CHUTZPAH, A SCREENPLAY

THESIS

Presented to the Graduate Council of the University of North Texas in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements For the Degree

MASTER OF ARTS

By

Melanie R. Connors, B.A.
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*CHUTZPAH* is a romantic movie set in Manhattan. The events surrounding the death of a wealthy eccentric cumulate into a farcical search for the old man's fortune when it is stolen shortly after his funeral. Ellen, the protagonist, hires a detective to find out who stole her grandfather's money (a substantial sum of which was willed to her).

As Mark, the detective, works on the case, a relationship between him and Ellen develops, and the search for the money becomes secondary. Ellen's charm and her relationship with her zany Yiddish relatives endear her to Mark while they together find chutzpah in disaster.
CHUTZPAH
by Melanie Connors

EXT. NEW YORK CITY. DAY

CU ON SIGN over restaurant door, "Sting Lung Lo." MR. HO, a slight Chinese man about 40, RUSHES nervously out of the busy restaurant. When he reaches the sidewalk he looks up at a third story apartment window.

SWISH PAN

INT. ELLEN JACOBY'S APARTMENT. DAY

ON ELLEN

a tallish woman of 27, she has auburn hair, slightly disarrayed. She wears vintage clothing—a navy-blue dress, calf-length, with a forties-style neck. She gathers her pocketbook and cello. She TURNS as she hears someone call her name.

MR. HO (v.o.)
ERRRRRREEEEEEN!

Glancing at her watch, Ellen runs to the window.

ON MR. HO

looking up at Ellen.

MR. HO
We lan out of onion!
You go to Foodtown?

ON ELLEN

leaning out of the window.

ELLEN
(shaking her head)
Sorry, Mr. Ho. I'm already late for work.
DISSOLVE TO

CREDITS BEGIN

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET. DAY

Lively, staccatoed CLASSICAL MUSIC is playing.

WIDE ANGLE ON ELLEN

walking along the streets of Greenwich Village. She is moving quickly, struggling with her cello.

ON SIDEWALK

as she approaches the street to Lombardi's; she gets her shoe stuck in an iron grate, and walks, unbalanced, for a second with only one shoe. Balancing her cello, she retrieves the shoe and starts to walk faster.

A SMALL BLACK BOY, about six years old, is watching her. As he walks by, he swings both arms and shakes his butt.

ON BOY

looking at Ellen

    BOY
    (doing a bump-grind)
    Hey Bahaby!

ON ELLEN

as she looks in his direction, then smiles. She keeps walking.

CREDITS END

ON RESTAURANT

As she reaches the door, her boss, RICK, a short, balding man with dark sideburns, holds the door open for her.
INT. RESTAURANT. DAY

ON RICK

as his gaze follows Ellen.

RICK
(looking at his watch)
Right on time--seven minutes late.

Still looking at Ellen, he watches as she walks to the bar, where she stores her handbag.

ELLEN
(Winded, looking embarrassed)
Sorry. My carburetor flooded again and I got stuck waiting.

RICK
(trying to pat her on the rear)
Never mind. Just get to work. What would you do if you didn't have such an easy boss?

ON ELLEN

avoiding Rick's reach. She pauses to give an answer, but says nothing and smiles. Then she throws her handbag on a shelf behind the bar.

ON BARTENDER

ALAN, a tall cheerful man about forty, of Irish-Italian descent--blond, with a substantial nose. He hands her a glass of soda. CAMERA FOLLOWS ELLEN while she sips her drink she walks quickly to the stage and joins the other musicians, who have been waiting for her.

WIDE-ANGLE ON MUSCIANS

--violinist, soloist, pianist and Ellen playing.

POV CUSTOMERS--FAVORING ELLEN playing operatic music.
CLOSE SHOT OF SOLOIST

while he begins singing. CAMERA SHIFTS TO WAITERS as they stop serving and watch with the customers who look on approvingly.

A SERIES OF ANGLES

on musicians and soloist as they perform and the CAMERA shifts between them. As the soloist begins, the musicians watch the soloist attentively.

DISSOLVE TO

LARCHMONT, NY.

INT. YADGAROFF HOUSE. DAY (RESTAURANT MUSIC OVERLAPPING)

ON FRANZ YADGAROFF

perched precariously on a chair. A short man with an olive complexion, about eighty, Franz is standing on a chair trying to pry loose a light fixture with a pair of visegrips. Occasionally he looks down at the floor, as he is afraid of falling. He cannot get a proper grip on the fixture and strains to pull it off.

SOPHIE YADGAROFF, wife of Franz, calls from the other room.

SOPHIE (o.s.)
Fritzie, get down from there!
You’ll hurt yourself!

Ignoring his wife, Franz gives the fixture another yank. The fixture loosens slightly. Suddenly he begins grabbing the air blindly and falls.

ANGLE ON DOOR
SOPHIE, hearing the THUD, runs into the room.

ON SOPHIE

She is a hefty woman with a nervous step. Her hair is pulled into a tight bun. Seeing her unconscious husband lying on the floor, she screams and runs to him. MUSIC STILL PLAYING, it crescendoes as she reaches him.

CUT TO

INT. FRANZ YADGAROFF'S BEDROOM. DAY. Two days later.

Several members of the YADGAROFF family are gathered around Franz's bed. Franz has had a stroke. Standing near Sophie are LILIE, Franz's sister; MR. JACOBY, Franz's son-in-law; his wife, MRS. JACOBY; and her sister, MRS. COHEN. Mrs. Jacoby and Mrs. Cohen are Franz's daughters. There is an undeniable family resemblance between the two. Both have greying reddish hair and fairly hefty builds. Mrs. Jacoby is shorter than her sister. Aunt Lilie stands on the other side of the bed. Unable to speak, Franz watches as the relatives look on solicitously. His breathing is labored.

ON SOPHIE

moving nervously as she tries to give him a drink.

SOPHIE

(bending over Franz)

Honey, try and drink something.

ON FRANZ

as Sophie leans in closely and examines his face. She grabs a box of kleenex and wipes the perspiration from his forehead.

We see Franz moving his lips, but hear no sound. Sophie continues hovering over his bed, weeping quietly.
SOPHIE
(continuing)
Ellen should be here any
minute.

CU FRANZ His face brightens.

ON SOPHIE
as she puts the cup down and props Franz's head up to a
more comfortable position.

ON FRANZ
who lifts his left hand weakly toward the ceiling.

ON MRS. COHEN and MRS. JACOBY
looking puzzled; but the attention shifts to Ellen.

ON ELLEN
entering the room.
She throws her bag on a chair and walks toward Franz.

ELLEN
(Kissing Mrs. Jacoby)
Hi, Mom.

CU FRANZ
he is obviously glad to see Ellen; his face is now alert,
though he still cannot speak.

Ellen leans over and kisses him.

CU MRS. COHEN
She looks exasperated at the attention Ellen is getting
and grimaces at Franz and Ellen.
ON FRANZ

as he points to the light fixture. Everyone follows his finger.

ELLEN
Poppi's trying to tell us something.

CU MRS. COHEN scowling at Ellen and Franz.

MRS. COHEN
(muttering)
Now he's getting religious!

They all look confused. Impatient, Mrs. Cohen glances at her watch. Franz falls back on the bed and shuts his eyes. Ellen takes his hands.

ON ELLEN

who leans close to her grandfather. Tears stream down her cheeks.

ELLEN
(crooning)
We love you, Poppi.

MRS. JACOBY
(turning to leave)
Now we'll have to figure out whatever he's trying to say from one of his famous cryptic messages. Never in my life have I seen anyone write so many idiotic notes!

(MRS. JACOBY)
Such a terrible time for a stroke--just before his birthday.

DISSOLVE TO
INT. ELLEN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

The apartment is a walk-up tenement in Greenwich Village. Clothes, books, and music folders lie scattered everywhere. The typically narrow, dingy flat has one bedroom and a loft; there is an old fashioned bathtub in the middle of the living room, which is piled full with books. On the old black couch (with wooden spindle legs) are about seven dresses.

ON BATHROOM DOOR

as a DRESS comes flying out of the room and LAURA, Ellen's roommate, sitting on the living room couch, catches it and dumps it on the couch with the others. LAURA is slightly shorter than Ellen; she has long black hair, slightly wavy. She's a bit zaftig. She has on a pair of tight jeans and a sleeveless sweatshirt.

ON ELLEN

standing in the bathroom doorway, looking self-conscious. A cocker spaniel is walking in circles around Ellen's feet. Ellen's low-cut dress is slightly big for her. Laura looks at her before saying anything.

ELLEN
(tripping over the dog)
Well, whaddya think?

LAURA
(squinting at Ellen)
It could be worse.

Ellen walks over to a mirror. The dog still follows her.
ELLEN
(Examining herself)
(beat)
Thanks. Maybe you're right. The bright side is that everything I wear smells like Moo Goo Gai Pan. At least we don't live above a hamburger joint. Grandma hates french fries.

LAURA
(stifling a giggle)
Don't you know you're not supposed to go to a funeral looking like you just ripped off the Salvation Army? Where'd you get that rag, anyway?

ELLEN
(sighing as she plops on a chair)
Fifty-third street.

LAURA
Where?

ELLEN
GOODWILL, where'd ya think?

LAURA
How could I be so dense?
ELLEN
(looking in the mirror)
Mom once said I look like a bag lady from the forties.
(beat)
I know I look horrible in black. But I really can't think straight. This is the first time I've been to a funeral of anyone close to me. And since Stan and I split up, I haven't had the money to get a decent outfit. Thank God the funeral's two days away.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON ELLEN
as she stares out the window. A tear trickles down her cheek.

ON LAURA
watching Ellen. She assumes a more compassionate look, then disappears behind a wardrobe, soon reappearing with another dress.

LAURA
(laying the dress next to Ellen, and touching her shoulder lightly)
Try this.

ELLEN
(looking up vacantly)
Thanks.

ON RINGING TELEPHONE
Laura and Ellen both look up. Laura runs to get it.

ON LAURA
talking on the phone.
LAURA
Hello
(beat)
Just a Minute.

Laura signals to Ellen to take the phone. Ellen gets up to answer it.

ON ELLEN
talking on the phone.

ELLEN
Yeah.
(beat)
WHAT?????
(beat)

Ellen leans against the wall and begins twisting the telephone cord around her arm.

You're serious?
(beat)
How much?
(beat)
When?

ON LAURA
listening to Ellen's end of the conversation.

ELLEN
(continuing)
All right....thanks.

Laura looks up at Ellen curiously.

ON COCKER SPANIEL
as he perks up.

LAURA
(throwing herself on the couch)
What was that all about?
ELLEN
(looking slightly dazed)
Poppi left me $45,000.

LAURA
(eyeing her with admiration)
Forty-five THOUSAND!!!

ELLEN
Can you believe it?

LAURA
Not bad. Now you can get out of this hole.

There is a THUD followed by some incomprehensible SCREAMING and YELLING from downstairs. The cocker spaniel starts barking. We hear snips of Chinese through the walls.

LAURA
They're at it again. I wonder what it is now.

ELLEN
(Cocking her ear to the yells and screams downstairs)
Probably ranting about running out of something again. At least when I'm outta here I won't have to listen to Mr. Ho have a nervous breakdown everytime his wife forgets the produce order. I thought he was gonna kill her when they ran out of bok choy last week.

LAURA
So when are you gonna get all this moolah?
ELLEN
(gathering an armful of dresses)
Brandy, the lawyer, wants to wait until after the funeral, of course.

LAURA
A lawyer named Brandy? Sounds more like a stripper.

ON ELLEN
pausing for a moment.
Laura watches her cautiously.

LAURA
Really, what are you gonna do with the money?

ELLEN
(laughing)
Buy some new clothes, for starters.

Ellen begins putting the dresses on hangers.

LAURA
Why not Martinique? Crete? Palma de Mallorca?

ELLEN
I haven't even seen the money yet and already she's making travel arrangements!

LAURA
Gosh, you sure are lucky.

ELLEN
(assuming Jewish accent)
So, is it so terrible that I have, well, a small fortune.
(looking mischievous)
There's only one thing missing.
Ellen grabs an afghan from the couch and, throwing it over her shoulders to make a mock shawl, starts moving across the room, feigning a Jewish dance.

ELLEN
(continuing)
(singing and dancing)
If I had a rich man ...ya da da da da did de da de de de da da de da deedle dum.
Now I've got a little bitty sum, I just need an honest man! Ha!

