

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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SATURDAY NIGHT - JEROME KASS

ROCHELLE

Our bodies fitted together perfectly, sensually. He kissed me here and there and everywhere, always gently, always lightly...

ELLIE

Yes?

ROCHELLE

Then he began to undress me.

ELLIE

What?

ROCHELLE

Piece by piece,. Garment by garment to the rhythm of "Happy days".

ELLIE

Lovely.

ROCHELLE

At first slowly with control. Then gradually, with a passion, a searing, soaring passion. A hunger, a desperation. My dress, My slip (sings "Happy days are here again".. (Ellie takes the song through rest of speech) My stockings, my shoes...By the time he reached my panties, he was bursting with excitement, and he ripped them off me...

ELLIE

Wow!

ROCHELLE

Ripped them off like a primordial beast descending upon Earth Mother. Are you with me Ellie?

ELLIE

With you? In a minute I'm going to have a heart attack!

ROCHELLE

We were naked. We were on the sofa. I was tearing at his hair. I was scratching at his face.

(MORE)

ROCHELLE (CONT'D)

I was panting, screaming biting,
bursting!

ELLIE

I know! I know!

ROCHELLE

Then...suddenly...like an
unexpected cough from someone in
the audience at the climactic
moment of a great
play...suddenly...

ELLIE

What? What?

ROCHELLE

He started to cry.

ELLIE

What?...Why?

ROCHELLE

He said it very simply. "I'm no
good with women."

ELLIE

What? You mean..? (Rochelle nods)
Oh, no!

ROCHELLE

He cried and cried.

ELLIE

Don't end it like that Rochelle.

ROCHELLE

But that's the way it was.

ELLIE

I don't like it.

ROCHELLE

Bob Robinson is nothing more nor
less than representative man. Man
in the modern world. A living dead
man in a dying world. We all share
his fate.

ELLIE

Change the ending, Rochelle, make
it happy. You can end it any way
you like.

ROCHELLE

My endings are inevitable. The tragedy is inevitable when you're a truthful artist.

ELLIE

I don't like tragedy.

ROCHELLE

He showed me a letter he had written to his mother when he first found out. It ended with the word "help."

ELLIE

I don't want to hear this. I'm not interested.

ROCHELLE

His mother never answered his letter.

ELLIE

Liar! That never happened there is no Bob Robinson. You never go anywhere except to work. The rest of the time you're taking care of your senile father, so what are you giving me that you were stripped by a fairy?

ROCHELLE

Ellie, what's wrong with you?

ELLIE

I don't know why I let you get me so upset. It's all fantasy anyway. And you do it so well. By now I can't tell any more what's real and what isn't.

ROCHELLE

That's the whole object. When the fantasy becomes real as real life-more real even-that's art.

ELLIE

Art, my foot! It's lying, and I'm sick of it.

ROCHELLE

It's not lying.

ELLIE

Is there a Bob Robinson or isn't there?

ROCHELLE

Of course there is.

ELLIE

Did you go out with him last night or not?

ROCHELLE

Shakespeare didn't have to murder someone to write Macbeth. It's creating.

ELLIE

It's destroying.

ROCHELLE

That's right destroying mediocrity. Destroying ugliness . Destroying misery. Because that's what the real world is. For all sensitive people.

ELLIE

Leave me alone. Rochelle. Once and for all leave me alone with your sensitive people and your intellectuals and your artists. I'm none of those things. I'm a Jewish girl from the Bronx. That's all I am and all I want to be.

ROCHELLE

That's not all you want to be I remember a girl I met more than a year ago. , a girl who worked in an insurance office typing up policies eight hours a day and then went home to a mother who despised her and a father who never spoke to her..

ELLIE

Stop it Rochelle..

ROCHELLE

I remember a girl who used to go to dances and no one ever asked her to dance.

(MORE)

ROCHELLE (CONT'D)

I remember a girl who used to cry herself to sleep and keep a vial of sleeping pills under her mattress for the time when life became completely unbearable..

ELLIE

I'm not that girl anymore...

ROCHELLE

And I remember I invited that girl up here on a Saturday night and introduced her to salvation. Together, in our mutual despair, refusing to surrender to our misery, we created a new life for ourselves. We gave each other comfort and compassion and that girl blossomed. She came alive.

ELLIE

I don't need it anymore-the simple fact is I've met a man.

ROCHELLE

What?

ELLIE

He works in my office.

ROCHELLE

Howie?

ELLIE

Ira. There is no Howie.

ROCHELLE

No Howie? You told me wonderful stories about Howie

ELLIE

I made them up

ROCHELLE

They were wonderful inventions

ELLIE

I'm through making up stories. Do you want to hear about Ira?

ROCHELLE

Is Ira a new creation?

ELLIE

No Ira is real. Do you want to hear about him?

ROCHELLE

Tell me a story, Ellie

ELLIE

This is a true story. About the first real date I've had in years.

ROCHELLE

Make it exciting. Very exciting.

ELLIE

He works in my office. He asked me out for last night. I accepted.

ROCHELLE

Your stories last week were thrilling

ELLIE

He took me to a movie in Manhattan..

ROCHELLE

You gave tremendous signs of growth..

ELLIE

Don't ask me what movie I saw because I didn't notice we were busy necking in the balcony..

ROCHELLE

Transcend reality. Reach for something larger than life.

ELLIE

After the movie we went for pizza and we talked and laughed. Ira has a terrific sense of humour.

ROCHELLE

Let me finish the story, Ellie.

ELLIE

He took me home in a taxi and I invited him in. My parents were asleep so we just sat and talked. Ira's a terrific talker.

RCHELLE

Don't do this to me,, Ellie,
please..

ELLIE

We went into my bedroom and we
necked some more..

ROCHELLE

You necked with a creep like that?

ELLIE

He's not a creep. He's a wonderful
person.

ROCHELLE

Ha!

ELLIE

He's an intellectual. He graduated
from Harvard. First in his class
Valedictorian.

ROCHELLE

That's it.

ELLIE

He adores me. He wants to marry me.
My mother thinks I can't find a
husband. Well we'll just see!
Misfit huh!

ROCHELLE

That's it go on! Go on!

ELLIE

This man could be anything he wants
to be. He looks like a god. The
handsomest man I ever saw.

ROCHELLE

Okay, but what's his flaw Ellie?
What's his fatal flaw?

ELLIE

He's flawless he's absolutely
flawless! (the telephone rings,
stunned!) Oh, God...what am I
talking about?

ROCHELLE

Don't stop Ellie, you're doing
beautifully.

ELLIE

You see what you do to me? Ira's none of those things. He's just a nice guy.

ROCHELLE

Go on with your story

ELLIE

The telephone's ringing

ROCHELLE

Let it ring

ELLIE

Oh, Rochelle, we have to stop this.

ROCHELLE

Tell me a story.

ELLIE

Please answer the phone.

ROCHELLE

No! (Ellie goes to the phone)

ELLIE

Hello?...No...One Minute (To Rochelle) It's about your father.