

ENID

What? You're kidding me...

SEYMOUR

Yeah, so I better go -- it's not really the best time to talk...

ENID

What, are you going to like have sex with her on your first date?

SEYMOUR

Jesus, Enid... I'll talk to you later... bye!

He hangs up. Enid is stunned... Now what? She calls Rebecca.

INT. OOMIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca is sitting on the couch in her pajamas when the phone RINGS. She picks it up.

REBECCA

Hello?

ENID

Do you still want to do something tonight?

REBECCA

What happened to Seymour?

ENID

(still shocked by
this)

I can't believe it - he actually scored!

REBECCA

How repulsive!

ENID

So should I come over?

REBECCA

Actually, I'm just about to go out with some friends...

ENID

What are you talking about? Who?

REBECCA

Just some people from work...

ENID

I don't believe you.

REBECCA

Yeah well, you said you were busy... look, I'd better get going... I'll call you tomorrow.

Rebecca hangs up. Clearly, she's not going anywhere.

EXT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Enid stands outside Josh's door. A tentative pause; then she knocks. Josh opens the door, stunned. Enid is wearing an uncharacteristically "sexy" outfit.

JOSH

Hi... what's up?

ENID

Can I come in?

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

She goes in and looks around nervously... the note (Tiffany & Amber) is tacked to the wall.

JOSH

Are you the one who left that note?

ENID

I guess.

Pause. Enid sits down on futon/sofa.

JOSH

So what's up?

He picks up half-finished beer and drinks self-consciously.

ENID

I don't know... I'm totally confused...

Josh doesn't respond - there's another awkward pause.

ENID

Sit over here.

He sits, tentatively. Long pause.

JOSH

Do you want something to drink?

ENID

Why?

JOSH

What do you mean "why"?

ENID

Are you trying to get me wasted so you can take advantage of my womanly charms?

JOSH

Yeah, right...

ENID

"Yeah, right"... well why not? What's so wrong with me?

JOSH

Nothing.

ENID

Then why do you hate me so much?

JOSH

When did I say I hated you?

ENID

You've never once said anything even remotely nice to me.

JOSH

You make me nervous! I always feel like you're going out of your way to make me feel uncomfortable so you can laugh at me!

ENID

That's just the way I am!

JOSH

Yeah, well --

ENID

It's just my stupid way of getting attention! God, I practically love you, Josh!

Stunned pause, then she bravely leans forward and kisses him. He kisses back but she is clearly the aggressor... they get more and more into it.

ENID

Do you have any protection?

INT. JOSH'S APT. - 1 AM.

Later, post-coital on the now unfolded futon... Enid lies on her back, Josh is face-down on top of her with his head to the side. Enid has a blank, disillusioned stare.

JOSH

(now he's romantic and sappy)

You must have known all along how I -- you know -- how I felt about you -- it must be totally obvious... God... I always used to dream about this...

ENID

(staring ahead)

Why do you have that stupid poster?

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

It's the next morning. Josh is asleep. Enid, fully awake and dressed, sits on the bed looking at him, thoroughly disillusioned. She pulls out a record from his collection and grimaces. She opens a closet door and finds an electric guitar.

JOSH
(waking up, groggy,
happily surprised)
Oh, hi...

ENID
Why do all guys have to play stupid
guitars? It's so typical... Either
they're into cars or guns or sports
or guitars... it's so obvious...

JOSH
How long have you been up?

ENID
I couldn't sleep... I should get
going; I feel really weird...

JOSH
Do you want to go get breakfast
somewhere?

ENID
I don't think we should... Look, you
have to totally promise me you won't
tell Becky about this.

JOSH
Why not?

ENID
Because if you do, I'll kill you!

JOSH
Okay... I promise.

ENID
Just take my word for it... if she
ever finds out about this I'll never
hear the end of it...

INT. REBECCA'S ROOM - DAY

Rebecca is dressed in her best apartment-hunting outfit. She sits on her bed, dialing the phone with the FREE WEEKLY open on her lap. She circles something with her pen while the phone rings.

REBECCA
Goddammit, bitch -- where are you?

INT. ENID'S BEDROOM -DAY

Enid lies perfectly still on her bed, staring at the ceiling while the phone rings.

EXT. COOK'S CHICKEN INN - DAYTIME

Establish the restaurant.

INT. COOK'S CHICKEN INN - DAYTIME

Seymour sits alone eating lunch. We see Enid approach stealthily from behind.

ENID

Boo!

SEYMOUR

(very startled)

YAAA!

She sits across from him.

ENID

Where have you been? I've been looking all over for you... I've been wandering the streets day and night trying to find you...

SEYMOUR

Really?

ENID

No, actually Joe told me you were here... so how come you never call me anymore?

SEYMOUR

I know, I'm sorry... I-I've been really busy...