ON LAURA
smiling. She picks up the cocker spaniel and puts him on her lap.

ON ELLEN
as she throws the afghan back on the couch, grabs the pile of dresses, and walks into the bathroom.

ELLEN (o.s.)
The next problem is my cousin Bernie. He'll hate me for it.

Ellen returns in another dress. Laura nods approvingly. Ellen walks to the wardrobe mirror.

LAURA
(looking at Ellen's dress)
Three hundred percent better. By the way, how come the old man left you so much?

ELLEN
I was his favorite. I spent summers with him and Grandma until I turned sixteen. That's probably why Poppi didn't want a public reading.
LAURA

Hunh?

ELLEN

You don't know my relatives. They'd kill each other over a quarter.

LAURA

In that case, Just make sure you leave your inheritance to me before you bite the dust.

NEW ANGLE ON ELLEN

as she digs through the closet for a pair of matching shoes. She steps into them, practically falling over.

ELLEN

Boy, these are high!

LAURA

So how come your family is gonna hate you for this?

ELLEN

Once, when we were about thirteen, Mom and Aunt Estelle let us loose in the city for the first time, and my subway token fell in one of those grates on the sidewalk. Bernie was so cheap he wouldn't lend me one of his. I had to walk eighteen blocks! How many cousins would do that?

LAURA

That does sound a bit extreme. What's his problem?
as she walks into the kitchen and returns with a can of soda.

ELLEN
(sipping her drink)
He's a nebbish. And my aunt--what a fishwife! I can almost understand why Bernie is such a schlemiel. I almost feel sorry for him. He married the same thing. Once, he and Allyson came over when I lived in Queens; I offered him a roast beef sandwich, and Allyson wouldn't let him have it!

LAURA
How bizarre!

ELLEN
Compared to mine, your relatives are like the Waltons.

CUT TO
BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS. DAY. The next day

We see Ellen making purchases at Bloomingdale's, Macy's, and Alexander's. Running all over New York, she gets loaded down with packages. She's getting in and out of her car, a beat up Capri. She also passes a music store and looks at cellos. CLASSICAL MUSIC is playing throughout this impressionistic scene.

CUT TO

EXT. JACOBY FAMILY CAR. DAY

Ellen and parents are driving to the funeral in Larchmont.

INT. CAR. DAY

Mr. Jacoby's POV as he's watching the road.

ON MRS. JACOBY

sniffling into a handkerchief.

Ellen is leaning against the front seat.

ELLEN

What's Grandma gonna do now?

MRS. JACOBY

(looking out the window)
She'll stay with us for a while.

ELLEN

What about the house?

MR. JACOBY

(turning around)
Me and Bernie will take care of the lawn.
INT. ANGLE ON MR. JACOBY

He has turned off the freeway and is now winding his way through the suburbs.

ELLEN’S POV She is looking down her grandparents’ street.

ON ELLEN

as her facial expression shifts from curiosity to irritation.

ON GRANDPARENTS’ STREET

A blue car is driving slowly out of her grandparents’ driveway.

ON ELLEN

ELLEN
(tapping her father’s shoulder)
Daddy, slow down, there’s a car pulling out of Grandma’s driveway.

MRS. JACOBY
(turning to her)
Don’t worry, Elli, it’s probably just Mrs. Richmond dropping something off. We can’t stop now. We’re late already, as usual.

MR. JACOBY
The day I ever get anywhere on time it’ll probably be to my own funeral. On second thought, Leslie, you’d never get me there on time.

ON MRS. JACOBY

checking her hair. She smiles faintly.
ON ELLEN

grimacing in the back seat.

ELLEN
(leaning back in the car seat)
Mom, did you know Poppi was planning on leaving me that much money?

MRS. JACOBY
No, but I'm not surprised. He talked about you all the time. He once told me he hated summers after you grew up and stopped spending them with him.

ELLEN
(looking thoughtful)
What about Bernie?

Mrs. Jacoby gives herself a final look in the car mirror. She appears satisfied.

MRS. JACOBY
What do you mean?

ELLEN
How come Bernie never came out here for the summer? Didn't he want to?

MRS. JACOBY
Yes, I think so. It was your Aunt Estelle who objected.

ELLEN
Figures. What did Poppi leave everyone else?

MRS. JACOBY
We each got $5,000.

ELLEN
Does Bernie know what I got?
MRS. JACOBY
I doubt it, unless Brandy said something, but I don't think lawyers are allowed to divulge things like that. That's probably why Grandpa didn't want a public reading.

CUT TO

EXT. DAY. CEMETERY
WIDE ANGLE ON FAMILY
gathered around the grave.

RABBI holds a prayer book. CLASSICAL MUSIC (BEETHOVEN) is playing. We hear an internal monologue from several family members.

ON MRS. JACOBY, THEN

Mrs. Jacoby's POV: she watches Mrs. Cohen.

MRS. JACOBY (v/o).
Stop putting on the tears, you fake; everyone knew you hated him.

ON MRS. COHEN

pulling a thread from her husband, FRANK COHEN'S, coat. He is tall, dark and thin, with a receding forehead.

MRS. COHEN (v/o)
I hope they don't ruin my carpet this afternoon.

ON ELLEN, THEN

ELLEN'S POV: she looks at the casket.
ELLEN (v/o)
I'm really gonna miss Poppi; he was always encouraging me to major in music and set my own standards.

ELLEN'S POV as she notices BERNIE, her cousin, slipping in late. Bernie is an unimpressive looking CPA, with dark curly hair, slightly balding, and a mustache.

She shifts her gaze to Sophie, who is SOBBING hysterically.

ON ELLEN

she throws a glance at the young man standing with his father, MR. BLOOMER, the son of Mrs. Yadgaroff's best friend.

ON YOUNG MAN

He is very good-looking: about thirty, with dirty blond hair, and 6'2".

The MUSIC gets LOUDER as the individual monologues converge, the CAMERA favoring each one briefly.

ON LILY AND MRS. COHEN

MRS. COHEN (v.o.)
Oy, I hope they don't ruin my new carpeting at shiva.

LILY (v.o.)
A lousy $5,000!

ON BERNIE AND MRS. JACOBY

BERNIE (v.o.)
(looking at his watch) How long is this gonna take?

MRS. JACOBY (v.o.) (crying) I'm gonna miss him.

ON ELLEN AND MR. JACOBY

ELLEN (v.o.)
Who's gonna help me now?

MR. JACOBY (v.o.)
I hope Mom doesn't stay with us too long.

MUSIC continues and gets progressively LOUDER as we hear more clips of internal dialogue.
ON ELLEN

ELLEN (v.o.)
Poor Grandma.

ON MR. BLOOMER

MR. BLOOMER (v.o.)
Such a nice guy.

ON MRS. COHEN

MRS. COHEN
How I hate these damn funerals.

The MUSIC crescendos with their thoughts.

ON RABBI

lifting prayer book.

RABBI
Yis-ga-dal V'yis-ka-dash
Sh' may ra-bo.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. JACOBY FAMILY CAR. DAY

as Mrs. Jacoby and Sophie sob together in the back seat of the limousine.

EXT. COHENS' STREET. WIDE ANGLE. DAY

as caravan of cars weaves its way to Cohen's.

CUT TO
INT. THE COHENS' HOUSE.

The Cohens' house is arrayed as a typical shiva: all of the mirrors are covered.

Present are the Jacoby family--Ellen and her parents; Mr. Cohen, Estelle; Bernie, and his wife, Allyson, and their five-year-old son, Steven; and Mark and Mr. Bloomer.

ON ELLEN

as he introduces her to MARK, his son.

WIDE ANGLE ON MARK, ELLEN AND BLOOMER as Bloomer, in pantomime, gestures to Ellen, then Mark, introducing them. They smile at each other.

ELLEN'S POV she looks at him approvingly.

ELLEN

(holding a drink)
Nice of you and your dad to come. Where did you drive from?

MARK
The City.

ELLEN
You're not from this area, you don't have the accent.

MARK
No, we moved from Ohio when I was in high school, and now I wouldn't live any place else but New York.

ELLEN
True, once you've lived here you're ruined for good.

MARK
Do you still play the cello?
ELLEN
(taking a sip)
How'd you know?

Mark points to the wall.

CU of picture: Ellen, at 15, playing the cello.

ELLEN
I wish they're get rid of that; it's embarrassing to see how retarded you look when you're fifteen. Anyway, yes.

ELLEN'S POV Mrs. Jacoby and Mrs. Cohen who are engaged in a heated discussion.

ON MARK AND ELLEN

ELLEN
(continuing)
What kind of work are you in?

MARK
Private investigation.

ELLEN'S POV Mark

ELLEN (v.o.)
I wonder if he's married?

CU MARK'S LEFT HAND just as it disappears into his pocket.

ELLEN
(continuing)
A detective. Really?
That must be exciting. I've never met a private eye before.

MARK
(maintaining a polite smile)
It's got its bad points, just like any other job. Magnum's dimples are more pronounced.
ELLEN
(turning her empty glass around in her hand)
After so many movies, you kind of get sucked into thinking it's glamorous.

MARK
(chuckling)
I couldn't see myself stuck in a law office, handling divorce cases the rest of my life.

ELLEN (v.o.)
He probably hates divorcees.

Ellen looks back at Mrs. Cohen and Mrs. Jacoby, still bickering.

ELLEN
(continuing)
Would you excuse me? I need to put in time with my relatives.

Mark nods as Ellen walks away toward Mrs. Jacoby and Mrs. Cohen.

ON MRS. JACOBY and MRS. COHEN
sitting on the couch examining a large book.

CU of coin collection.

MRS. JACOBY
I asked first.

MRS. COHEN
(scowling)
I'm older. You can have the stamp collection.
MRS. JACOBY

(irate)
Who asked for it?

Ellen approaches them.

ON MRS. JACOBY AND MRS. COHEN

watching Ellen come near.

MRS. JACOBY

(cocking her head)
What's the story? Is he married?

ELLEN

(irritated)
I didn't want to come out and
ask him that; after all, we
talked for a whole three
minutes.

(beat)
Unfortunately, he stuck his
hand in his pocket before I
could see.

MRS. JACOBY

How thoughtful of Mr. Bloomer
to come. I haven't seen
him since--

ELLEN

(exasperated)
Yeah, yeah, I know--since the
day we all went to Jones Beach
fifteen years ago. I wore my
first two piece suit and put my
hair up, and burned my ears.
Grandpa and Mr. Bloomer had to
go buy me Solarcaine. But you
two are tacky enough. Will you
stop hassling over Poppi's
coin collection? What if
Grandma wants it?
MRS. COHEN
(kicking off her shoe)
Go get another drink and let us fight in peace.

Suddenly the attention goes to MR. COHEN, who raps on his glass to propose a toast.

ON MR. COHEN
staggering slightly.

WIDE ANGLE ON THE GROUP
as they gather around and take up their glasses.

MR. COHEN
(raising his glass)
To Franz. May he rest in peace.

Everybody echoes this chorus, and downs their drinks.

ON MARK AND MR. BLOOMER
as they leave. Mark turns around to wave goodbye to Ellen.

ELLEN'S POV  Mark walking out the door.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. THE BANK. DAY

CAPTION: ONE WEEK LATER

WIDE ANGLE ON ELLEN, MR. BRANDY, AND THE BANK MANAGER

a short paunchy man in in his late sixties. Brandy is in his late twenties. He's about 5'11" with dark-brown hair. He has a goatee and glasses.

The bank manager escorts them to Mrs. Yadgaroff's vault.
CU OF BRANDY

as he uses the combination to unlock the safe. When the door opens, there is no money, only a note. Brandy picks it up and reads.

BRANDY
(looking angry)
It says "see notes by lighting fixtures." What the hell is this?

ELLEN
(grabbing the note)
Typical. He left notes all over the house for everything—even to explain little things—like where he kept his favorite tie clips. It drove Grandma crazy.

BRANDY
Damn it. I wish he'd told me.

ELLEN
Maybe he wanted to but died before he had the chance. I mean, he didn't exactly know when he was going to die.

BRANDY
(blowing a long exasperated breath)
Why the hell did he even bother to get a vault?

ELLEN
You knew he didn't trust banks.

BRANDY
Crazy son of a bitch.

DISSOLVE TO
EXT. ELLEN'S GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE. NIGHT

ELLEN and Laura pull up to Yadgaroffs' house in Ellen's Capri.

