"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 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

top 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.

who is

She makes eye-contact with REBECCA, another graduate,
an

also trying to stifle her laughter. The SPEAKER is in

deVICES.

elaborate wheelchair with severe-looking traction

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

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 seesaw, 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-"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...

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

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

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

MELOTTA
So what are you guys doing this Summer?

ENID
Nothing.

MELOTTA
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 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. WOWSVILLE 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. WOWSVILLE 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 hear weird sounds like BOOTS WALKING THROUGH DEEP MUD.

**ENID & REBECCA**

EEEEWWWW!

Enid lurches forward to avert her gaze. She clicks off VCR, but leaves the TV on. She notices a PHOTO ALBUM on 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! Hcnh hcnh...
(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 jerks 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. WOWSVILLE 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 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?
I dunno...

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

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

Not a thing.

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

(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.

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.

Jesus, look at this guy.

Oh my God, that's HIM!

Are you sure?

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 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 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

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 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 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 suit and hat sitting at what was once a bus stop. The 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—titles like "Make Explosives At Home." Rebecca walks over to the magazine rack.

"Make
rak.

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.
ANGEL 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 Wowsville (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
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

(interupts 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 Lolitas" - 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.
Like what?

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

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

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

(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...

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

Will you get off my back for once?

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

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

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.
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 lesbians...

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
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.

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' atchya 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' atchya 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 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 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 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
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 "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 Dusentrieb 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, long CLUBHOPPER TYPE in platform shoes looks at the clothes; the BOY, ahaired 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
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
Arrrghhh! 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...

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; knocks. Josh opens the door, stunned. Enid is wearing uncharacteristically "sexy" outfit.

**JOSH**
Hi... what's up?

**ENID**
Can I come in?

**INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

(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 work from Roberta's class: a collection of eccentric 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  
(coversing 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 plucks down the current issue of THE FREE WEEKLY - 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
closet, she finds a box that she doesn't recognize.
are her old children's records (45's). She excitedly
one out and plays it. She folds her clothes while
to this song, which clearly is getting to her. She
mechanically for the next thing hanging in her closet.
the uniform from her job at "Computer Station." She
it, puts it in the box, then stops, staring at the
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
time to 12:45. She goes to the phone and calls Enid.
machine picks up and Rebecca hangs up. She does another
tedious, pointless task. IT'S NOW 3:30. She's pissed
goes to the phone to call again. As it rings there's a
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 Wowsville. 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 - checks it and hangs up. Pause. She picks it up again - 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 cold linoleum floor). She zips the zipper all the way over her head and curls up into a whimpering ball.

FADE TO

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 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 Wowsville more than the old Quality Cafe. There are no "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...


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
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 stands 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 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