

TOOTSIE

Screenplay

By

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MACRO SHOT. LIKE AN ABSTRACT PAINTING

Only one are in focus. It is an actors' character box. We SLOWLY PAN to see: a monocle, different pairs of eyeglasses, rubber appliances, various makeups, a collection of dental applications, an assortment of brushes. A hand comes into frame and removes a small bottle. WE FOLLOW to see it is spirit gum. The other hand enters frame and uncaps the bottle. FOLLOW one hand as it applies the spirit gum to a cheek. We see only a portion of the cheek. Now the hands apply spirit gum to a rubber scar. Again we FOLLOW the hands as they place the scar upon the actor's cheek. The ritual continues as we watch a moustache being applied. The hands then search out the dental appliances and pick one. We study the movement as the appliance is inserted into the actor's mouth. Throughout the above we HEAR someone mumbling, but we cannot make out the words. Suddenly we HEAR:

A VOICE

Next!

A BLACK SCREEN: OR SO IT SEEMS

Really a darkened theater. We're looking out toward the auditorium.

VOICE

Michael... Dorsey, is it?

PULL BACK to hold MICHAEL in f.g., looking out toward the darkened auditorium. He is an actor, 40 years old. He holds a script.

MICHAEL

That's right.

CAMERA CIRCLES to reveal Michael's face. The scar is present, as is the moustache. He also has perfect teeth.

VOICE

Top of twenty-three.

MICHAEL

(with feeling)

"Do you know what it was like walking up in Paris that morning? Seeing the empty pillow where... wait a minute, cover your breasts! Kevin is downstairs! My God -- what are you?"

PAN to reveal a BURLY MALE STAGE MANAGER, cigar butt in mouth.

STAGE MANAGER

"I'm a woman. Not Felicia's mother. Not Kevin's wife..."

VOICE

Thank you. That's fine. We're looking for someone a little older.

INT. ANOTHER BARE STAGE - MICHAEL WITH ANOTHER STAGE MANAGER

Michael is dressed in cut-offs, a T-shirt and sneakers. He plays with a yo-yo.

MICHAEL

"Mom! Dad! Uncle Pete! Something's wrong with Buiscuit! I think he's dead!"

VOICE

(voice from the darkness)
Thank you. Thank you. We're looking for someone a little younger.

INT. A THIRD BARE STAGE - MICHAEL WITH ANOTHER STAGE MANAGER

Michael had dark makeup on, his hair slicked back, wears a zoot suit, another moustache. He has a "Walkman" stereo hanging from his neck, and wears earphones.

STAGE MANAGER

(eyes on script)
"No, Julio, no. Get out of the Barrio while you can."

MICHAEL

"I don' go wi' out Esthella..."

He suddenly whips out a knife and flicks it open under the Stage Manager's chin. The Stage Manager looks up from the script in terror.

MICHAEL

... an I wan' you to look at me when I walk, mon. Look at me!

VOICE

Thank you, that was very good, but we're looking for someone less ethnic.

MUSIC UP: (A LA "ON BROADWAY")

CLOSE - SCRAPBOOK PAGES - MAIN TITLES BEGIN

The early years:

- A) a six-year-old Michael in a school play. "My first play," scrawled beneath the picture.
- B) A high school newspaper article about Michael Dorsey.
- C) In another costume, older now... a high school play.

VOICE

Next!

INT. ANOTHER BARE STAGE - MICHAEL

Deeply moved, in tears, reading from "Henry IV".

MICHAEL

"Old men forget
Yet all shall be forgot,
But we'll remember with advantages
What fears we did that day.
Then shall their names..."

He suddenly breaks off as we and he HEARS MUMBLING from out in the dark house.

MICHAEL

Is my acting interfering with your
talking?... because I can keep this
down. I mean, I wouldn't want to
disturb you. Just tell me if I'm
interfering.

CLOSE - THE SCRAPBOOK - MUSIC AND TITLES

- A) A parchment award. "The John Barrymore Award."
- B) A moustache encased in cellophane.
- C) A piece of a program from CYRANO.

EXT. A RUNDOWN STORE FRONT - NIGHT

Somewhere in Soho. A hand lettered sign advertises RICHARD III. Beneath the title is Michael's name. We hear dialogue from inside.

INT. A CONVERTED STORE - THEATER - NIGHT

Michael, as Richard, finishes a speech, moves off stage.

The audience, consisting of about twelve people, applaud. The most enthusiastic response comes from a 34 year old endearing blonde named SANDY.

BACKSTAGE, (such as it is) the DIRECTOR grabs Michael.

DIRECTOR
Dammit, Michael, I told you to sit on the edge of the stage and talk to the audience!

MICHAEL
(pulling away)
I'm supposed to be Richard, the third, not Judy Garland!

INT. THEATER-IN-THE-ROUND - A REHEARSAL

Michael as an old man, wrinkled skin, bald head, lies on one side of the stage. Several ACTORS hover over him.

1ST ACTOR
Quick! Get a priest!

MICHAEL
No! No priest.

2ND ACTOR
But you're dying, Count Tolstoy.

A "PRIEST" runs up to Michael, who strikes out feebly.

PRIEST
"In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost... I commit your soul to God."

From the house:

DIRECTOR
That was super, Michael luv, but I wonder if you could cross to center stage on the last speech and then die. The left side of the house can't see you.

MICHAEL
(slowly)
You want me to... stand up during my death speech and walk?

DIRECTOR

I know it's awkward but we'll have to do it.

MICHAEL

Not with me as Tolstoy.

SCRAPBOOK - MUSIC AND TITLES

- A) A telegram wishing Michael "Good Luck in New York!"
- B) A good review in an "off-off" Broadway play.
- C) A Mailgram notifying him of an Obie nomination.
- D) A wedding photo of Michael and a pretty girl.
- E) A clipping in "Variety:" "Due to creative differences Michael Dorsey has been replaced by Terry Bishop in Petrified Forest at the Dy Lys.

INT. ANOTHER BARE STAGE - MICHAEL WITH ANOTHER STAGE MANAGER

Michael angrily slaps the script against his thigh.

MICHAEL

Just a second, now, could I start again? I just didn't start it right.

VOICE

(from darkness)

No, no, it was very good. Really, it was fine; you're just the wrong height.

MICHAEL

Well hold it, I can be taller. I've got lifts at home, it's really easy to add a few...

VOICE

No, no, you don't understand, we need someone shorter.

MICHAEL

(quickly)

I don't have to be this tall! I'm wearing lifts --

THE SCRAPBOOK - MUSIC AND TITLES

- A) A torn photo of Laurence Olivier in "The Entertainer."

B) An article announcing that Michael will be coming to the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis.

C) A page from a Chekhov play.

D) A faded section of Michael's signed divorce papers.

TITLES AND MUSIC FADE OUT

EXT. MCMULLEN'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. MCMULLEN'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Busy, noisy. Would be actors are waiters and waitresses -- capped teeth, bow ties and aprons.

INT. KITCHEN AREA - MCMULLEN'S RESTAURANT

Michael is unloading a tray of dirty dishes. Beside him is a 2nd waiter (JEFF) doing the same.

JEFF

You know, I've been trying to revise the necktie speech... and I'm not sure you're right.

MICHAEL

I am right. Christ, man, I've lost everything. I've got to go nuts when I can't find that necktie. I can't sit there and describe it to myself.

JEFF

But it's not the necktie you're describing. The necktie is only a metaphor.

MICHAEL

I can't act that. That's a writer's idea.

JEFF

So is Lear.

VOICE

Service -- table 12!

They start out of the kitchen, CAMERA FOLLOWING:

MICHAEL

Did you hear from your agent?

JEFF

He wants to reread the play before we talk. That means he hasn't taken it out of the envelope yet.

INT. DINING AREA - MICHAEL & JEFF

As they come out of the kitchen, Michael stops suddenly, grabs Jeff's arm.

MICHAEL

Jesus, can you take table 12?

JEFF

C'mon, Sy's still mad cause I covered your station Friday. What's wrong?

MICHAEL

It's my ex...

Jeff grimaces and ducks away. Michael picks up a couple of menus, steels himself and goes to the table. CATHY is good-looking. GRAHAM is the picture of three-piece-suit respectability. A two-year old child is having a tantrum.

CATHY

Oh, my God! Michael! What a surprise. I didn't know you were still... I mean... what a surprise! Graham, this is Michael Dorsey, my husband, Graham. I mean Graham is my husband.

(she laughs hysterically)

Well, you know who you are.

(child flings a spoon)

He's tired. Chuckie, be good! You look great, Michael! How's Terry?

MICHAEL

(woodenly)

He's making a lot of money. On a soap. I'm not. I haven't seen him in six years.

CATHY

Oh great. Are you married?

MICHAEL

No. I share an apartment with an unsuccessful playwright. He's a waiter here, too.

CATHY

Oh great. You look wonderful. You haven't changed at all... I mean... facially. You just look great...

EXT. A STREET - MICHAEL, JEFF - NIGHT - WALKING

MICHAEL

Five years and she's still out to get me. "I didn't know you were still here"... "You haven't changed at all"...

JEFF

To hell with her.

MICHAEL

Yeah, right. Let's just get home and work on the third act.

(beat)

I know why she was there. It's my goddamned birthday today. She came to remind me that after 12 years I'm still a waiter.

JEFF

You really think... after all this time she remembers your birthday?

MICHAEL

Are you kidding? She remembers everything I want to forget. Not that I care about getting older. Christ, age is great for a character actor.

(a beat)

Hey, don't mention that it's my birthday to anyone, okay?

INT. A TENEMENT BUILDING - SHOOTING DOWN THE STAIRS

As Michael and Jeff come up the stairs towards us.

JEFF

Michael...

MICHAEL

(pulling out keys)

What a night. Thank God it's over.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

As Michael steps in and turns on the light, thirty voices scream "Surprise!" Michael is stunned for a moment, then glares at Jeff, who shrugs good-naturedly.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT - LATER

Open close on an actor toasting Michael. As we PULL BACK, we see there are two walled off areas for bedrooms.

A mirror and barre run along one wall. There is a piano, a kitchen, lots of jug wine and toasting actors.

1ST ACTOR

(lifting his glass)

To Michael, who makes us all
remember what acting is about.

They all clap.

ANOTHER ACTOR

To Mike Dorsey -- the Ralph Nader
of show business.

They all cheer. Then SANDY FISHER, the blonde we saw earlier, rises.

SANDY

To Michael -- who's been my friend
for six years -- Oh, God, that
long? -- and my coach -- and who's
just -- great! A great actor,
great coach, great friend... this
is really a dumb speech, isn't it?

They all sing HAPPY BIRTHDAY, as the cake is brought forward.
PUSH IN TO THE CANDLES and:

INT. LOFT - THE PARTY - LATER

CAMERA TRACKS past various groups. Some drinking, some pass a joint. They talk about agents, acting classes, the latest vitamins, a new show, how bad another actor is, one teacher's newest techniques, how bad Hollywood is. One older man had taken off his shoes and is dancing in front of the mirror. Someone is playing the piano. CAMERA STOPS at a group of seated people.

SANDY

I have this audition for a soap
tomorrow -- six weeks -- \$400 an
episode.

GIRL #1
 Nine callbacks for a nail-polish
 commercial... and I didn't get it.

SANDY
 It's really hard hanging around,
 getting turned down by big shots.
 It really makes you feel like
 nothing. And pretty soon whoever
 turns you down seems like a big
 shot.

ANOTHER AREA

Jeff, seated on the floor. A few listeners.

JEFF
 You can't shock anybody any more.
 Everybody knows everything. The
 only chilling thing to say is that
 they don't seem to care.

INT. LOFT - MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael and LINDA are on the bed. He is unbuttoning her
 blouse.

LINDA
 Were you really surprised tonight?

MICHAEL
 (pulling a snap)
 Yeah.

LINDA
 (squirming)
 Really? You didn't know? Michael?
 You didn't know? Answer me!

MICHAEL
 Yeah, I didn't know. I just said
 that.

She pulls away.

MICHAEL
 What's wrong?

LINDA
 I'd just like you to talk to me for
 five minutes before you start
 undressing me.

MICHAEL
What the hell is this?

LINDA
I don't see you for weeks and then
the minute we're alone you're all
over me. We can't even have a
conversation.

MICHAEL
(rising)
Listen, I'm too old for this shit.
It's my birthday.

INT. LOFT - MAIN AREA

Michael comes out of the bedroom. The party has thinned. The desperate chatter had quieted down. A couple of the guests dance, others sit on the floor still talking. Jeff sits, his manuscript in hand, talking about his play.

A THIRD ACTOR
Hey, Michael, great party.

A GIRL
Hey, you louse, you were supposed
to call me last week.

MICHAEL
(blankly, still moving)
Right. I'm sorry. I'll call you
this week.

GIRL
You know my number?

MICHAEL
You bet.

Sandy comes up to him. He's distracted.

SANDY
Well... good night, Michael. It
was a wonderful party. My date
left with someone else. I had a
lot of fun. Do you have any
Secondal?

MICHAEL
Come on. I'll walk you home.

EXT. THE APARTMENT - SANDY & MICHAEL

They come out and begin walking.

SANDY
I really had such a good time.

MICHAEL
Dammit, I didn't borrow cab fare!

SANDY
That's okay. It's cheaper to get mugged. The fares are really insane now.

She suddenly bursts into tears.

MICHAEL
What's wrong?

SANDY
Nothing. I don't feel bad. Really. I just cry. It's like a tic.

MICHAEL
(flat)
Tell me what's wrong or I'll kill you.

SANDY
Nothing. In fact, I'm very "up."

MICHAEL
You're worried about the audition, aren't you?

SANDY
No, I'm not. Because I know I won't get it. I'm completely wrong for it.

MICHAEL
What's the part?

SANDY
(crying)
A woman.

MICHAEL
Could you be a little more specific?

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - MICHAEL & SANDY - NIGHT

Michael holds a script.

MICHAEL

"You can't have a man so you want to be one."

SANDY

"You're wrong, Dr. Brewster. I'm very proud of being a woman --"

Michael flings his script down.

MICHAEL

Sandy, this guy is treating you like you're just another bimbo! He thinks he can manipulate you like he does his nurses. But you gotta have the guts of a lion behind that southern accent and elegant dress.

(almost purring)

"You're wrong, Dr. Brewster. I'm very proud of being a woman..."

SANDY

I can't do it as good as you.

MICHAEL

Yes you can, in your own way. Turn the tables on me, make me pay for everything that's wrong with your life.

SANDY

"You're wrong, Dr. Brewster. I'm very proud of being a woman..."
Where am I off?

MICHAEL

I can't tell what you're playing.

SANDY

Well... I'm enraged. I'm trying to turn the tables. Isn't that what you said?

MICHAEL

You're enraged? That's rage?

SANDY

I have a problem with anger.

MICHAEL

Well, get over it. Take your
finger out of your mouth and act.

SANDY

You're mad at me.

MICHAEL

Stop being a professional waif!
Say the lines!

SANDY

"You're wrong, Dr. Brewster..."

MICHAEL

Just say it. Don't make everything
so cute. You cry cute, you
apologize cute, you have cute
rage...

SANDY

"... I'm very proud of being a
woman. Bit I'm also..."

MICHAEL

Don't show me how mad you are,
control it.

SANDY

"... proud of this hospital. And
before I let it be destroyed by
your petty tyrannies..."

MICHAEL

What'll you do, you silly little
bimbo? Cry?

SANDY

"I will recommend to the board that
you be turned out into the street.
Good day, Dr. Brewster.
(she glares at him)
I said good day."

MICHAEL

(putting on his coat)
Gettin' there.

SANDY

Did you feel how much I hated you?

MICHAEL

Why do you think I'm leaving?

SANDY

Wait a minute. How do I get it back? I mean, I can't ask whoever I read with to call me a bimbo.

MICHAEL

OK, OK, I'll pick you up at ten and enrage you till you read.

EXT. NATIONAL TV STUDIO - DAY

A few limos packed in front, people going in and out. Busy.

INT. TV STUDIO - OUTER WAITING ROOM - DAY

Michael and Sandy step out of the elevator. The room is dominated by a colorful mural featuring caricatures of the leading players on "Southwest General." Looming above them is a woman wielding a whip. A receptionist, BILLIE, sits behind a desk. There are SIX WOMEN waiting to audition. They are 40-ish, heavy, thick-browed.

SANDY

(softly, to Michael)
God... I feel pretty.

MICHAEL

(softly)
Shut up, you dumb bimbo.

SANDY

(softly)
Thank you.

A woman with a clipboard, JACQUI, steps out of Studio B. As she does, RITA MARSHALL, the show's producer, strides purposefully through, followed by ALFRED, the show's wardrobe man, who carries a sequined dress on a hanger.