WIDE ANGLE ON LAURA AND ELLEN

as they walk toward the house. Ellen pulls out a key and opens the door. She throws on a light and the two walk in.

INT. ELLEN'S GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE. LIVING ROOM NIGHT

ANGLE ON LAURA

as she admires the furnishings, an ornate, overly feminine combination of colonial and antique. There is an afghan on every couch.

LAURA
This place is incredible.
Isn't it a little garish?

ELLEN
Grandma is garish.

LAURA
Would she mind if she knew we were here?

ELLEN
Not me. That's why I still have my own key.

Laura walks over to a couch and picks up an afghan.

LAURA
My God! How many afghans do two people need?

ELLEN
At least twenty, naturally.

LAURA
(touching the chiffonier)
They spent a fortune on the place!
ELLEN
That's about it, unfortunately.
I just wish they'd done
something else with their money
instead of pouring it all into
this house. They never went
anywhere. Grandma won't fly,
and Poppi couldn't stand
driving long distances.

ON ELLEN

as she starts walking toward the bedroom. Laura
follows. This room, like the living room, is done in
pinks, pastels, and silk curtains.

INT. ELLEN'S GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT

ELLEN
(flicking on a light)
This is their bedroom. I
bet I'll find a note in here.
When I was a kid he used to
leave me notes about where candy
was stashed. It was a game.
The first note was usually in
his nightstand.

ON ELLEN

opening the drawer and digging through a bunch of papers.
Finding nothing, she digs through a bedroom dresser.

Laura walks through the room randomly picking up lamps,
statues, etc.

LAURA
(holding up a statue)
I've never seen so many chatschkas
on one dresser. How did she open
this without knocking everything over?

Laura squints at a note lying under a statue.
LAURA
(continuing)
Hey, look, I found something.

ELLEN
(snatching the note)
"see lighting fixture."

Ellen grabs a chair and stands on it to reach the lighting fixture. She sees another note stuck on the outside of the fixture and pulls it off.

ELLEN
(continuing)
It says, "look here."

Ellen starts trying to pull the fixture off. Pulling a dime out of her pocket, she unscrews part of the fixture.

ELLEN
(continuing)
I bet it's all in the lighting fixtures. That's what he was trying to say when I saw him on Tuesday, just before he died.

LAURA
(looking puzzled)
You mean all his money? Are you sure?

ELLEN
That's why he kept pointing to the ceiling. My aunt made a crack about his getting religious in his old age, but not Grandpa. He was a diehard agnostic.

Puzzled, Laura pauses, then looks at Ellen.
LAURA
(muttering)
Diehard.
(beat)
Agnostic
(beat)
Okay.
(straining to see what is inside the fixture)
(continuing)
Why would anyone hide that much money in the house?

ELLEN
Paranoia. A hangover from the depression. He wouldn't use banks after that. He saw too many friends lose everything. One of them jumped off a building.

ON ELLEN

as she gets off the chair and rummages through a drawer for a pair of pliers. Finding one, she returns to the chair and continues loosening the fixture.

LAURA
Is your whole family that weird?

ELLEN
Sort of. But haven't you heard about some of those construction workers tearing down old apartment buildings? They've found boo coos stashed in the walls.

LAURA
It really sounds incredible. And even more unbelievable is the idea of you having money.

ELLEN
I know. I've already spent about $2,000 of it.
Ellen has managed to loosen the light fixture. She signals for Laura to hold onto the casing. Both women stand in awe when a wad of $50 bills falls onto the carpet.

CU OF MONEY

Ellen pauses for a moment, fingering the money. Laura watches silently. Ellen stands there, stunned. She looks like she is about to cry, but doesn't. She holds the money up to her nose, sniffs it, then pats it.

LAURA
What are you doing that for?

ELLEN
It smells moldy. I'll bet these bills are sixty years old.

Ellen begins to count the money.

ON LAURA
examing the bills.

CU BILLS

LAURA
Are you sure this money is real? These bills are gigantic.

ELLEN
At least we know where most of it is. Let's leave the rest for Brandy. I'm shot. I wish we didn't have to drive all the way back to the city.
WIDE ANGLE ON LAURA AND ELLEN
as they put the fixture back in place.

WIDE ANGLE ON ELLEN AND LAURA
as they get in Ellen's car. A car cruises by slowly. Ellen does not see it.

FADE OUT

INT. LOMBARDI'S RESTAURANT. NIGHT

ANGLE ON ELLEN
seated with her cello, totally absorbed.

As the piece ends, the musicians break.

WIDE ANGLE ON ELLEN AND RICK
as Rick puts his hands on Ellen's waist.

RICK
Come on, Baby, I need you on the floor. Look at all these people.

He gestures toward the tables. Each table is packed with customers. Many are waiting to be served.

ELLEN
(indignant)
I'm getting sick of this. I'm a musician, not a waitress.

RICK
(pulling her closer)
Do what I say, just this once. I promise I'll make it up.
ELLEN
(sighing)
Please don't. Meanwhile, get your slimy hands off me.

We see Rick back off and go to the kitchen window. He starts filling a tray with dinner orders.

RICK
(pointing)
These go to that table over there.

ON ELLEN
as she grabs the tray and throws Rick a dirty look, then fakes a smile for the people she serves.

Ellen moves away from the counter with an order.

WIDE ANGLE ON RICK AND ELLEN
as Rick points to a party waiting to be served.

ANGLE ON CUSTOMER
as Ellen approaches with a tray of food.

CUSTOMER
You're certainly versatile.

ON ELLEN
as she smiles and quickly backs away from the table.

When she returns to the counter to take a break, Rick hands her another tray. She serves another set of customers, then returns to the bar for a drink.

ON RICK
he approaches her and starts to put his hand on her.
ON ELLEN

removing his hand.

ELLEN

STOP THAT!

RICK

(his face flushing)
Who do you think you are?

ELLEN

Not a waitress, at any rate. I've had it with you. I don't need this lousy job.

RICK

What are you talking about? You're as busted as a junkyard tire.

Ellen takes off her apron.

ELLEN

Not anymore.

RICK

Whaddaya mean? You got a benefactor or something? (beat) (smiles) I knew you'd ditch the starving artiste image. So you got yourself a Sugar Daddy.

Ellen shakes her head and looks at him sarcastically.

ELLEN

I'm getting delivered from this stuff. My grandfather left me an inheritance.

RICK

(his mouth hanging open) Really?
ELLEN
Yep, and you're getting your two weeks notice.

RICK
You're serious? I'm gonna miss you around here.
INT. N.Y.U. MUSIC BUILDING CORRIDOR. DAY.

She is standing in front of a board on which position vacancies are posted.

INSERT: SECOND CELLIST NEEDED. BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. CONTACT:

Ellen copies down the information, picks up her cello and music notebook, and leaves.

INT. ELLEN'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM. DAY

We see Ellen pick up a telephone message. Then she dials the number.

ELLEN
Mr. Brandy, it's Ellen.
(beat)

Ellen's vocal quality changes. Her face pales.

ELLEN
(continuing)
How did they get in?
(beat)
(stunned)
All right, I'll meet you there.

Ellen hangs up the phone.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET. DAY

FOLLOWING ELLEN'S CAR

as it's racing towards her grandfather's house.

ANOTHER ANGLE. STREET. DAY

as her car screeches to a halt in front of a red light.
INT. ELLEN'S CAR. DAY
as she mutters for the light to change.

EXT. ELLEN'S CAR. DAY
as BOY on the street spits on her windshield, then, with his elbow, wipes it. He sticks his hand out for a tip.

INT. ELLEN'S CAR. DAY.
Ellen grabs his hand, turns it over and and examines his palm.

ELLEN
(feigning accent)
Yoo haf anly doo yrds to leeve!

ON BOY
turning away.

BOY
(scowling)
Shit.

WIDE ANGLE ON BRIDGE - FAVORING ELLEN'S CAR DAY

EXT. GRANDPARENTS' STREET. DAY
as Ellen pulls into her Grandfather's driveway, Brandy is waiting at the door.

Ellen jumps out of the car.

Several of the neighbors walk up when they see Ellen.

ON ELLEN
as she approaches BRANDY, standing with a POLICEMAN, who is making notes.

She pauses for a moment and several neighbors, MR. AND MRS. WEIL, run up and grab her.

Mrs. Weil, a short, olive-skinned elderly lady, kisses Ellen.
MRS. WEIL
(in a high-pitched falsetto)
HELLOOOO, HONEY!

ELLEN
(accepting a kiss)
Hi, Mrs. Weil.

MRS. WEIL
My God, you're beautiful!

ELLEN
(smiling)
Thanks.

Ellen gets a handshake and kiss from Mr. Weil, a replica of his wife.

ELLEN
(continuing)
It's nice to--

Immediately the Weils ignore Ellen and walk over to the house to peer through the window.

Ellen walks over to Brandy and the Cop.

Mr. and Mrs. Weil hover around Ellen, Brandy and the Cop.

ELLEN
Mrs. Weil, can you remember seeing anyone you recognize go into this house recently?

MRS. WEIL
I saw a car two nights ago but I thought it was you.

ELLEN
Do you remember what the car looked like?
ON MRS. WEIL

who shakes her head and looks at her husband, who shrugs his shoulders. They look at each other.

ON ELLEN

looking frustrated.

MRS. WEIL

(shaking head)
Why, Honey, what happened?

ELLEN

Someone stole something from the house-- valuables of grandpa's.

Mr. Weil stands there scratching his head.

MRS. WEIL

Oy! How terrible. Just buried and now this!

MR. WEIL

Elli, we're awful sorry to see your Poppi gone. This neighborhood won't be the same without seeing him out mowing the lawn with his little hat with the red feather.

MRS. WEIL

We'll keep on eye out for you, won't we, Weil?

Mr. Weil nods. Ellen starts walking toward Brandy and the policeman. We see him walk over to her car and take down the license number.

His partner is walking around the house checking windows and doors.
BRANDY
Well, they certainly got what they wanted. Every lighting fixture in this whole place has been pulled apart.

Brandy goes inside, followed by Ellen and one of the cops.

INT. GRANDPARENTS’ HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY

A Policeman is standing near a lighting fixture blowing some ink-dusk from a piece of glass.

ON POLICEMAN
holding a piece of glass with a chaulky, ink-like substance.

POLICEMAN I
We got a partial fingerprint.

He hands Ellen a piece of paper.

POLICEMAN I
(continuing)
Call this number if you want a police report.

ON POLICEMEN
walking across the front lawn.

ON BRANDY AND ELLEN
as they cross the door to the garage.

INT. GRANDPARENTS’ HOUSE. GARAGE. DAY
Ellen flicks on a light.

ON LIGHT FIXTURE
CU OF FIXTURE
BRANDY
Who else knew about your Grandfather's notes?

ELLEN
The whole family. That's why it had to be someone who knew him. Would your average burglar check the lighting fixtures? Can you see anyone going through that much trouble?

BRANDY
You're probably right. Whodoya think might have done this?

ELLEN
If I knew I wouldn't be standing around here.

ON BRANDY
as he examines the light fixtures. He flicks his finger over the dust.

BRANDY
(still examining the fixture)
You might as well count your losses. From what I know about break-ins, the police are useless.

ELLEN
(staring in disbelief)
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU!!! Count my losses! Are you CRAZY?? I'm gonna find out who stole my inheritance and get it back. Why didn't you get out here sooner and get this place locked up? Grandpa's been dead for over two weeks now.
ON BRANDY

who stands there looking stupid.

BRANDY
I did. That's a break-in.
Who would have thought someone
would pull a stunt like this?
This is one bizarre family.

CUT TO

INT. MARK'S HIGH RISE. ELEVATOR. DAY

ON ELLEN

who is wearing a forties' blazer, straight-cut skirt, and
open-toed black shoes.

The elevator door opens and she enters the waiting room to
Mark's office where a receptionist is sitting.

ON RECEPTIONIST

who smiles slightly as she buzzes Mark.

ELLEN
Hi. I'm Ellen Jacoby. I have
an appointment.

RECEPTIONIST'S POV eyeing Ellen's outfit.

ON MARK

who appears in the doorway.

ON MARK AND ELLEN

as they walk into his office.

MARK
(gesturing for Ellen to
take a seat)
How's the family?
ELLEN
So so. Grandma's not too good. She's been staying with my folks. When she found out the house was burglarized it broke her heart.

MARK
(leaning forward)
A break-in?

ELLEN
Somebody got into the house and took the money Poppi had stashed in the lighting fixtures.

