



SUDZALL

DOES IT ALL

A Vibratapes by John Hall Da

SET:

PICASSO PAINTING  
QUEEN VICTORIA  
RUNS ON THE WALLS  
CANDLES  
VASES OF FLOWERS  
PLANTS  
JACKS END TABLES



AND CONSCIOUSNESS WANES



WELL-WHAT DO YOU THINK?

# OPENING TITLE - BACH

SUDZALL DOES IT ALL!

PROP: Tape Record  
phone message  
and door bell

- 1 -

CLOSE-UP: CORDELIA COVENTRY

She delivers her soliloquy directly to the camera:

PROP:  
BRIEFCASE

CORDELIA (U.O.)

(abstracted, melancholy)  
I look down on the world as  
from a great height and care  
very little what people say or  
know about me. Our Lord has made  
my life to me now a kind of sleep --  
for almost always what I see seems  
to be as in a dream. Nor have I  
any great feeling of either  
pleasure or pain. There is only  
my search and a sweet growing  
numbness of my senses. Despite  
these endless disappointments  
which are my life, I know that  
you are not dead. You live yet.  
I feel your presence all around me.  
And it is you who will come to  
save me from this sleep I have  
fallen into. This God has promised  
me, and I know it will be so.  
So have no tears for me; I am as  
you yourself - waiting..... waiting  
to awake once more to the morning's  
sun.

the scene  
vis. a vis  
the camera  
HER ARMS  
crossed over  
her chest

DARK SCREEN

FAN?

ECU

EYES CLOSED  
FACE ILLUMINATED  
IN DARKNESS

IN PRAYER

HER LIPS MOVE - TWO U.O.

(long pause)  
And now, Billy, I am ready.  
Now, please, give me my ecstasy.  
I need my ecstasy.

ONE SHOT  
arms forward  
mouth  
palms up  
a suggestion  
arms relaxed  
to sit

INT. LIVING ROOM  
DULIO IN  
BACKGROUND

(then, switching to a  
narrative tone)  
And then Billy Gumbo, the altar boy  
turned pimp, slowly injects the  
fatal drug into my veins....  
and consciousness..... wanes.

PANTOMIMING  
THE INJECTION

Cordelia lowers her eyes, her piece finished.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that Cordelia is acting for  
an audience of one - her husband, DULIO ANGELOSIC. - FINISHING DINNER  
at TABLE  
They are in the LIVINGROOM of their modest home in the  
Los Angeles suburbs.

Her soliloquy finished, Cordelia suddenly snaps back to  
reality, turning to her husband for his opinion.

CORDELIA

Well what do you think?  
It's wonderful, isn't it!

Dulio looks up, his mouth open  
from his food - fork in mid-air  
caught up surprise.

(CONTINUED)



I KNOW I'M GOING  
TO GET THE PART!

Cordelia does not wait for an answer from her husband,  
her enthusiasm bubbling over.

*Cordelia  
approaches  
camera  
in  
2-shot manager  
OS DULIO*

CORDELIA  
(continuing)

I know I'm going to get  
the part. I can feel it!  
This role was made for me.  
And it was the best reading  
I've ever given. The script  
girl came up to me afterward  
and told me that it was the  
most electrifying performance  
she had ever seen.

*A DANCE  
like a  
song in the rain*

ANGELOSIC  
What's the competition?

*(Dulio crosses 3 TV)*

He picks up the TV Guide and starts thumbing through it.  
*He walks 9 TV and sits looking through the TV guide.*

CORDELIA

No one. Just a girl with  
big tits, but she was terrible.  
I hung around and watched her.  
She was so bad they didn't  
even let her finish her reading.  
I felt kind of sorry for her.

Cordelia twirls around the room in excitement.

*Single on  
Cordelia*

CORDELIA

I think it's finally happening!  
After all these years, all  
the disappointments, it's finally  
happening. Life is so ironic.  
You struggle and struggle and  
get nowhere. And then, just when  
you're about to give up, at the  
very moment that you bow to  
your fate --- a miracle happens!

*A DANCE!*

*(suddenly a little concerned)*

The only thing is, Bob... he's  
the director - Bob Rambeau, very  
distinguished. He directed  
Genevieve Page in Staircase.....  
The only thing is, Bob said he'd  
call me by 5:00 with the good  
news --- and, what time is it now?

