

JEFF (cont'd)

And I tried to play their game, Diane. I did a thing about suicides of the American Indian, and nobody cared, nobody showed. And I think the American Indian is as American as John and Ethel Barrymore, and Donny and Marie Osmond. I think it's really sad, but, I think nowadays, when people dream, they don't even dream in their own country anymore! And that's sick.

INT. LOFT - WINDOW AREA - LATER

People at the party have fallen asleep, sitting at the long table and lying on the couch with a Walkman on.

INT. LOFT - CAKE TABLE - LATER

Sandy goes to cake table, wraps a piece of cake in a napkin and, after looking around, stashes it in her pocketbook. She goes away from the table.

INT. LOFT - OUTSIDE OF KITCHEN BATHROOM - LATER

Young man watches as someone inside the bathroom tries to open the stuck door. Finally, Sandy comes out, bathroom plunger in hand.

SANDY

Didn't anybody hear me? I've been trapped in there for a half hour! This is some party!

She heads back to the main party area.

INT. LOFT - MAIN AREA - LATER

The party has thinned. The desperate chatter has quieted down. Michael is leaning against a pillar, talking to Jeff, who sits on the edge of the couch.

MICHAEL

I had a nice time. I just didn't know more than half the people here.

JEFF

I waited 'til the last minute to keep the surprise, so I only invited 10 people, they invited 10 people each. You met a lot of new people -- I think they all liked you a lot.

Sam stops by on his way to the door, shakes Jeff's hand.

INFO
ONLY

SAM
 Thanks, Jeff.
 (turns to Michael)
 Happy birthday, Michael.

MICHAEL
 Thanks.

Sam starts toward the door.

SAM
 Great party.

MICHAEL
 Thank you, Sam.

Michael sees Linda heading to the door, with a young man. Jeff slides onto the couch, to sit next to Diane. Michael gives Linda a questioning look.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
 Hey!

START

Linda waves to him as she leaves with the other fellow. Sandy walks up to Michael, leans on the pillar.

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 seconal?

MICHAEL
 Come on. I'll walk you home.

**CUT TO:
 Continue**

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 burst 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?

CUT TO:
 Continue

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - MICHAEL & SANDY

Michael sits on the couch, feet up on the coffee table,
 script on his lap. Sandy stands near him.

MICHAEL
 Now concentrate. Concentrate. Cue:
 "You don't have a man so you want
 to act like one."

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

MICHAEL
 Sandy, wait! This guy is treating
 you like dirt. Why? 'Cause he's a
 doctor and you're a woman and he
 can get away with it. You stand up
 to him! Get your juices going!

SANDY
 Show me what you mean.

MICHAEL
 "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. Turn the tables on me.
 Do it in your own way.

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

MICHAEL
 That's rage?

SANDY
 I have a problem with anger.

MICHAEL
 (legs down, leans forward)
 You certainly have! But there are
 100 other actresses reading for
 this who don't!

SANDY
 Don't get mad at me.

MICHAEL
 Why don't you stop acting like a
 doormat!

SANDY
 I'm not a doormat!!

MICHAEL
 Now! Do it now!

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

MICHAEL
 More!

SANDY
 "But I'm also proud of this
 hospital. And before I let it be
 destroyed by your petty
 tyrannies..."

MICHAEL
 Have the anger, but don't show it.

SANDY
 (quietly)
 "I will recommend to the board that
 you be turned out into the street.
 Good day, Dr. Brewster."

Sandy turns and walks away.

MICHAEL
You're a second rate actress.

SANDY
(turns back, glares)
"I said good day!"

MICHAEL
Gettin' there.

SANDY
Did you feel how much I hated you?

MICHAEL
Yes, in fact, why do you think I'm leaving?

Michael gets up, starts putting coat on as he heads away from couch. Sandy runs toward him.

SANDY
Wait a minute! You can't leave! How am I gonna get it back tomorrow? I can't ask a total stranger to enrage me!

MICHAEL
What time's your audition?

SANDY
Eleven.

MICHAEL
Ok, I'll pick you up at ten and enrage you.

END

EXT. NATIONAL T.V. STUDIO - DAY

People going in and out. Busy

INT. T.V. STUDIO - OUTER WAITING ROOM - DAY

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 40ish, heavy, thick-browed.

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

MICHAEL
(softly)
Shut up, you dumb bimbo.

SANDY
(softly)
Thank you.