MARK
Why? Wasn't it in savings?

ELLEN
He didn't trust banks after the depression. He had money through the whole thing, but had a friend who jumped off a building after he lost everything. So Grandpa hid his in the lighting fixtures after that. Only Grandma had her own account with about $75,000.

MARK
(leaving back in his swivel chair)
That's pretty incredible.

ELLEN
The bad news is that he willed a bunch of money to me--$45,000, and now it's gone.

MARK
Back up a minute.
ELLEN
Just before the funeral Brandy called to say Grandpa had left me $45,000.

MARK
Why didn't he wait until after the funeral? Nobody reads a will until after the burial.

ELLEN
How should I know? I have enough trouble getting my income tax forms straightened out, much less following legal procedures.

MARK
(smiling)
I know what you mean.

ELLEN
That's why I looked you up. I was wondering if you could help me.

MARK
(turning in his chair)
What do you want me to do?

ELLEN
Would you be willing to tackle this? I wanna find out who stole my inheritance. The police were no help.

MARK
That's not unusual.

ON ELLEN
as her eyes fill with tears.

ON MARK
watching Ellen sympathetically.
ELLEN
I'm so tired of scraping, and I thought I was finally going to get some help--and now this.

ON ELLEN
as she begins to cry.

WIDE ANGLE ON MARK
as he fetches a tissue. He comes around from his desk and holds the box in front of her.

ON MARK
waiting for her to calm down.

ELLEN
(continuing)
Excuse me. I don't normally do this. I'm a bit embarrassed.

MARK
Don't be. It's no problem.

ON ELLEN
looking uncomfortable with the attention as she brushes off her cheeks.

ELLEN
Is this the kind of thing you deal with? I mean, could you help me track down who did it so I can get the money back?

MARK
(glancing at his watch)
I can try.
ELLEN
I'm assuming you know I can't afford this. But if you make some headway, I could give you a cut.

MARK
Let me just do this as a favor. My grandfather always felt indebted to yours for helping him out in the Depression.

ON ELLEN
looking slightly more relaxed. She heaves a sigh of relief.

ON MARK
getting out of his chair

MARK
How'd you like to go out for lunch? There's a nice Thai place about two blocks away.

ON ELLEN
looking very interested. She gets up from her chair. As she starts towards the door, she stops to look at Mark's degree hanging on the wall.

ELLEN
How'd you like Michigan?

MARK
Freezing, but their criminal justice department made up for it.

ON ELLEN AND MARK
leaving his office.

CUT TO
INT. WAH'S RESTAURANT. DAY.

A waiter is leaving their table.

MARK
Can you think of anyone who might have stolen it, or do you figure it was an ordinary break-in?

ELLEN
No way. I mean, could you see the average burglar pulling apart the lighting fixtures and not touching anything else?

MARK
Who do you think knew about the light fixtures?

ELLEN
It had to be someone who knew the family well.

MARK
What about a neighbor? Did they know where he kept his money?

ELLEN
I doubt it. It was a family secret about Grandpa having hidden the money somewhere in the house, but no one knew exactly where. Then, just before he died, he kept pointing to the lighting fixtures. We didn't know what he was doing until Laura, my roommate, and I went over one night and found one of his notes. We looked in a light fixture and I found several wads of fifties stashed in one of them. I took about $500.
MARK
Why didn't you take any more money?

ELLEN
It was late, and I knew Brandy wanted to secure the house and get the rest of it.

MARK
What about your roommate?

ELLEN
Absolutely not. She can't even stand on a chair without falling apart.

MARK
Well, who do you think might have done it?

ELLEN
A relative.
(beat)
Unless Brandy's playing dumb.

MARK
Do you have a copy of the will?

ELLEN
No, but I can get it.

MARK
I'd like to see it. In the meantime, I'll need some names and addresses--mainly Brandy's, your aunt's, your cousin's, and your parents'.

ON ELLEN
fumbling through her handbag.

Mark leans away from the table as the waiter brings their orders. We see Mark looking curiously at an ingredient in one of the dishes. He looks at the waiter.
MARK
(pointing to the plate)
What is this?

The waiter utters something unintelligible.

MARK
(continuing)
(looking baffled)
Did you get that?

The waiter turns and leaves.

ELLEN
(looking up at Mark)
Steamed dry beancurd.

MARK
(chuckling)
Thanks for translating.

ELLEN
I'm used to it. My neighbors are Taiwanese.

They both begin eating. Ellen eats deftly with chopsticks.

MARK
(nodding approvingly)
You're pretty good at that. Are you sure you aren't part Chinese?

ELLEN
No, purebred JAP-- Jewish American Princess. Only broke.

MARK
Are you sure you want to go through with this? Anytime there are serious money matters in a family situation major problems result. This could be more of a headache than it's worth.
Ellen stops eating. She puts her chopsticks on her plate.

ELLEN
You're joking, right?

MARK
No. I'm serious. I wouldn't want to touch this if I were you. Most people find that fighting money battles ends up costing them more in the end.

ELLEN
I don't care. I'm gonna find out who stole my inheritance, and when I do, he'll wish he'd never been born.

They both pause for a moment. The waiter refills their water glasses. Ellen resumes eating.

MARK
I'll need some information from you. I have to know, detail for detail, what you do in the course of a day--a complete schedule.

Ellen drops her chopstick, looks up from her plate and smiles.

MARK
(continuing)
What's the first thing you do in the morning?

ELLEN
Bang my temperamental coffee machine to try to get it to work.

Smiling, he pushes his plate to one side.

MARK
Where's your first appointment?
ELLEN
I'm in school three days a week. I have a 9:00 class Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

MARK
Where?

ELLEN
(swallowing a mouthful)
N.Y.U.

MARK
What do you do after school?

ELLEN
After practice I go to work at a little Italian place called Lombardi's. It's near school, on 12th street.

The waiter returns and begins to clear the table.

MARK
You're a waitress?

ELLEN
No, a cellist. But sometimes, when we get busy, my boss puts me on the floor. We have a little orchestra with a violinist, a soloist and pianist.

MARK
That's original. What sort of hours do you work?

ELLEN
Five to twelve, Thursday through Sunday.
MARK
(making notes)
Sounds pretty hectic.

The waiter brings their fortune cookies. He puts the check near MARK.

ELLEN
I guess you could say I'm sort of, well, strung out.

MARK
My college English teacher told us that puns were the lowest form of humor.

ELLEN
Mine told us that puns are the highest between those using them.

Ellen opens her fortune cookie. She pulls out the strip of paper and examines it.

ELLEN
(assuming a mock Chinese accent)
"Confusion say, I don't know."

MARK
(chuckling)
That was much better than the first one.

ELLEN
(still playing Chinese)
Frank yo.

MARK
All right Pun-ELLEN-py, what's your address?

ELLEN
Seventy-four-A, East Eighth Street.
MARK
That's a fiesty section.
Are you ever afraid of living
down there?

ELLEN
Anything's a risk in this city.
Besides, it's cheap, and
never boring.

MARK
I can't fault you there.

Mark picks up the bill from the table and looks at it.
He reaches for his wallet.

Ellen and Mark get up from the table.

MARK
(continuing)
I'll need to check out your
grandparents' house.

ELLEN
I can give you an extra key.

Mark is paying the bill. As they approach the door to
leave the sound of their conversation diminishes.

ON MARK

MARK
How'd you like to drive up
with me?

DISSOLVE TO
INT. LOMBARDI'S. DAY

The restaurant has just closed for the afternoon. The waiters are setting tables, and the musicians are leaving the stage.

ON ELLEN AND RICK

in conversation. He is following her while she packs her music things.

ELLEN
Can't I have Wednesday off or not?

RICK
No way.

ELLEN
Why not? Don't you care that I get the chance to audition for something that's been a lifetime goal?

RICK
Of course, baby. But I need you here.

ON ELLEN

putting her cello in its case. A bunch of papers from her music notebook fall out. She is angry, and has lost some of her coordination.

Rick stands by looking on unsympathetically.

ELLEN
(picking up her cello)
That's about what I'd expect from you.

RICK
(chuckling)
I told you you couldn't make it without me.
ELLEN
If you're so concerned about my welfare you'd let me off the hook for something as important as an audition. You don't expect me to stay here the rest of my life, do you?

RICK
You're lucky you got your job back. Don't push it.

Ellen stops what she's doing and looks at Rick.

ELLEN
You know, Rick, my Grandfather had only one description for people like you. He said they make Hitler look like a Mensch.

ON RICK
watching Ellen walk away from him. His face colors.

CUT TO
INT. FRANZ YADGAROFF'S HOUSE. ATTIC HALLWAY. DAY

ON MARK AND ELLEN
as they walk to the hallway where the door to the attic is. Mark undoes the door latch and pulls down the door that turns into a portable stairway.

Mark climbs quickly up the ladder. Ellen watches, then follows, while Mark bends over to make sure she manages.

ELLEN
(groping along the wall)
This place reeks of mothballs. Grandma is obsessed with them.
MARK
(lifting up the latch)
Your grandfather was pretty clever. I've never seen one of these doors open and switch on a light.

ELLEN
He was an electrical genius.
That's why he made out so well.

Mark walks over to the boxes of fixtures stacked in one corner. He picks one up and a note falls out. He stops to read it.

MARK
This is the most organized attic I've ever seen. Most people just throw things all over the place. This looks like an office compared to the usual mess. Your grandfather should have been an accountant.

Ellen walks over to a pile of boxes and begins digging around. She finds a note, examines it, and throws it aside. She pulls out a collection of papers and begins reading.

Mark gets out a Swiss army knife and tries to pick a lock on a small metal file cabinet.

ELLEN
(holding a paper)
Listen to this—it's a poem I wrote in the fourth grade to thank my grandparents for giving me five dollars on my birthday:

Dear Poppi and Grandma
I just wrote to say,
thank you for sending this
moolah my way.
If it weren't for you
I would really be broke;
this came in so handy
ELLEN
(continuing)
I won't have to mope.
I'm glad to have grandparents
just like you—wow;
I'll think of your kindness
a long time from now.

MARK
That was brilliant. I'm
surprised you haven't sent that
to the NEW YORKER.

ELLEN
Thanks a lot. I thought that
wasn't too bad for nine years
old. Still, I guess that's why
I play music instead of write.
Kids say the funniest things.
I'll never forget the time I
walked in from school one day
and said, "Mommy, I forgot
to be self-conscious today."

MARK
That's pretty unusual for a
kid. I don't think I even
knew what self-conscious
was until I had my first
-crush.

ELLEN
How old were you?

MARK
Eleven.

ELLEN
What happened?
MARK
I followed Francis Wright
around for a month. I thought
I had a chance until I spilled
hydrochloric acid on her dress
during a biology lab. It ate
a hole right through her dress.
She never spoke to me again.

ELLEN
(smiling)
Serves you right.

ON MARK
laughing. He continues tinkering with a metal box.

ON ELLEN

as she throws the papers back into the box and moves to
another one. She begins to open a box and pulls out a few
items.

ON ELLEN

as she holds up a doll.

ELLEN
(excited)
Hey, look at this--it's my old
Shirley Temple doll.
(beat)
I suppose this is why
they canned the toys-in-the
attic bit.

Mark throws her a dirty look.

ELLEN
I loved this doll. I must have
really lost it: I sold it to my
grandmother for $50 one semester
when I was short on rent money.
I can't believe what good
shape it's in. I was such a
neatnik in those day. I don't
know what happened to me.
MARK
(scrutinizing her)
You don't look so bad now.

ELLEN
(smiling, slightly embarrassed)
This is a nice doll. I wonder how much it's worth now?

Mark lifts the cover off the box and begins flipping through the contents.

MARK
(exasperated)
Just when I thought I'd stepped on something worth finding---nothing---all that's in here are a bunch of receipts from the thirties.

ELLEN
(playfully)
You're not discouraged already, are you?

ON MARK
standing there looking at Ellen.

MARK
(grinning)
Naw.

(beat)
Uh, uh.

ON ELLEN
looking slightly relieved. She puts the doll back in its box.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. STING LUNG LO RESTAURANT. DAY
MRS. HO is on the phone carrying on a conversation in Cantonese. She is a petite woman in her forties, with hair, slightly greying, and curly.

MR. HO is folding napkins.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN. DAY

ON ELLEN

as she climbs down the fire escape and goes through the back entrance of the kitchen. The cooks standing at the stove turn around and smile. Ellen, noticing a pile of vegetables on a plate walks by, grabs one, and pops it in her mouth. Then she walks into the dining room.