*2-shot  
Dulio +  
Cordelia*

*PAN into 2-shot  
with  
To Dulio*

ANGELOSIC

7:20. The ball game starts in a  
couple minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA  
(giddy)

Oh the ball game, the ball game!  
My career - my very life hangs  
in the balance and all you can  
think about is your ball game!

*Broad  
sisters*

Angelosic takes a Budweiser from his handy portable styrofoam cooler and snaps open the pop-top. He relaxes back into his comfortable chair for an evening of TV.

ANGELOSIC

If the Red Sox win tonight,  
~~they clinch at least a tie~~  
~~for the play-offs.~~

*The series is even.*

Cordelia crosses the room and sits down next to the telephone, wishing it would ring.

ANGELOSIC (o.s.)

What about the other reading?

CORDELIA

What other reading?

ANGELOSIC (o.s.)

I thought you had two readings today.

CORDELIA

Oh that. That was just for a commercial. I didn't even want to do it, but Jerry insisted. You know how agents are. If you don't appear grateful, they lose interest. But to me, commercials are just selling out.

*Ang  
Helen  
the  
shelphart.*

ANGELOSIC (o.s.)

Maybe, but all your big stars are doing them these days.

CORDELIA

Not all of them. There are still a few with... principles and *shelo.*

ANGELOSIC (o.s.)

So how did the reading go?

CORDELIA

I don't know. It was just a cattle call. They sit you down in front of a video camera and you say: "SudZall does it all."

*PAN on Cordelia*

*Keep this  
light!  
Positive  
Not critical*

*Newman she gets up and starts clapping to table*

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA

(continuing)

That's all, just "SudZall does it all," like some holy chant of consumerism. Then the production assistant says "Thank you, we'll call you if we need you," and then it's out the door. You don't even meet the director, if there is one - just the cold, staring eye of that little camera. There was something vaguely obscene about it - about the total lack of human contact.

*cleaning the table*

Angelosic nods philosophically and flicks on the TV with his remote control wand. He flicks through the stations, looking for the ball game.

CORDELIA

I can't stand it. I'm going to call the theater.

*CAMERA WITH DRAWS*

*he puts on ear phones CUT TO Angelosic and the TV set*

*CUT TO CORDELIA and holding on Dial and TV*

She dials a number. It rings and rings, and no one answers.

CORDELIA

That's strange.

Just as she is about to hang up, a VOICE answers the phone.

CORDELIA

(into the phone)

Oh, thank goodness - hello?

This is Cordelia Coventry.

May I speak to Mr. Rambeau?

(disappointment)

Oh, he's not? Well, do you know where I could get in touch with him? Oh. You're just the answering service. I see.

Perhaps he left a message for me. Oh, no messages. Then

just tell him that Cordelia Coventry called. C-O-V-E-N-T-R-Y. Thank you.

*(cut D as incident)*

Cordelia hangs up, perplexed.

CORDELIA

(to Angelosic)

~~He wasn't there.~~ Maybe I should call Jerry.

(CONTINUED)

Cordelia dials again, this time to her agent. He answers.

CORDELIA

Jerry! It's Cordelia.  
I've been waiting to hear  
from Bob Rambeau. I just  
called the theater, but he's  
not there.

(she brightens up hopefully)

Oh, he called you?

(the hope crashes to disappointment)

Oh.....

Cordelia lowers the phone from her ear, unable to listen to the painful explanation her agent is repeating to her. She appears pale, dazed. Finally she raises the phone again to her ear.

CORDELIA

(defeated)

Yes.....yes.....

No, I'm alright. Sure, next time.

2-shot

She hangs up the phone in a daze.

ANGELOSIC

The girl with the big tits?

Cordelia nods, barely holding back the tears of disappointment.

CORDELIA

Cordelia

Damn it.

It's all so unfair. The  
producer insisted on her.

~~they're probably in bed together right now.~~

ANGELOSIC

I'm sorry, honey. It's a  
rotten world.

Cordelia slowly crosses the room, back into her CLOSE-UP in front of the camera.

CORDELIA

Maybe it's time to finally  
lay Cordelia Coventry to rest  
in her scrapbook of almost  
excellent notices, in almost  
excellent productions, in  
almost consequential playhouses.

(to Dulio) *(standing)*

That's what you've always  
wanted, isn't it. For me  
to be....realistic? To give  
up my fantasies. To finally  
accept that I'm not Cordelia  
Coventry, the great actress,  
but Mrs. Dulio Angelosic....