ENID

Yeah, I'll bet! So, how's it going with what's-her-name? Dana?

SEYMOUR

(he looks nervously at his watch)

Oh... pretty well, surprisingly... you know...

ENID

So, what kind of stuff do you guys do together? Is she into old records and stuff?

SEYMOUR

Sort of... she doesn't dislike any of that stuff... she's trying, anyway... actually, we're supposed to go antique shopping for her apartment this afternoon...

ENID
(not convinced)
Sounds good...

Seymour looks again at his watch.

SEYMOUR
We really should get together sometime soon... I-I'll definitely call you this week --

ENID
What, are you trying to get rid of me?

SEYMOUR
No... no, it's just that I should get going in a few minutes, and --

ENID
Aren't you even going to ask me how I'm doing?

SEYMOUR
I-I'm sorry... uh so... uh... how --

ENID
I dunno... okay, I guess...
(pause)
I fucked that guy Josh finally...

SEYMOUR
...so... is he your boyfriend now?

ENID
Maybe... I dunno... He wants to be, of course. I'm weighing several offers at the present time...

Suddenly, Dana enters.

DANA
Seymour?... uh... hello... I guess I'm a little early...

SEYMOUR
Dana! Hi!
(pause as the gears whirl)
Uh, Dana... this is Enid...

DANA
Hello...

ENID
It's great to finally meet you!

Dana sits next to Seymour, facing Enid.

DANA
(looking back and
forth between Enid
and Seymour)
How do you two know each other?

ENID
I'm surprised he hasn't mentioned me
we're old friends.

DANA
Really?

ENID
Yes, we're very close... In fact, I
was standing right next to Seymour
the first time you called. If not
for me, he would have never called
you back!

DANA
Is that right?

Seymour begins to stammer some kind of response.

ENID
(phony)
Oops! Look at the time! I've got to
run! I'll stop by to see you some
time, Seymour...
(then to Dana)
It was really great to meet you!

INT. ENID'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

Enid is in her room getting dressed. Dad enters.

DAD
I have some good news for you,
Pumpkin.

ENID
(sigh)
What is it now?

DAD
Are you still looking for a job?

ENID
I guess.

DAD
Well, Maxine thinks she can get you
a sales job at Computer Station.
Normally you have to have references

and at least two years of experience,
but she thinks she can convince them.

ENID

Tell her to forget it - I don't need
her help.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - EVENING

A homemade banner reads: "HIGH SCHOOL ART SHOW - BROTHERHOOD
AND COMMUNITY: ART AS DIALOGUE." Along one wall is all the
work from Roberta's class: a collection of eccentric abstract
bric-a-brac and Enid's large painting. The painting has drawn
a small crowd. We see a chain of events beginning with three
PARENTS talking to a matronly DIRECTOR/CURATOR who in turn
seeks out Roberta (wearing make-up and fancy-ish clothes for
the first time).

DIRECTOR

I'm afraid you're simply going to
have to take that painting down.
Several of the parents have
complained.

ROBERTA

I will do no such thing.

DIRECTOR

Then you leave me no other choice
than to remove it myself!

She marches towards it. Roberta runs after her.

ROBERTA

I think we should give the artist a
chance to talk to the parents about
her intentions with this piece...
We should be promoting discussion as
a solution, not censorship.

Roberta sees Margaret and grabs her.

ROBERTA

Margaret, have you seen Enid?

Margaret shrugs "no." ROBERTA looks through the crowd. A
college-age news-hack-type with a FREE WEEKLY T-SHIRT snaps
a photo of the DIRECTOR removing Enid's painting.

EXT. SEYMOUR'S APT. BLDG. - EVENING

Enid, dressed as though for a glamorous date, stands knocking
on Seymour's door.

SEYMOUR

Oh... uh, hi... What's up?

INT. SEYMOUR'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

Enid worms her way past his unwelcoming stance. Seymour is wearing designer stone-washed denim jeans that look ridiculous on him. Joe can be seen in the kitchen.

ENID

I'm going to this stupid art show
and I want you to be my date...
There's something I have to show
you...

SEYMOUR

I... I don't know. I don't really
think I should...

ENID

Of course you should. C'mon, I'm
already a million hours late.

SEYMOUR

...I better not...

ENID

(pause)

Well forget the art show... let's do
something else.

SEYMOUR

I... I wish I could, Enid, but I
really can't right now... I -- it's
just that I --

ENID

Well when can we do something?

SEYMOUR

It's just that, well, you know, Dana
just got out of a really bad
relationship and I don't want to
give her the wrong idea... you know...

JOE

(walking by with his
sandwich)

Don't mind me, I'll just be in my
room.

ENID

Where did you get those pants?

SEYMOUR

Oh, uh... they were a present from
Dana.

ENID

And you like them?