Ellen walks over to MR. HO.

ELLEN
How is everything lately?

MR. HO
Rear fine, Erren. Just getting ready for the noon lush. How about you?

ELLEN
So, so, Mr. Ho.

ON MRS. HO

who gestures impatiently, almost furiously, to her husband to come to her. We hear snips of Cantonese as they discuss Mr. Ho's having to pick up Denny. Ellen watches the couple, and takes a seat at one of the tables near an employee who is polishing silverware. Mr. Ho walks back to Ellen.

MR. HO
(annoyed)
Excuse me, Erren, but I have to go get broccori, Denny's late. Arways before runch have rast minute plobrem.
ELLEN
I have time; I'll get it.

MR. HO
(enthusiastic)
Thanks, Erren.

We see Mrs. Ho get off the phone and return to the register.

Mr. Ho approaches her and, in Cantonese, tells her to give Ellen $10.00. She opens the register, smiles at Ellen, and hands her husband some money.

MR. HO
(approaching Ellen)
Foodtown on Sixth Street.
Seven bunch broccori.

ON ELLEN
leaving the store. LIVELY CLASSICAL MUSIC IS PLAYING.

Ellen heads to Foodtown.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. STING LUNG LO RESTAURANT. DAY.

Ellen hands Mrs. Ho the broccoli.

MRS. HO
grabbing Ellen)
Come eat.

The restaurant has emptied slightly. Ellen spots a dirty table and begins to clear it. Mrs. Ho puts a plate in front of Ellen. Ellen begins to eat.

A drunk staggers into the restaurant, about to collapse on the floor. A BUSBOY shoves a chair under him, smiles at Ellen.
ON ELLEN AND BUSBOY

as they look at each other.

ELLEN/BUSBOY
(grinning)
Noon lush.

INT. ELLEN'S APARTMENT HALL. DAY.

as Ellen, with cello and music in hand, is walking toward her door. At the door she pauses, juggling her cello while reaching for her bag.

Before the key reaches the lock, PHIL, Laura's boyfriend, opens the door and steps out, bumping into Ellen who drops her music sheets.

PHIL
Hi, Ellen.

Without pausing to help her, Phil walks on.

Ellen, clutching her cello case, stoops down to pick up her scattered music. Throwing an exasperated look in Phil's direction, she enters her apartment.

INT. ELLEN'S APT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Ellen walks inside and begins putting away her music books.

ELLEN
(walking over to the refrigerator)
I still haven't figured out what you see in Phil.

LAURA
That's my perogative.
ELLEN
(taking a soda from frig)
I suppose, but I'm sure you could do much better than that.

LAURA
You ought to know how it is-- it's a lot harder when you're divorced. Besides, there aren't that many straight men left in this city.

ELLEN
(popping the top)
You're telling me! Just last week I saw a couple walking with their arms around each other and I thought, "Good, finally someone in this city found a little romance." But as they got closer I realized they both had mustaches. Still, Phil is so much younger. How old is--

LAURA
Shut up, will you. It's my own damn business who I date, even if you don't like it.

ELLEN
I guess so.

LAURA
That reminds me: Stan phoned. He wants you to call him.

ELLEN
Yeah, only six more weeks till the divorce is finalized. He's probably busy getting hysterical.
INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT. DAY

STAN, Ellen's ex-husband, is sitting at a window table. He is about five foot eleven, with dark brown hair, a slightly receding hairline, and a beard. He toys with a fork, jumping from square to square on the checkered tablecloth.

Ellen walks in and, when he sees her, he jumps up. Looking at his shirt, he realizes he's misbuttoned it and tucks it in tighter.

ELLEN
Did you win?

STAN
(grinning)
Hi, El, how are you?

He points to a table, and they both sit down.

ELLEN
Bushed.

ON ELLEN

as she throws a package on the chair beside her and tucks a few loose strands of her hair in place.

STAN
(leaning solicitiously close)
Is that a new top?

ELLEN
(signalling the waiter)
Yes.

STAN
Where'd you get it?

ELLEN
I don't know.
STAN
(his voice irate)
What do you mean you don't know?

ELLEN
(watching the approaching waiter)
Know what?

STAN
(loudly)
Where you got your sweater. It looks more expensive than the bargain basement Alexander's specimens you usually wear.

ANGLE ON COUPLE
at the next table who look in their direction. Stan ignores them and waits for her answer.

ELLEN
(looking at her shirt)
Oh, this. A friend.

ON WAITER

as he approaches them, places two menus on the table and fills their water glasses.

Ellen reaches into her purse for her glasses and peruses the menu. She pushes her glasses up on her nose.

The waiter returns.

ELLEN
(bored)
I'll have an antipasto and a wine cooler.

She hands the menu back to the waiter and sips her water.
STAN
(his voice anxious)
Is that all you want?

ELLEN
I can't think if I eat too much. I have another appointment.

STAN
(looking at his watch)
On a Saturday?

ELLEN
Come on, Stan, what is it?

Ellen pushes back another loose strand of hair.

STAN
I'm going out of my mind without you.

Stan rubs his throat as though it's painful to talk.

ELLEN
So what else is new? By the way, how's your agoraphobia?

STAN
Fine. How's your anorexia?

Ellen ignores the question. She smiles. Then she moves back as the waiter brings their order.

ON WAITER
placing their order on the table.

WAITER
Anything else?

Ellen signals that everything is fine.

The waiter disappears.
STAN
Why can't we give it another shot?

ELLEN
Because the last one already did me in. Hey, do you know you have lettuce on your beard?

STAN
Is that all?

ELLEN
No, actually, there's a piece of provolone too.
   (pointing)
Right there.

STAN
(frustrated)
What's the real reason?

ELLEN
Do you want it straight?

STAN
Since when did you ever mince words?

ELLEN
You're boring. I just couldn't stand listening to you talk about your relationship with your mother all the time.

STAN
Is that the only reason?

ELLEN
No. You're a nebbish.
STAN
(sighing)
My wife leaves me because I'm a nebbish. I can just see myself finalizing the divorce claim:
Reason for divorce: spouse, nebbish.

ELLEN
Oh, please, Stan. Stop harrassing me. Of course it's more than that. I need someone who isn't so self-obsessed.

STAN
All right, who is he?

ELLEN
How original.
(beat)
You have no sense of humor. You're neurotic about your job and you're too moody. I never knew when I walked in the door whether I'd see a thirty-year-old or a three-year-old.

STAN
But I'm working on it. I found a good shrink. I'm getting better.

ELLEN
You mean you're shrinking?

STAN
Very funny.

ELLEN
The truth is, I just can't Stan you any more.
smiling slightly as she takes the last bite of salami and chases it down with her drink.

**STAN**
Look who's talking about being unoriginal. You think I liked listening to your chronic puns?

**ELLEN**
Well, somebody had to.

Ellen gets up from the table.

**STAN**
Would you consider talking to my shrink?

**ELLEN**
(hesitating)
I'll think about it.

**STAN**
Do you need any money? Look, here's fifty dollars.

**ELLEN**
No thanks, Stan. I'm fine.

Stan starts to get up. Ellen stops and looks at him.
She pats him on the arm.

**ELLEN**
(continuing)
You're gonna be okay.

She kisses him on the cheek.

**CU** Stan watching Ellen walk away.
INT. MARK'S, OFFICE DAY

ON ELLEN

sitting in a chair in front of his desk. She takes a note out of her purse and hands it to him.

ON MARK

reading the note.

Ellen walks around his office. She picks up a card from his desk.

CU CARD showing a diminutive Tarzan in bed looking terrified. A giant woman is at the window sticking her hand in the room.

ELLEN  
(chuckling)
This is great. Where'd you get it?

MARK
My brother. You'd like him.
(looking up from the note)
Did this come in the mail?

INSERT: NOTE

We see on the page the words "face down in the East River"

ELLEN
Yes, but I don't recognize the handwriting.

MARK
Who knows about the investigation?

ELLEN
Only Laura, my folks, and Brandy.
MARK
It sounds like whoever wrote this has something to hide. It's not your usual communiqué.

ELLEN
What do you mean?

MARK
He probably thinks you scare easily. That East River stuff is terribly clichéd.

ELLEN
What do you think I should do?

MARK
Absolutely nothing. I'd wait. But here, take my home phone number in case you need it.

Mark hands her a slip of paper.

ELLEN
Thanks.

Ellen gets up to leave.

Mark walks her to the door.

MARK
Call me if you need to.

ELLEN
(nodding)
I will.

Mark ushers her to the elevator and pushes the button. They wait silently.

Ellen is staring studiously forward, pretending to examine the note.
Mark tries to catch covert glances of her out of the corner of his eye.

The elevator arrives and Ellen gets in.

Dissolve to


Ellen and her mother are preparing dinner.

Mrs. Jacoby

So, what's with you?

Ellen

The usual. School, work, struggle, struggle.

Mrs. Jacoby

You wouldn't have to work so hard if you'd stayed in education. We would have paid for it.

Ellen

Do we have to go into that again? I hate tutoring. Let's change the subject.

Mrs. Jacoby

Allyson stopped by last week.

Ellen

The usual moans and groans about living in Jersey?

Mrs. Jacoby

What else? They bought a new cabin cruiser.

Mrs. Jacoby hands Ellen some vegetables to chop.

Ellen gets a knife from the drawer and begins to cut.
ELLEN
A cabin cruiser? How could he afford that?

MRS. JACOBY
You know what a tightwad he is.
He probably saved for it.

Holding a bowl of vegetables, Ellen pauses, looks disturbed, then rinses them.

ELLEN
How's Grandma?

MRS. JACOBY
Not so good. She's been in bed for a week. I think the burglary on top of losing Poppi was too much for her.

ELLEN
Does she have any idea who did it?

MRS. JACOBY
If she did, she didn't say anything.

Mrs. Jacoby removes the roast from the oven.

ON MR. JACOBY

who has just entered the room. He walks over to Ellen and kisses her.

MR. JACOBY

MRS. JACOBY
How much do you weigh, dear?

ELLEN
About 119.
MRS. JACOBY
If you get any skinnier... 119 and you think you have trouble! I should have such problems. Some people would give their teeth to look like you. Teeth you can always get but a figure like that.

ELLEN
Oh, Ma, that's enough. Being thin doesn't solve everything; after all, look at the mess I'm in now.

MR. JACOBY
She's got a point, dear. I think this break in has been a tremendous stress.

MRS. JACOBY
Money isn't everything. You've still got your health. 119!

ELLEN
I know, money isn't everything, but it sure would help me now.

MRS. JACOBY
It's only money. It isn't an arm or a leg.

ELLEN
I know, I know. But the idea of being violated right under everyone's nose--

MR. JACOBY
This whole thing is quite a shock.

MRS. JACOBY
(setting food on the table)
Could one of you get Grandma?
ELLEN
I will.

Ellen leaves the room.

INT. JACOBY'S HOUSE. STAIRWAY. NIGHT

MRS. YADGAROFF (o.s.)
Ellllllllllllllllllllllllll? Is that you, dahling.

ELLEN
(Halfway up the stairs)
Yes, Grandma.

INT. JACOBY'S HOUSE. MRS. YADGAROFF'S BEDROOM. FAVORING DOOR. NIGHT

We see Ellen enter the room and walk towards her grandmother. MRS. YADGAROFF is trying to get off the bed.

MRS. YADGAROFF
Elll Dollll!! How nice to see you. Come let me look at you.

Ellen moves toward the bed.

MRS. YADGAROFF
(continuing)
So cute you look, I love, I love.
(beat)
You're too skinny.

ELLEN
Oh, Grandma.

Ellen kisses her grandmother's cheek.

MRS. YADGAROFF
Come help me off this bed.
I can't move.
as Ellen lifts her grandmother from the bed.

MRS. YADGAROFF
(continuing)
(grunting slightly)
It's awful to be old. I'm
tired of my whole existence
without Poppi, and after that
fall, I'm good for nothing. I
never thought I'd end up living
at my daughter's house--
dependent on everybody.

ELLEN
(helping her off the bed)
Don't worry, Grandma. Mom
doesn't mind.

MRS. YADGAROFF
Well I do.

ELLEN
But, Grandma, you look so much
better today.

MRS. YADGAROFF
No, I don't!

ELLEN
Yes, you do. I see a great
improvement since the last
time.

MRS. YADGAROFF
Don't say that. I'm awful.