(CONTINUED)

*Cordelia is made  
3 paces for every  
foot & inches*

*2-shot  
Cordelia  
watching her*

*PAN R to CORDELIA with 2-shot*

*grat, all but he wanted her.*

*Angelosic watches for a moment,  
then turns back to the  
basketball game (long  
noise)*

*toward the camera*

*Her theatricality  
sustains her  
in + out of need.*

*Cordelia  
looks off past  
CR*



"CORDELIA COVENTRY IS DEAD."

CORDELIA  
(continuing)  
Mrs. Dulio Angelosio...  
suburban housewife.....  
mother of one.....  
the former, ~~would-be~~ actress.  
Isn't that what you've  
always wanted?

*the cruelest you  
could take of her.*

ANGELOSIC  
I've always wanted you  
to be happy. You can't be  
happy if you're always  
wanting something you can't get.

*PART 2 PABX  
in  
SMALE  
2-5-60*

The phone rings, but now Cordelia pays no attention. Dulio goes over to the phone and answers it.

*Cordelia  
moves closer  
to the foreground*

ANGELOSIC  
Hello?  
(to Cordelia)  
Is Cordelia Coventry here?

CORDELIA  
Cordelia Coventry is dead.

ANGELOSIC  
(on the phone)  
Sorry, she's dead.

He hangs up abruptly.

*Her resources  
in turn of trouble  
is to roll out  
the old  
stage conventions*

CORDELIA  
(musing to herself)  
Cordelia Coventry is dead.  
Come laugh upon her bones.  
Come pick her eyeball sockets clean.  
Come swill the salty elixir  
that bleeds from her heart.  
Come, merry carnivores,  
Feast upon the last remains  
of what Cordelia Coventry  
might have been.

*à la Duse.  
or  
Sarah Bernhardt  
BIG stage  
conventions*

The phone rings again, and Dulio again must tear himself away from his baseball game to answer it.

ANGELOSIC  
Yeah.....  
(to Cordelia)  
It's someone named Bruce Rapport.

CORDELIA  
I don't know anyone named that.

ANGELOSIC  
(to the phone)  
Like I said, she's deceased.

*smiling  
at Cordelia*

*Cordelia starts pacing back & forth* (CONTINUED)

# COMEDY ROUTINE

- 7 -

Angelosic slams down the phone. *He wants a second cigarette & bring it down, so he goes back*

CORDELIA

(still musing)

I'll make a cake, that's what I'll do. I'll make a chocolate cake. I'll go to the all-night supermarket and I'll get a cake mix. I'll stand in line with the dwarfs and the sexual criminals who frequent the market like an after-hours bar. And the check-out man will probably recognize me as a typical housewife, because it will be as obvious to him as it is to everyone else, and he'll make sure I get my Bonus Bingo coupon with my change - the chance to win a one-minute shopping spree in the market or a box of SudZall detergent as a consolation prize. A consolation prize for giving up my dreams and becoming what everyone else wants me to be.

*looking around, paranoid.*

*when I don't, he raise his arm as if to strike it.*

ANTONINE

The phone rings again. Dulio is losing his temper. He picks it up, listens a moment without saying a word, and slams it back down.

CORDELIA

(still musing)

Waiting for someone to deliver a cake, I embarrass the moment by thinking its truths - inviting men's scorn.

Dulio goes back to the TV set.

ANGELOSIC

Are you really going to go to the market?

CORDELIA

Why?

ANGELOSIC

If you do, will you get me some more beer?

Cordelia does not reply - she lapses back into her interior monologue.

(CONTINUED)



"WHAT KIND OF BEER?"

ASIDE:

DON'T DRAMATISE THE WORDS -  
PLAY WITH THEM!

- 8 -

FIGHTING  
BACK

CORDELIA

(reciting to herself)

Don't be an artist, they sneer.  
We don't want that.  
Just sell us what we'll buy,  
and kiss the rest goodbye.  
Life's a drag, a bore.  
Why should you have more  
than the rest of us  
who suffer and stay straight?  
You who would create.  
We don't like heroes in this town,  
And if you try, we'll kick you down.  
If you try to please us,  
To unfreeze us,  
from the nineteen seventies. (Rao on rope)

The pain of  
rejection  
Horrid voice

PLAYING WITH  
MARBLES BALL?  
OO JUGGLING

Suddenly Cordelia turns to Dulio. *Walks toward the lion.*

CORDELIA

What kind of beer?

