

# THE DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES

1962

Warner Brothers, Martin Manulis Production. Screenplay by J. P. Miller.  
Directed by Blake Edwards. Produced by Martin Manulis.

Setting: San Francisco, early 1960s

*The Days of Wine and Roses* is the tragic story of Joe and Kirstie Clay, a young married couple with almost everything going for them. Joe has a great job, they have a swell apartment, new baby, and a secure future. Unfortunately, Joe and Kirstie are both alcoholics, and their mutual addiction leads them over the edge of sanity into an abyss of rage and despair.

As Joe's drinking worsens, he is fired from job after job until he is no longer capable of presenting himself in the business world. At home, Kirstie does nothing but drink in front of the television, usually to the point of passing out, her baby daughter forgotten. On one such occasion, an unintended cigarette starts a fire that destroys their apartment and everything they own. Joe and Kirstie make several attempts to sober up, and in the process, Joe meets a member of AA who is able to help him to finally turn his life around. Kirstie isn't so lucky and disappears from Joe's life. She returns one last time to say goodbye, and Joe must accept the fact that she is forever lost to him.

## JOE CLAY

*Shortly after the birth of their daughter, Joe comes home after a dinner party. He is drunk and becomes enraged when Kirstie refuses to drink with him because she is nursing the baby.*

Well now, look: come home after a couple of drinks, and you're cold sober. Well, maybe you're a little tired or something. I know I seem loud and all right, I am! You didn't used to think so. I feel your disapproval. I feel it. Well, if you want to sit up — if you want to wait for me . . . well, is there any

law that says you can't have a couple of blasts while you're waiting? Huh? Is there? So that maybe we could have some laughs around here? Is there? Yeah, your milk. Well, what is that bit anyhow? This is the twentieth century! They invented milk bottles and they got milk in cans that's as good as that milk! You're going to ruin your shape. For crying out loud, you'd think you were the only woman that ever had a baby. I was dragged around by the scruff of my neck on midnight trains and in freezing weather. I was eating crackers and . . . don't do that! I was eating peanut butter! Now, kids have got to learn to be people. Don't . . . look, please just get her a bottle and some formula because I want to have a ball, just you and me, see? Don't shush me! And if I'm too loud I'll just close the damn door!