SEYMOUR

Well, you know... what do I know about clothes... I've never been the most fashionable guy -- it's nice to have someone do all the work for me...

ENID

(pause)

So that's it? You don't ever want to see me again?

SEYMOUR

No, of course I do... It's just that right now I need to --

ENID

What's her problem anyway? Did she actually tell you you couldn't see me?

SEYMOUR

No, no... not exactly... she just doesn't understand how I would know somebody like you...

ENID

What does she mean by that - "somebody like me"?

SEYMOUR

Just someone so young...

ENID

You must have done something to make her think you like me.

SEYMOUR

I... I don't think so.

ENID

Does that mean you don't like me?

SEYMOUR

No, of course not.

ENID

(looks him in the eye)

So, do you like me, Seymour?

SEYMOUR

In what way do you mean?

ENID

In whatever way you think I mean.

SEYMOUR

(not sure what to
say; long pause)

I don't know... I'm sorry, but Dana's
a very jealous person. I just don't
want to screw that up right now...
I'm sure she'll dump me soon and we
can go back to being friends...

ENID

I don't think you understand how I
really feel about you, Seymour.

SEYMOUR

...What do you mean?

ENID

(pause)
Nothing. Don't worry, I won't bother
you any more.

EXT. ENID'S NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

A LONG SHOT of Enid as she walks home alone.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Enid & Rebecca walk down the street. Both wear landlord
friendly J. Crew outfits.

ENID

Where are we? This is a weird
neighborhood...

REBECCA

It's a totally normal, average
neighborhood!

ENID

I just mean it's weird to me...
I've never been anywhere near here
in my life.

REBECCA

Josh says this is a really good
neighborhood...

ENID

What? When did you see Josh?!

REBECCA

He came into work.

ENID

Why? What did he say?

REBECCA

Nothing.

ENID

When was this?

REBECCA

I don't know! God, don't act so jealous I only talked to him for two minutes.

They walk along in conspicuous silence.

REBECCA

Twenty-seven fifty-three... do you see it?

(looks around)

That must be it...

ENID

(without enthusiasm)

Great...

REBECCA

What?! It looks totally normal... what's wrong with it?

ENID

I said "great"...

REBECCA

Oh yeah, I can tell you really love it!

ENID

Well, what am I supposed to say? "I can't wait to live in some depressing shit-hole in the middle of nowhere"?!"

REBECCA

There's something wrong with every single place we look at! Why don't you just come right out and tell me you don't want to move in with me?!"

ENID

Because you'll freak out and act like a total psycho about it.

A few passersby stop to watch.

REBECCA

You're the psycho! You haven't been able to deal with anything since high school ended!

ENID

You're the one who's still living

out some stupid seventh-grade fantasy!

REBECCA

(as she walks away
giving her the finger)
FUCK YOU! Have fun living with your
dad for the rest of your life!

INT. ENID'S ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Enid is on her bed, crying. Her jacket and shoes are strewn
about the floor.

ENID

God FUCK YOU TOO!

We see her Dad standing outside her bedroom. As he enters he
tries to make enough noise so that she notices him before
she really embarrasses herself. She stops crying and pretends
to be asleep.

DAD

Pumpkin? What's wrong?

ENID

(her back to him,
doesn't move)
Nothing.

Dad sits next to her on the bed and puts his hand on her
shoulder.

DAD

If there's something wrong I wish
you'd tell me about it...

Enid pulls away from him and sits up on the opposite side of
the bed, facing away from him

ENID

It's nothing -- it's just some
hormonal thing... don't worry about
it...

DAD

I've got some important news to tell
you, but it can wait till later if
you're not feeling...

ENID

What?

DAD

(speaking slowly and
methodically)
Well... as you know, Maxine and I
have been seeing a lot of each other,

and we decided it might be a good idea for all of us if she came back here to live at the end of the Summer, just so we can all get to know each other and to make sure this is what we want.

Enid maintains a poker face for several long seconds before she bursts into tears, utterly defeated.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALL - DAY

Enid, determined, walks down the empty halls. She goes into a room marked "Art Class".

INT. ART CLASS - CONTINUOUS

Roberta is in there with a bearded EX-HIPPY COLLEAGUE.

They're covering a STUDENT in plaster.

ENID

Hi I brought over my application for the art academy... I hope it's not too late...

Roberta, absorbed in her plastering, glances at Enid.

ROBERTA

Just a minute...

Then, realizing who it is...

ROBERTA

Enid! I'm so sorry about what happened.

ENID

What do you mean?

ROBERTA

The whole business with the art show and the newspaper -- it's absolutely --

ENID

Huh?

ROBERTA

Didn't Principal Jaffee call you?

ENID

I didn't check my messages...

ROBERTA

Oh my goodness... well, the whole thing is just ridiculous, and as soon as the school board is back in

session next Fall I'm going to do everything I can to help you.