RITA

No sequins, Alfred! She's attending her husband's funeral. If I see one single sequin on her --

ALFRED

-- I'll take them off, I'll take them off --

RITA

(to Jacqui)
Ready.

She enters Studio B.

JACQUI
 Alright, ladies, please have your
 resumes ready and follow me.

SANDY
 Wish me luck.

MICHAEL
 Fuck off.

SANDY
 God bless you. You always know the
 right thing to say.

Sandy and the others exit into Studio B, as a guided tour of
 a dozen people is led in by a STUDIO PAGE. They stop at the
 mural.

PAGE
 Here, you'll recognize all your
 favorite characters on "Southwest
 General," from John Van Horn, who
 has played venerable Dr. Medford
 Brewster since the very first
 episode aired almost twenty years
 ago, to America's best-loved bad
 girl, Julie Phillips.

A BOY of 12 moves off from the other tourists toward Michael.

BOY
 Are you anybody?

Michael glares, sending the boy back to the group who now
 gaze reverently at the mural.

PAGE
 The woman with the whip is Rita
 Marshall, Executive Producer of
 "Southwest general."

Michael looks up startled, as Sandy comes out of the studio
 and moves quickly to the elevators. He moves after her.

MICHAEL
 What happened?

SANDY
 They wouldn't let me read.

MICHAEL
 What do you mean they wouldn't let
 you read?

SANDY
They said I wasn't right
physically. They wanted somebody
tougher. So... I'm going home now.

MICHAEL
I'll walk you.

SANDY
To San Diego?

MICHAEL
What are you talking about?

SANDY
I mean, I'm really going home. I'm
34. I'm a second-rate actress. I
have second rate looks. I can't...
keep anyone. I don't have a guy.

MICHAEL
(grabbing her)
Alright, alright. I haven't talked
to that second-rate asshole in five
years, but c'mon! We're not going
to let this get away.
(moving toward desk)
I'll get you a reading.

They arrive at the receptionist's desk.

MICHAEL
(to receptionist)
Is Terry Bishop in the studio?

RECEPTIONIST
Mr. Bishop left the show. He's
rehearsing "The Iceman Cometh" for
Broadway.

MICHAEL
What?
(turning abruptly)
Sandy, don't do anything dumb!
I'll figure out something.

EXT. 6TH AVENUE - DAY

Michael, running angrily up to an imposing building.

INT. NATIONAL ARTISTS AGENCY - RECEPTION AREA

Michael marches in and past the receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST

Just a moment, Mr. Dorsey. Mr.
Grey is in conference right now.

But Michael pushes past and through the double doors.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Michael striding down miles of carpeting, into George's
office.

SECRETARY

(jumping up)
Michael, he's tied up now. I
swear.

He strides past into:

INT. GEORGE GREY'S OFFICE - DAY

George Grey is around 50, impeccably dressed, talking on the
phone. As Michael enters:

GEORGE

(into phone)
Hold on a second.
(pushes hold)
Michael, can you wait outside,
please? I'm talking to the Coast.

MICHAEL

This is a coast, too, George. New
York is a coast!

GEORGE

Wait a minute.
(releases "hold;" then,
into phone)
Sy, listen --
(beat)
Sy?
(into intercom)
Margaret, get him back, will you?
I cut myself off.

MICHAEL

Terry Bishop is doing "The Iceman
Cometh." Why didn't you send me up
for that, George? You're my agent,
too.

GEORGE

Stuart Pressman wanted a name.

MICHAEL

Terry Bishop is a name?

GEORGE

No. Michael Dorsey is a name. When you want to send a steak back, Michael Dorsey is a name. Excuse me. I didn't mean that. That was a rotten thing to say. Let me start again. People know Terry Bishop. He was on a top rated "soap." Millions of people watch him.

MICHAEL

And that qualifies him to ruin "Iceman Cometh?"

GEORGE

Look, I can't have this conversation. You want to do socially significant theater in Syracuse for \$35 a week? That's your affair... Stuart Pressman wants a name, that's his affair. I know this will disgust you, but a lot of people are in this business to make money.

MICHAEL

Don't make me sound like some flake, George, I'd like to make money, too.

GEORGE

Oh, really? The Harlem Theater for The Blind? Strindberg in the park? The People's Workshop in Syracuse?

MICHAEL

Don't knock Syracuse. It was a revolutionary idea. For one dollar you could see great plays. "Woizeck," "The Lower Depths," Gerhart Hauptman's "The Weavers."

GEORGE

Oh, I didn't know about Gerhart Hauptman's "The Weavers." Very shrewd career move.

MICHAEL

I got great reviews from the New York critics in Syracuse. Not that that's why I did it --

GEORGE

-- No, of course not. God forbid you should lose your standing as a cult failure.

MICHAEL

(gently)

Do you think I'm a failure, George?

GEORGE

I will not get sucked into this discussion! Hand me the little bottle that says Bufferin.

MICHAEL

(handing it)

I sent you a play to read, a play that's got a great part for me in it. Did you read it?

GEORGE

(flinging bottle)

Where do you come off sending me an unproduced play that you want to star in? Hand me that Bufferin again. I'm your agent, not your mother. I'm not supposed to produce your roommate's play so you can star in it. I'm supposed to field offers.

MICHAEL

Who told you that? The agent fairy? I'm talking about a significant piece of work that has something to say that's significant!

GEORGE

Nobody wants to do that play! No one is going to produce a play about a couple who move back to Love Canal!

MICHAEL

But that actually happened!

GEORGE

Who gives a damn! No one wants to pay \$20 to watch people living next to chemical wastes! They can see that in New Jersey.

MICHAEL

I give a damn! No one will do the play? I'll do the play! I'll raise the money! Forget about "Iceman Cometh," I'll do anything! Send me up for a pilot, a TV movie--

GEORGE

I can't.

MICHAEL

Why?

GEORGE

Because no one wants to work with you. There!

MICHAEL

(slowly)

I don't understand. Why shouldn't they want me. I kill myself to get a part right.

GEORGE

Yes, but you kill everyone else, too. A guy's got four weeks to put on a play -- he doesn't want to argue about whether Tolstoy can walk if he's dying.

MICHAEL

That was two years ago. The guy was an idiot.

GEORGE

They can't all be idiots. You argue with everyone. You're a brilliant actor, Michael, but you've got one of the worst reputations in town. No one will touch you. I've told you to get some therapy.

MICHAEL

Are you saying... what are you saying? That no one in New York will work with me?

GEORGE

No. That's too limiting. No one in Hollywood will work with you either. I can't even send you up for a commercial. You played a tomato for 30 seconds and they went a half day over because you didn't agree with the blocking.

MICHAEL

It wasn't logical.

GEORGE

(screaming)

You were a tomato! A tomato doesn't have logical blocking! A tomato can't move!

MICHAEL

(eagerly)

That's what I said.

GEORGE

(closing his eyes)

Michael... Michael... frankly, it's nice for me to have an artist who says "screw you" to everyone. It gives me credibility as an agent. But for you --

MICHAEL

(quietly determined)

-- George, I'm going to raise \$8,000 and I'm going to do Jeff's play.

GEORGE

(shaking his head)

Michael, you haven't been listening. You're not going to raise 25 cents.

(slowly)

No one will hire you.

MICHAEL

Oh yeah?

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - LONG LENS - DAY

Teaming with people, coming and going. The focus gradually forces us to notice one woman moving toward us unsteadily on high heels. She is Michael.

INT. NATIONAL TV STUDIO - OUTER WAITING ROOM - DAY

Michael, in drag, stands at the reception desk, as Jacqui consults her clipboard. FOUR OTHER tough looking women wait.

JACQUI
George Grey's your agent?

MICHAEL
Mmmm.

JACQUI
How do you spell your last name,
Dorothy?

MICHAEL
M-I-C-H-A-E-L-S.

JACQUI
Okay, come on.

INT. STUDIO B - DAY

Ron, the director, is making notes on his script.

In b.g. TECHNICIANS are moving sets around. Rita looks at various costumes that Alfred is showing her. She smokes incessantly.

JACQUI
Ron, this is Dorothy Michaels. Our director, Ron Carlisle, that's our producer, Rita Marshall. Dorothy doesn't have a resume. She's only been in town two weeks. George Grey's her agent.

RON
That's very impressive, Dorothy. George Grey takes very few unknowns.

DOROTHY
(southern accent)
He was very kind of me.

RON
But I'm afraid you're not right for this part, Dorothy. I'm sorry.

DOROTHY
Oh... Why?

RON

(full of charm)

Ya' see, I'm trying to make a statement with the role. A very pertinent statement, hopefully. And I need a specific physical type.

DOROTHY

What type? I'm an actress, Mr. Carlisle. A character actress...

RON

Honey, there just isn't time to work on character on a soap. It's unfortunate but you either have the right quality or you don't.

(taking her arm, leading her towards the door)

I'm sure you're a wonderful actress, but you're just a bit too soft, too gently, not threatening enough.

DOROTHY

You want a threat? How's this? Take your hand off my arm or I'll knee your balls through the roof of your mouth. Is that enough of a threat?

RON

(numbly)

That's a start...

DOROTHY

I'll tell you what you really want. You want a caricature woman to prove some idiotic point... like power makes women masculine... or masculine women are ugly. Well, shame on the woman who lets you do it. On any woman who lets you do it.

(points to Rita)

And that means you, dear.

And she sweeps out.

RITA

Jesus.

RON
 What's idiotic about power making
 women masculine? Not that that's
 my point...

INT. TV STUDIO - RECEPTION AREA

Dorothy stands by the elevator, glancing over her shoulder.
 Rita hurries up to her.

RITA
 Have you ever done television?

DOROTHY
 No, ma'am. I have not.

RITA
 Was that for real in there or were
 you auditioning for the part?

DOROTHY
 Which answer will get me a reading?

INT. STUDIO - THE FLOOR - DOROTHY, RITA - DAY

A FEMALE STAGE MANAGER (JO), wearing head set and power pack
 comes up with "sides."

RITA
 (into hanging mike)
 Ron, I want to test Ms. Michaels.
 (to Jo)
 We're going to run some tape on
 her.

JULIE PHILLIPS, pretty, blonde, the show's leading lady,
 passes as Dorothy drops the "sides." She kneels quickly to
 retrieve them and discovers Julie kneeling beside her,
 helping.

DOROTHY
 Oh, dear, I can't find page 4.

JULIE
 (quiet smile)
 They'll never know the difference.

Julie has gathered the pages. They both stand up. Julie
 hands Dorothy the pages, smiling understandingly.

JULIE

(sotto)

Don't think of it as a camera,
think of it as something friendly,
like a cannon.

And she moves away, Dorothy staring after. At the door,
Julie turns, winks, gives a "thumbs up" gesture.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - RON, JACQUI, OTHERS - DAY

Including Mel Rich, the TD.

RON

(to Rita)

You really think she's worth
testing for this?

RITA

She told me that no director has
ever communicated a part to her so
fast.

RON

Oh. Well... she did pick up what I
said very quickly.

(into mike)

Give me a left profile, Camera Two.
Camera One, get her right side.

We see the Camera adjustments on the multiple monitors.

RITA

(to Mel)

Not so close, Camera One.

MEL

(into mike)

Back off, One.

Camera One's monitors show the move.

RITA

(into mike)

I'd like to make her look a little
more attractive. How far can you
pull back?

CAMERAMAN'S VOICE

(filtered)

How do you feel about Cleveland?

Camera One pulls back a bit.

RON
 (into mike)
 Good right there. Miss Michaels,
 we're going to try one. You ready?

All the Dorothy's on the monitors nod.

RITA
 (into mike)
 Jo.

Jo and Dorothy read the audition scene.

JO
 "I know the kind of woman you are,
 Emily, getting older, never been
 pretty. You can't have a man, so
 you want to be one."

Dorothy stares at her incredulously, then laughs, surprising everyone with her interpretation. Jo looks up from the script bewildered, then back down.

DOROTHY
 "You're wrong, Dr. Brewster. I'm
 very proud of being a woman. But
 I'm also proud of this hospital.
 And before I let it be destroyed by
 your callous inhumanity, before I
 let you turn these patients into
 numbers, before I let you turn the
 dying into the dead...
 (she gently removes the
 script from Jo)
 I will recommend to the board that
 you be turned out into the street.
 Good day, Dr. Brewster.
 (turning Jo around)
 I said, 'good day.'"

RITA
 (after a beat, into mike)
 Thank you. Hold it a minute.

MEL
 Tough cookie.

RON
 Yes. I gave her that direction.

RITA
 Something more, though.

RON

Boy, I don't know. I mean, it's your decision, but something about her bothers me. Doesn't it bother you?

RITA

She's feminine without being weak. She saves it from being a caricature.

(into mike)

Alfred, get her measurements!

DOROTHY

You mean, I've got the part?

RITA

We'll get the contracts over to George today. You'll start Thursday. Alfred, I see peasant skirts and dark sweaters. And scarfs. Lots of scarfs.

(calls off)

Re-light for Item twelve!

On the floor, Alfred approaches Dorothy with his tape measure.

ALFRED

What's your size, dear?

DOROTHY

(guessing)

Twelve, fourteen?

ALFRED

Well, which is it?

DOROTHY

I don't know. I go up and down.

ALFRED

That's more than I need to know, darling.

EXT. RUSSIAN TEA ROOM - DAY

Patrons come and go. Dorothy stands outside, waiting. George Grey approaches, goes briskly to the entrance.

DOROTHY
Excuse me, sir, I wonder if you
could help me? I'm looking for the
Russian Tea Room.

GEORGE
This is the Russian Tea Room.

DOROTHY
Oh, my stars, so it is. This is
really embarrassing.

GEORGE
(slightly nervous)
Yeah... well... this is it.

He goes in. Dorothy sweeps in after him.

INT. RUSSIAN TEA ROOM - GEORGE & DOROTHY - DAY

George sits at a table. A beat, and Dorothy sits next to
him.

GEORGE
(startled)
What the hell is this?

DOROTHY
Do you mind awfully? I'm new in
town and I'm lonely.

GEORGE
(rising)
Waiter!

DOROTHY
Oh, let's not order yet.

Dorothy gently cups George's buttocks.

GEORGE
Are you crazy?

DOROTHY
(in Michael's voice)
It's Michael, you schmuck.

There is a long pause. George sits down slowly.

GEORGE
Jesus, I begged you to get some
therapy.

DOROTHY
You also told me nobody would hire me.

GEORGE
You think this is going to change anything?

DOROTHY
I've got a soap, George. I'm the new Woman Administrator on "Southwest General." I almost didn't get the part. They thought I was too feminine.

GEORGE
You'll never get away with it.

DOROTHY
I got away with it.

GEORGE
You're psychotic.

They stop talking as a WAITER appears.

WAITER
Something from the bar?

GEORGE
A double vodka. Quick!

WAITER
And the lady?

DOROTHY
(man's voice)
Dubonnet, with a twist.

The waiter raises his eyebrows, but nods politely, leaves.

DOROTHY
They're sending you the contracts today.

GEORGE
Me?

DOROTHY
I used your name to get the reading.

GEORGE
 You had no right to do that,
 Michael... or whatever you call
 yourself.

DOROTHY
 Dorothy. Dorothy Michaels. I
 toyed with Isadora...

Someone in the business, JOEL SPECTOR, stops by the table.

JOEL
 George.

GEORGE
 Hello, Joel.
 (uncomfortably)
 I -- uh -- talked to Stuart today.
 He'll be in London for a week, then
 he definitely wants to meet.

Dorothy offers Joel her hand, resuming her female voice.

DOROTHY
 Hello.

GEORGE
 (unhappily)
 Joel Spector, this is Dorothy --
 something...

DOROTHY
 Michaels. I can't tell you how
 much I admire your work, Mr.
 Spector.

Dorothy removes her hand from Joel's, and begins stroking
 George's leg. George spills his water and gets very busy
 mopping it up with his napkin.

JOEL
 Well, thank you, Miss Michaels,
 that's very flattering.
 (to George)
 Next week.
 (to Dorothy)
 Hope to see you again, Miss
 Michaels.

He moves off.

GEORGE

You couldn't do that as a man? You had to put on a dress before you could pay someone a compliment.

DOROTHY

(rising)

Pay the check when it comes, and lend me a thousand until payday.

GEORGE

Why?

DOROTHY

I have to have something to wear besides this.

MUSIC UP:

MONTAGE - DOROTHY SHOPPING - DAY

A) A LINGERIE SECTION at a department store. A SALESGIRL holds up a brassiere. Dorothy takes it, thinks it's too small.