ELLEN
That's not true. You look a
lot bet--

MRS. YADGAROFF
(yelling)
STOP IT! STOP IT! STOP IT!
Ellen laughs slightly. Good naturedly, she lifts Mrs. Yadgaroff from the bed and the two walk out the door.

INT. JACOBYS' HOUSE. DINING ROOM. WIDE ANGLE. NIGHT

where the family is seated around the table. They begin passing serving dishes and piling food on plates.

**MRS. JACOBY**
How's the meat? Tender enough?

**MR. JACOBY**
It's fine, Leslie.

**ELLEN**
Do you need anything, Grandma?

**MRS. YADGAROFF**
Of course—a new body.

**ON MRS. JACOBY**

smiling at her mother-in-law's remark.

**MRS. JACOBY**
Sometimes I wish I had a new one, too.

**MR. JACOBY**
(glancing at his wife)
So do I.

**MRS. JACOBY**
(nudging her husband)
Look who's talking.

**MR. JACOBY**
That's what I meant. I wish I had a new one myself. This meat is nice, honey.

**MRS. YADGAROFF**
Somebody pour me some water before I choke to death.
MRS. JACOBY
(filling a water glass)
It's nice to have you home, dear. How's work?

ELLEN
(cutting her roastbeef)
It's all right, only my stinking boss, Rick, won't let me off for an audition.

MRS. YADGAROFF
Dahlung, you want I should talk to him?

ELLEN
(smiling)
If I get desperate, Grandma, maybe I will.

MRS. JACOBY
What would work better than a Jewish grandma? Wait till she gets a hold of him.

ELLEN
The one I'd really like to get my hands on is whoever broke into your place.

ELLEN
Does Mark have any leads yet?

MRS. YADGAROFF
Who?

MRS. JACOBY
Ellen hired Mark Bloomer, the nice-looking boy at the funeral, to take the case.

Everybody stops eating and looks in Mrs. Yadgaroff's direction.

MRS. YADGAROFF
ELLEN
What's wrong with Stan's looks? I wouldn't have married him if he was ugly.

MRS. YADGAROFF
Ugh, but that horrible beard! He's taking away all his youth.

MRS. JACOBY
How is Stan these days?

ELLEN
Neurotic, as usual.

MR. JACOBY
He called over here the other day wanting to play racketball.

ELLEN
Since when does he play racketball?

MRS. JACOBY
I think he's just lonely.

ELLEN
Probably. He's still trying to get me to come back.

MRS. JACOBY
Well?

ELLEN
I told him forget it.

MRS. YADGAROFF
I never thought Stan was such a hit. Too bad you couldn't get a guy like Mark. Only he's not Jewish. Such a nice guy.

ELLEN
Oh Grandma, Jewish Smewish.
MRS. YADGAROFF
(insistent)
Jewish men take care of their families.

ON MR. JACOBY
choking on his food.

MRS. JACOBY
She's right, Elli.

ON MRS. JACOBY
as she gets up and begins to clear the table, exiting into the kitchen.

Ellen starts to get up, but her mother signals for her to remain seated.

MRS. JACOBY (o.s.)
Elli, I have your favorite--bubble cake.

ELLEN
Aw, Ma, I'm too full. I'm not used to eating like this.

MRS. JACOBY
But Elli, I got it just for you!

MRS. YADGAROFF
Elli Dolli, have a piece of cake and please your mother.

ELLEN
But I'm stuffed. I can't eat another thing.

ON MRS. JACOBY
as she enters from the kitchen holding out the cake.
MRS. JACOBY
You want me to show it to you?

POV ELLEN:
He cake gets larger as Mrs. Jacoby advances toward her with it. Ellen just laughs.

FADE OUT

EXT. VIEW FROM DESCENDING STEPS TO CHUCK'S COLLECTOR RECORD SHOP. GREENWICH VILLAGE. DAY

INT. RECORD SHOP. DAY

It is one of those classic lower East Village joints—dark, slightly grimy, and jammed.

Ellen stands and browses through a collection of records.

Finally, not finding what she wants, she walks over to the counter.

ELLEN
I'm looking for an old blues record.

CLERK
Who's it by?

ELLEN
That I don't know. It's about a man, probably during the depression, who only has fifteen cents for dinner and can only afford one meatball. It goes like this:

(singing)
He could afford just one meatball.

CLERK
I don't know it.
MAN (o.s.)
I do. Ry Cooder
did a version of that in 1970.
I even have the original recording.

Ellen turns around and is surprised to see MARK standing nearby.

Ellen is obviously delighted to see him, and smiles broadly.

CLERK
(to Mark)
Hey man, want a job?

ON MARK

grinning, he turns to Ellen.

The clerk begins to wait on someone else.

MARK
I'm an old slide guitar blues nut.

ELLEN
Me too.

MARK
Wanna come over and hear my record?

ELLEN
(delighted)
Okay.

CUT TO

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT. DAY

Mark's place is sparsely furnished, with modern pieces.
For a bachelor apartment it is surprisingly clean.
ELLEN
(looking around)
You're pretty clean for a guy.

MARK
It's the only way I keep my
sanity.
(pointing to the couch)
Have a seat.

Ellen moves to the couch. Spotting a stack of
records she begins flipping through them.

Mark disappears into the kitchen.

MARK (o.s.)
(continuing)
Want a drink?

ELLEN
Okay.

Mark reappears holding a tray with a bottle and two
glasses. He sets them down on the coffee table in front of
Ellen.

ELLEN
(picking up the bottle)
What is this?

MARK
Canadian cider. It's vaguely
fermented. My father brought
back a case from Montreal.
It's great.

Mark hands her a glass. Then he walks over to his stereo
and puts on a record. Music fills the room. Mark walks
back to the couch and sits next to Ellen.

ELLEN
(sipping her drink)
This is EXCELLENT!
MARK
(grinning)
I've got good taste, huh?

ELLEN
By the way, I was gonna call
you today anyway. I just found
out my idiot cousin, Bernie,
just bought a boat. On his pay
there's no way he could afford
one. I'm beginning to wonder
if maybe he did it.

MARK
How come?

ELLEN
He's cheap and spiteful.

ON ELLEN
examining a picture.

ELLEN
Who's this?

ON MARK
joining Ellen.

MARK
My mother. She died two years ago.

ELLEN
(sympathetically)
I'm sorry.

MARK
I almost think she brought it on
herself. She wouldn't leave Ohio
when Dad was transferred. They
got divorced. Then she got bone
cancer and died within two months.
I'm convinced she died of bitterness,
not cancer.
They both look at each other.

MARK
(continuing)
Why the hate campaign with Bernie?

ELLEN
He's so tight he squeaks. I don't like how he treats Grandma. And then he buys a boat right after the funeral.

MARK
That may be his way of blowing off steam. My father did some funny things after the divorce--running around with hookers and so on. He almost married one.

ELLEN
Really? How'd you handle that?

MARK
For about two years we hardly spoke to each other. Then I forgave him. It made all the difference.

ELLEN
So you think I should lay off of Bernie?

MARK
At least let him off the hook emotionally, in any case. When I walked around bitter at my father I felt like I was driving without power steering. Bitterness will ruin your life.

ELLEN
You think I should drop this whole thing?

MARK
At least the bitterness.
ELLEN
(scowling)
Life isn't fair. Nothing ever works out the way I want it to.

MARK
I know, but you'll make it a lot easier on yourself if you ditch the idea of retaliation against someone, especially a relative. It's weird, but relatives have that kind of power.

ELLEN
All I want to do is have some money so I don't have to work at Lombardi's the rest of my life.

MARK
Even if you get out of Lombardi's it won't be perfect. When I switched to private investigation I thought I would get to do things I enjoyed, like helping people. Do you know what I spend half my time doing? (beat)
Taking pictures outside motel rooms. This case is really one of the nicer jobs I've had for a while. I just don't want to see you stuck wallowing in self-pity if you don't get your money back.

ON ELLEN
looking thoughtful. She glances at her watch.

ELLEN
(gulping her cider)
I gotta go to my night class.

She picks up her bag. Mark walks her to the door.

MARK
I'll take you.
ELLEN
(relieved)
Boy, that'd be great.

Mark turns off the stereo. Ellen downs her drink. They walk out the door.

FADE OUT
EXT. ELLEN’S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Ellen’s walks up the steps to her apartment. We see her unlock the door and walk inside.

INT. ELLEN’S APT. NIGHT

A SERIES OF ANGLES

on interior of apartment, which has been ransacked. Her cello is on the floor, drawers have been opened; clothes are falling out of drawers, and papers are strewn all over the floor.

The dog is walking around the floor, alternately sniffing and yelping.

ON ELLEN

eying the damage. She walks through the room. The cocker spaniel, still whining, follows her. She picks him up and pets him.

ELLEN

Laura?
(Beat)
(louder)
Laura?
(beat)

Ellen walks over to the phone and, shaking, dials a number.

ELLEN

Hello, Mark?
(beat)
It’s Ellen. My place has been robbed.
(beat)
Should I call the police?
(beat)
All right, I won’t touch anything. Thanks.

Dazed, Ellen hangs up the phone and walks around. She picks up the dog.
INT. ELLEN'S APT. NIGHT

There is a KNOCK at the door. Ellen opens it to Mark. Neither one says anything.

MARK
Boy, they sure got you.

ON MARK
as he walks through the apartment, Looking into the various rooms.

MARK
Which room is yours?

ELLEN
(pointing to the loft)
That one.

INT. ELLEN'S APT. STAIRWAY. NIGHT

Mark climbs upstairs, Ellen follows him.

INT. ELLEN'S APT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

ON ROOM

which is a complete mess of clothes pulled out of drawers, lamps overturned, and papers on the floor.

Ellen follows Mark inside.

MARK
Can you tell offhand if anything's missing?
ELLEN
(stepping out of the room)
No. The T.V. and stereo are still here. And so is my cello, amazingly enough. I won't be able to figure out what they took until I dig into everything.

INT. ELLEN'S APT. STAIRWAY. NIGHT

Mark goes downstairs and walks into Laura's room.

MARK (o.s.)
Go ahead and call the police.

ELLEN
(picking up the phone)
You want some coffee?

MARK (o.s.)
Okay.

CUT TO

INT. ELLEN'S APT. ENTRYWAY. NIGHT

Two POLICEMAN KNOCK and Ellen lets them in. They have heavy New York accents.

POLICEMAN I
(looking at a clipboard)
Are you Ellen Jacoby?

ELLEN
Yes.

POLICEMAN I
You're the one who reported the break in?

ELLEN
Yes.
POLICEMAN I
Do I have the correct spelling on your name? J-A-C-O-B-Y?

ELLEN
Yeah.

POLICEMAN I
And your date of birth?

ELLEN

ANGLE ON POLICEMAN II
walking around the apartment examining doors and windows.

POLICEMAN II
(to Mark)
You live here?

MARK
No. I'm just a friend.

WIDE ANGLE ON POLICEMAN I AND ELLEN
going through the rooms.

INT. ELLEN'S APT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

POLICEMAN I
Could you tell me what's been taken.

ELLEN
(looking at her dresser)
This is weird, but I can't find anything missing.

POLICEMAN I
Whaddayamean?
ELLEN
It looks like whoever did it just pulled the place apart and didn't take a thing. I'm insulted; he didn't even want my stereo.

POLICEMAN I
(smiling, handing her a card)
In this city I'll believe anything. Call in at this number if you notice anything missing.

INT. ELLEN'S APT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

where Mark and Policeman II converge with Ellen and Policeman I.

POLICEMAN II
(looking at the bathtub)
I can't believe these Village apartments still have these tubs in the middle of the living-room. I can't imagine anyone actually using one. That would drive my wife crazy.

The two policeman head toward the door.

POLICEMAN I
So long now.

Ellen closes the door behind them. She heads toward the kitchen.

ELLEN
How do you take your coffee?

INT. ELLEN'S APT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

as Mark joins Ellen there.
MARK
Why don't we get out of here and go to a Village dive?

ELLEN
(very interested)
Good idea.

CUT TO

INT. SMALL VILLAGE CAFE. NIGHT

Ellen and Mark are seated at a table.

ELLEN
Well, what do you make of all this mess?

MARK
It's obvious someone's trying to freak you out.

The waiter, slightly punked out, appears at their table with their order, sets it on the table then leaves.

ELLEN
(continuing)
Where were we?

MARK
I was telling you I think someone may be scared.

