

OUT OF THE GOODNESS

by

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FADE IN:

A MONTAGE OF NEW YORK CITY TODAY -- after Guiliani, the Disneyfication of Times Square, and 9/11. While no longer the decaying urban nightmare of *Taxi Driver*, neither is it the lush, lily-white Gershwin fantasy world of countless Woody Allen films. We're dwelling somewhere between Travis Bickle's gutter and Woody's penthouse, where the great majority of New Yorkers live and breathe, often teetering on a desperate edge, striving to maintain their civility and sanity in an environment that seems continually bent on destroying both.

BOB (V.O.)

...Yeah right. Look, far be it from me to dash anyone's hopes, but hey, that's why I'm here. That's who I am...

DISSOLVE INTO:

INT - NYC IRISH PUB - NIGHT

BOB, a middle-aged native New Yorker, downs a shot. He taps the bar, and DUANE, the bartender, pours him another.

DUANE

So you really don't think New York after 9/11's any different?

BOB

Well, there are two fewer buildings, I'll give you that.

LYDIA, a younger patron sitting further down the length of the bar with her boyfriend FRANK, miffed at what she perceives to be Bob's callous comment, interjects.

LYDIA

It was more like three or four buildings. And about three thousand people? Remember them?

Glancing over, Bob sizes Lydia up for a moment.

BOB

How can I forget? None of you bleeding hearts will let me.

LYDIA

Well, we shouldn't forget. And we haven't. And that's why you're

(MORE)

LYDIA (cont'd)
wrong. There's been a profound
change in this city since 9/11.

BOB
Is that so?

LYDIA
Yeah. You can be as cynical as
you like, but people really came
together.
(to Frank)
Help me out here, Frank.

FRANK
Yeah, well, you know, the city
changed, I guess. For a little
while, anyway...

Lydia flashes with annoyance at Frank's response.

BOB
Thank you. For a little while.
Operative phrase here. A few
months, maybe a year, people
were, you know, a little nicer to
each other. Maybe they weren't
quite so dog eat dog. But once
that dust settled and the wreckage
got trucked away, it was back to
business as usual.

LYDIA
No, that is not true. Because I
know I've changed. In a permanent
way. I'm a better person.

BOB
Hey, ya know what, maybe you are.
Kudos to you. But the city?
(sniffs disdainfully)
New York after is no different from
New York before. The winners think
it's heaven on the Hudson. They
always have. But the rest of us,
which is most of us? Please.

He downs his shot.

CUT TO

EXT - WEST SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Lydia and Frank walk back to Lydia's apartment building.

LYDIA

You know, you could have been a little more supportive back there tonight.

Frank can't believe they're still talking about this.

FRANK

Who gives a crap what some rummy in a bar thinks about New York?

LYDIA

It's not him I'm upset about, it's you. How could you take his side over mine?

FRANK

I didn't take his side. I just didn't completely disagree with him, that's all.

LYDIA

Oh, so you think New York is hell?

FRANK

I think this conversation is hell. Can we please just let it drop?

They reach her building, where they find a HOMELESS MAN (BROWN COAT) lying curled up asleep next to the garbage cans located near the entrance.

FRANK (CONTD.)

Oh, for crying out loud, would you look at this?

(loudly; to wake him)

Hey! Sleeping Beauty.

LYDIA

Oh Frank, just leave him alone. He's not bothering anybody.

FRANK

You can't tolerate this shit. Give these bastards an inch, they take a mile. You'll never get rid of him. Is that what you want? And he stinks like death.

(kicks Brown Coat's foot)

Hey! Pepe Le Pew! Let's move it.

He kicks him again, and Brown Coat finally rouses, looking up at Frank for a beat through half-lidded eyes. Then he lets his shaggy head sink back to the concrete.

BROWN COAT

Fuck away, asshole...

FRANK

Hey, what did I say? This ain't the Bowery. Find a park bench. Let's go.