ENID

Help me what?

ROBERTA

Well they're forcing me to give you a non-passing grade in the class because of what happened at the exhibition... but don't worry -- I'm sure I'll be able to get you your diploma in the Fall!

ENID

(pause, overwhelmed)

But... can I still get that scholarship to the Art Academy?

ROBERTA

I'm sorry, Enid - you have to be an official high school graduate before I can nominate you. I had to give it to someone else... But I'm sure next year I can --

The PLASTER-COVERED STUDENT makes an uncomfortable moaning noise.

EX-HIPPY COLLEAGUE

(flustered, to Roberta)

Hey, can you help me out over here?

EXT. QUALITY CAFE - EVENING (SAME DAY)

Enid walks the streets - it's dark out now. She goes by the Cafe - it's CLOSED FOR REMODELING.

EXT. COMMERCIAL AREA/BUS STOP - LATER

She continues walking until she's across the street from Norman's bus stop. She sees him there, as always. Suddenly, a BUS, well-lit from the inside and completely empty, pulls up to the stop and Norman gets on.

INT. SEYMOUR'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (ABOUT 11 PM)

A knock on the door - Seymour shuffles out in T-shirt, pants, and goofy slippers. He looks through the peephole and sees Enid. He opens the door.

SEYMOUR

What are you doing here?

ENID

I had to see you.

SEYMOUR

What's up?

ENID

Can you at least let me in?

SEYMOUR

Uh... sure... come in.

ENID

(crying)

Look, I just need somebody to be nice to me for five minutes and then I'll leave you alone.

SEYMOUR

What's the matter?

ENID

Do you have anything to drink?

Enid goes to look for herself.

SEYMOUR

Uh... I think there's some root beer...

ENID

What about this?

She returns from the kitchen with a giant bottle of champagne.

SEYMOUR

That's Dana's - I'm supposed to be saving it for our two-month anniversary. You better not --

ENID

(as she starts opening)

FUCK DANA. I'm sick of Dana.

She opens it and drinks straight from the bottle. Seymour's look says: "Oh well, I'm fucked, I give up."

INT. SEYMOUR'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Enid & Seymour sit on the bed listening to old records and drinking out of the bottle.

ENID

You need a bigger place - this is like a little kid's room.

SEYMOUR

I could never move - I've got too much stuff.

Enid notices an extremely ugly modern sculpture in the corner. She goes over and picks it up.

ENID

Where did you get this?

SEYMOUR

Dana bought it when we went antique shopping. She said it didn't go with her stuff, so she gave it to me... she thought it fit in better with my "old time thingamajigs."

ENID

Jesus, how can you stand her?

Seymour takes another slug off the bottle.

SEYMOUR

God, she's going to kill me... this bottle is half-empty!

ENID

That's great! "Half-empty" - that's what I like about you, Seymour, you're a natural pessimist!

SEYMOUR

If you expect the worst, you're never disappointed.

ENID

What are you talking about? You're disappointed every minute of your life.

SEYMOUR

I'm just being realistic.

ENID

At least you're not like every other stupid guy in the world - all they care about are guitars and sports... they're all such fags!

SEYMOUR

I hate sports.

ENID

How come in all that time I was trying to get you a date, you never asked me out?

SEYMOUR

You're a beautiful young girl... I can't imagine you would ever have had any interest in me, except as an

amusingly cranky eccentric curiosity.

ENID

Yeah, but still... it's kind of insulting for a girl to be ignored like that.

SEYMOUR

I mean... of course I... why wouldn't I want to go out with you?

ENID

I dunno... I always feel like everybody secretly hates me. I'm just paranoid I guess. I mean, you like me don't you? We're good friends, right?

SEYMOUR

Yeah, sure. Of course.

ENID

(contemplative pause)
...Maybe I should just move in here with you... I could do all the cooking and dust your record collection and stuff until I get a job.

SEYMOUR

What about Joe?

ENID

Oh yeah... and Dana...
(says her name with whiny, disdainful voice)
You were a lot more fun before you met Dana. You've been acting way too normal lately... you're a bitter, twisted, fucked-up guy, Seymour, that's why I like you.

SEYMOUR

(more drunk than before)
Yeah, well I like you too...

TEN MINUTES LATER

The bottle is empty.

ENID

You know what my number one fantasy used to be?

SEYMOUR

(pause)
What?

ENID

I used to think about one day not telling anybody and just taking off and going to some random place... Do you ever think about stuff like that?

SEYMOUR

I guess I probably used to when I was your age.

ENID

It would have to be some totally average day when nobody was expecting it, and I'd just disappear and they'd never see me again.

SEYMOUR

Sounds like a healthy way to deal with your problems.

ENID

You know what we should do? Let's go get in your car right now and just take off! We could just drive away and find some new place and start a whole new life... fuck everybody!