B) A MAKEUP SECTION at a department store. SALESGIRL holds up a share of "blush." Dorothy is confused, orders more. Finally has a ridiculously large assortment of packages.

C) APPAREL SECTION - DRESSING ROOM. An exhausted SALESWOMAN stands as Dorothy studies herself in the mirror. There are dresses strewn everywhere.

SALESWOMAN

I won't let you not buy it. It's the most becoming dress you've had on.

DOROTHY

It makes me look dumpy.

SALESWOMAN

That's because you're wearing ankle straps. Believe me, with a few alternations.

EXT. STREET NEAR BLOOMINGDALE'S - DOROTHY - DAY

Burdened with packages, struggles to flag a cab. The cab stops, but as Dorothy approaches, a man cuts in front of her, jumps in and leaves her standing.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - MICHAEL & JEFF

Michael in an old robe with his feet in a pan of water. Packages all around. He pours hot water.

MICHAEL

Those women are like animals. I saw one really smart handbag but I was just too exhausted to fight for it. Thing was on sale, too...

JEFF

Michael...

MICHAEL

-- Ouch! Now I don't have a decent handbag.

(grabbing box)

You know what this little box of lingerie cost? A fortune! And makeup! I don't know how a woman can keep --

JEFF

-- Michael...

MICHAEL

-- herself attractive and not starve. Oh shit! I didn't set my wig.

JEFF

Michael, let me get this straight --

MICHAEL

God, I've got to get up at 4:30, so I can do my own makeup. I can't let them do it or they'll see my beard. I'll call and tell them I've got an allergy.

JEFF

Michael... you understand that it's not that I'm ungrateful, but... do you intend to be a woman only on the soap opera or...

MICHAEL

-- I'll tell you what my real trouble is, Jeff.

JEFF

Oh?...

MICHAEL

Sandy. I can't tell her they'd rather cast a man than her. And not just any man... me! She gets suicidal at a birthday party.

JEFF

There's a storm cloud.

MICHAEL

How am I gonna tell her I got the money for the play? What am I gonna say, somebody dies and left it to me?

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - MICHAEL & SANDY - NIGHT

He has just entered, Jeff's script under his arm. Sandy is closing the door.

SANDY

Oh, my God! When did she die?

MICHAEL

Last week.

SANDY

What of?

MICHAEL

A disease. Isn't that great? I never dreamed she'd leave me anything.

SANDY

Gee... it's a coincidence your needing \$8,000 and your aunt dying and leaving it to you the same day.

MICHAEL

Isn't it!

He hands her the script, ceremoniously.

MICHAEL

Start learning your lines.

She takes it, for a moment can't believe it, then leaps into his arms.

SANDY

Oh, my God, Michael, I can't believe it! I've got the part!

SANDY(cont'd)

We have to celebrate. I've got some really cheap wine, you'll hate it. Would you like some?

MICHAEL

Why not?

She runs into her kitchenette. Michael studies her, observing the way she moves, watching her back as she opens the wine. She brings him a glass. They clink glasses.

SANDY

To "Love Canal."

They drink, look at each other, smiling. Suddenly Sandy throws her glass, screams in delight!

SANDY

What the hell!

And she twirls ecstatically, sending her skirt up, revealing her lace panties.

MICHAEL

Hold it! I want to see those.

He rushes to her, kneels and starts to lift her skirt. She plunges it back down, shocked.

SANDY

Michael?!

MICHAEL

I just want to see your panties.

She hesitates, puzzled, intrigued, then removes her hand. CAMERA MOVES INTO MICHAEL as he slowly raises her skirt.

MICHAEL

(in awe)

What... a... great... fit...

Sandy's hand moves into frame, touching the top of Michael's head, tenderly.

SANDY (O.S.)

Michael... after all this time.

HOLD A MOMENT on Michael's face as he freezes.

INT. SANDY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Michael dressing, glancing at his watch.

SANDY

Will I ever see you again?

MICHAEL

What? Sandy... we've known each other six years.

SANDY

I know. But sex changes things. I've had relationships where I know a guy and then we have sex and then if I bump into him he acts like I've loaned him money.

MICHAEL

How 'bout I call you tomorrow?

SANDY

I know there's pain in every relationship and I'd like to have mine now. Otherwise, I'll wait by the phone and if you don't call, then I'll have to have pain and wait by the phone. You could save me a lot of time.

MICHAEL

Then let's make it definite. Dinner tomorrow.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

An alarm goes off showing 4:30 a.m.

SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

A) Michael shaving, very closely.

B) Michael shaving his legs.

C) Michael shaving under his arms. He cuts himself, winces, stuffs toilet paper under his arm.

D) He applies a thick makeup, base, false eyelashes, then long false fingernails.

E) Michael, in jockey shorts, makeup, eyelashes and fingernails in place, straps on a bra, back to front and moves out of the bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN AREA - LOFT - JEFF & MICHAEL - DAY

Michael, turning bra back to front enters and is surprised to see Jeff, seated in a robe, coffee prepared.

MICHAEL
You didn't have to get up.

JEFF
(looking him over)
Oh, yes, I did.

EXT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - MICHAEL - DAWN

Dorothy Michaels emerges, puts her finger in her mouth and whistles for a cab. The cab SCREECHES to a halt.

INT. TV STUDIO BUILDING - ENTRY AREA - EARLY MORNING

Dorothy enters, addresses MAC, the Security Guard.

DOROTHY
I'm Dorothy Michaels. "Southwest General."

MAC
(consults list)
Oh, yeah. They want you in Conference Room B right away.

Dorothy tenses.

CLOSE - CONFERENCE ROOM B DOOR

Dorothy opens it and enters:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM B - DAY

Jo, the Stage Manager, is there with an official-looking MAN.

DOROTHY
I was told to come right here.

JO
Right.
(to Man)
This is Dorothy Michaels, who plays Mrs. Kimberly.
(to Dorothy)
This is Doctor Schiff.

DOROTHY
Played by who?

JO
Doctor Schiff is Doctor Schiff.
He's here to give you a physical.

DOROTHY
A what?

SCHIFF
For insurance purposes.
(opens his bag)
It's routine.

JO
When you're finished, I'll take you
to your dressing room.

She exits. Schiff applies pen to form.

SCHIFF
Dorothy Michaels, is that right?

DOROTHY
Yes.

SCHIFF
Age?

DOROTHY
Forty.

Schiff looks.

DOROTHY
... three. But don't you tell.

SCHIFF
Weight? Height?

DOROTHY
One thirty-seven. Five six and a
little bit.

As he takes her blood pressure:

SCHIFF
General health pretty good?

DOROTHY
Excellent.

SCHIFF
(reading gauge)
Blood pressure's a little high.

Silence. Schiff undoes the blood pressure sleeve, lifts stethoscope to Dorothy's heart.

DOROTHY
First day nerves.

SCHIFF
What's this about an allergy to
makeup?

DOROTHY
Oh, I just said that. Actually I'm
a wee bit sensitive.
(confidentially)
I sometimes have this little
moustache problem.

SCHIFF
Oh?
(leaning closer)
Not all men find that unattractive,
you know.

He puts his hand lightly on her knee.

INT. CORRIDOR - STUDIO - JO & DOROTHY - DAY

Dorothy follows, as Jo points off towards a doorway.

JO
You're in nine.

Dorothy goes to the door, enters.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Standing in the room, wearing a scanty robe, is APRIL PAIGE,
delicious, young.

APRIL
Hi, I'm April Piage. Make yourself
at home.

And she whips off her robe, revealing bra and panties.
Dorothy gasps, turns away, only to see April reflected in the
makeup mirror.

DOROTHY
What a nice looking table.

APRIL
Push the telegrams out of the way
and make some room for yourself.

DOROTHY

Did you open in something?

APRIL

(moving to shower)

No. They're from some creep I went out with. You can read 'em if you want. They're funny.

DOROTHY

(reading)

"Sorry about last night." "Please forgive last night." "Last night will never happen again." What did he do last night?

APRIL

(calling from shower)

Nothing!

(comes back in)

And it took him till three in the morning. God, it was a drag.

On Dorothy's shocked look, there is a knock. A P.A. sticks his head in and hands Dorothy two blue pages.

P.A.

For you, Miss Michaels.

He goes out. Dorothy fastens her eyes on the pages.

DOROTHY

They're for today!

APRIL

They always throw stuff at you the last minute. You could lose your mind around here.

DOROTHY

Oh, God!

APRIL

What's wrong?

DOROTHY

I have to kiss Dr. Brewster!

APRIL

Yeah. He kisses all the women on the show. Must be in his contract. We call him "the tongue."

On Dorothy's horrified look.

INT. STUDIO - HOSPITAL ROOM SET - DAY

Ron is blocking a scene between JULIE and RICK LACY, who lies atop a bed, script in hand. Rita and crew stand by making notes. During, Dorothy stands in b.g. next to a DISTINGUISHED LOOKING GENTLEMAN, watching. ALVIN is making last minute costume adjustments on her.

RON

(to Julie)

Okay, quickly now, the tubes have pulled out of Rick's nose, so there's been an alert at your station, Julie. Rick, as soon as she starts to stuff the tubes back in your nose, you grab her. Hard.

JULIE

In his condition?

RON

Absolutely. He's been out of his head since he fell through the ice, and, in his delirium he thinks you're Anthea.

(to Rick)

Maybe even say "Anthea" when you grab her.

RICK

That's good. Is my violin here in the room somewhere?

RON

No, the violin sank. It's at the bottom of the lake.

ANGLE - DOROTHY & GENTLEMAN

DOROTHY

(quietly)

The violinist fell through the ice?

GENTLEMAN

He was playing it during the thaw.

(suavely)

You're Dorothy Michael's, aren't you?

Dorothy nods.

GENTLEMAN

I'm John van Horn. We're up next.

He gives him mouth a generous Binaca spray.

RON

Now, Julie, honey, when he grabs you, you're torn. You struggle, you know you should get the tubes back in his nose because he's in danger of anaphalactic shock, but, suddenly, here you are in the arms of a man whose music was Anthea's whole life, a man who stood by you after Ted's breakdown.

JULIE

Okay.

RON

So you struggle, but you're struggling with yourself, as well.

JULIE

(amused)

And I lose, right?

RON

Now I want to do the whole thing on the floor. It will explain how the tubes fell out. And, Julie, when you get down on your knees, it says here it will inflame Rick's desire. God knows it always inflames mine.

(then)

Okay, big John, Dorothy -- everybody, this is Dorothy Michaels, our new Hospital Administrator.

Hello's all around.

JULIE

We met the other day. I'm Julie Phillips, the hospital slut.

DOROTHY

Hi.

(holding new pages)

Mr. Carlisle, I've a teeny question about this business with Dr. Brewster --

RON
Sweetheart, we are so late, we're
not even going to be able to
rehearse it --

DOROTHY
But --

RON
I'm just going to show you your
marks, honey, and then we're going
to have to go right into "tape" --

DOROTHY
But --

RON
Big John, you enter, see them
struggling, cross over to Rick and
Julie and cry loudly, "Nurse
Charles -- are you insane?"

JOHN
Yes. I see. Will that be on
teleprompter? "Loudly?"

RON
Yes.
(to Dorothy)
Now, toots, you enter here, you
cross to here, and your corridor
scene is here.

He points out the door to the "X's" on the floor.

CLOSE - TAPE REELS SPINNING - EDITING ROOM

An editor sips a bottle of Celery Tonic.

INT. STUDIO B - TAPING - CAST, CREW

Julie is on the floor struggling with Rick, who keeps saying
"Anthea" in a delirious voice. Van Horn enters, glances at
the teleprompter and says:

JOHN
(loudly)
"Nurse Charles -- are you insane!"

The door bursts open and Dorothy enters.

DOROTHY

"I'm Emily Kimberly, the new administrator! What's going on here?"

She crosses to the struggling couple, whips Julie to her feet in a single move. Van Horn ignores that Julie is up.

JOHN

"Help me get her to her feet, Miss Kimberly."

Julie looks at him blankly. Then quickly buckles her knees. Dorothy helps her up again.

DOROTHY

"Tend to your patient, Nurse Charles.

(to the bewildered Van Horn)

You and I have to talk, Dr. Brewster."

INT. CONTROL BOOTH - ALL

Ron holds his head in his hands.

RON

I don't believe this.

RITA

It's all right, the girls saved it.

John and Dorothy are doing their scene. John's eyes go to the teleprompter behind Dorothy frequently.

JOHN

"Well, you haven't changed at all, Emily."

DOROTHY

"Oh, but I have, Medford. Now that father is dead, the weight of this hospital falls upon my shoulders. And I will bear that weight, no matter what obstacles you put in my path."

JOHN

(leaning toward her)

"You know, Emily, there's no reason for us to be in opposite camps.

JOHN(cont'd)

We can rule Southwest General together. I admire people with power.

(coming closer)

Women with power, especially."

He leans forward to kiss her. Dorothy slaps him across the face. He stands open-mouthed.

DOROTHY

"Is this the same approach you would have used on my father, Dr. Brewster? Do you really think I'm someone you can grope in the broom closet and then not consider a threat? I'm afraid, Dr. Brewster, that you have underestimated me. If you want to win me over, you'll have to deal with my mind, not my lips."

RON

(into the mike)

And cut!

MEL

(into his mike)

Stop tape.

JACQUI

Can we use it?

RITA

Are you kidding?

INT. STUDIO - CAST, CREW

Rita and Ron enter. John stands holding his face. There is a buzz of conversation. All OVERLAPPING.

JOHN

(bewildered)

I was supposed to kiss her.

DOROTHY

It was an instinct. I kept hearing Ron's words -- "instant threat" and I realized how much it would --

JULIE

-- It was a good instinct.

(knowingly)

It would have been mine.

RON

(to Julie)

Just a minute -- I'll handle the instincts here! It happened to be a good instinct, but next time, if you have a question about a piece of business, you discuss it with me.

DOROTHY

It was wrong of me not to.

JULIE

And thanks for catching me. You saved my ass. I mean literally.

RITA

Okay, people. Item seven.

RON

(claps Van Horn on back)

Big John, good work!

All leave except Van Horn and Dorothy.

JOHN

Dorothy... I just want to say that I loved what you did in our scene. Welcome aboard.

He kisses her full of the mouth.

EXT. STUDIO - DAY

Ron and Julie come out, arm in arm. Julie stays near the building as Ron moves to the curb to get a cab. In a moment, Dorothy comes out.

JULIE

You'll sleep good tonight.

DOROTHY

My stars... it certainly was... exhilarating.

JULIE

Tell me that next week.

Ron calls from the curb.

RON

C'mon, honey.

JULIE

Can we give you a lift? Why don't you join us for a drink?

DOROTHY

Thanks, but I feel like walking.

Dorothy watches, as Ron and Julie drive off. Then limps toward the curb to hail a cab.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeff sits at the table, smoking his pipe, holding his play. Michael stands in his shorts, setting his wig.

MICHAEL

I don't know if she's pretty or not -- maybe in a Hollywood way. But she's not dummy. She threw in that faint like a pro.

JEFF

I rewrote the necktie scene. You were right. It was too literary.

MICHAEL

I wonder how my legs would look in flats. You know... I've got a whole character for Dorothy. I know everything she's do. I really understand this woman.

The phone rings. Jeff starts for it.

MICHAEL

Wait! Don't answer that!

JEFF

Why?

MICHAEL

It could be for Dorothy.

JEFF

You gave them this number?

MICHAEL

They have to contact you if they change a call!

JEFF

I'll answer it and see.

MICHAEL

No! I've got a whole image for Dorothy. It's wrong for a man to answer her phone.

JEFF

Michael, goddamn you! That could be my agent. Answer it as Dorothy!

MICHAEL

No! It could be Sandy!

JEFF

Jesus! It could also be Dianne! I can't have a woman answering the phone...

The phone stops ringing.

MICHAEL

We'll get a service.

JEFF

(putting on his coat)

That takes three days. Look, I didn't complain when you kept threatening my life as "Duke Mantee." I didn't complain when you hopped around ranting about your hump and pretending this was a bell tower! But I'll be goddamned if I sit here pretending I'm not home because you're not "that kind of a girl!"

MICHAEL

Where you going?

JEFF

I'm going over to Dianne's so she'll know where I am all night when I don't answer the phone!

MICHAEL

Jeff, I'm doing this for you, too. You and Sandy. Oh, my God!

JEFF

What?

MICHAEL

Sandy?

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sandy sits by the phone, coat over her arm, the phone rings.

SANDY
 (into phone)
 I asked you to give me the pain
 yesterday, Michael.