Frank keeps kicking the guy's foot, more forcefully now...

until Brown Coat erupts as if zapped by an electrical charge, kicking back at Frank, and knocking over a garbage can in his direction.

LYDIA

Oh God!

Brown Coat staggers to his feet and tries to grab a garbage can lid to use as a shield or a weapon, but it's chained to a rail and he pulls at it crazily and ultimately uselessly. All the while he's RANTING profanely at Frank, who returns the verbal abuse in kind.

FRANK

Come on, you fuckin' dirtbag!
You want it? Come on!

BROWN COAT

Who the fuck you think you are, man? I ain't done nothin' to you!

FRANK

I told you to move it. Now you want me to call the cops or what?

BROWN COAT

You kick and puckin' foke at...
kick and fuckin' poke at me,
and you're gonna call the cops on me? I'll call the friggin' cops on you, motherfucker...!

LYDIA

Look, we're sorry. We didn't mean to frighten you. We just...

BROWN COAT
You just what, bitch?

FRANK
That's it!

Frank lunges forward, grabs Brown Coat by his dirty name sake, swings him around and hurls him violently forward onto the sidewalk.

LYDIA
Frank! Oh my God!

Frank reaches down and jerks Brown Coat to his feet, then propels him even further down the sidewalk. Brown Coat trips over his own feet and tumbles to the cement again.

FRANK (CONTD.)
Now you get the fuck out of here before I bash your goddamn skull in!

Brown Coat rises unsteadily, tears in his eyes.

BROWN COAT
Jus' tryin' to sleep, man, that's all I was doin'...jus' tryin' to get some sleep, you bastard...!

FRANK
Get a job, you piece a shit!
And don't let me catch you back around here.

Brown Coat staggers off into the night as Frank turns back toward Lydia, wiping his hands on his own jacket.

FRANK (CONTD.)
Jesus, what a dirtbag. You got any of that anti-bacterial soap upstairs?...

LYDIA
What is wrong with you?

FRANK
What are you talking about?

LYDIA
There was no need for any of that.
He wasn't bothering anyone.

FRANK

I was just trying to protect you.
What'd you want me to do, invite
him upstairs for a threesome?

LYDIA

Don't you have any compassion?

FRANK

Compassion? For what? A bum too
lazy to clean himself up and get
a job like everyone else?

LYDIA

Compassion for someone less
fortunate than yourself. Haven't
you ever heard the saying, 'There
but for the grace of God'...?

Frank can't believe what he's hearing.

FRANK

That is such bullshit. These
guys are who they are and what
they are because they're either
too chickenshit or too lazy to
face up to life. So they crawl
inside a bottle, or a bag of
drugs, or whatever. They don't
need pity, they need a kick in
the ass. I gave him just what
he needed.

LYDIA

Obviously what he needed was a
place to sleep. You could have
just left him alone and he'd have
been gone by morning.

FRANK

Or maybe he would've robbed one
of your neighbors when she came
out to dump her recyclables.
What the hell are we arguing
about here?

LYDIA

You know, I think you should just
go home. Because I'm really
disgusted with you right now.

FRANK

So you're disgusted with me, but
not the puke stained parasite that
was passed out in your garbage?

LYDIA

Get out! Just get out of here!
And don't ever call me again.

She storms into her apartment building, leaving Frank
incredulous on the sidewalk.

FRANK

That's fine with me. You're
out of your mind, you know that?
You should be thanking me!

CUT TO

INT - LYDIA'S APT., BEDROOM - MORNING

The CLOCK RADIO SOUNDS. Lydia wakes and turns it off.
Scowls as the memory of the previous night's unpleasantness
comes back to her.

CUT TO

INT - LYDIA'S APT., MAIN ROOM - LATER THAT MORNING

Showered and dressed, Lydia turns off the TV news program,
takes a last sip of coffee, grabs her bag and heads out.

CUT TO

EXT - LYDIA'S APT. BUILDING - MORNING

Lydia exits the building and walks up the street.