SEYMOUR

I don't think I'm in any condition to drive.

ENID

I'll drive, then -- we'll go out in a blaze of glory!

SEYMOUR

So where would we go?

ENID

Who cares? Let's just go... what's stopping us?

SEYMOUR

I dunno, I...

ENID

I'm serious! I'm just so sick of everybody! Why can't I just do whatever I want?

SEYMOUR

What do you want?

ENID

What do you want?

SEYMOUR

I-I-I...

ENID

What's the matter with you, Seymour?
Don't you like me? Be a man for once
in your life!

She kisses him passionately. He's shocked but kisses back.

This escalates, leading to the sex act, shown with merciful
brevity.

WE SEE Enid & Seymour, post-coital.

ENID

God, Dana's going to kill you!

SEYMOUR

...Do you really want us to drive
away somewhere?

ENID

What?... Maybe... no... I dunno...

SEYMOUR

I will if you want to.

ENID

No... forget it...

SEYMOUR

(embarrassingly sappy)
I-I never expected anything like
this to happen...

ENID

Yeah, well... me neither...

SEYMOUR

You must know I always... did you
really mean all that about moving in
with me?

ENID

I was just thinking out loud...
(doesn't want to hurt
his feelings)
I mean, you've got this whole thing
with Dana -- I'm not going to let
you fuck that up...

SEYMOUR

But, I...

ENID

Shhh... I really need to get some sleep.

Enid turns her back to him. We see from REVERSE ANGLE that she's only pretending to be asleep. She looks troubled, as though she's just made a big mistake. Seymour puts his arm around her. It's the only time we've seen him look relaxed and happy.

SEYMOUR

Good night...

He kisses her arm and goes to sleep.

INT. SEYMOUR'S ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Seymour wakes up. Enid is gone.

INT. DANA'S OFFICE - EXPANSION REALTY - DAY

Dana is on the phone. A lantern-jawed male COLLEAGUE listens in, his head pressed up against hers.

DANA

(into phone)

It's a thirty-year fixed at five and-a-half...

Seymour nervously enters her "workspace". Dana is pleasantly surprised - she stops her conversation.

DANA

(covering receiver)

Seymour! Hello! What are you doing here?

SEYMOUR

Oh -- please - don't let me interrupt finish your phone call.

DANA

We're almost done.

(she continues into phone)

Hi. Yeah... no, it's excluded. They've already paid the earnest money... well, let them bring it up if they notice it at the final walk through. Right, great, sounds good!

She hangs up and high-fives her colleague. They bear-hug.

COLLEAGUE

Great job! I'm proud of ya! Well, I'll check you guys later. I'm gonna go start the paperwork.

Colleague leaves; Dana turns to Seymour.

DANA

Hey... so, what brings you down here?

SEYMOUR

I uh... I feel that I need to uh -- there's something I feel I have to say... I uh, I've never said this to anyone before -- believe me, I've stayed in horrible relationships for years just so I wouldn't have to do this, but I uh...

DANA

What are you trying to say?

SEYMOUR

It's just that I feel like it's maybe not a good idea for us to keep going out.

Dana sits down, staring ahead, stunned for a moment. Suddenly she breaks down sobbing.

SEYMOUR

I-I honestly never intended for this to happen...

DANA

Please tell me it isn't that teenager!

SEYMOUR

Enid and I were just friends. You know... we feel comfortable around each other... she really likes my old records and...

DANA

I can't believe this! I thought at the very least a guy like you would never pull this kind of shit on me!

She starts crying again. Seymour awkwardly tries to comfort her.

SEYMOUR

Dana, I... um...

Dana pushes him away violently.

DANA

You disgusting pig! You're just an overgrown baby who can't deal with a woman your own age. You pathetic weakling! You make me sick!

INT. ENID'S ROOM - THE SAME DAY

Enid is now utterly defeated. The phone rings. She lets the machine pick it up. Maxine enters.

MAXINE

May I ask what you're doing?

ENID

Shhh!

MAXINE

I want to know what you think you're doing, staying out all night and worrying your father to death!

ENID

Oh yeah, like he even noticed.

MAXINE

Listen, young lady... I know you don't like me -- I don't really care whether you do or not -- but I will not allow you to treat your father the way you do.

We hear Seymour on the machine in the background...

SEYMOUR (V.O.)

I really want to talk to you. I've been thinking about what you said about moving in here...

ENID

I can treat him any way I want to - I'm an adult! Leave me alone!

Maxine leaves. Seymour finishes his message. Enid picks up the phone and dials.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Hello?

ENID

I need to talk to you.

INT. THE COFFEE EXPERIENCE - DAY

Enid & Rebecca sit at a table. Rebecca is wearing her uniform.

ENID

I'm sorry about the other day. I don't know what's wrong with me... I really do want to move in with you.