INTERCUT - MICHAEL & SANDY

MICHAEL
 (hoarse whisper)
 Sandy, I can't talk long. I didn't
 forget. But I've got some kind of
 virus. I'm really sick.
 (coughs)
 I may have the flu.

SANDY
 Oh, Michael, have you got a fever?
 ... How much? ... Oh, my God! You
 go right to bed. Take two aspirin.
 Bundle up. Sweat. Drink tons of
 liquids. And take 1000 units of
 Vitamin C every hour with milk.
 And, Michael...
 (looks at the phone)
 ... Michael?

BLACK SCREEN

There is a scratching sound, as of a dog pawing at the door. After a moment the light goes on. We are in Michael's apartment. He had fallen asleep with the script in his lap and now sits, fully awake and wary as the scratching sound continues.

He turns the lights off, picks up the lamp, moves silently to the door. He slides open the bolt, opens the door a crack, leaving the chain on. Sandy is kneeling in the hall writing a note. Food containers, and bowls wrapped in tin foil are all around her.

MICHAEL
 (softly)
 Sandy?

Sandy screams.

MICHAEL
 (hoarsely)
 It's me.

SANDY

Oh, God! Go back to bed. I didn't mean to get you out of bed. I made some soup. And I picked up some fruit juice and milk for the Vitamin C. And I was just writing a note telling you it's from me so you wouldn't get paranoid and throw it out... and I woke you. Oh, I could kill myself. I'm so sorry.

MICHAEL

Oh, Jesus, Sandy. You shouldn't have done all that...

SANDY

Oh, it was no trouble. Should I bring it in?

MICHAEL

Ahn... of course, you can bring it in...

(after a moment)

I'll put on a robe. But you can't stay long because if I'm infectious...

SANDY

... I could catch it. Right.

He closes the door, turns on the light, whizzes around the room collecting Dorothy's clothes, stuffs them in his closet, puts on a robe and starts, panting, to the door. He suddenly notices his long pink fingernails. Runs back, finds a pair of mittens. Puts them on, opens the door.

SANDY

Oh, Michael. You're wheezing. You sit right down.

(struggling with the dishes)

I can manage these.

She carries them to the kitchen. Michael goes wearily out into the hall and picks up the rest. When he steps inside, Sandy is holding a pair of panty hose.

MICHAEL

Honey, please, put them back on. Don't be hurt but I can't now. I'm too beat from this virus to move.

SANDY

These aren't mine. They were on the floor outside your bedroom.

MICHAEL

What!

(snatching the panty hose away)

Goddamn Jeff! I told him not to use my bedroom.

SANDY

There's padding on the hips.

MICHAEL

Yes! So there is! Jeff must have died when she took them off! He loves hips.

SANDY

Where is Jeff?

MICHAEL

At Dianne's. Writers are insatiable.

SANDY

Well... if you get better... and you feel like calling...

MICHAEL

What do you mean "if" I get better? This isn't terminal.

(propelling her toward door)

I'll be better tomorrow.

SANDY

Tomorrow?

MICHAEL

I mean... Soon! ... A few days! And I'll call you first thing.

SANDY

Maybe... if you can eat... we'll have dinner.

MICHAEL

Good idea! Dinner for sure.

MUSIC UP.

MONTAGE:

A) GEORGE'S SECRETARY sits as though typing, an earplug in her ear. FOLLOW THE CORD to see it is connected to a small TV set, not a dictaphone. She watches the "soap," reacting as Dorothy slaps Van Horn.

B) DOROTHY AND JULIE exit the studio. Julie is surrounded by 7 or 8 fans. Dorothy waves goodbye as Julie shrugs: "sorry 'bout that."

C) JEFF AND MICHAEL walking through the park. Jeff holds his script - Michael gesticulates wildly.

D) DOROTHY AND JULIE exit the studio. The 7 or 8 fans start toward Julie, but one of them drifts over to Dorothy. Julie indicates to others that "that's Dorothy Michaels." Dorothy appreciates.

E) GROUP OF HOUSEWIVES at card table, cards forgotten. They all watch "Southwest General."

F) MICHAEL AND JEFF walking. Michael veers off to a jewelry store window. A display of earrings. Jeff gestures, "For Sandy?" Michael gestures, "No, for me." He looks off, sees Julie and Ron, arm in arm, exiting a restaurant. PUSH ON to Michael as he watches.

G) MICHAEL on phone to Sandy. He writes down the dinner date on his phone pad.

H) SANDY rushes out of a supermarket, loaded with groceries, flowers poking out the top of one bag.

INT. STUDIO - EMILY'S OFFICE - DOROTHY & VAN HORN - DAY

Taping a scene. Julie and April stand out of camera, watching.

JOHN

(reading teleprompter)

"I think you'll find you've picked the wrong man to challenge, Miss Kimberly."

Dorothy takes his face abruptly in her hand and turns his head away from the teleprompter so he looks at her.

DOROTHY

(improvising)

Look at me, Dr. Brewster. I don't trust a man who won't meet my eye.

DOROTHY(cont'd)

I don't trust it in a bank teller,
I don't trust it in an insurance
salesman, and I certainly don't
trust it in a Chief Surgeon!

She whips his head back to the teleprompter but does not let go.

DOROTHY

(back to script)

"It was you who threw down the
gauntlet."

JOHN

(reading)

"You're an incredibly insensitive
woman, Miss Kimberly."

She pulls his head back to her.

DOROTHY

"Stop thinking of me as a woman,
Dr. Brewster, and start thinking of
me as a person. That's what
Southwest General is made of,
people. And the sooner you realize
that, the less tension you and I
will have. And tell Nurse Charles
I want to see her -- immediately."

There is a MUSIC STING.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - ALL - DAY

MEL

One, push in for close-up.

RITA/RON

(in unison)

Not too close!

MEL

(into mike)

Hold -- and cut.

A red light FLASHES on a phone. Rita picks it up.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Julie is in hysterics, trying to hide it.

JOHN
 (to Dorothy)
 That was wonderful, the way you
 held my face. You really
 controlled me. I felt your power.

Rita enters.

RITA
 Good news, children, our brilliant
 engineering staff has once again
 erased an entire reel of the
 show... so I'm afraid we'll have to
 tape it again.

Groans from everyone.

RITA
 It's either that or do it live
 tomorrow.

JOHN
 (desperately)
 I think we should tape.

INT. STUDIO - LATER

Taping over. Jo hands out tomorrow's pages. Dorothy takes hers, starts off the floor. She suddenly freezes and stares off: In a space between sets, Ron has April pressed against the wall, his hand half-way up her skirt, his mouth over hers.

INT. DRESSING ROOM CORRIDOR - DOROTHY

Thinking. As she passes Julie's dressing room:

JULIE'S VOICE
 Some day, huh?

Dorothy moves to doorway. Julie sips white wine.

DOROTHY
 Does this happen often?

JULIE
 Every so often... We actually had
 to do it live once. You should
 have seen Van Horn's face -- of
 course, you couldn't see Van Horn's
 face -- he was so panicked, they
 had to shoot him from the back.

JULIE(cont'd)

(beat)
Drink?

DOROTHY
(starts away)
No, thank you.

JULIE
Dorothy... I know this is just what you want to hear but -- we've got 26 pages tomorrow. If you could find it in your heart to come over and run it with me; we could have something to eat. I'm a born defroster. Surely, you can't tell me you've had enough soap opera for today.

EXT. TV STUDIO - CLOSE ON A FAN

FAN #1
Miss Kimberly! You know, you look just the way you look.

PULL BACK to see April, Julie and Dorothy signing autographs.

FAN #2
(to April)
Did you give Melanie White an overdose of x-ray on purpose?

APRIL
(shrugging)
I don't know. I don't write this shit, you know.

FAN #3
Please don't be so hard on Dr. Brewster. He's only mean because he's so insecure.

INT. LOFT - JEFF, MICHAEL - NIGHT

The apartment is a cyclone of clothes, shoes, underwear.

JEFF
What do you mean you don't have a thing to wear?

MICHAEL
She's seen me in all these.

JEFF
Not in the white.

MICHAEL

I can't wear the white to a casual dinner. It's too dressy.

Jeff checks out the other clothes.

MICHAEL

Listen, I signed 26 autographs today -- not that that means anything. And some of those fans aren't so dumb, either.

JEFF

(holding it up)

What about this little yellow outfit? It's pretty.

MICHAEL

I don't have any shoes for it. And it's tight across the bust. It makes me look cheap.

JEFF

I think it looks sexy.

(suddenly)

Oh, my God! What am I saying?

MICHAEL

I know it seems silly to you, but I... well, it's our first date... and, hell, I'd just like to look pretty for her.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - ENTRY HALL - NIGHT

Julie, holding a glass of wine, opens the door to admit Dorothy, holding a small bouquet of flowers, her coat over her arm.

JULIE

Hi. What a pretty dress.

DOROTHY

(handing flowers)

Thank you.

JULIE

Oh, they're beautiful. You didn't have to do that. Let's get them in water.

They start through the apartment.

DOROTHY
My, what a lovely room.

JULIE
Is it? An interior decorator did it. Before the show, I had no money, since the show I've got no time.

MRS. CRAWLEY (60'ish) enters with her hat and coat on.

MRS. CRAWLEY
(grimly)
Andrew is asleep -- finally. I'm counting this overtime against my next night off, Mrs. Phillips.

JULIE
Oh, what a good idea. Thank you, Mrs. Crawley. This is Dorothy Michaels -- Dorothy, Mrs. Crawley.

MRS. CRAWLEY
(unimpressed)
Nice meeting you.

She leaves.

JULIE
That's Andrew's nanny. She hates me.

DOROTHY
Andrew is a child?

JULIE
He's my son. He's two and a half. Would you like to see him?

DOROTHY
(pause, timidly)
Not really.

Julie laughs --

JULIE
Why would anybody want to see anybody else's kid sleeping?

They move into the kitchen where Julie gets busy putting the flowers in a vase. A half-finished bottle of wine is in evidence.

JULIE
 So... you getting to the point
 where you start thinking the fans
 are really smart yet?

DOROTHY
 (blanching)
 Of course not.

JULIE
 You don't have any kids, do you?

DOROTHY
 No... Sutton and I were never
 blessed.

JULIE
 Oh? Would you like a drink?

DOROTHY
 No, thank you.

JULIE
 Is Michaels your maiden name?

DOROTHY
 No. It's Sutton's. He was a
 brilliant young actor whose career
 was cut short by the insensitivity
 of the Theatrical Establishment.

JULIE
 It killed him?

DOROTHY
 In a manner of speaking. He's a
 waiter. We're divorced.

JULIE
 Whew!

DOROTHY
 I take it you're divorced, as well.

JULIE
 No. I've never been married.

DOROTHY
 Perhaps one drink.

CLOSE - A WOMAN'S HANDS

Preparing a dish. PULL BACK to reveal we are in SANDY'S KITCHEN. She is happily preparing for her dinner with Michael.

INT. JULIE'S KITCHEN - JULIE, DOROTHY - NIGHT

One wine bottle stands empty. They are deep into the second one. Julie extracts two chunks of cloudy ice from the freezer.

JULIE

Inside each of these icebergs beats the heart of a lobster tail...

(pondering)

... That sounds a lil' weird... anatomically wise.

DOROTHY

(preparing salad)

It's the justa... juxtaposition of the heart and the tail thass wrong.

JULIE

Exactly my point. Listen, you're really a helluva'n actress.

DOROTHY

Well thank you.

JULIE

You started out in New Orleans?

DOROTHY

No -- In "The Glass Menagerie," but the production was in New Orleans. I'm from Atlanta.

Dorothy has wandered over to a bulletin board, containing torn out sections of "Soap" magazines, with Julie's picture and headlines such as: JULIE AND BURT: SUDDENLY ALL WE HAD LEFT WERE MEMORIES; or, SOUTHWEST GENERAL'S BLAZING DUO: JULIE AND LANCE; and another, RICK AND JULIE: IS HE REALLY SINGING ONLY FOR HER.

DOROTHY

Did you date all of these guys?

JULIE

(pointing to Burt)

Burt and I met in an agent's office.

(pointing to Lance)

JULIE(cont'd)

Lance played one scene with April,
and got fired. I never did meet
him.

(pointing to Rick)

The closest I got to Springfield
was when I bought one of his
records.

DOROTHY

Tell me about Ron.

JULIE

How much time you got?... Well...
Ron is... hands down the best
director of "Daytime Drama." Did
they warn you not to call it a
"soap"? For a while there, if
anybody said "soap opera" in front
of a civilian, Rita fined them a
quarter. I think that's how she
got her Mercedes.

DOROTHY

(smiles)

And Ron and you?

JULIE

Ahh... that's "Nighttime Drama."
He's... interesting there, too.

DOROTHY

(slugs wine)

How nice for you.

JULIE

Nice is not the very first word
that comes to mind.

DOROTHY

So you have a... "good"
relationship?

JULIE

What's a good relationship, Dottie?
Can I call you Dottie? He's smart,
he's charming, he's confident. He
knows how to get his way.

DOROTHY

With you?

JULIE

You bet! He's not bad with Andrew
and we have things in common.

JULIE(cont'd)

You know any man interested in a woman who's hungry for dinner at four, unconscious by nine and goes to work at dawn?

DOROTHY

But he treats you badly.

JULIE

Ahh... there's that! Listen, you don't think I do this without a plan, do you? There are a lot of men in this world, but I'm selective. I look around very carefully and when I find the guy I'm sure can give me the worst time, then I make a move.

A wail is heard from the other room. Julie sets her drink down, moves quickly out of the kitchen. Dorothy follows.

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julie leans over the curb. Dorothy watches.

JULIE

Good evening, Andrew. Have we a bit of an incontinence problem?
(picking him up)
Aunt Dorothy'll hold you while Mommy gets a nice fresh set of pajamas and etcetera.

Dorothy is horrified, but accepts Andrew. Julie searches through drawers. Dorothy holds Andrew awkwardly away from her.

DOROTHY

Oh my, we're a big boy, aren't we?

JULIE

Actually, you can set him down on the changing table if you hold on to him.

Dorothy bends down and lays Andrew on the table. There is a long pause as she does not straighten.

JULIE

What's the matter?

DOROTHY

He's got his little fingers in my hair.

Dorothy's wig is beginning to fall over her eyebrows. She is carefully prying Andrew's fingers loose.

JULIE

Here, let me help you.

DOROTHY

No! No! It's... it's fine... I can do it. Let go, Andrew!

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sitting at a table set for two, candles and all. She checks her watch unhappily.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They sit in the living room, half eaten plates on a coffee table. Andrew sits in pajamas, playing with a ball, beside Julie in a big chair.

DOROTHY

"Are you so sure of that, Nurse Charles?" Your line.

JULIE

"When you grow up the way I did, an orphan, raised by a sister sixteen years older, you have very few illusions."

(sighing)

Oh boy, thanks, that was a big help.

DOROTHY

May I ask a question? You're so pretty and talented -- why do you drink so much?

JULIE

You know, there are no more calories in a glass of wine than in a serving of mashed potatoes.

DOROTHY

One doesn't usually have fourteen servings of mashed potatoes.

JULIE

Bertram Cannister once ate 66 servings of mashed potatoes in Glasgow, on August 31, 1939. The next day Hitler invaded Poland.

JULIE(cont'd)

(beat)

That's from the Guinness Book of Records. I'm an expert on trivia... if it's trivial enough. It's when it gets complex that... I'd just rather not.

DOROTHY

What's complex?

JULIE

What isn't? Truthfully, don't you find being a woman in the eighties difficult?

DOROTHY

Extremely.

JULIE

All this role-playing -- confusion. Everyone seems so screwed up about who they are. You know what I wish sometimes? That just once a guy could be honest enough to walk up and say, "Hey look, I'm confused about all this, too. I could lay a big line on you, but the simple truth is, I find you very attractive and I'd really like to go to bed with you." Wouldn't that be a relief?

DOROTHY

Heaven.

Andrew has fallen asleep. Julie picks him up gently. Kisses him.

JULIE

I never get enough time with him. He insists on being awake in the day and sleeping at night. The nerve, huh? I'll tell you something though, I'm crazy about the little bastard, using the word advisedly.

(to Andrew)

Isn't Mommy crazy about you?

(to Dorothy)

He's the only absolutely straight person I know, except maybe my father... and, in a way, you.

(smiling)

You know what?

JULIE(cont'd)

He likes me a little, too. I can recognize the signs.

(then)

There is absolutely no bullshit with this child.

(laughing)

Ron was supposed to be here last night. I had dinner ready. He never showed up. Claimed he completely forgot about it. Do you suppose that could be true --

DOROTHY

Oh, God!

(springs up)

What time is it?