FURTHER UP THE STREET, NEAR THE CORNER

she spies Brown Coat asleep beside a dumpster. She pauses,
checks her watch, then crosses over to the other side of the
street and enters the bodega.

CUT TO

INT - BODEGA - MORNING (MINUTES LATER)

The COUNTERMAN hands Lydia a bag.

LYDIA

Thanks.

She pays for the order and exits.

EXT - STREET - JUST THEN

Lydia comes out of the bodega, crosses back over to the other side and approaches Brown Coat.

LYDIA

Excuse me? Sir? Hello!...

Browncoat grumbles. Then, sharply:

BROWN COAT

What?!

LYDIA

I didn't mean to bother you, I just thought maybe you were hungry.

He regards her, uncomprehending. She continues to offer him the bag, and finally he takes it. Lydia watches as he opens it and peers dubiously inside at its contents.

LYDIA (CONTD.)

Don't you remember me? From last night? The guy I was with, he gave you a hard time?

BROWN COAT

(rooting inside the bag)
Asshole...

LYDIA

Yeah, well, I happen to agree with you. I think his behavior was totally uncalled for. And I just wanted to apologize. I hope you don't think everyone in New York is like that. We don't all hate you just because you've had some bad breaks and fallen on hard times. I mean, the statistics are frightening. There are thousands of people

(MORE)

LYDIA (cont'd)
 all over this city who are just
 a paycheck away from being out
 on the street, just like you.

BROWN COAT
 (chewing a bite of
 sandwich)
 This turkey is dry.

LYDIA
 Is it? I'm sorry. It looked
 pretty moist when he was slicing
 it. But hey, I bet a swig of that
 fresh hot coffee I got you will
 wash it right down.
 (a beat; then)
 Well, I gotta go. Once again, I
 do apologize for last night. Enjoy
 the food and have a great day.

She walks off, pleased with herself.

Brown Coat just stares after her.

CUT TO

EXT - BUS STOP - LATE DAY

A bus pulls over to the curb, and some PASSENGERS exit the
 vehicle, among them Lydia, returning from a day of work.

EXT - HER STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Lydia turns the corner of her block and continues on her way
 home. As she passes the dumpster near where she encountered
 Brown Coat earlier...

BROWN COAT
 Hey. Hey...!

She hesitates. Stops. Turns to look at him.

BROWN COAT (CONTD.)
 What d'ya got for me?

LYDIA
 Excuse me?...

BROWN COAT
 I said, what d'ya got for me.

LYDIA

I don't have anything for you.
Am I supposed to have something
for you?

BROWN COAT

So you ain't got nothing for me?

LYDIA

I brought you something this
morning.

BROWN COAT

That was then. This is now.

LYDIA

Why should I give you anything now?

BROWN COAT

Why'd you give me anything then?

LYDIA

I told you, I felt bad about last
night. And I wanted to do
something to help you.

BROWN COAT

You don't give two fucking shits
about me.

She looks at him for a beat, insulted.

LYDIA

You know what? I don't need this.

She turns and starts to walk away.

BROWN COAT

That's right, you don't need this.
Cause you already got what you
needed from me, didn't ya?

She stops, turns back to him.

LYDIA

What is that supposed to mean?

BROWN COAT

Least your boyfriend didn't use me.

LYDIA

He roughed you up, I brought you
food. You're saying I used you?

BROWN COAT

I'd rather have honest contempt
than dishonest pity.

LYDIA

You're a real piece of work, you
know that? Out of the goodness of
my heart I tried to do something
for you, and this is the thanks I
get?

BROWN COAT

You threw me a bone so you could
tell yourself what a kind and
generous person you are. Didn't
have anything to do with me or your
heart or any other fucking thing.

LYDIA

I made a gesture. I'm sorry it's
been so misunderstood. But I guess
you just can't help some people.

BROWN COAT

Sure ya can. Got any money?

LYDIA

Oh, that is just...!
(then)
Forget it.

She turns and walks off.