REBECCA

I don't know... I was thinking maybe I should live alone. I decided to rent that place we looked at. I'm moving in next week.

ENID

Please let me come with you. Please please please...

REBECCA

I don't know - I'm not sure it's a good idea.

ENID

Of course it's a good idea... it's our plan.

REBECCA

But how are you gonna pay rent and everything? You don't even have a job.

ENID

I'll get a job tomorrow, I promise. If I don't, you can totally tell me to fuck off.

INT. ENID'S ROOM - LATE MORNING

Enid is putting on her shoes. Her Dad opens the door slightly and sticks his head in.

DAD

Pumpkin, are you in there?

ENID

Are you going to yell at me?

DAD

About what?

DAD

Yeah, I heard about that.

ENID

I was in a horrible mood - tell her not to worry, I'll be completely out of her life in a few days.

DAD

She understands what you're going through and she really wants to help you. She says that job at Computer Station is still available if you want it.

ENID

I-I'm not sure... yeah, maybe.

DAD

Actually, I was just checking to see if you were here - your friend Seymour is on his way up.

ENID

What do you mean "on his way up"!?

DAD

I just buzzed him in.

Just then, three sharp KNOCKS on the front door.

ENID

What's wrong with you?! Tell him I'm not here!

DAD

But I can't --

ENID

JUST DO IT!

Dad goes to answer the door. Enid hides in her room.

DAD (V.O.)

I'm not sure when she'll be back...

Enid looks out the window and sees Seymour walking away. She has a terribly sad look on her face.

INT. SEYMOUR'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Seymour sits in dim light, dialing an antique "candlestick" telephone. In the background, a Peter, Paul and Mary concert plays on the TV. We hear three rings followed by Enid's answering machine message. He hangs up before it finishes. Joe walks by the doorway.

JOE

Well, here's where the fun never stops!

SEYMOUR

Yeah, I'm really, really happy. Really having a good time.

JOE

Still torturing yourself over that Enid, huh?

Seymour doesn't answer. He looks away.

SEYMOUR

Where else am I ever going to find

another girl who likes Geeshie Wiley records?

(pause)

She could at least have the decency to call me back.

JOE

Maybe she was just using you to try and get back at some guy. Who knows? It could be a million things. It's wasted time trying to logically figure out the female brain, that's for sure.

Again no answer from Seymour, he stares off into space.

JOE

Maybe she's got another boyfriend.

SEYMOUR

(bummed out, wants Joe to stop)
Yeah, well... thanks for cheering me up.

JOE

(deadpan)
No problem.

Seymour looks so miserable that even Joe has some compassion for him.

JOE

Look at it this way - at least things can't get any worse.

Joe leaves. Seymour is left listening to the record.

INT. COOK'S CHICKEN HEADQUARTERS - DAY.

Seymour is at work, walking down a carpeted hallway with many doors on both sides. A door opens and a Tony Robbins-ish, 35 year-old MANAGEMENT EXECUTIVE sticks his head out.

EXECUTIVE

Seymour! Just the man I want to see. Step in here for a minute.

Seymour enters.

EXECUTIVE

Have a seat.

He plunks down the current issue of THE FREE WEEKLY - it's open to a 1/2 page article on page 8 with the headline "Oh Brother!" and a photo of THE PAINTING being removed.

EXECUTIVE

What can you tell me about this,
Seymour?

INT. ENID & REBECCA'S NEW APT.

Enid is wearing a bright orange "Computer Station" T-shirt and a yellow vest with a "trainee" tag. She's looking around at her new home: a hopelessly drab, characterless apartment.

REBECCA

So, whaddya think?

ENID

It's fine.

REBECCA

So where's all your stuff?

Enid points to a small box with sketchbook, etc.

ENID

There.

REBECCA

That's all you're bringing?

ENID

I'm gonna finish packing tonight...
I'll bring it over tomorrow sometime.

REBECCA

What time?

ENID

I dunno...

REBECCA

Make sure you're here by noon - we
have tons of stuff to do... Oh yeah!
I have to show you something else!

She drags Enid into the kitchen and opens a BUILT-IN IRONING BOARD as though it's the most amazing thing she's ever-seen.

REBECCA

Isn't this the greatest?

INT. ENID'S ROOM - LATE EVENING

Enid is sorting her stuff into boxes. Digging through her closet, she finds a box that she doesn't recognize. Inside are her old children's records (45's). She excitedly takes one out and plays it. She folds her clothes while listening to this song, which clearly is getting to her. She grabs mechanically for the next thing hanging in her closet. It's the uniform from her job at "Computer Station." She folds

it, puts it in the box, then stops, staring at the orange fabric.

INT. ENID AND REBECCA'S APT. - THE NEXT DAY

Rebecca is nervously arranging and re-arranging her stuff.