JULIE

10:30.

DOROTHY

(puts on coat)

I have to go. Forgive me for rushing off. Thanks for dinner.

INT. TAXI - DOROTHY - NIGHT

Pulling off false nails, ripping off eyelashes.

TAXI DRIVER

(deadpan)

Have a bad night, lady?

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DOROTHY

Running around, pulling off her wig, transforming herself into Michael.

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A sober Sandy opens her front door to reveal Michael holding an ice cream bag.

MICHAEL

(entering)

I got your flavor. Chocolate chocolate chip. I had to go to about five stores before I found it.

SANDY

Michael, I saw her.

MICHAEL
What?... Who?

SANDY
I stopped by your apartment when you didn't show up, I waited outside and I saw that fat woman go into your place...

MICHAEL
Fat woman?

Sandy just stares, hurt.

MICHAEL
Oh, that fat woman. The one who's helping Jeff with the play.

Sandy stares at him dubiously.

MICHAEL
-- Sandy, listen... I am not having an affair with the woman who went into my apartment. It's impossible! I swear to God.

SANDY
Really?

MICHAEL
Really.

SANDY
Oh, Michael, I don't want to cause you any trouble. I made you feel obligated to come to dinner --

MICHAEL
(pained)
-- Sandy, don't do this. Don't apologize to me because I showed up three hours late.

SANDY
It's not your fault, it's me. It's just been a bum year, and I guess I'm still feeling bad about the soap. God, I wanted that part. More than anything -- by the way, have you seen that cow they hired?

MICHAEL
-- What?

SANDY
I don't think she's so tough.

MICHAEL
I heard she was... pretty good.

SANDY
Baloney! She's the head of the hospital and she's a woman. Look at the good she could do.

MICHAEL
Maybe it's the lines...

SANDY
Anyway, you should see the way she looks. God, if she was a guy, she'd be a dog.

INT. LOFT - MICHAEL - NIGHT

Cold cream on his face, he pores over books on feminism: FRIEDAN, STEINHAM, de BEAUVOIR.

INT. STUDIO - DOROTHY & PATIENT - TAPING

The female Patient is in an arm cast, sobbing.

PATIENT
I can't move out, Miss Kimberly. I don't know what to do.

Teleprompter shows Dorothy's line: "Your husband's problem is that he feels worthless without a job."

INT. CONTROL ROOM - ALL

Watching monitor. A MAN and WOMAN (writers) also watch.

DOROTHY
(suddenly)
Don't lie there cringing and telling me your husband beats you but you can't move out, Mrs. Mallory. Why should you move out? It's your house, too. Study karate and buy an attack dog. A doberman pinscher.

Rita, Ron, Jacqui leap to their feet.

PATIENT
 (confused)
 But I can't afford therapy, Miss
 Kimberly.

DOROTHY
 I'll pay for it. Although if I
 were you, I'd put my money on the
 dog.

MEL
 (into mike)
 And cut!

INT. STUDIO - RON, RITA, CREW, DOROTHY & PATIENT

All talking at once.

PATIENT
 -- her line was "Your husband's
 problem is that he feels --"

RITA
 Yes, yes. I know, I know --

RON
 -- Now let's evaluate what we have
 here.

THE WRITERS (Man & Woman) burst in.

MAN
 What the hell is going on here,
 Rita? I wrote a very topical scene
 about two guts issues --

RON
 Calm down, Adam. I'm handling it --

RITA
 Dorothy, it's not that it was
 uninteresting --

DOROTHY
 May I say, in my own defense, Miss
 Marshall, that to tell a woman with
 two children, a broken leg, and no
 money to move out of her own house
 and into a shelter so she can get
 counseling, seems to me terribly
 unfair. He gets the house and she
 limps around, penniless, listening
 to a lot of half-assed advice.

MAN

Excuse me, I'm only the writer.
But perhaps you should know, Miss
Michaels, that there's a terrifying
situation in this country today.
Helpless, abused, forgotten
wives...

DOROTHY

Who is the woman standing next to
you, sir?

MAN

My wife, Cynthia. She writes the
show with me...

DOROTHY

Oh, I'm sorry. You kept using the
word "I." It confused me.

CLOSE ON DESK - HUNDREDS OF ENVELOPES

Most of them addressed to Dorothy Michaels.

EXT. A SUBURBAN SUPERMARKET MALL - CAST

April, Dorothy, Rick, Julie, Van Horn signing autographs. A
warm sense of camaraderie between Julie and Dorothy.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - ALL - TAPING

On monitors, a sobbing Julie speaks to Dorothy in an office
set.

JULIE

... it's partially my fault, Miss
Kimberly. I know I'm pretty and I
use it. I shouldn't have gone to
Dr. Brewster's office that late.

DOROTHY

(a beat, then)

Dr. Brewster has tried to rape
several nurses in this ward always
claiming to be in the throes of an
uncontrollable impulse. Well, I'm
giving every nurse on this floor a
handgun and instructing her to aim
below the belt. Let's see if that
doesn't make him less impulsive.

MEL

And cut!

RON
 (leaping up)
 That's too much, now! I happen to
 be an advocate of gun control.

RITA
 I don't know, Nancy Reagan has a
 handgun. And she's not even a
 nurse.

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She is on the phone with Michael.

SANDY
 -- so I was thinking in the scene
 where we first step back into the
 house, I would close my eyes...
 (she does so)
 Just for the first moment, almost
 like I was in church. What d'you
 think?... Michael...?

INT. LOFT - MICHAEL - NIGHT

Holding up pictures of himself from "Soap" magazines. Jeff
 watches, curiously.

MICHAEL
 Hmm? Oh... good, Sandy.

EXT. 57TH STREET - GEORGE & MICHAEL WALKING - DAY

MICHAEL
 I should do a "Special," George.
 That's the only way I can --

GEORGE
 Let's not get carried away now --

MICHAEL
 Why not? I think I have something
 to say to women, something
 meaningful.

GEORGE
 Listen to me, Michael, you have
nothing to say to women.

MICHAEL
 That's just not true. I've been an
 underdog!

MICHAEL(cont'd)

I know what it's like to be oppressed. If I can impart that experience to other women like me --

GEORGE

Michael, you've got to listen to me. There are no other women like you. You're a man!

MICHAEL

Yes... of course. But I'm also an actress.

GEORGE

Maybe we shouldn't argue about --

MICHAEL

I'm in a great position here, George. There are dozens of roles I can play: Nora in "A Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler," "Antigone." A great role is a great role.

GEORGE

Phil Weintraub's spring party is Friday.

MICHAEL

I've never been invited to that party before.

GEORGE

You were never a name before.

MICHAEL

You mean I'm invited as Dorothy?

GEORGE

Okay, okay, come as Michael. I'm inviting you. Be my guest.

MICHAEL

You've never invited me before either.

GEORGE

You wouldn't have come. You'd never expose yourself to all that success.

They enter the Russian Tea Room.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

A party in session. Someone like Bobby Short at the piano. The guest list is made up of the successful. CAMERA FINDS Michael and Sandy, being introduced by George to PHIL WEINTRAUB, a short, powerful man.

GEORGE
Phil, this is --

MICHAEL
Sandy Fisher.

PHIL
Good to know you, nice to see you,
glad you could make it --
(to George)
Dorothy Michaels couldn't come,
huh?

GEORGE
She had other plans.

PHIL
(to Sandy & Michael)
Nice seeing you again.

He moves off.

GEORGE
He's a fantastic host.

SANDY
(softly)
Michael -- everyone is here.

MICHAEL
I'll get us some drinks.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as he makes his way to the bar. He suddenly freezes, as he sees Julie and Ron.

BARTENDER
Yes, sir?

MICHAEL
Give me two of anything.

He turns away as Ron approaches the bar, smiling at a PRETTY YOUNG THING. He sees Phil approach Julie.

PHIL
I'd love to have you read the script. I think you'd be perfect for it.

JULIE
Send it to Pamela Brown. She's my agent.

PHIL
There's a lot of interest over at Paramount. I'll know after the first.

JULIE
I'll read it after the first.

PHIL
(a beat)
Actually, I'm not that happy with the script. I'm having a rewrite done. I'd love to tell you some of the changes. Maybe we could have dinner.

JULIE
Call Pamela. She handles me for dinner.

And she moves out onto the terrace.

EXT. TERRACE - JULIE - NIGHT

Alone, drink in hand, looking at the spectacular view. Michael appears, leans on the rail near her.

MICHAEL
Hi. My name's Michael Dorsey.

JULIE
(not turning)
Uh-huh.

MICHAEL
Great view, huh?

Julie sips her drink.

MICHAEL
Only Phil could afford that many lights.

Julie stares straight ahead.

MICHAEL

Can I tell you something?

JULIE

Have I got a choice?

MICHAEL

You know... I could lay a big lie on you, but the simple truth is -- I find you very attractive... and I'd really like to go to bed with you.

Julie turns and hurls her drink into his face.

CLOSE - MICHAEL

As the drink runs down his face.

CLOSE - JULIE

JULIE

You arrogant, fraudulent cheat! I understand who you really are.

PULL BACK to see we are in the studio, taping a confrontation between Julie and Van Horn. April is cowering in a corner.

JULIE

I'll no longer submit to your petty insults, your humiliations. It isn't necessary now that Emily Kimberly is here, now that someone who sees the truth is your equal. I've filed formal charges against you with the A.M.A., Doctor. You'll be notified tomorrow.

A MUSICAL STING. Mel's voice comes over the P.A. "Cut."

VAN HORN

Gosh, Julie, that was great!

RITA'S VOICE

(filtered)

Lovely job, Julie. First rate.

APRIL

You were wonderful.

JULIE

(points to Dorothy)

Thanks to my coach.

DOROTHY
 (modestly)
 Oh, no.

RON appears, seems disturbed at the last remark.

RON
 Okay, people, item seventeen is
 next. Jacqui, clear the set.
 John, I need you.
 (to Dorothy)
 You too, Tootsie.

He starts off.

DOROTHY
 Ron.

He stops, turns.

DOROTHY
 My name is Dorothy. Not "Tootsie,"
 not "Toots," not "Honey," not
 "Sweetie," not "Doll."

RON
 Oh, Christ.

DOROTHY
 No, just Dorothy. John is always
 John, Rick is always Rick, Mel is
 always Mel. I'd like to be
 Dorothy.

She stomps off to an adjoining set. Julie looks at Ron for a moment, then moves off after Dorothy.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR SET - STUDIO - DAY

Dorothy enters and sits disconsolately on a chair beside a coffin atop a bier. A moment and Julie enters. She stands in the doorway staring at Dorothy.

DOROTHY
 (quietly)
 Somebody died?

JULIE
 (equally quiet)
 The violinist.

DOROTHY
 I didn't know he was that sick.

JULIE

He isn't. He asked for a raise.

DOROTHY

(after a beat)

I'm sorry. About what I said to Ron.

Julie moves over, sits beside Dorothy.

JULIE

Don't be.

(beat)

Listen, what're you doing over the holiday?

DOROTHY

Why?

JULIE

Andrew and I are going home. Well upstate, to my Dad's farm. We do it every Easter. Dye the eggs and all. It's not exactly the "fast lane" but it's fun. You'll love my Dad. He's your biggest fan. He watches the show as much for you as for me.

DOROTHY

(carefully)

Ron coming?

JULIE

Would that make a difference?

(silence)

I don't think so. He says he has to work.

(beat)

Look -- if it makes any difference -
- I hate women who treat other women as stand-ins for men. It isn't that. I think we'd have a good time. I'd like you to come.

INT. LOFT - SANDY, JEFF, MICHAEL - NIGHT

Finishing up a reading of the play. Sandy is surprisingly moving in the role.

SANDY

(eyes closed)

"The world won't know.

SANDY(cont'd)

No one ever will know. But maybe it's enough that you and I do. No matter what happens... We're home, Tom... really... really home."

They wait. Michael, gloves on to cover his nails, stares off into space.

JEFF

Your cue, Michael.

MICHAEL

(starting)

Oh. Oh, I'm sorry.

JEFF

Listen, I think we better knock off now. That rash on your hands has really got you bushed.

MICHAEL

(distracted)

I'm really sorry.

SANDY

(puts on coat)

Is it awfully uncomfortable?

MICHAEL

(stares at his gloves)

Yeah... it is.

SANDY

Well... if there's anything I can do -- you be sure and --

Michael stands abruptly.

MICHAEL

Sandy... I want to tell you something. I...

SANDY

Oh, I know I was lousy tonight. I was just trying something, you know, that idea of my eyes closed --

MICHAEL

(seriously)

You were great, Sandy... That's not it...

JEFF
 (jumping in)
 Listen, why don't I run Sandy home
 while you soak your hands, okay?

Michael looks from Jeff to Sandy a moment.

MICHAEL
 (quietly)
 Okay. Maybe that's a good idea.

He moves to Sandy, kisses her good-night.

SANDY
 Good-night. Take it easy. Get
 some rest.

MICHAEL
 You, too.

Jeff and Sandy exit. Alone, Michael starts back towards the bedroom. He hesitates, then moves over to the piano. He takes his gloves off, studies his pink nails. Then begins to play, very slowly, a lonely, one-finger version of "Toot-Toot-Tootsie, Good-bye." CAMERA PULLS BACK until his figure is small in the large empty loft.

HIGH ANGLE - TRAIN

Moving through the Eastern countryside.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - HUDSON, NEW YORK - DAY

The train pulls in. Waiting expectantly is WES PHILLIPS, Julie's father, a heavy-set, warm and decent man in his 50s. He grins and waves as first Julie gets off, carrying a bundled-up Andrew, followed by Dorothy, in fur coat, hat and muff, looking like Anna Karenina.

LES
 (hugging Julie)
 Hello, sweetheart.
 (taking Andrew)
 Who's this big guy, huh? You gonna
 hunt eggs with Grampa?

JULIE
 Dad, this is Dorothy Michaels.

LES
 I feel like I know you already.

Dorothy smiles, they shake hand warmly.

EXT. PHILLIPS' FARMHOUSE - DAY

A working farm. Les's pickup truck pulls up. As Les helps Julie and Andrew out, Dorothy goes to the rear and starts pulling out suitcases. Les hurries to her.

LES

Hey, let me get those.
 (he picks them up, they're
 quite heavy)
 Strong little thing, aren't you?

INT. FARMHOUSE - BEDROOM - LES, JULIE, DOROTHY - DAY

A girl's room, covered with wallpaper in delicate pattern of rosebuds. White curtains, white canopy over the bed. High school banner, a picture of a woman resembling Julie. Les puts down suitcases.

DOROTHY

Goodness, how do you keep
 everything so white?

LES

Air's pretty clear out here. I'll
 put Andy in the little room next to
 mine, give him a chance to be near
 Grampa. Unpack your stuff and
 we'll get goin' on the Easter Eggs.

DOROTHY

(flustered)
 Am I... are we... sharing?

LES

Only got two spare rooms. And I
 know you girls. No matter how far
 apart I put you, you'll sneak back
 together and spend the night
 giggling.

JULIE

Dad still thinks I'm twelve. Don't
 worry, I won't take up much room.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - LES, JULIE, DOROTHY - NIGHT

Easter eggs being dyed. Everyone working.

LES

I'll get up real early and hide
 these. You ladies can get some
 sleep.

LES(cont'd)

C'mon Andrew, let's get the gunk off our hands and lay in a good fire... Julie, I put in a brand new chimbley.

DOROTHY

Brand new what?

JULIE

(smiling)

Dad prefers his own pronunciation.

LES

I've been saying "chimbley" all my life.

JULIE

(teasing)

What's the best way to drink milk?
If it's what?

LES

(eyes closed)

Homalyvanized.

JULIE

And where do you look up your facts?

LES

Julie --

JULIE

Where?

LES

In the ensacropedia.

They all break into laughter. Les looks to Dorothy.

LES

She's the only one I let get away with that.

JULIE

You love it.

LES

(to Dorothy)

How's your drink?

DOROTHY

Delicious. Very mild.

LES
 (refilling his glass)
 Sneaks up on you. Three or four
 and you start fighting the dog for
 his bone.
 (topping her glass)
 I hope you're enjoying yourself.

DOROTHY
 Everything's perfect.

LES
 I'm not too used to guests up here.
 C'mon, Andrew. Why don't you girls
 start rustlin' up some dinner?

COOKING MONTAGE - LES, JULIE, ANDREW & DOROTHY - NIGHT

Shots of the "girls cooking," having a good time. Dorothy
 staring off at Julie as she moves gracefully here in her own
 home, the evening light making her hair golden.