CUT TO

INT - LYDIA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The CLOCK RADIO SOUNDS. Lydia turns it off and lies there
for a beat, her expression troubled as the previous day's
encounter with Brown Coat continues to gnaw at her.

CUT TO

EXT - LYDIA'S BUILDING - MORNING

Lydia comes out the front door, tentatively. Looks down the
street toward the corner. Stands there for a beat. Then,
just to avoid Brown Coat in case he might still be there, she
decides to head in the other direction and take the long way
around the block to the bus stop. She gets a little ways
down the street, and as she walks by a stoop..

BROWN COAT
What d'ya got for me?

She inhales sharply at the sound of his voice.

LYDIA
Oh! You startled me.

BROWN COAT
(shrugs)
I'm just sittin' here.

LYDIA
Yeah, well...while you're just sitting there, I have to get to work.

BROWN COAT
Bus stop's the other way.

LYDIA
I know that. I just needed to make a stop - pick something up - before I, you know...

BROWN COAT
What?

LYDIA
What?

BROWN COAT
What are you picking up?

LYDIA
It's none of your goddamn business what I'm picking up. I don't have to explain anything to you.

BROWN COAT
Who said you did?

LYDIA
I'm a productive member of society. I'm not some...leech, sitting on his ass.

BROWN COAT
Yesterday you said I was a victim. Now I'm a leech. Which is it?

She turns and continues heading in the opposite direction of the bus stop for a few steps.

Then she realizes the folly of it and turns and heads back the other way up the street, passing Brown Coat again.

BROWN COAT
Thought you had to make a pick-up.

LYDIA
Fuck you!

CUT TO

INT - DINER - DAY

A distracted Lydia is having lunch with PAMELA, a co-worker.

PAMELA
...So she tells me the hat costs
a hundred and thirty dollars,
and I said, forget it. His
head's not worth that much.
(a beat; then)
Lydia? You with me here?

Lydia muses over her coffee for a beat. Then..

LYDIA
Do you think I'm a good person?

PAMELA
I don't know. Are you?

LYDIA
You have to ask?

PAMELA
You mean you're serious?

LYDIA
Yes. Am I a good person? I mean,
a genuinely good person.

PAMELA
There are no genuinely good people.

LYDIA
I don't believe that. I don't
believe you believe that.

PAMELA
Well, what level of goodness are
we talking here? Gandhi? Jesus?
Mister Rogers?

LYDIA
Just forget it.

PAMELA
Lydia, honey, this is New York.
The way I see it, if you get
through each day without killing
someone, you're Mother fucking
Theresa.

CUT TO

EXT - BUS STOP - LATE DAY

The bus HISSES to a halt at Lydia's stop. She climbs off and heads toward...

THE CORNER OF HER STREET

Lydia pauses there and peeks around to see if Brown Coat is in sight. There's no sign of him, but he could be hidden from view behind his favorite dumpster. She hesitates, then grows angry with herself.

LYDIA
This is ridiculous.

She turns the corner and begins walking in the direction of her apartment building. She grows nervous as she draws near the dumpster, slowing her pace, but as she passes it...

she sees Brown Coat isn't hidden there. She visibly relaxes and walks on, more briskly now. She gets a few strides down the block...

and then Brown Coat steps out from behind a parked van.

BROWN COAT
What d'ya got for me?

Lydia nearly jumps out of her skin.

LYDIA
Oh! You son of a bitch! I
don't have anything for you.
Leave me alone!

She moves on, and he shadows her.

BROWN COAT

How come you ain't got nothing
for me?

LYDIA

Why should I have to give you
anything? Why don't you get
something for yourself? Like
a fucking job.

BROWN COAT

How am I supposed to do that?
Huh? I got no address, I'm
filthy. Look at my clothes.

LYDIA

That's not my fault.

BROWN COAT

I didn't say it was. But you
could do something about it.

LYDIA

Why should I?

BROWN COAT

You said you wanted to help me,
didn't ya?

LYDIA

I did...something...!

BROWN COAT

What? A sandwich and a cup of
coffee, and you think that makes
you a good person? You phony!