She puts up her gigantic new kitchen wall clock and sets the time to 12:45. She goes to the phone and calls Enid. The machine picks up and Rebecca hangs up. She does another tedious, pointless task. IT'S NOW 3:30. She's pissed off and goes to the phone to call again. As it rings there's a knock on the door. Relieved, she hangs up and goes to answer.

REBECCA

(as she opens the door)

What's wrong with you, retard - it's three-thirty!

It's Seymour standing there, not Enid.

SEYMOUR

Uh... hi. Uh... Enid's stepmother told me I'd find her here?

REBECCA

She's not at home?

SEYMOUR

No... they said she was here...

REBECCA

What the fuck is she doing?! She was supposed to be here three hours ago!

SEYMOUR

Uh, do you mind if I wait? I really need to talk to her.

REBECCA

(allows him to step inside but leaves the door open)

Are you sure she wasn't there? Maybe she was just hiding from you.

SEYMOUR

Why would she be hiding from me?

REBECCA

I don't know... where is she, then?

SEYMOUR

Maybe she's with Josh?

REBECCA

Josh!? Why would she be with Josh?

SEYMOUR

I don't know.

REBECCA

Why? What did she tell you?

SEYMOUR

She just mentioned him a few times and said that they had been dating - I thought maybe she was...

REBECCA

What? Is she having some secret affair with Josh?

SEYMOUR

I have no idea - I just want to...

REBECCA

Why wouldn't she tell me? There's no way! She could never keep that to herself... you're crazy.

SEYMOUR

Really, I don't know enough about it to...

REBECCA

That slut!

SEYMOUR

(changing subject
back to me)

Why did you say she might be hiding from me? Did she say anything to you about me?

REBECCA

(getting revenge on
Seymour)

Yeah, she thinks you're a dork.

SEYMOUR

Did she say that?

REBECCA

Look, what do you expect? Considering how we met you.

SEYMOUR

What do you mean?

REBECCA

On that pathetic fake blind date.

SEYMOUR

What are you talking about?

REBECCA

Didn't she ever tell you about that?
God, she really is pathological...

SEYMOUR

What fake blind date? What are you
talking about?

Rebecca goes over and gets Enid's sketchbook out of the box and flips through it. When she gets to the right page she hands it to Seymour.

REBECCA

Here. Read it and weep.

We see a pasted-up PERSONAL AD beside a DRAWING OF SEYMOUR in Wovsville. On the facing page we see a drawing of JOSH with his name surrounded by RED HEARTS.

EXT. SIDEWINDER - AFTERNOON

Seymour's car screeches into the parking lot. He bursts into the store, ready for once in his life to make a scene.

INT. SIDEWINDER - AFTERNOON

Josh is behind the counter cleaning the Slurpee machine, with his back to the entrance, as Seymour storms in. Doug is over by the magazine rack reading a dirt bike magazine.

SEYMOUR

I hope you had a good laugh at my
expense.

Josh turns around - what's going on? He recognizes Seymour.

JOSH

Huh... oh... hi... uh...

SEYMOUR

You want to see something funny?
I'll show you something funny!

As he says this he flips over a SMALL DISPLAY RACK of potato chips. Then he tries to flip over a BIG DISPLAY CASE in front of the counter but is unable to budge it - he keeps trying and gets more and more frustrated.

JOSH

HEY!

Josh runs from behind the counter to stop him before he creates a huge mess. He tries to grab Seymour and they get into a ridiculous frantic scuffle. Seymour starts yelling.

Suddenly Doug appears and gets Seymour in a choke hold with his nunchucks. Doug ad-libs cop-style jargon. Josh is freaked out. Seymour realizes what a fool he is and starts to cry.

The Boss comes out of the back room...

BOSS

Josh! What going on here?!

INT. ENID & REBECCA'S APARTMENT - AROUND MIDNIGHT

The apartment is dark - lit only by a harsh, annoying streetlight. Rebecca sits on the couch in sweat clothes, exasperated. She goes to look out the window. Cars with loud radios can be heard driving by. She goes to the phone - she checks it and hangs up. Pause. She picks it up again - one last try. She dials the number and waits. We hear the BEEP of the answering machine. Rebecca hangs up.

She gets into a sleeping bag (spread out in the center of a cold linoleum floor). She zips the zipper all the way over her head and curls up into a whimpering ball.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD: "SEVERAL MONTHS LATER"

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The dialogue begins in voice-over as the title card fades. We slowly fade in to see Seymour, lying on a pink pastel psychiatrist's couch, as he speaks to his THERAPIST, a handsome, well-coiffed woman in her late 40s.

SEYMOUR

I have to admit, things have really started looking up for me since my life turned to shit.

THERAPIST

So tell me more about this job. What exactly will you be doing?