INT. DINING ROOM TABLE - ALL - NIGHT

Julie feeding Andrew, Dorothy watching. They all laugh, and
 eat hearty. Les watches Dorothy, smiling shyly. Andrew
 throws some food at Dorothy. WE HEAR VOICES SINGING AND
 DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LES, DOROTHY, JULIE - LATER

They all hold drinks, and stand around the upright piano
 singing, as Dorothy plays.

ALL
 (singing)
 "... that's how I want to be,
 So long as you'll agree,
 To stay old fashioned with me."

JULIE
 That's beautiful, Dorothy. I
 didn't know you played so well.

LES
 It's a wonderful thing for a lady
 to play a piano.

DOROTHY
 My Mama insisted.

LES

In the morning maybe you'd like to
look the place over. We'll show
Andrew the new milk cow.

JULIE

(giggling)

Remember Injun Joe's?

LES

Don't you tell that story!

JULIE

(to Dorothy)

Daddy hangs out in this bar...

LES

I don't hang out there...

JULIE

(breaking up completely)

And one night... one night he and
Injun Joe had a few too many Minnie-
ha-ha's...

LES

Julie...

JULIE

... and it was hunting season and
they saw this elk...

(wiping her eyes)

So they grab their 30-30's and go
out in the dark and start stalking
it... and finally they corner it
over by Charlie's barn. They creep
up real close and BANG! Both of
'em blast away and half the barn
wall disappears - which is just as
well because right then the elk
"moo'd." It was one of old
Charlie's heifers that got through
the fence!

LES

All right, that's enough laughing
at your old man...

(looking shyly at Dorothy)

You know this one?

(begins singing)

"... For it was Mary, Mary..."

They all join in.

ALL
"Long before the fashion came,
And there is something there
That sounds so square,
It's a grand old n-a-a-m-e."

Dorothy finishes with a rolling chord.

LES
That was Julie's mother's name.
Mary Juliet Cooper.

JULIE
Well - it's after midnight. Got a
tough hunt for those eggs tomorrow.
(to Dorothy)
Want to hit the hay, as we say on
the farm?

DOROTHY
(nervously)
Oh... I think I'll stay up for just
a teeny while. You go on.

Julie leans down and kisses Dorothy on the cheek, puts her
arms around her father and kisses him.

JULIE
Be good, you two.

She goes.

LES
(stoking fire)
Nice girl, isn't she?

DOROTHY
Very sweet.

Les sits in a big old easy chair. Dorothy on the couch.

LES
You know, I'm kinda glad ol' Ron
didn't come up.

DOROTHY
I believe I am too, actually.

LES

I know it's old fashioned, but I still can't get used to a man sleeping in the same room with my daughter, in my own house, when they're not even married.

DOROTHY

That makes two of us.

LES

Really? Hmm... I thought you'd be more like, you know, one of those liberators.

DOROTHY

I'm not really the woman you see on the show.

LES

(looking at her)

No... no you're not really. You're much...

(searching)

... gentler.

(a pause)

Julie's too old for me to be telling her what to do or how to be, and I'm too old to tell her, but I just can't turn off my feelings, you know? It bothers me, Andrew not really having a father.

(thinks, then)

Everything seems so out of whack these days. Don't get me wrong, I'm all for this equal business. I think women ought to be entitled to have everything and all, et cetera. Except sometimes I think what they really want is to be entitled to be men, like men are all equal in the first place, which we're not.

(beat)

I don't know why I'm running on like this. Can I get you another drink?

DOROTHY

No, no. I must keep my wits about me tonight.

LES

Tonight?

DOROTHY

(quickly)

Always... I always must keep... my wits about me.

LES

I can remember years ago there was none of this talk about what a woman was, what a man was. You just were what you were. I keep seeing in the magazines down at the barber shop all these articles tellin' you how much you are of one sex or the other and how much you should be like the one you're not so we can all be more the same, and I'm sorry, but we're just not, you know? I mean, look at you. You could put on a suit and call yourself Donald and I'd still know you were a female. Maybe it comes from living on a farm and being close to the natural order of things.

Dorothy smiles. Les clearly enjoys talking to her.

LES

You tell me if I'm wrong. You strike me as a clear-headed woman - doesn't it all really boil down to just how you are as a person? Not what kind of man, or what kind of woman. Just what kind of person?

DOROTHY

I think you put it very well.

LES

Really? You know I couldn't talk like this to Julie. She's make fun of me.

DOROTHY

No, she wouldn't. You make wonderful sense... and she loves you.

Les is touched, and delighted with her approval. He nods at an old wedding photo, crosses to it.

LES

My wife and I were married 18 years. People got it all wrong, you know. They say the most important thing is your health. I can lift this house off the ground, but what does it mean? Being with someone, sharing, that's what it's all about.

(beat)

Julie tells me you're not married.

DOROTHY

No.

LES

Sure you won't have another drink?

DOROTHY

No, no, I really think it's that time.

LES

I hope I didn't chew your ear off.

DOROTHY

Not at all.

She rises.

DOROTHY

You going to leave the fire?

LES

It'll be all right.

DOROTHY

(smiling)

Especially with the new chimbley.

Les smiles shyly.

LES

Say... thanks for staying up and talking.

DOROTHY

Goodnight.

INT. JULIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Julie seems asleep as Dorothy carefully comes in, takes a flannel nightgown off a hook and tiptoes towards a bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dorothy is shaving, her hair braided. She leans against the sink exhausted. (MORE)

INT. JULIE'S ROOM - JULIE AND DOROTHY - NIGHT

Dorothy, ever so carefully, climbs into bed with Julie, sighs and closes her eyes.

JULIE

(softly)

Daddy's a little out of touch,
isn't he?

DOROTHY

He's a nice man.

JULIE

He's very lonesome. This farm is
all he knows about the world.
You're either "happy" or "unhappy,"
"married" or "not married."
There's nothing in between. I've
tried to get him to take out women
but... since my mother died...

She trails off.

DOROTHY

She must have been a very nice
woman.

DOROTHY

(sleepily)

I guess so. I don't remember her
very well.

(there is a pause)

I remember little scenes with
her... but they're like scenes from
a movie, you know? I mean, I
remember her helping me pick this
wallpaper. We looked at all kinds
of patterns and I picked one with
great big purple flowers and she
said "you've got to remember that
once you pick it, it's going to
cover the walls of your room for a
long, long time." And I tried to
imagine how those purple flowers
would look on all the walls of my
room at night when I was going to
sleep...

DOROTHY(cont'd)

and in the morning when I was getting dressed... and when I had a cold or the sulks - and I said, "Which would you choose, ma?" and she said, "The little rosebuds and daisies. Because daisies are such homey flowers and rosebuds are always cheery and waiting to bloom."

DOROTHY

It's very pretty. She made the right choice.

JULIE

I made so many plans looking at this wallpaper.

(pause)

I kept waiting for the rosebuds to open.

Dorothy reached over and strokes her hair.

JULIE

(sleepily)

That's nice. My mother did that, too, sometimes. I remember that.

DOROTHY

You think Ron will make the rosebuds open?

JULIE

(pause)

I guess not.

She drifts off in sleep.

EXT. FARM - LONG VIEW - MORNING

The Easter egg hunt:

A) Andrew finds an egg. Les points out things to Dorothy, who had trouble in her heels. CAMERA TILTS UP to find Julie up a tree. She jumps down.

B) Les and Julie, arms over shoulders, disappear around a corner. Andrew falls, gets up and runs to Dorothy. She is confused, doesn't quite know what to do, awkwardly picks him up. He puts his arms around her neck. She slowly puts her arms around him.

C) Les is repairing a fence. He has trouble holding a cross beam and getting a nail set.

Suddenly, Dorothy lifts the beam and holds it in place. Les is startled, then pleased. He drives the nail in. They are a team.

EXT. FARM - ANOTHER ANGLE

Andrew is running with three eggs, they all follow, laughing. Then suddenly stop and look off:

ANGLE - A CAR DRIVING UP

The door opens and Ron gets out. Andrew toddles towards him.

RON

Hello, Andrew... Drunk again, hey?

(he picks him up)

Are there others like yourself here, son?

(Julie, Dorothy, and Les stare at him)

I know you. You're the undead. Couldn't get back in your coffins in time, huh?

JULIE

(rousing herself)

I'm sorry, Ron. We were just startled to see you.

TOMATO PLANTS - DAY - ALL

RON

Looks like you have a little black rot there.

LES

(surprised)

Yeah. Been having trouble with that.

RON

Harvest the fruit now and let it ripen off the vine. It's the only way to control it.

CLOSE - ANDREW POINTING

ANDREW

Cow!

PULL BACK to see we are in a barn.

RON
 Ever see a cow being milked by
 hand, pal?

LES
 You know how to milk a cow?

ANOTHER ANGLE - RON EXPERTLY MILKING A COW

They all watch.

RON
 It's all in the wrists.
 (to Andrew)
 How'd you like to ride on a horse,
 Andy?

JULIE
 Oh, no. He's too young, Ron.

RON
 I'll be on the horse with him.

DOROTHY
 (sourly)
 You ride, too?

RON
 (shrugs modestly)
 Well...

ANGLE - RON EXPERTLY RIDING A HORSE WITH ANDREW

Julie, Dorothy and Les watch.

ANDREW
 Cow.

RON
 Excellent. You're going to be a
 fine farmer.

DOROTHY
 I'm hungry.

RON
 Forgive me.
 (he dismounts)
 I've been very inconsiderate.
 (to Dorothy)
 You'll never be hungry again.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - ALL - NIGHT

Ron in an apron -- expertly slicing onions and green peppers.
They watch in silence.

RON

The whole secret of Japanese
cooking is in the peanut oil.

LES

'Fraid we don't have any of that.
There's Crisco.

RON

It's hard to heat the wok evenly
with Crisco.

LES

I don't think we have a wok either,
unless it's a big bird that eats
sheep.

RON

No, that's a rock. You can get of
it by spraying your flock with
ordinary household Lysol.

(dropping everything into
a frying pan)

Stand back! I don't know how this
will come out without peanut old
and a wok...

DINNER TABLE - EVERYONE EATING - NIGHT

JULIE

This was delicious.

RON

I wish you could have tasted it
cooked correctly.

LES

Well -- I'm for bed.

DOROTHY

(looking at Julie)

I think I'll take a little walk by
myself -- in this wonderful peace.
Good night.

She goes.

LES
Nice woman.

JULIE
Wonderful person.

RON
Good human being.
(rising)
Well, I guess I'm shacking up with
Andrew tonight, huh?

LES
Unless you'd rather shack up with
his grandpa.

RON
(to Julie)
Do I hear a third offer?

Julie shakes her head no.

RON
Thank God, Les. It's working just
the way we planned.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DOROTHY - NIGHT

as she clomps through weeds.

DOROTHY
Shit.

She sits down on a railing.

RON'S VOICE
Nice night, isn't it?

Dorothy starts.

RON
All those stars...
(sitting beside her)
You can see the little dipper out
here. Funny, how small...

DOROTHY
Don't bother.

RON
Okay.

There is a pause.

DOROTHY

Where'd you learn the farm routine?
And the cooking.

RON

I lived with a girl who had a
tomato plant. I had dinner at
Danny Kaye's. I directed a
documentary for the 4-H Club.

DOROTHY

I'm sure Julie was impressed.

RON

I wasn't trying to impress Julie.
I was trying to impress you.

DOROTHY

(a beat)

Why?

RON

Because you don't like me. I have
tremendous respect for that. Maybe
it's because like all artists, I
feel that deep down I'm full of
shit.

(Dorothy stares at him)

Maybe not... I guess Sartre said it
best...

DOROTHY

Forget it. You're knocking
yourself out for nothing.

RON

I don't mind. I find this
relaxing. Why don't you like me?
I've rarely met a woman I couldn't
make like me.

DOROTHY

I don't like you because you're a
swine to Julie.

RON

(archly)

Oh??

DOROTHY

You patronize her. You lie to
her...

RON

I never told Julie we were exclusive. I never said I wouldn't see other women. I just know she doesn't want me to see other women, so I lie to her to keep from hurting her feelings. If I told her the truth and hurt her feelings, you'd think I was terrific.

DOROTHY

(rising)

I was going for a walk.

RON

Look at it from my side. A woman I meet wants me to seduce her. So I do. After I've seduced her, she acts like I've promised her something. So I act like I have, too. I'm the one who's exploited. In many ways I'm almost a slave.

She walks away. Hold on Ron a moment. As he turns to go back, he sees:

RON'S P.O.V.

Les moving toward the pastures on the fat side of the drive.

LES

Dorothy?

Dorothy turns. Les approaches holding a big cardigan sweater.

LES

You know nights out here are chilly.

He delicately drapes the sweater over her shoulders.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

Cast members play chess. One memorizes lines. Dorothy and Van Horn sit on a sofa holding scripts. A TV monitor shows crew activity on the floor.

VAN HORN

It says "angry" but wouldn't it be better if I was cool? Isn't that a better way to play it?

He has obviously become a convert.

(MORE)
DOROTHY

Why don't we try it that way?

As Dorothy finds the page, she glances at THE TV MONITOR. She sees Ron talking with Julie. He's clearly turning on the charm.

ALFRED'S VOICE

Dorothy.

Alfred hands her a large heart-shaped box of candy.

ALFRED

From Julie's dad. But don't you dare. We're just getting you down to size.

VAN HORN

That's such a thoughtless present to send a woman - chocolates.

P.A. VOICE

(filtered)

Dorothy Michaels to Rita's office.
Dorothy Michaels.

INT. RITA'S OFFICE - DAY

Cluttered, an Emmy or two. Rita works as a knock is heard.

RITA

Come.

Dorothy enters.

RITA

Sit.

Dorothy does. Rita looks up, smiles.

RITA

You know, Dorothy, you're a complicated lady. On the one hand you're a pain in the ass. Every time you change a line, I have to give the writers "mouth-to-mouth." I've got the most expensive director in "soap" (I owe myself a quarter) and you've got him defensive and hostile.

RITA(cont'd)

However, we're getting three thousand pieces of mail a week, we've picked up six share points and it's largely due to you. There are three kinds of women in daytime drama: brainless bimbos, long-suffering bores, and cartoon dragon-ladies. You're the first woman character who is her own person and can assert her own personality without robbing someone of theirs.

(beat)

You've got an enormous career ahead of you.

DOROTHY

Well --

RITA

Do you know that already more people watch you every day than ever see a Barbara Streisand movie?

DOROTHY

Well, we're different types.

RITA

You're a breakthrough lady for us. We're picking up your option. You'll be with us for another year. Congratulations.

INT. GEORGE GREY'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON GEORGE

On phone.

GEORGE

I can't get you out of it. There's no out of it. It's a one-way option. Theirs.

INTERCUT - DOROTHY ON PHONE AT STUDIO

DOROTHY

Who the hell gave them that?

GEORGE

You did. You signed a standard contract.

DOROTHY

Jesus...

GEORGE

I know it must be murder but they're willing to pay. You're going from four hundred to six-fifty an episode.

DOROTHY

The violinist was getting a thousand... until he died.

GEORGE

The violinist was a man.

DOROTHY

I don't care how much they pay! I'm not doing it.

GEORGE

You have no choice.

DOROTHY

I can tell them.

GEORGE

Tell them what? That you deliberately put an entire network on the spot? That you've been making a schmuck out of millions of women every day? They'll kill you! My secretary wants to be like Dorothy Michaels. I'm gonna fire her. We're talking major fraud here, Michael. And what about me? You think anyone will believe I wasn't in on this? You can't tell, Michael. You're going to have to find a way to do it.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

A prostrate Michael is in his darkened bedroom, a wet towel pressed to his forehead. Jeff tiptoes in with a glass on water and a handful of pills.

JEFF

Can you take this many valium?

MICHAEL

We'll see...

As he reached for the pills, the phone rings. It is answered by the machine. Michael turns the switch to MONITOR. We hear:

JULIE'S VOICE
 Dorothy, it's Julie... There's sort
 of an emergency... if you get a
 chance, please call.

INT. JULIE'S APARTMENT - ENTRYWAY - JULIE - NIGHT

JULIE
 (holding wine glass)
 Thanks for coming.

She steps back to let Dorothy enter. Dorothy takes off her
 coat, looks at Julie. A pause.

DOROTHY
 Are you sure you want to do this?

JULIE
 (sipping wine)
 No... but I'm going to do it. I've
 been fooling myself for a long time
 about Ron... actually not as long
 as I did about Mark - you didn't
 know Mark - he was Andrew's father.
 (beat)
 I guess I really wanted you here
 for moral support... although Mrs.
 Crawly really did quit, and I was
 tempted to use that as an excuse to
 avoid going through with it - you
 want a drink?