LYDIA

Screw you! I'm not a phony. I'm
a good person!

BROWN COAT

Prove it. Do something for me.
Something real. Something that
might actually make a difference
in my miserable fucking life.

She turns on him.

LYDIA

What? Give you money? What?

BROWN COAT
Let me use your shower.

LYDIA
My shower?

BROWN COAT
Yeah. And if any of your old
boyfriends maybe left some clothes
behind, I could use those, too.

She looks at him. It's fish or cut bait time.

LYDIA
A shower. And some clothes.

BROWN COAT
If I could make myself presentable,
then, yeah, maybe I could help
myself. Get a job. Something.
You said you wanted to help me.
Was that for real, or are you just
full of shit like everyone else?

CUT TO

INT - LYDIA'S APT - LATE DAY

We hear THE KEY TURNING IN THE LOCK, and then the door opens.
Brown Coat steps in past Lydia.

LYDIA
...I think Frank did leave some
things here. They should fit
you okay...

Lydia closes the door...

and Brown Coat immediately turns, grabs her and SLAMS her
back hard against the wall, dazing her into near
unconsciousness.

BROWN COAT
Stupid fucking cunt. Where's
the bedroom?

Her eyes roll, she can't form the words. He drags her
further in and finds the bedroom door easily enough. Then he
pins her arms behind her back inside the doorway.

BROWN COAT
You got rubbers?

LYDIA

...I...ah...

BROWN COAT

Condoms, ya dumb bitch.

She's coming around a little and beginning to understand her situation.

LYDIA

Oh God...please...no...!

BROWN COAT

Shut up. Now you promise to be fucking quiet, and I'll use the condom. You try and make noise, gimme a hard time, and I'm goin' bareback. Which is it gonna be?

She SOBS - a desperate, plaintive wail.

BROWN COAT

Bareback it is, bitch.

LYDIA

No, no! I have...I have condoms...
I have condoms...

BROWN COAT

Where?

LYDIA

Bedside...table...

BROWN COAT

Get in there. And shut the fuck up!

He shoves her roughly into the room and SLAMS the door closed behind them. OUR VIEW HOLDS on the door for a beat, and we...

FADE TO BLACK

Silence for a long, terrible beat. And then we...

CUT BACK INTO:

INT - LYDIA'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

The image which, for a moment, we might have thought we'd been spared. Lydia is flat on her stomach, with Brown Coat holding her arms down by the wrists, taking her from behind.

Her horrified face hangs over the side of the bed as he climaxes. Then he collapses on her back, letting go his grip on her wrists, as she just lies there without moving. Limp, broken.

He climbs off the bed and leaves the room. A few moments go by, and then, barely, from OFF SCREEN, we hear the SHOWER RUNNING.

Lydia doesn't reach for the phone, or attempt to leave.

She just rolls over, pulling the covers up and completely around her, and curls into a ball.

CUT TO

EXT - LYDIA'S BUILDING - EARLY EVENING

Brown Coat exits Lydia's building, wearing a pair of Frank's jeans, a t-shirt, and an unbuttoned collared shirt over that. His face is shaved and his wet hair is slicked back. In one hand he holds a sandwich, in the other a half-full bottle of vodka, the chilled glass sweating from having been in Lydia's freezer. He takes a bite of the sandwich and pauses on the sidewalk, chewing, in no hurry. Looks one way down the street, then the other. Picks a direction and walks off.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN TO:

INT - LYDIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's dark, and the only light is from the window. Lydia is still lying in the same position as when we last saw her, and still awake, her eyes desolate.

The PHONE RINGS. Once, twice...three times...

The answering machine picks up. We hear LYDIA'S RECORDED VOICE, bright and cheerful, saying:

LYDIA'S VOICE

Hi, this is Lydia. I'm not home right now, but leave me a message and I'll get back to you as soon as I can. Have a great day.