ELLEN
You mean me, of course.

MARK
(smiling)
Maybe. By the way, where was your roommate?

ELLEN
Most likely out with her idiot boyfriend.
MARK
What's wrong with him?

ELLEN
He's a complete jerk.

MARK
What's his problem?

ELLEN
He's five years younger than Laura, and stupid.

MARK
What does he do?

ELLEN
Construction, I think.

MARK
By the way, I found out your cousin is planning to leave the country next week.

ELLEN
(angry)
Where's he going?

MARK
Zurich.

ELLEN
I can't BELIEVE HIM! I vaguely heard my mother mention something about him going on vacation, but ZURICH!!! What I can't figure out is why Allyson, his wife, is still hanging around.

MARK
(sipping his coffee)
She probably wants to make things look as normal as possible.
ELLEN
I was hoping to take advantage
of not having her around.

MARK
Why?

ELLEN
She's such a yenta.

A DRUNK enters the restaurant. We see him stagger to
various tables for a handout.

ON WAITERS
as they notice him and move in his direction.

Mark and Ellen stop talking and watch. Ellen reaches into
her handbag as the drunk approaches their table.

ON ELLEN
handing him some money.

ON DRUNK
staring at the money as if he doesn't know what
it is. Two waiters get on each side of
him and escort him out the door.

Mark and Ellen begin to eat from the dish on the table.

ON MARK
who is chewing thoughtfully.

ELLEN
What are you thinking?
MARK
I was trying to remember the last time I was in a place like this. I was about eleven. I thought if you walked through the Village you'd see Woody Allen or Bob Dylan.

ELLEN
What were you doing here then?

MARK
Visiting my older brother. He lived in the East Village in the early seventies and played his harmonica on the streets.

ELLEN
(excited)
When things were cooking!!

MARK
After about a year he got sick of the income and went to college. I'm surprised these places are still exactly the same.

ELLEN
I think these dungeons epitomize the true Village—especially those decrepit steps and beat up doors. I like those pictures of all the old movie stars in their prime. Weren't they honeys?

Ellen turns in her seat and points to the wall, which is lined with black and white photographs of about fifty movie stars.

Mark nods, then turns back to face Ellen.

MARK
I've got an idea that might speed things up.
ELLEN
What?

MARK
Who did you tell you were hiring a detective?

ELLEN
(munching a nacho)
Just my family and Laura.

MARK
How would you feel about starting a rumor that there's more money hidden in the attic as a sort of bait to catch whoever did it? If Bernie's leaving for Europe we need to get moving.

ELLEN
Sounds like a Lois Lane trip. I like it.

MARK
You start talking and say it's hidden in the boxes of lighting fixtures in the attic.

The WAITER removes their empty dishes.

MARK
Can we have our check?

The WAITER nods and backs away quickly.

ELLEN
What are you gonna do?

MARK
Drive to Larchmont and plant myself at your Grandmother's.
ELLEN
You're welcome to stay there if that would help.

MARK
What about your neighbors? Will they get suspicious?

ELLEN
Probably. You know, it might be a good idea if you took my car, then you wouldn't have to worry about anyone calling the police on you.

MARK
It's probably best to trade vehicles. Can you drive a standard?

ELLEN
Of course. Only are you sure you want to drive my contraption? I've seen yours--it's like a Rolls compared to mine.

MARK
(reaching for the check)
That's all right. I was in school once, too. By the way, this coffee was fantastic. Good suggestion.
EXT. SIDEWALK NEAR ELLEN'S APT. NIGHT

Mark walks Ellen to her apartment. They pause at her door. She hands him her keys.

ELLEN
(pointing)
It's the red Capri in front of the apartment.

ANGLE ON CAR

Mark pulls out his keys and hands them to Ellen.

MARK
You scared staying here?

ELLEN
If I scared that easily I wouldn't live in New York.

MARK
Call me if you need anything.

ELLEN
Okay, and thanks for the coffee.

Ellen closes the door and walks inside.

INT. ELLEN'S APT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

She goes to the window.

ELLEN'S POV

as she watches Mark walk to her car.

ON WINDOW

of Ellen's apartment as she watches Mark open the door of her car.

ON MARK

as he turns around and waves at Ellen.
EXT. ELLEN'S APT. NIGHT

ON ELLEN'S CAR, FAVORING MARK.

MARK pulls out of ELLEN'S street.

EXT. FOURTH STREET. NIGHT
as Ellen's car rolls down it.

ON ANOTHER CAR
waiting about a half a block away starts its motor and begins to FOLLOW MARK, then moves in closer behind Mark.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT
as CARS drive past a few PEDESTRIANS on the sidewalk.

FAVORING ELLEN'S CAR
as Mark CRUISES along. The other car pulls up near Mark.

INT. ELLEN'S CAR
ON MARK
as Mark notices that the car is too close. As the pursuer gains on him Mark speeds up.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET. NIGHT
As Mark speeds up and moves down the street, the other car tries to run him into a guardrail.

Ellen's car swerves, missing the guardrail.
Doing a 180, Mark heads the car towards his pursuer.

ON PURSUING VEHICLE
INT. PURSUING CAR. NIGHT.
ON DRIVER

looking surprised as Ellen's car bears down on his.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT. WIDE ANGLE

as the other vehicle swings into a side street and Mark follows him.

EXT. SIDESTREET. NIGHT. WIDE ANGLE

Ellen's car moves beside the other one and causes it to veer onto the sidewalk, knocking into a string of garbage cans.

INT. PURSUING CAR. NIGHT

ON CAR

heading towards the garbage cans. He runs into them, knocking them over.

EXT. ON CANS ALONG THE SIDEWALK. NIGHT

ON PURSUER'S VEHICLE

as it plows into the cans.

Ellen's car pulls up perpendicularly in front of the other car and the other backs out of the narrow street and heads out.

ON ELLEN'S CAR

following the other car. For a second the clutch grinds and the car hesitates as Mark tries to get it into gear. Finally it clicks in and continues.

EXT. PARKING RAMP. NIGHT. FOLLOWING THE OTHER CAR

as it heads down the decline of an underground parking garage.

The car's brakes SQUEAL as it CRASHES through a guardrail.

The driver throws open the door, bails out, then disappears.
Ellen's car appears at the top of the ramp.

INT. ELLEN'S CAR. NIGHT. ON MARK

MARK'S POV
of the abandoned car with its door hanging open and the empty street.

INT. ELLEN'S CAR. NIGHT. ON MARK
who bangs on the steering wheel and blows out his breath in disgust.

CUT TO

INT. PHONE BOOTH. NIGHT.

ON MARK
standing in a phone booth. He taps his foot impatiently.

INT. ELLEN'S APT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

ON ELLEN
asleep. The dog is on her bed.

ANGLE ON PHONE
not making a sound. We hear a FAINT RINGING of a phone in another room, but Ellen does not hear it.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH. NIGHT

ON MARK
who is still waiting for Ellen to answer the phone. Finally he hangs up and rushes out of the booth.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. NIGHT. ELLEN'S APT.
ON ELLEN

stumbling to the front door. She unlocks the door and peers at Mark.

ELLEN
(squinting)
Hi, what are you doing here?

She opens the door for him. Mark looks down at Ellen's sleepwear and grins: she's wearing a knee-length T-shirt with a picture of Betty Boop, and a Japanese kimono. Realizing Mark is looking, Ellen moves to the couch to sit down. Mark takes a seat on the couch.

MARK
Why didn't you answer the phone? I let it ring 40 times.

ELLEN
(yawning)
I musta left the ringer off.

MARK
Someone followed me as soon as I took your car. I don't think you should stay here.

ELLEN
(yawning)
Okay, I'll go to Queens tomorrow.

MARK
Look, I'll sleep on your couch. You shouldn't be alone.

Ellen just looks at him for a second and throws him a comforter.

ELLEN
(sleepily)
G'night.

FADE OUT
INT. ELLEN'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN. DAY

ON ELLEN
making a pot of coffee. CU of coffee package which reads French Market.

INT. ELLEN'S APT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.
as the front door opens and LAURA comes through the door.

ON LAURA
looking at the living room.

    LAURA
    My God, what a mess? What the hell is going on?

    ELLEN (o.s.)
    We got burglarized.

    LAURA
    Did you call the cops?

    ELLEN (o.s.)
    Yeah. They were a big help.

    LAURA
    In this neighborhood, what do you expect? I'm surprised it hasn't happened sooner.

Ellen enters, carrying two cups of coffee.

ON BATHROOM DOOR
as it opens and Mark walks out.

Laura looks at Ellen and grins. Ellen hands Mark a cup of coffee.
ELLEN
Laura, this is Mark.

MARK
Hi.

ON LAURA
looking at Mark approvingly. Then she winks at Ellen and starts walking through the living room, scrutinizing various sections of the place. She disappears into her bedroom.

ELLEN
Your room doesn't look too bad. I guess they figured there wasn't much worth stealing.

LAURA (o.s., sarcastically)
Thanks a lot.

ELLEN
What's missing of yours?

LAURA (o.s.)
It looks like they went through my jewelry. I can't remember everything I own. It's gonna take me a few minutes to figure out how many pieces I had.

(beat)
Damn, it looks like those jerks took my food stamps.

ELLEN
How base.

MARK
(grabbing his jacket)
I've got to get going.

ELLEN
Will you be at Grandma's today?

MARK
Yeah.
ELLEN
Okay, I'll call you there.

Ellen lets Mark out and begins straightening up the place.

LAURA (o.s.)
I'm going out for a minute.

ELLEN
You just walked in! Where are you going now?

Laura, her outfit changed, comes into the living room.

LAURA
To Foodtown; I won't be long.

ELLEN
If I'm gone when you leave it's 'cause I'm gonna go to Larchmont. I can't handle staying here right now.

LAURA
Oh, big deal. Break-ins around this place are normal. I'm surprised we weren't hit sooner.

ELLEN
Well, Mark advised me to leave.

LAURA
Where'd your find him?

ELLEN
Remember--the detective I hired to find out who ripped off the money from Grandma's house.

LAURA
(grinning)
I suppose he was working overtime.
ELLEN
He didn't want to leave me alone. after the break in.

LAURA
(looking pensive)
Perfect opening, huh? Has he got any leads yet?

ELLEN
No, but he says he thinks there may be some money stashed in the fixtures Poppi stored in the attic.

LAURA
I didn't realize your grandfather was so well off.

ELLEN
He did all right.

LAURA
That whole thing is just so bizarre.

ELLEN
By the way, the police left a number to call to report what's missing.

ON ELLEN
She hands Laura a sheet of paper. Laura looks at it, then puts it down.

LAURA
See you later.

ON LAURA
leaving the apartment.

INT. ELLEN'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM DAY

as Ellen pulls a suitcase out of a closet. We see her opening drawers and sorting clothes when the apartment BUZZER SOUNDS. Ellen runs to answer it.
ELLEN

(pressing intercom switch)
Who is it?

We hear a muffled answer.

INT. ELLEN’S APARTMENT. BEDROOM DAY

as Ellen hurries in from the stairs. Two sets of FOOTSTEPS come up the stairs. A KNOCK sounds at the door.

ELLEN opens the door. ALLYSON and her five-year-old son STEVEN enter. ALLYSON, a non-descript brunette of medium height, is holding her son’s hand.

ELLEN

Hi.

ALLYSON

My God, what a bordel this place is! I’ve always known you were a slob but I didn’t think you were this bad.

ELLEN

Someone broke in last night.

ALLYSON

Really? Do the police have any idea who?

ELLEN

Are you kidding? How would they ever track some burglar in a city like New York?

ALLYSON

Yeah, you’re probably right.

Allyson takes a seat on the couch and lets go of Steven’s hand.

ALLYSON

I smell coffee. Is there any left?
ELLEN
(moving toward the kitchen)
Yeah, what do you want in it?

ALLYSON
Just milk.

Steven begins to walk around the apartment. He goes over to a small end table and picks up a figurine. He tries to shake it, then sticks it in his mouth.

ELLEN (o.s.)
What are you doing in the city today?

ALLYSON
Shopping.

ELLEN (o.s.)
(distantly)
I wish I could go.

ALLYSON
Well, if you'd stop living like such a bohemian you'd be able to do more than just survive.

Ellen enters with a cup of coffee which she hands to Allyson.

ELLEN
At least I'm doing something I like, which I consider better than having nothing to look forward to.