DOROTHY
 (shaking her head)
 I'm not breaking up with Ron.

JULIE
 (giggles)
 I'd buy tickets to that!
 (sips wine)
 This does have a lot to do with you
 though.

DOROTHY
 It does?

JULIE
 (pacing)
 I've been sort of seeing Ron
 through your eyes lately... I think
 I knew you were right the first
 time you ever talked about Ron and
 me --

DOROTHY

Julie, I don't want that
responsibility --

JULIE

Don't apologize. You've done me a
favor. Why shouldn't you influence
me? You wouldn't compromise your
feelings like I have. You wouldn't
live this kind of lie. It's like
you always say: "Why plant Sorghum
when you're cravin' grits and
eggs?"

DOROTHY

Did I say that?

JULIE

Yes... and you're right. And I've
always known it... but I've been
too lazy or too scared... what the
hell, watching you these last few
weeks -- it's just like you say:
"If a chile' don't ask, he don't
get the grits."

DOROTHY

Mmmm. I speak often of grits,
don't I?

JULIE

Anyway...

(big breath)

It's like getting ready for a
"take."

(putting on coat)

If Andrew wakes up, give him a
little of that applesauce.

(smiles)

That usually shuts him up. I
shouldn't be more than a couple of
hours.

She hugs Dorothy and runs out.

INT. JULIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dorothy, her blouse off, is shaving. She stands in bra and
skirt. She nicks her chin, drawing a little blood. She
catches sight of something in the mirror, whirls and sees a
sleepy Andrew standing in the doorway studying her.

DOROTHY
 (quickly)
 Uncle Dorothy has a touch of 5
 o'clock shadow.
 (MORE)

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - LATER

Dark, just a light. Andrew cradled in Dorothy's arms hears her sing a lullaby. There is a piece of toilet paper stuck to Dorothy's cut chin. Dorothy tucks him in, then hears the front door. She rips the piece of toilet paper off.

INT. JULIE'S LIVING ROOM - RON & JULIE

Julie is cold sober, Ron is not. She is about to make him a drink.

JULIE
 What do you want?

RON
 I've been trying to tell you that
 for the last two hours, but it
 doesn't seem to make any
 difference.

He tries to put his arms around her.

JULIE
 (moving away)
 Ron, I said you could come in for a
 drink.

RON
 God forbid I should be testy.

He starts to pour a drink, sees Dorothy in the doorway.

RON
 Hey... what do you say, Tootsie?
 Is it all right to call you Tootsie
 when you're not working? No. It
 lacks a certain dignity. How about
 Lucretia Borgia -- another famous
 poisoner.

JULIE
 Ron. You're impossible!
 Impossible!

RON
 (imitating her)
 Impossible!

RON(cont'd)

I think I prefer the second reading.

(to Dorothy)

What's your opinion? You're the director.

JULIE

Ron, please leave.

RON

In good time. Ms. Michaels and I are having a discussion. You said yourself that she's someone whose opinion you respect... although what you respect escapes me.

Julie slaps him. He whirls on her. Dorothy moves quickly to him.

DOROTHY

Now that's enough!

RON

Of course, yes. Of Julie, not quite --

DOROTHY

-- I think you had better leave.

RON

-- What a coincidence. I was just going to ask you to leave.

JULIE

Please, everybody.

RON

You can't please everybody. Ask Dorothy.

(grabs Dorothy)

Let's just get you to a taxi, or a subway, or anywhere that's not here.

DOROTHY

(evenly)

Take your hand off me.

JULIE

Let go of her.

DOROTHY

I'm going to ask you once more to take your hand off me.

RON
 Why? God knows I'm not doing it
 for pleasure.

Dorothy kneels him, he doubles over. She throws him over her
 shoulder and rushes him to the door. Opens it with one hand
 and dumps him in the hall. As she closed the door:

JULIE
 My God! Are you all right?

DOROTHY
 I'm fine, fine.

JULIE
 How did you do...! My God, you
 carried him!
 (then)
 Oh, shit, what a mess -- I'm sorry
 I got you into... it's not your
 problem.
 (then)
 Dorothy, you're bleeding! Did he
 hit you?

She has, in fact, seen Dorothy's shaving cut. Dorothy
 quickly puts her hand to the cut.

DOROTHY
 Perhaps in the heat of the moment.
 I'm sure he didn't mean it.

Julie puts her arm around Dorothy, comfortingly, leads her to
 the sofa.

JULIE
 Here, lie down.

DOROTHY
 (lying down)
 It's nothing.

Julie sits beside her, touches her face gently with a tissue.

JULIE
 Oh, Dorothy, what did I do... I'm
 so confused. What am I gonna do
 tomorrow? Who am I gonna have
 dinner with?

Dorothy looks into Julie's eyes. She can help herself no
 longer. She moves toward Julie's lips. Just before they
 touch:

JULIE
Dorothy, please!

DOROTHY
Right! No! Of course!

Julie rises abruptly.

DOROTHY
Julie --

JULIE
Please don't say anything.

DOROTHY
But there's a reason.

JULIE
Don't... don't be embarrassed. I
understand the reason.

DOROTHY
No, no, that reason's not the
reason.

She reaches for Julie's hand.

DOROTHY
I'm not... I'm not the person you
think I am, I --

JULIE
Nobody is -- you don't have to
explain.

DOROTHY
Look, give me a second. If you
could just see me out of these
clothes.

JULIE
No!!

She dashes toward her bedroom, stops, turns back.

JULIE
Listen, I can't think anymore, I
can't talk, I can't make sense.
Tomorrow, okay? I mean... all
things considered, this hasn't been
my favorite evening. Please
understand.

She enters the bedroom, closes the door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dorothy walks disconsolately. She passes the marquee of a Holiday Inn. A SWEET-FACED, EAGER-LOOKING SALESMAN, dressed like a salesman, pencils in his suit jacket, notices her.

SALESMAN

(pleasantly)

Good evening... would you like to keep a lonely guy company?

DOROTHY

(in Michael's voice)

Fuck off.

CLOSE - A BOUQUET OF ROSES

The cellophane being ripped off. PULL BACK to see we are in Dorothy and April's dressing room. April takes the gift card out of Dorothy's hand.

APRIL

"You were a real hit up at that farm."

(frowning)

God, he's such an old guy.

(refers to script)

Okay, your line.

DOROTHY

"Why, certainly, my dear."

During the following, April takes off her kimono.

APRIL

"Things have been so much better since you've come to Southwest General. We're all so grateful to you for your help and advice."

She is now bare-chested, slipping into her radiologist coat.

DOROTHY

"I really think of you all as... well, my daughters. And what kind of mother would I be if I didn't give my girls tits?"

(quickly)

I mean "tips," "tips."

They both laugh.

APRIL
Would you button me up?

As Dorothy is buttoning April, there is a knock and Julie enters.

APRIL
(giggles)
That tickles.

Dorothy guiltily removes her hands from April. Julie takes the scene in a glance.

JULIE
May I see you for a moment,
Dorothy?

INT. STUDIO CORRIDOR - JULIE & DOROTHY - DAY

DOROTHY
Julie... I wasn't myself last
night. I'm not even myself right
now.

JULIE
Don't explain anything. Let's skip
all that. My father's coming into
town. I know he's coming to see
you.

DOROTHY
I won't see him --

JULIE
-- No! You have to. You know what
he's like. I don't care what you
tell him - but don't lead him on.
Please. You have to let him down
gently. You owe him that. Please,
Dorothy.

INT. RAINBOW GRILL - NIGHT

Dorothy and Les at a table, Les in his best. The BAND plays a romantic number.

LES
(to WAITER)
Two coffees. How about some
brandy, Dorothy?

DOROTHY
Just coffee for me. Well, perhaps
a little brandy might be wise.

WAITER
Yes, madam.

LES
Food wasn't bad, was it?

DOROTHY
No. Very fresh. Not overcooked.

LES
Fish wasn't frozen.
(a pause)
Potatoes were crisp.
(beat)
Would you like to dance?

DOROTHY
Dance?

He stands, takes her hand. His look makes it impossible for her to say no.

THE DANCE FLOOR

Les and Dorothy begin to dance, Dorothy finding it difficult to follow. A MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE recognize her. As they dance by:

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
We love you. You're wonderful.

Dorothy smiles, is suddenly confused as Les executes a dazzling bit of footwork.

LES
My wife and I took a course.

They continue, Dorothy having a tough time.

LES
I'm sorry. I forget you're on you feet all day.

THEIR TABLE
Les holds her chair for her, then sits. Brandy is waiting. Dorothy starts to drink hers.

LES

I was sure happy you could come out tonight. I know you usually have a lot of lines to learn.

DOROTHY

(after a breath)

Les, I think there's something I'd better say.

LES

There's something I want to say, too. Wouldn't it be funny if we both wanted to say the same thing?

DOROTHY

I don't think what I have to say is what you have to say.

LES

Mine's pretty simple. I'm not that good with words anyway.

(a beat)

I'm not sure how to start... you ever buy a real good pair of boots?

DOROTHY

Boots?

LES

Work boots. If you get the right pair, and after you work them in real good, they feel just as much a part of you as your own feet, if you know what I mean. It's a lot like with people, boots... You know, how comfortable they make you feel, how they hold up to wear and tear over the years.

(stops, embarrassed)

I don't know why I'm going on about shoes and feet.

(a beat)

I only took two pictures in my whole life. My high school graduation and my wedding. My wife was standing next to me in both of them. I never thought I'd want anybody to fill her place. I never thought there could be another woman that gave me the same feeling. That all changed last weekend.

DOROTHY

Les --

LES

-- Let me finish. I've got to do this in one go, or I'll never get through it.

(reaches into pocket)

I know this is sorta quick but that's how I am. Never did believe in not getting' down to it.

(then)

I'd like you to be my wife.

He opens a ring box, revealing a small diamond ring.

LES

(quickly)

Don't say anything now! I know it's fast... so take some time to get used to it. And if the answer's "no" - well, at least, I'll feel you took me seriously enough to think it over.

DOROTHY

(feebly)

Will you forgive me... I feel faint.

LES

Well, if you're not the god-darndest, most feminine little thing I've met in my whole life. Come on, I'll take you home.

DOROTHY

(rising)

Would you mind terribly... I just need to be alone. I'd like to start thinking it over as soon as possible.

And she dashed away from the table.

INT. CORRIDOR - RESTROOMS - NIGHT

Marked "Ladies" and "Gentlemen." AA distressed Dorothy enters the one marked "Gentlemen." A beat, then she reappears and enters "Ladies." Another beat, then the MIDDLE-AGED MAN pokes his head out - baffled.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LOFT - NIGHT

A cab pulls up and Dorothy drags herself out.

A MAN'S VOICE

Dorothy?

Dorothy whirls around. John Van Horn stands in a shadow.

DOROTHY

This is a nightmare.

VAN HORN

Don't be angry. I just had to talk to you.

DOROTHY

How did you know where I lived?

VAN HORN

I followed you home last week. I... I didn't have the courage to talk to you on the phone without seeing your face... May I come up for a drink?

DOROTHY

I have a terrible headache! Please, some other time. Good-night, John.

She goes in. Van Horn watches the building until a light goes on in the loft. Then, in a surprisingly good baritone, he bursts into loud song.

VAN HORN

"I'll know when my love comes along, I'll know then and there..."

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - DOROTHY

As Van Horn's voice floats up to her. She runs to the window, opens it.

EXT. LOFT

Windows are beginning to open. A few people gather.

VAN HORN

"... on some fly-by-night Broadway romance, And I'll stop, and I'll stare, At that face in the crowd..."

DOROTHY
 (hiding her face)
 Shh! I'll buzz you in!!

INT. LOFT - DOROTHY & JOHN

As Dorothy lets him in.

VAN HORN
 Just... anything alcoholic will do.
 One drink and I'll be on my way.
 Nice mirror.

DOROTHY
 (exasperated)
 Thank you.
 (giving him a drink)
 Here. Now, what is it that
 couldn't wait, John?

VAN HORN
 Dorothy, I'm... I'm an untalented
 old has-been...

DOROTHY
 Were you ever famous?

VAN HORN
 No.

DOROTHY
 Then how can you be a has-been?

VAN HORN
 I love the way you don't let me get
 away with anything.
 (he belts down his drink)
 Dorothy -- I want you.

DOROTHY
 Pardon?

VAN HORN
 (sweeping her into his
 arms)
 I've never wanted a woman this
 much...

DOROTHY
 (struggling)
 Please... perhaps some other time.

VAN HORN
Don't turn me away. It will kill
me.

DOROTHY
John, really... it's not you. I'm
just not interested in getting
involved right now emotionally.

VAN HORN
Then I'll take straight sex.

DOROTHY
(pounding on his chest)
John... I don't want to hurt you.

VAN HORN
I don't mind.

They struggle, John trying to cover her mouth with kisses.
The door opens and Jeff walks in. John pulls away,
straightening. There is a terrible silence.

DOROTHY
Jeff Thomas... John Van Horn.

JEFF
How do you do?

VAN HORN
How do you do? I'll be going...

JEFF
I hope I haven't...

VAN HORN
No, no. I hope I haven't...
(with dignity)
... I just want you to know Jeff --
for the record -- that nothing
happened here tonight.

JEFF
Thank you, John.

VAN HORN
I'm sorry, Dorothy. I didn't
understand... I'm really sorry.

He rushes out. Jeff whirls on Michael.

JEFF
You... slut.

MICHAEL

Knock it off! You don't know the kind of night I had.

JEFF

I can imagine.

MICHAEL

(tearing off his dress)

No, you can't! I can't even imagine it. This is becoming a horror show. I'll tell you the truth, Jeff, if I didn't know it would hurt so many people I'd...

There is a knock. They freeze.

MICHAEL

Oh shit, it's him again.

JEFF

Get in the bedroom and keep quiet.

MICHAEL

Don't answer.

SANDY (O.S.)

Michael?

JEFF

Get that makeup off.

MICHAEL

Oh God!

JEFF

Hurry.

SANDY (O.S.)

Michael, I can hear you and Jeff talking so at least do me the courtesy of telling me you don't want to see me.

JEFF

(undressing)

I'm coming, Sandy! Just let me get a robe. Michael is taking a shower!

(pounding on the wall)

Oh, Michael, Sandy's here.

He puts on his robe. Michael turns on the shower.

MICHAEL
 (shouting)
 Oh?! Tell her I'll be right out!
 I'm taking a shower!

JEFF
 I told her.
 (then shouting)
 Dammit, where is that robe?

He and Michael race around the apartment hiding feminine apparel.

JEFF
 (loudly)
 Oh, here it is!

Michael races back into the bathroom. Jeff runs to the door.

JEFF
 (facing Sandy)
 Hi, Sandy. Sorry to make you wait.
 How're you doing?

SANDY
 You must think I'm very dumb.

Michael comes out of the bathroom in a terrycloth robe.

MICHAEL
 (panting lightly)
 Sandy! Hi! Boy that shower felt good. Hey! I've got a present for you. Wait right here.

He dashes into the bedroom.

JEFF
 Well -- I'll just finish my revisions.

He whips into his bedroom. Michael comes out carrying the box of chocolates Les sent.

MICHAEL
 For you.

SANDY
 Is this supposed to mean nothing's wrong?

MICHAEL
 Well, it isn't, is it?

SANDY
I've called you all week. You
never called me back.

MICHAEL
Really? I didn't get the message.
(opening the box)
Want some candy? I went to eight
stores to get this kind.

SANDY
Oh, a card!

She takes it out of the box. Michael grabs for it.

MICHAEL
Don't read that! I was very angry
when I wrote it.

SANDY
(reading)
"Thank you for the lovely night in
front of the fire. Missing you.
Les."
(she looks up)
This isn't even for me! This is
some other girl's candy.

MICHAEL
No! It isn't! I swear! I
wouldn't give you another girl's
candy.

SANDY
Well, whose candy is it?

MICHAEL
Mine.

SANDY
A guy named Les is sending you
candy?

MICHAEL
Yes. He can't eat it. He's
diabetic.

SANDY
Why is he thanking you for the
lovely night by the fire?

MICHAEL
My mind has gone blank.

SANDY
Michael... are you a fag?

(MORE)
MICHAEL
(long pause)
In what sense?

SANDY
Oh, Michael, don't lie to me. I'd rather think you were a fag than think you don't want to see me.

MICHAEL
You would?

SANDY
Just be honest with me. Give it to me straight, for God's sake. It's so... demeaning to listen to these stories. No matter how bad the truth is, it doesn't tear you up like dishonesty. It leaves you with some dignity and self-respect.

MICHAEL
(after a moment)
You're right, Sandy. Okay. Here's the truth. I'm in love with another woman...