A BEEP TONE, and then we hear LYDIA'S MOTHER'S VOICE, leaving a message:

LYDIA'S MOM'S VOICE

Lydia, sweetheart, it's your Mom. Just calling to remind you about Sunday, and for you to make sure you get to Katz's delicatessen and pick up one of those hard salamis for your father. He's been haunting me about it. Okay, hon? Alright. I love you. Bye.

The MACHINE CLICKS OFF, and we...

CUT TO

INT - LYDIA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Just as Lydia turns the light on. She stands inside the doorway, looking in.

Brown Coat's old clothes lie rumpled on the floor.

The sink is filled with the soapy clippings of his beard.

The tub is lined with a film of his dirt.

CUT TO

SAME - LATER

She scrubs the sink.

Scrubs the tub.

Gingerly picks up Brown Coat's filthy clothes with a toilet brush and drops them in a garbage bag.

CUT TO

EXT - LYDIA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

We see her through the glass door, standing in the alcove, looking outside, hesitating before coming out. She pushes the door open, pokes her head out, looks around, then comes out carrying the garbage bag.

She goes to the garbage cans. Stands there for a beat looking down at where she first saw Brown Coat lying that night coming home with Frank.

Then she lifts one of the lids, drops the bag inside the can, returns the cover and goes back inside.

CUT TO

INT - LYDIA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lydia lies soaking in the tub. She stares at the faucet as, one after another, droplets of water form at its rim and then plunk into the bath. DRIP...DRIP...DRIP...

Lydia begins weeping, sobbing. Pure primal anguish.

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO

INT - A BAR - NIGHT

A TGI Fridays or some other such place where office drones congregate after work. Lydia is there with Pamela and A FEW OTHER CO-WORKERS. Lydia sits darkly contemplative at the bar, while Pamela is LAUGHING at something someone has said. She turns to Lydia and reacts to her mood.

PAMELA

Come on, what's up with you?
Lighten up, it's Friday. Opiate
of the masses, all that shit...

Lydia kills her drink. We can tell it was not her first. And Pamela's probably ahead of her.

LYDIA

I gotta go.

Lydia rises from her stool to leave, a little unsteadily.

PAMELA

Stick around. Have another
drink.

LYDIA

Nope. Gotta go to Katz's. Get
a salami...for your boy in the army...

PAMELA

(amused and confused)
What are you talking about?

Lydia doesn't answer, just heads for the exit.

PAMELA (CONTD.)

Hey, come on, don't go. I'll
tell everyone you're a genuinely
good person!...

CUT TO

INT - KATZ'S DELICATESSEN - NIGHT

Lydia stands waiting for her number to be called. Dozens of huge salamis of various ages hang behind the counter. The younger ones are fat and moist inside. The more aged ones grow thinner and more wrinkled with the passage of time, incredibly dense and hard. She stares at a sign which has been there for decades, a remnant of the World War Two era, which reads:

SEND A SALAMI TO YOUR BOY IN THE ARMY!

Her number is called, and she steps up.

LYDIA

Yeah, I need one of your hard
salamis. One of the big ones
over there.

CUT TO

INT - SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Lydia sits in the sparsely inhabited train car as it rumbles along, the big salami cradled in her arms like a child.

Across from her, a VAGRANT lies sprawled across the bench seat, unconscious.

The train shifts as it passes over a rough patch of track, and the Vagrant rolls off the seat and lands hard on the floor. He doesn't wake or make a sound. He's either very drunk or very dead.

Lydia just stares at him for a beat, then looks away.

CUT TO

EXT - LYDIA'S STREET - NIGHT

Still cradling the long salami, Lydia walks past the dumpster near the corner, heading to her building.

She doesn't turn, doesn't look as she goes by. Tries not even to react when she hears his voice behind her.

BROWN COAT
What d'ya got for me?

She keeps walking, and he follows her.

BROWN COAT (CONT'D)
What is that, a big salami? Is that big salami for me? Huh?

She still doesn't turn, doesn't say anything. Just keeps walking with him close behind.