ANGELOSIC

6-pack of Budweiser talls.

CORDELIA

What if they don't have  
that kind?

ANGELOSIC

They will.

He wants to know what  
his husband  
Angelosic  
Full it!

The phone rings again, and this time Angelosic will not budge to answer it. Finally, when it keeps on ringing, Cordelia picks it up.

CORDELIA

Hello. Yes, this is she.

(hardly enthusiastic)

Oh.... Oh, well I don't know....

Alright, if you insist. What?

right now? Well, my husband's  
trying to watch his baseball game...

Well, alright. 28 Porter Avenue.

Goodbye.

CUT TO  
Cu  
Cordelia

She hangs up not knowing quite what to make of the call.

*Camera pans to Angelosic in 2-shot with Dulio*

ANGELOSIC

Who was it.

CORDELIA

I won the consolation prize.

ANGELOSIC

What's that mean?

(CONTINUED)



MAMA, MAMA - WHAT  
HAVE WE HERE?

LOW CAMERA -  
AT GONERL'S LEVEL  
Gonerl makes faces

CORDELIA  
(still feeling defeated)  
They want me for the SudZall  
commercial. That was the  
director. He wants to see  
me immediately. He's on his  
way over.

ANGELOSIC  
(irritated)  
Over here? Now?

CORDELIA  
(sarcastic)  
Yes, he can't wait to meet me.  
He says I'm perfect - the  
perfect, typical, middle-American  
housewife.

ANGELOSIC  
(pissed off)  
Great! Does this mean you're  
not going to the market?

Little GONERL, their daughter, strolls in, picking her nose  
and dragging along the cat, which she enjoys torturing.

Gonerl walks  
right up to  
the CAMERA  
& delivers her  
first line.  
The camera  
comes down  
to meet her  
then back  
to 3-shot

GONERL  
(to Cordelia)  
We're poor little kittens  
who've lost our mittens,  
and know not where they may be....

ANGELOSIC  
Gonerl, not now. Can't you  
see that your mother is having  
a trauma!

GONERL  
(insistent, petulant)  
We're poor little kittens  
who've lost our mittens!

CORDELIA  
(giving in)  
Lost your mittens?  
You naughty kittens.  
Then you shall have no tea.

Gonerl shuffles over to Angelosic.

GONERL  
(to Angelosic)  
Roses are red  
and violets are purple...

(CONTINUED)

CUT HERE

CU GONERL

3 SHOT

SPARE KATELS  
down to  
Gonerl  
height

PAN up  
to Cordelia

ANGELOSIC  
I'm not going to say it.  
You'll talk normal if you  
want to talk with me.

GONERAL  
(insistent)  
Roses are red  
and violets are purple!

ANGELOSIC  
I'm not going to say it!

CORDELIA  
Then I'll say it.  
Sugar is sweet  
and so is maple surple.

Goneral sticks her tongue out at her father.

ANGELOSIC  
(to Cordelia)  
I don't think you should  
encourage her like that.  
It's not normal.

CORDELIA  
Of course it's not normal.  
It's special. Special  
children talk in special ways.  
We mustn't stifle her chosen  
form of self-expression - no  
matter how eccentric it may seem.

ANGELOSIC  
Yeah, well what's she trying to  
"express" with Roses are red and  
violets are purple.

CORDELIA  
That's her way of saying  
"I love you."

ANGELOSIC  
I think she got brain damage.

CORDELIA  
It's so typical of our times  
that creativity should be  
mistaken for brain damage.

GONERAL  
(pointing rudely at her father)  
Mama, Mama, what have we here -  
A pot of raspberry jam?

CORDELIA  
Oh no, my child, tis poor Papa,  
run over by a tram.

*Cordelia kneads  
Goneral's head*

*3-SHOT*

*TONGUE-IN-CHEST  
LIGHT, WITTY BANTER*

*Goneral  
sounds between  
them - looking  
from one to the  
other as their  
dialogue goes  
over her head.  
PICKING HER NOSE*

*Goneral  
upstages them  
in the foreground  
making faces  
and picking  
her nose.*

(CONTIUED)

Boettcher's  
BR IEF CASE!