She gives a blood curdling scream.

MICHAEL
Sandy!!

INT. JEFF'S BEDROOM

He sits at a desk carefully correcting his play. At the sound of Sandy's scream his pencil breaks.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Michael racing around closing the windows as Sandy continues to scream on what seems like one endless breath.

MICHAEL
I'm really surprised you're taking it this way. I mean, we never said we were in love. We went to bed once. Sandy!
(tries to cover her mouth)
Stop it! I'm crazy about you.
You're one of my dearest friends.

MICHAEL(cont'd)

I'd go nuts if I didn't know you were here, where I could call you up and talk to you. But we're not in love. And if we keep pretending we are, we're going to risk losing what we have.

She sits silently for a moment.

MICHAEL

You feel okay?

SANDY

No. Why should I feel okay?

MICHAEL

Well... I thought... You asked me to be straight.

SANDY

Yes. But I didn't say I'd feel okay. I feel awful.

MICHAEL

Well... what can I do? Can I do anything for you?

SANDY

(moves to door)

No. I'll just have to feel awful until I don't. And you'll just have to know you made me feel that way.

MICHAEL

What about the play?

SANDY

I wouldn't allow personal despair to interfere with a professional commitment.

MICHAEL

Are we still friends?

SANDY

No. I don't take this shit from friends. Only from lovers.

She slams the door.

INT. GEORGE GREY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A rumpled George sits in his bathrobe, sipping vodka. Michael paces the room.

MICHAEL
She thinks I'm gay, George.

GEORGE
Sleep with her, she'll know you're straight.

MICHAEL
I don't want to do that!

GEORGE
All right, I'll sleep with her and tell her you're straight.

MICHAEL
Wait a minute! I did sleep with her and she still thinks I'm gay.

GEORGE
(holds up hands)
I don't want to get into that, Michael.

MICHAEL
Anyway, I don't want to go to bed just to go to bed with anyone anymore.

GEORGE
Being a woman's made you weird, Michael.

MICHAEL
I want to go back to my life, George. You got wall-to-wall lawyers in your office; there must be some way for them to get me off the show.

GEORGE
(wearily)
Michael...

MICHAEL
What if I died, for Christ's sake? What if Dorothy died?

GEORGE

Kill somebody and bring me the stiff, we'll try it. But she better look like you. Rita don't miss a trick.

MICHAEL

(pained)

These are nice people, George. Good people. I mean, if I didn't love Julie before, the way she looked so vulnerable when she thought I was a lesbian --

GEORGE

I thought you said gay?

MICHAEL

Sandy thinks I'm gay. Julie thinks I'm a lesbian.

GEORGE

You're not, are you? I always thought Dorothy was straight.

MICHAEL

She is! And Julie's father wants to marry me!

GEORGE

You mean, marry Dorothy.

MICHAEL

Of course Dorothy!

GEORGE

Does he know she's a lesbian?

MICHEL

Dorothy is not a lesbian!

GEORGE

Okay, okay.

MICHAEL

He gave me a ring. A diamond.

GEORGE

You better not let Sandy see it on you.

MICHAEL

George, did you ever have a man - a man - look you in the eye and tell you he cares for you as much as he cared for his wife, who he loved with all his heart? Has that ever happened to you, George? Do you have any idea what that feels like?

GEORGE

(long beat)
... Actually --

INT. LOFT - JEFF - NIGHT

Sitting at the table, making circles on a yellow pad with his drink. There is a copy of "Backstage" on the table. Michael enters, crosses to the refrigerator, gets a beer.

JEFF

(quietly)
Congratulations.

MICHAEL

(barely listening)
On what?

JEFF

Your new contract.
(indicates "Backstage")
It's in the trades.

MICHAEL

Oh... well, yeah... I was... I was going to tell you, I just... I just didn't want to --

JEFF

-- hurt my feelings?
(beat)
Like you didn't want to hurt Sandy's?

MICHAEL

No, no, that's not it... I was just trying to figure out... how we could, you know, postpone the play a bit...

JEFF

Why do a play in Syracuse when you can be out at supermarkets signing autographs? I don't blame you. 'Course you have to dress funny.

MICHAEL

Wait a minute... what's goin' on?

JEFF

You're a hit. You were an out of work actor who couldn't get arrested until you put on a dress.

(then)

I think I've detected an irony here. Let me try and put this in words. It's good practice... if Michael Dorsey, the purist, the Savonarola of the American Theater, has found "artistic fulfillment" in a soap opera, in drag... then it's true... there is no God.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CLOSE ON MONITOR - DAY

April is just finishing her speech.

APRIL

"But, Dr. Brewster, some of those things could destroy a woman's body."

MEL

(into mike)

And cut.

INT. STUDIO - BREWSTER'S OFFICE

April, Van Horn and Dorothy relax as the scene ends. Beyond the set, we see Rita on the phone.

RON'S VOICE

(over P.A.)

Short break, people. We'll lock Item 37 next.

They begin to move out of the set. In b.g. Rita has hung up the phone.

RITA

Hold it, everybody -- Ron, Alfred -- slight change in plans.

Julie enters, coat on, hair in curlers, and crosses through toward her dressing room. A subdued Dorothy watches her during the following.

RITA'S VOICE

Our future ex-tape editor has just spilled a bottle of celery tonic on the second reel of the show airing today. We're going to have to do the party again -- live.

Groans all around.

RITA

Quick like bunnies, we've got about twenty-six minutes to get into wardrobe and reset!

VAN HORN

(nervously)

Rita...

RITA

Don't worry, John, you only got a few lines.

VAN HORN

I don't see why we can't use the tape just because it's a little sticky.

INT. DRESSING ROOM CORRIDOR - DAY

Dorothy, in party dress, comes out of her dressing room, holding a small, gift-wrapped package, and knocks at Julie's dressing room. Julie opens the door. There is a moment of tension. Dorothy hands her the gift.

JULIE

No, no... I can't...

DOROTHY

It's for Andrew.

JULIE

... Oh, that's nice.

DOROTHY

It's a Rubic's cube.

JULIE

Oh.

DOROTHY

(beat)

About the other night... I don't know how to say this.

JULIE

Don't. Please don't say anything.

(then)

Listen, I wouldn't be honest if I didn't tell you how much you've meant to me these past few weeks. And I'll always be grateful. You taught me how to stand up for myself because you stand up for yourself. You taught me how to stop hiding from myself and just be myself because you were always yourself.

(beat)

But... I can't see you anymore. It would be a lie. It would be leading you on. I love you. Dorothy, but I can't love you.

Dorothy starts to speak.

P.A. VOICE

Places, please. Immediately.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Ron, Mel and Rita are at the console. Seated behind them are the writers. On the monitor marked "AIR" the taped section of the show is being broadcast.

APRIL

(on monitor)

"I love Miss Kimberly, Nurse Charles. I don't want to be rude, but after what happened, how can I be in the same room with Dr. Brewster?"

JULIE

(on monitor)

"This is the most important night of Emily Kimberly's life -- and we're all going to be there to honor her, including you."

A MUSICAL STING. The picture fades, replaced by a commercial.

MEL
 (into mike)
 Thirty seconds!

INT. STUDIO - PARTY SET

A piece of a living room. The actors all gather, tensely. They hold drinks. Cameras move into position. Dorothy goes to the top of the stairs.

MEL'S VOICE
 Five... Four... Three...

Jacqui signals the cast -- as the "tally light" goes on. Dorothy sweeps down the staircase, as a MIDDLE-AGED MAN raises his glass.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
 "Let's all raise our glasses to our guest of honor. A woman who is a pillar of strength, a woman we are all the better for having known. Miss Emily Kimberly."

All raise their glasses.

JULIE
 "Speech, speech."

DOROTHY
 "I can't tell you how touched I am by all this. I never dreamed I would ever feel so affectionate toward all of you. It makes it all the more difficult to say what I have to say."

A pause. Then Dorothy begins to improvise.

DOROTHY
 You see, I didn't come here just as an administrator, Dr. Brewster. I came to settle an old score. My father was a brilliant man, he built this hospital -- but to his family -- he was a tyrant.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The writers' heads are in their hands.

SIMULTANEOUSLY:

RON
Here we go ~~again~~.
(MORE)

DOROTHY'S VOICE
He drove his wife to drink, his
son, Edward, became a recluse and
the oldest daughter, Anita --

RITA
What the hell is she doing?

BACK ON THE FLOOR

The cast is immobilized.

DOROTHY
-- the cheerful one, the pretty one
-- became pregnant when she was
fifteen and was driven out of the
house. She couldn't give up her
baby, her little girl. She was
terrified that her daughter would
bear the stigma of illegitimacy, so
she changed her name and contracted
a disfiguring disease.

John Van Horn sits, slowly.

DOROTHY
She raised the little girl as her
sister. Her one ambition --
besides her child's happiness --
was to become a nurse. And she
did. At Southwest General.

APRIL
(awed)
She did?

DOROTHY
The harsh realities of her
beginnings had made her a champion
of the underdog. You didn't know
her real identity, Dr. Brewster.

VAN HORN
(caught up)
No, I didn't.

DOROTHY
(to Julie)
No did you, Nurse Charles.

DOROTHY(cont'd)

You only knew her as "Anthea."
Yes, my dear, the "older sister"
who raised you... was your mother.

JULIE

Jesus.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The writers are on their feet, in shock.

SIMULTANEOUSLY:

RON

(to Rita)

You have a preference of shots on
this one?

DOROTHY'S VOICE

This dedicated woman, with
fanatical interest in fairness, was
ahead of her time.

THE FLOOR

DOROTHY

She knew she had to speak out
whenever she saw injustice and
inhumanity. Do you understand
that, Dr. Brewster?

VAN HORN

I never laid a hand on her, I
swear.

April is weeping.

DOROTHY

She was stunned by the other
nurses, out of fear for their own
positions.

(losing her thread for a
moment)

Maybe it was the disease.

(getting it again)

She became a pariah to the doctors,
who found her straightforwardness
too threatening. But she was
deeply loved by her brother.

Dorothy steps out of her high heels.

DOROTHY

The brother, who watched her pay
for her honesty by losing first her
job and then her life.

She tears off her false eyelashes.

DOROTHY

The brother, who swore he would
make it up to her --
(in Michael's voice)
-- but on her terms -- as a woman --
and just as proud to be a woman as
she ever was.

He whips off his wig and is Michael.

MICHAEL

For I am not Emily Kimberly,
daughter of Duane --

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - SANDY

The TV is on. Sandy screams.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - LES

The TV is on.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

-- but Edward Kimberly, the recluse
brother of Anthea.

Les crosses himself.

INT. LOFT - JEFF

Working on the play. The TV is on. He stares at it,
unmoving, but there is the SNAP of his pencil breaking.

INT. STUDIO - FLOOR

MICHAEL

(defiantly)
Let's see you drink to that!

APRIL

(to Julie)
He's your uncle!

INT. CONTROL ROOM

MEL
 (quickly into mike)
 And fade and roll commercial!
 (to Ron)
 Okay, Ron... Ron???

INT. STUDIO FLOOR

Julie rushes at Michael and begins to slap and beat at him.

JULIE
 You son-of-a-bitch! You cheat!
 How could you --?
 (slap)
 How --
 (slap)
 could --
 (slap)
 you -- do --
 (slap)
 this --
 (slap)
 to... anybody?!!

Michael takes it stoically. She stops. All we hear is their breathing. The others watch in stunned silence. Then she suddenly comes to life again, a tigress.

JULIE
 Not to anybody! To me!

She tear at him, beating him with her fists.

JULIE
 Me!! You bastard!

She finally stops, then runs from the room.

VAN HORN
 (staring at Michael)
 Does Jeff know?

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Ron is catatonic. Rita screams at the writers.

RITA
 You gotta write us out of this by
 tomorrow!

WRITER

There's no whiter in America who
can do that!

WRITER'S WIFE

I can.

MUSIC UP: A SERIES OF LONG DISSOLVES:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - LONG VIEW - MICHAEL - DAY

Walking thoughtfully, collar up, hands in pockets. He passes
a MIME in whiteface, hat on the ground. He goes back, drops
some money in the hat.

EXT. NEW ENGLAND COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN

A pastoral view. It is spring; the leaves begin to show.

EXT. A PLAYHOUSE - BARN - EARLY EVENING

A sign identifies it: "The Syracuse Playhouse." A hand-
painted poster beneath it reads: MICHAEL DORSEY and SANDY
FISCHER in "THE LOVE CANAL" written & directed by JEFF
SLATER.

EXT. BAR - UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

A few patrons, mostly rural, some farmers, watch the football
game on TV. Les enters, takes his usual place at the bar.
CAMERA PANS to see Michael rise from a table and move to the
stool next to Les. Les turns to him. They stare at one
another a beat, then Les turns back to the TV. Michael
reaches into his pocket and puts the ring box on the bar;
pushes it toward Les, who does not take his eyes off the TV.

LES

(sotto)

Get that off the bar, or I'll break
your hand.

MICHAEL

I thought you'd want it back.

LES

(side of mouth)

Outside. Give it to me outside.

Michael puts the box away. A beat, then Les turns to him.

LES

Why'd you do it?

MICHAEL
I needed to work.

LES
(ironically)
Hope you enjoyed the chocolates.

MICHAEL
I gave them to a girl.

LES
So did I. I thought.

Quiet again. Until:

LES
You like 'em?

MICHAEL
Chocolates?

LES
Girls.

MICHAEL
I like Julie.
(beat)
I think... I love Julie.

LES
Puttin' on a dress is a funny way
to show it.

MICHAEL
I know.
(beat)
I never meant to hurt anybody.

LES
(grudgingly)
Truth is, you were okay company.

MICHAEL
So were you.

LES
I could have done without the
dancing.

Michael smiles.

LES
I'm seeing a real nice woman now.

MICHAEL

Really?

Les turns to him, indignant.

LES

You think I didn't check her out?

MICHAEL

(laughing)

Can I buy you a beer?

LES

If you got six bits.

MICHAEL

(after a beat)

Does Julie ever mention me?

EXT. TV STUDIO - ENTRANCE - DAY

Julie comes out and is immediately surrounded by fans. She begins signing, suddenly looks up.

JULIE'S POV - MICHAEL

He stands against the building, looking at her.

CLOSER - JULIE

She hands a pen back, and moves slowly away.

FULLER ANGLE - THE STREET - MICHAEL & JULIE - DAY

He catches up to her. They walk in silence a beat.

MICHAEL

I... saw your father.

JULIE

(coldly)

I heard.

MICHAEL

(another beat)

Now that's a weird place, that Injun Joe's where he hangs out --

JULIE

(flatly)

He doesn't hang out there.

MICHAEL

That's right! I forgot.

(beat) (MORE)

How's Andrew? He like the Rubic's cube?

JULIE

(quietly)

He's working on it.

(beat)

With his mouth.

MICHAEL

I guess it wasn't the most appropriate gift, huh?

(silence)

How's it going?

JULIE

Turns out, screwing around is dangerous. April's lost her Radiology license -- if Dr. Brewster weren't keeping her she'd be on the streets. Terry Bishop's back. I guess you saw the reviews of "Iceman Cometh." Seems he's my uncle, too. How, you'll have to ask the writers.

MICHAEL

I meant... How's it going with you?

JULIE

Same old... same old.

MICHAEL

How's Ron...?

JULIE

Wouldn't know. He left the show to freelance.

(beat)

I read your reviews from Syracuse. Surprised you went up there -- you were pretty hot after your "unveiling." You didn't have to go up there to work.

MICHAEL

I didn't have to... but I wanted to.

(then)

It's a good play.

MICHAEL(cont'd)

It deserves to be seen.

(beat)

Besides... I made a promise.

Julie slows, stops, and then turns to him.

JULIE

(soberly)

I miss Dorothy.

MICHAEL

You don't have to. She's right here. I'm Dorothy.

He takes her hands in his.

MICHAEL

Listen... The hard part's over -- we were already best friends. Don't hold it against me that I wear pants.

JULIE

(a long beat)

Will you loan me that yellow dress?

MICHAEL

The Halston? You'll spill wine on it.

A group of tourists, with a child, approach Julie.

WOMAN

Nurse Charles, could you sign this please?

The little boy looks up at Michael.

BOY

Are you anybody?

MICHAEL

Am I anybody? Me? Are you kidding?

(exuberantly)

I've been a woman, an old man, a prince of Denmark! I've been Romeo and Cyrano! I've been Willie Loman!

People are stopping to stare. Julie smiles in spite of herself.

MICHAEL
Am I anybody! I'm everybody! I'm
an actor, man!

FREEZE.

THE END