SEYMOUR

Well, mostly archival research, cataloguing old records and writing liner notes for their CD reissues. It's really... I can't believe it.

THERAPIST

Remember what I said when we first started -- this little breakdown might turn out to be the best thing that ever happened to you!

SEYMOUR

It doesn't pay very much, but I should

be able to afford my own place in a few months... Do you think that's too soon? I'm really anxious to get my record collection out of storage...

THERAPIST

Why don't we start with that next week?

Seymour looks up. She nods toward the large wall clock behind her: thirty seconds after five. Re gets up and she walks him slowly toward the door.

SEYMOUR

Thank you, doctor.

THERAPIST

(as she opens the door)

Don't thank me. You're doing all the work.

A pause. They stand facing each other.

THERAPIST

Seymour?

SEYMOUR

Yes?

THERAPIST

Do you have a check for me?

Seymour takes a filled-out check from his shirt pocket. In the waiting room, we see SEYMOUR'S MOTHER.

MOTHER

Seymour? Are you done? Did you have a chance to think about what you might want for dinner while you were in there?

SEYMOUR

We can talk about it in the car, Ma...

As they leave Seymour looks back and smiles weakly at the doctor.

INT. QUALITY CAFE - LATE AFTERNOON

The Cafe has been FULLY REMODELED and now resembles Wovsville more than the old Quality Cafe. There are no neighborhood "characters" anymore, only well-heeled twenty-somethings. We see that Rebecca is now a waitress here. She tears off a check and places it in front of a super-muscular, polo shirted EUROPEAN HIPSTER, who is too busy tapping away at his

POWERBOOK to notice.

She walks toward the end of the counter to total up her receipts. She looks up and sees Enid, wearing tasteful 1930's style clothes, sitting across from her.

ENID

Hi.

REBECCA

Oh, hi... I almost didn't recognize you -- I think I need to get glasses; you're all blurry!

ENID

(nodding toward
muscular HIPSTER)
You're lucky then, you can't see the veins on that guy's biceps.

REBECCA

Actually, he's a really nice guy.

We see at this point that Rebecca & Enid are no longer friends, but there are also no hard feelings evident.

REBECCA

Do you want anything?

ENID

Maybe an orange juice.

Rebecca goes to get it. Enid looks around, bemused and saddened by what The Quality Cafe has become.

ENID

Hey, look what I got...

She takes a crumpled envelope from her pocket and pulls out her DIPLOMA.

REBECCA

Wow... finally.

ENID

It just came yesterday...

Pause. Josh enters. Enid turns around.

JOSH

Hi Enid.

ENID

Hey Josh.

JOSH

Are you ready to go?

For a moment it's not clear who he's talking to, and then:

REBECCA
(still counting
receipts)
Yeah, just one second...

She finishes, takes off her apron and emerges from behind the counter. She kisses Josh perfunctorily.

REBECCA
(to Josh)
Did you remember to pay the phone
bill?

JOSH
Yeah.

REBECCA
(to Enid)
Call me sometime.

ENID
Definitely. We still have to go to
that shoe store sometime.

Rebecca & Josh leave. Enid is totally alone in the now-alien world of the Quality Cafe. A momentary pause as she calmly stares into her orange juice. We see a small, round TRAVEL BAG at her feet.

EXT. CITY STREETS/ACME SHOES - EVENING

We see Enid walking down the familiar streets of her world. It's early evening, quiet except for distant street noises.

She walks toward the old ACME SHOES AND REPAIR STORE. It looks the same, miraculously preserved, until she stands right in front of it. She looks through the partially papered over window and sees WORKMEN inside installing new fixtures: a modern counter and several small tables, all made from a FAMILIAR GREEN PLASTIC. A sign in the window reads: "Coming Soon: Another COFFEE EXPERIENCE."

EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING

She continues walking as the sun has set and there is a calm stillness to the city. She turns a corner and is startled by her reflection in a large window made of one-way glass. She stops and looks at herself. Everything about her looks perfect for once; no need to change a thing. She moves closer to the glass and, shading her eyes, tries to look inside.

She continues walking. Darkness is just setting in and she has the street all to herself.

EXT. COMMERCIAL AREA/BUS STOP - NIGHT

We see Enid at NORMAN'S BUS STOP, sitting on the bench. She looks at the apartment building across the street. A woman who has just arrived home from work turns on the TV, bathing her living room with that EERIE BLUE LIGHT. The same thing happens in another window down the street... then another... Enid looks down the street. In the distance A BUS rounds the corner and heads toward her.

From a third-story window across the street, we see the bus as it arrives and stops, blocking Enid from view. A moment later it pulls away, leaving an empty bench. The CAMERA moves upward, farther and farther away as the music swells and the credits roll.

EXT. BRIDGE - EVENING

The bus disappears over the crest of the bridge.

THE END