ANGELOSIC  
That does it!

He turns up the volume of the baseball game to shut out the rest of the world. We hear a news teaser from the TV:

WE INTERRUPT FOR THIS NEWS FLASH  
TV NEWSREPORTER (voice over)  
Hillside Homo Hacker strikes again! News at eleven.  
VICTIM NUMBER 13.

There is a knock at the door. Cordelia assumes it is the commercial director who just phoned her.

CORDELIA  
Oh God, it's the director!  
(to Angelosic)  
Darling, try not to be hateful.

She checks herself in the mirror and opens the door. There stands JAY BOETTCHER (who is not the expected director).

CORDELIA  
My goodness - that was fast!

BOETTCHER  
Fast?

CORDELIA  
You must have been quite close-by. Do come in.

BOETTCHER  
Are you Mrs. Angelosic?

CORDELIA  
Well frankly, I don't know anymore. I thought I was Cordelia Coventry, but it just hasn't worked out.

BOETTCHER  
(confused)  
Excuse me?

CORDELIA  
My stage name.

BOETTCHER  
Maybe I have the wrong house. Is this 28 ~~Porter~~ <sup>Pector</sup> Avenue?

CORDELIA  
What's the matter? Now that you see me in real life, don't I seem like your typical American housewife?

(CONTINUED)

Camera  
Backs  
away for  
2 shot at  
door -  
opening on  
Boettcher  
O.S. Cordelia

to last (2235)  
frames a beat 11 -  
after the ballgame  
resumes.

He puts on  
his telephone  
and withdraws

2+SHOT,  
then 3-SHOT  
WITH GONGALL.  
she CLOSES THE  
DOOR!

Camera  
pulls  
back

BOETTICHER  
(still confused)  
No, I wouldn't think so....

CORDELIA  
(pleased)  
Well that's a refreshing  
exception to the rule.  
Would you care for some tea?  
I have jasmine and hyacinth  
or just plain old camomile.

BOETTICHER  
Are those brand names?

CORDELIA  
(thinks a second, finding  
this an odd question)  
Well, they're not nationally  
advertised, but they're very  
fine products.

BOETTICHER  
(indicating General)  
Is this your daughter?

CORDELIA  
(proud parent)  
Yes, this is my daughter  
General.

BOETTICHER  
Are you aware that your  
daughter has not been attending  
school?

CORDELIA  
Yes, but how odd of you to  
know that.

GENERAL  
Don't fire until you see  
the whites of their eyes -  
this place is crawling with spies.

CORDELIA  
(To Boetticher)  
You are the gentleman who just  
called me about the SudZall  
commercial, aren't you?

BOETTICHER  
No I'm not. My name is Jay  
Boetticher and I'm a social  
services assistant to the  
Los Angeles Public Schools System.

(CONTINUED)

PANTO

Camera goes  
down to General's  
level, will be  
adults talking  
over her.

PICKING  
HER NOSE

Camera  
up to adult  
level

CU  
GENERAL (?)

2.580T  
Cordelia  
+  
Boetticher



*10  
were gone*

*Cordelia  
EXITS FRAME*

CORDELIA  
(relieved)  
Oh, that explains it.  
I was wondering why our  
conversation was so abstract.

*PLAY IT  
LIGHT!*

BOETTICHER  
I'd like to talk to you about  
why your daughter has not been  
coming to school.

There is another knock on the door. *(doorbell?)*

CORDELIA  
(saved by the bell)  
Oh - I'm afraid you will  
have to talk to my husband.  
~~about that....~~  
(pointing at Angelosic)  
This must be the gentleman  
I was expecting.

*CUT TO:  
DOORWAY, as  
Cordelia enters  
and opens door.*

Cordelia goes to the door. There stands BRUCE RAPPORT. Behind  
him is BUZZY COMPOSITION, his cameraman.

Bruce stares at Cordelia wide-eyed, full of amazement.

BRUCE  
Oh my God! Oh my God!  
I don't believe it!  
(Bruce is into histrionics)  
She's perfect! Perfect!  
(to Buzzy)  
Didn't I tell you! Look  
at her! She's perfect!

*grogg should  
get really  
worked up  
BEFORE his  
entrance -  
HIGH ENERGY*

Buzzy nods in agreement, though a little embarrassed by  
Bruce's effusiveness.