ALLYSON
Whoever said I was bored? Bernie and I have a very nice life.
ELLEN
(nervously watching Steven)
Will you stop taking everything so personally? I was speaking in generalities. I don't care what anyone else does. I have to be doing something I enjoy, or else I'll go nuts.

ALLYSON
I'm surprised you've made it this far the way you live.

ELLEN
(looking at Steven)
Steven, stop that!

ON STEVEN
pulling off the cover page of a magazine.

ON ELLEN
as she jumps up to stop him.

Sighing, Ellen walks over to the table, takes the magazine from him. She finds another magazine and hands it to him. Steven, ignoring the magazine, starts walking around the room.

ELLEN
(eyeing Steven nervously)
Could you keep an eye on him?

ALLYSON
He won't bother anything.

Steven walks around the room. He goes over to Ellen's cello. He begins fingering the neck, then pulls at the strings.

ELLEN
Make him stop that, will you?

ALLYSON
Stevie, be a good boy.
ON STEVEN

walking into the kitchen.

ELLEN
Do you think Grandma's gonna try and sell the house?

ALLYSON
I don't know.

ELLEN
Brandy told me he thinks there's more money stashed in the attic. He says Poppi left a bunch of lighting fixtures in there and he thinks there may be more money.

ALLYSON
Really?

Both women look up when they hear the sound of a plate CRASHING from the direction of the kitchen.

ALLYSON
(getting up)
I suppose we'd better go.
Come on, Stevie.

Steven saunters back into the room.
Allyson grabs Steven's hand and walks to the door.
Ellen walks to the door with them.

ALLYSON
(continuing)
Thanks for the coffee.

ELLEN
Sure. Bye Stevie.

Allyson nudges Steven. He makes a face at Ellen, and the two head down the stairs.

FADE OUT
EXT. YADGAROFF'S HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON

INT. YADGAROFF'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. LATE AFTERNOON

ON MARK

at the refrigerator making himself a salami sandwich.

INT. YADGAROFF'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

MARK'S POV: he watches the door as he hears a
key click in the front entrance.

A key clicks in the front door lock.

Mark glances up, watching the door, which is almost lost
in shadow.

FAVORING THE FRONT DOOR AS IT SWINGS OPEN

and Ellen walk through. She flicks on the light switch.

MARK

Hi.

ELLEN

I love your car. It's like
driving a little Mercedes.

Mark goes to the curtain and moves it aside.

MARK

I'm glad you've enjoyed it.
It is a nice car. I've never
been sorry I bought it.

(beat)

(peering outside)
Where are you parked?

ELLEN

In the back alley. Where's my
beast?
MARK
I parked a few blocks away. Incidentally, the people in this neighborhood are incredibly nosy. Yesterday, when I drove up, this couple, come flying out of nowhere, thinking I was Stan. Who's he?

ELLEN
(embarrassed)
My ex-husband.

MARK
Anyway, I told them I was helping you and that seemed to satisfy them. But after that run in I decided things would be less complicated if I simply parked somewhere else.

ELLEN
So, how do you like hanging out in this snotty neighborhood?

MARK
It's nice getting out of the city for a breather; I just can't get used to this decor.

ELLEN
I know. I felt sorry for Poppi having to succumb to such profuse femininity.

MARK
Excuse my ignorance, but is it really true that Jewish women wear the pants in the family? Everybody hears it, but I hate to believe stereotypes.
(beat)
Besides, you don't seem so bad.
ELLEN
(smiling)
I suppose that’s a compliment. But, yes, it’s sorta true. Poppi was a nice guy, but Grandma pretty much called the shots.

MARK
How is your grandmother?

ELLEN
She could be better. This whole thing really broke her up.

MARK
Which, losing her husband or having her house pulled apart?

ELLEN
She wasn’t doing so hot to begin with, but when the money was stolen she lost a lot of equilibrium.

MARK
Yeah, it’s amazing how much power money has over families.

ELLEN
It wasn’t so much the money, but the fact that someone got into the house. At first she didn’t want me to do anything, but the idea seemed to appeal to her when she found out you were involved.

MARK
(grinning)
I’m glad I’m in good favor with someone. How would she feel about the fact that I’m hanging out here?
ELLEN
That's fine. She's always given me run of the house, mainly because I spent summers with them. In a way I was more like a daughter than a granddaughter.

ON ELLEN
as she examines the dust on the coffee table.

ELLEN
(continuing)
Excuse me one second.

She disappears into the kitchen, reappearing a moment later with a rag.

Mark takes a seat on the couch and Ellen begins dusting.

MARK
(feigning a Jewish accent)
So, a rich Jewish girl like you has to dust. You couldn't hire a maid?

ELLEN
Rich, are you kidding? It's been a major family issue--my choosing a music career instead of teaching. They've hated it. The only one who really supported me was Poppi. By the way, that accent is in trouble.

MARK
What do you expect from an alien?

Mark gets up from the couch and walks into the hallway where the attic door is.

INT. YADGAROFF'S HOUSE. STAIRWELL. HALLWAY. NIGHT
He pulls the handle that unfolds into a stairway. As the stairs descend, the attic light automatically comes on.
ELLEN (o.s.)
You really gotta be Jewish to do justice to Jewish intonations. Or else a native New Yorker. How long have you been here?

MARK
Nine years.

ELLEN (o.s.)
I guess there's still hope for you.

MARK
Come here, I want to show you something.

Ellen enters the hallway.

ON MARK
as he turns out the living room light, then climbs quickly up the ladder.

Ellen watches, then follows, while Mark bends over to make sure she manages.

INT. YADGAROFF'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Once inside, Mark walks over to a box and pulls out a pile of papers.

MARK
This is unreal. Why would your grandfather hang onto receipts for half a century?
ELLEN
He was obsessed with saving everything. He was worried he’d get audited and wouldn’t be able to document everything.

MARK
(signalling her to be stop talking)
Quiet! I hear something.

ELLEN
What is it?

MARK
I believe we have a visitor.

Mark walks over to the light and disconnects the bulb. He pulls out a pen light and flicks that on.

MARK
(continuing)
Get behind these boxes.

ON MARK AND ELLEN
while Mark takes Ellen’s arm and leads her behind a stack of boxes. MARK crouches down with her. They whisper.

ELLEN
Hey, I’m boxed in.

MARK
Now I know why you’re divorced.

ELLEN
This reminds me of the time I was flying from Quebec to JFK. The guy next to me begged me to keep him talking so he wouldn’t throw up. He asked me about forty questions.
ELLEN
(continuing)
Then, when we were just about to land, he said, "I'm gonna be sick: what does your uncle do?"
I paused for a minute and said, "which one--the one on my mother's side or the one on my father's side."

MARK
That's awful.

ELLEN
I was only sixteen and couldn't come up with anything else.

MARK
Did the poor guy do all right?

ELLEN
He was fine.
(beat)
(putting on an exaggerated Jewish accent)
Yung chultren shoodn't be leeft adone is za house at night.

MARK
Who's that?

ELLEN
Grandma.

MARK
The old lady sounds like she's got a fair dose of chutzpa—
(pronounces ch as "k")
like her granddaughter.

Flattered, Ellen smiles.

ELLEN
(smiling)
You're saying it wrong. It's "hootspa." (h'nzba) We don't pronounce the C.
Unconsciously, their faces have moved closer together. Their eyes meet and lock.

ELLEN
(pursing her lips)
Try it--"hootzpa"
You gotta twist your lips.

Mark is staring at Ellen intently. He starts to mouth the formation of the word. Their faces are even closer together—almost touching.

MARK
(slowly, sensually)
"Hootspa."

As soon as the word is out of his mouth he leans even closer. Their lips meet for a second.

There is the sound of a hand groping against the door. The door CREAKS.

ANGLE ON DOOR
as the door flips up and INTRUDER enters the room.

INTRUDER flicks on small flashlight and shines it across the room, resting momentarily on various spots. He walks over to a group of boxes and opens one, then throws it over quickly. He tries another box, finds nothing, then continues. Finally he finds the boxes that contain the fixtures. With a knife he begins opening one of the boxes and pulls out a lighting fixture. He rests his flashlight in a convenient spot, and, after extracting the lighting fixture, digs around for money. Finding none, he tries another box.

ANGLE ON MARK
who comes out from behind his hiding place.
MARK
Looking for something?

The INTRUDER looks in the direction of the voice. MARK jumps him, and INTRUDER'S knife falls from his hand. The two struggle in the dark.

ON ELLEN

going out of the corner and going over to the light bulb.

WIDE ANGLE ON ELLEN, MARK AND INTRUDER

as Ellen gropes around trying to get the light on. MARK slams INTRUDER into a pile of light fixtures and we hear them SMASH. We hear a grunt as MARK gets knocked onto a shoe rack. As MARK falls on the shoe rack, INTRUDER retrieves his knife and lunges for MARK. Again the two struggle. We hear a grunt and know someone got stabbed, but it is hard to tell who. Finally the struggle ceases as MARK is able to get his gun. He holds the pistol against the head of the INTRUDER.

ON ELLEN

finally turning the light on.

ELLEN
(shrieking)
My God!

ON MARK

whose shirt and face are smeared with blood.

He is on the floor handcuffing INTRUDER.

ON INTRUDER

who we recognize as Phil.

The three proceed down the attic stairway. We see them walk down the stairs. We hear an insistent knock at the door.
The knocking continues as they go downstairs and into the living room.

INT. YADGAROFF'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Ellen opens the door. MR. and MRS. WEIL are standing at the door.

ON MR. WEIL

looking at Mark and Phil.

MR. WEIL'S POV of Mark and his father—the gun, the blood, the handcuffs.

ELLEN
Hi, Mr. and Mrs. Weil.

MRS. WEIL
(sizing up Mark)
We noticed your car parked down the street and wondered if everything was all right.

ELLEN
Thanks for your concern. Everything's fine. I lent it to a friend.

(gesturing to Mark)
This is Mark.

Mrs. Weil looks at Mark, then Phil.

MRS. WEIL
You want I should get a doctor?

ELLEN
No thanks, Mrs. Weil. We're on our way out.

MRS. WEIL
So long, dahlung.

FADE OUT
EXT. THE JACOBY'S HOUSE. DAY (aerial view)

INT. THE JACOBY'S LIVING ROOM. DAY

Mr. Jacoby is talking to Mark. They are both holding drinks.

MR. JACOBY
I really appreciate your helping Ellen.

MARK
My pleasure.

MR. JACOBY
I'll bet you don't run into this sort of thing that often do you?

MARK
Not quite.
(beat)

MR. JACOBY
What are you gonna do now?

MARK
What I've always been doing--continuing to make people's lives miserable.

MR. JACOBY
It must be a very interesting line of work.

MARK
Sometimes. This was better than average.

Mrs. Jacoby appears in the doorway.

MRS. JACOBY
Come sit down! Everything's ready.
They leave the room and follow her.

INT. JACOBY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

Mrs. Jacoby places a serving dish on the table. Mr. Jacoby holds the chair for Mrs. Yadgaroff. Mark moves to the end of the table and holds a chair for Ellen, then he takes his seat across the table from her.

MRS. JACOBY
(serving Mrs. Yadgaroff)
Glad to have you here, Mark.

MARK
Thanks, Mrs. Jacoby.

Mark accepts a serving dish from Ellen and stares at her.

MRS. YADGAROFF
(to Mark)
Honey, I'm so happy you took care of my Elli Dolli. What a nice boy.

Ellen watches Mark. Her eyes are glued to him.

MARK
(grinning)
I enjoyed every bit of it.

MRS. YADGAROFF
(waving her fork)
What's gonna happen to Philip.

MARK
We'll see. But I found out those bills, the ones he turned over, were gold bills, and now worth $175. for fifty.

MRS. YADGAROFF
Hey, not bad!
MRS. JACOBY
The important thing is that we got him.

Mr. Jacoby takes passes Mark another dish.

MR. JACBOY
Here, have some more meat.

Mark accepts the plate from Mr. Jacoby and serves himself.

MRS. YADGAROFF
Booby, I hope now you'll get out of that awful apartment. Such a dump!

ELLEN
I like it.

MARK
Actually, I think the place has chutzpah.

Mark looks at Ellen. Their eyes lock.

Ry Cooder's version of "One Meatball" begins to PLAY. The camera moves upward and we are now looking down at the family. The voices are getting dimmer; the MUSIC gets louder. Mr. Jacoby nudges his wife and she passes him a dish. Mark and Ellen are still looking at each other across the table.

FADE OUT

THE END