BROWN COAT (CONT'D)
Why'd ya get me such a big salami?
Cause I gave you such a big salami?
Is that it? Did you love my big salami up inside you that much?
My big, hard, fuckin' salami all the way up inside you...?

She CRIES OUT and, turning suddenly, bashes the rock-hard salami against the side of Brown Coat's head, staggering him and sending him sprawling to his knees between two parked cars.

She stands over him, clutching the salami like the weapon it's now become, her chest heaving, her eyes flashing with hatred.

LYDIA
You low-life piece of fucking shit!
You wanna know what I got for you?
Here's what I got for you!

He tries to rise, and she brings the meat-club down on top of his skull.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
Here's what I got for you!

She clubs him viciously, repeatedly, until he is lying motionless between the two cars, blood pouring from his bashed-in head into the gutter.

She steps back, her chest still heaving. She looks around wildly. The street is dark and empty. As she looks back down at his unmoving body, something like grim satisfaction comes into her expression.

Then she collects herself and goes home.

FADE TO BLACK

Silence for a beat...and then we hear LAUGHTER.

FADE IN TO:

EXT - LYDIA'S STREET - NIGHT

Lydia and a new guy, TOM, are walking home after a night out.
Lydia and he are LAUGHING.

TOM
...That is so hilarious.

LYDIA
I know. But she's like that.
(gesturing ahead of them)
Hey, my place is right up here.
You wanna come up?

TOM
I would love to come up.

LYDIA
Great.

They come to Lydia's building...

and find a HOMELESS MAN sprawled in front of the entrance.

LYDIA
Oh Christ, would you look at this?

TOM
It's no biggie. We'll hire a
sherpa and climb over him.

LYDIA
No, no. You can't tolerate
this shit.

She nudges the Homeless Man roughly with her foot.

LYDIA (CONTD.)
Hey, this is your wake-up call.
Let's go. Move it.

HOMELESS MAN
Lea'me alone...!

LYDIA
I said move it or lose it.

HOMELESS MAN
Ah, go fuck yourself.

LYDIA
What did you say to me?

HOMELESS MAN
You heard me, bitch.

At that, she brings out a can from her purse and maces the Homeless Man full in the face. He HOWLS in agony, clawing at his eyes as she keeps spraying him, then he rolls, stumbles and blindly staggers away.

LYDIA
I warned you. And if I see you back here, I'm gonna shove a stun gun up your ass!

She turns back to a dumbstruck Tom, and displays the spray can proudly.

LYDIA (CONTD.)
Real mace. Not that pepper spray shit. Nothing like the real thing, baby.
(slips the can back into her purse)
So - where were we?

TOM
You mean, before you chemically blinded another human being?

LYDIA
They're not human, Tom. They only look human. And they fool you into thinking they're human. But they're not. And you can't show them any mercy.

TOM
Okay, you know, I didn't realize I was out with Eva Braun. So, I think I'm just gonna be on my way.

He turns and walks off.

LYDIA
What'd ya want me to do, invite him upstairs for a threesome? Is that what you're into?
(MORE)

LYDIA (cont'd)
 (as he disappears up the
 street)
 This is my home. This is my space,
 my territory. If you give these
 bastards an inch, they take a mile!
 (a beat; then)
 They take everything.

As she turns and goes inside, we...

DISSOLVE TO

INT - LYDIA'S APT - NIGHT

Lydia is on the phone.

LYDIA
 ...Oh, come on, Frank, I said I was
 sorry about that night. I had one
 too many pints of Guinness and a
 raging bout of PMS.
 (beat; then)
 Well, yeah, of course I heard about
 it. Homeless guy gets killed on my
 street, it'd be hard not to hear
 about it.
 (beat; then)
 Who knows? Scum like that, they
 kill each other over half a bottle
 of wine. So, what's up? You wanna
 come over? It's not so late.
 (beat)
 No, you don't need to bring
 anything. If you get hungry later,
 I've got some great salami. Yeah,
 from Katz's...

She takes a bite from a salami sandwich, and we...

ROLL CREDITS

THE END