BRUCE  
(to Cordelia)  
You're perfect!  
Hah, hah, hah, hah hah!  
Perfect!

*pulling his hair,  
then freezing!*

Bruce is quite mad, delirious. Cordelia hardly knows what  
to make of him.

BRUCE  
(to Cordelia)  
Please - turn your head to  
the left.

Cordelia just stares at him. Bruce motions to her left with  
his hand.

Bruce  
To your left - please.

(CONTINUED)

*He guides her his two hands held parallel  
in front of his face - like the viewfinder on a camera* - 14 -  
Cordelia starts to speak, but Bruce cuts her short.

*But I...*  
BRUCE *Don't say anything.*  
No! Not yet! Please,  
not yet. Just turn your  
head... slowly... to the left.

Cordelia gives in and turns her head to the left. Bruce emits  
a little gasp of aesthetic pleasure.

BRUCE (breathless)  
Ah, that's it. Now... to the right.

Cordelia turns to the right. Bruce again sighs in aesthetic  
bliss.

*YES. YES.*  
BRUCE  
*New.* Now please, turn slowly  
to the camera... and speak.

Evidently when Bruce says "the camera" he is referring to  
himself, as his hands direct Cordelia back to facing him.

CORDELIA  
What do you want me to say?

Bruce is overwhelmed by the quality of her voice. He looks  
like he is about to faint.

BRUCE  
Ah! Perfect! Oh my God!

He breaks down into an ironic chuckling.

BRUCE  
(raving)  
SudZall does it all!  
Who would have believed it!  
SudZall truly does it all.  
(suddenly sane)  
I'm sorry. You must think  
I'm quite mad, carrying on  
like this. I'm Bruce Rapport.

CORDELIA  
Yes, I guessed. I am  
Cordelia Coventry.

BRUCE  
What a great voice!  
(then, snapping back to business)  
Oh, and this is my associate,  
Buzzy Composition.

Buzzy nods to Cordelia and smiles, friendly.

BRUCE  
(raving on)  
...not to be confused with Fuzzy  
Composition. That just wouldn't do.

BRUCE  
(continuing)  
Buzzy is my cameraman, you see.  
(laughing at his own joke)  
Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah.

Please CORDELIA  
Do come in.

They enter, Bruce never taking his eyes off Cordelia - he is apparently obsessed by her.

BRUCE (Confidential)  
(to Cordelia)  
You will be known and loved  
by 40 million people across  
the nation. Mark my word.  
I'm never wrong about these  
things. They too will recognize...  
it. The perfection of it all.  
The inherent rightness.

PAN L - CATCH  
EXIT BUZZY

Staring  
at Cordelia

CORDELIA  
(cautious yet)  
Thank you, but when you say  
that I'm perfect, do you mean  
the perfect typical American  
housewife?

Bruce picks  
up his eye piece  
and watches  
her through it.

BRUCE  
Oh no, not that. No, no.  
You are the embodiment of  
something that is within us all  
and yet just out of our reach.  
You live for your ideals, do  
you not?

CORDELIA  
I try.

BRUCE  
I can see that. But do you  
know how rare that is?  
Let me assure you, especially  
in my business, it is very rare.  
But you radiate it. It radiates from you.  
And that's what I've been  
looking for. You can't imagine  
how many faces I've looked at,  
voices I've listened to -  
looking for one... that radiates...  
truth! Beauty! The Platonic ideal -  
a window into that!

To the window  
I am so far  
from Cordelia

Touching  
her  
face

(CONTINUED)

5400  
Wrote  
Bartlett  
and  
Walter

*Bruce turns to window.*

*Also and brother seen be seen watching speechless in the background. - 16 -*

BRUCE  
(continuing)

I feel like how Von Sternberg must have felt when he found Dietrich. Suddenly everything seems possible, after years of... nothing.

*Bruce & window  
he jumps on the window*

Bruce is so theatrical, it is hard to tell if he is being tongue-in-cheek or if some revelation is truly taking place in his life. But either way, Cordelia is quite taken by it.

BRUCE

*(confidential)*

Do you want to be this?  
For me? But not really for me.  
But through me, for 40 million people across the country?  
Can you understand the irony of being this in the context of a SudZall commercial?  
The divine irony of this?  
Yet Truth is where you find it. If you can shine through with Truth and Beauty from within the context of a SudZall commercial, how much greater the triumph! To find Truth where you least expect it. A revelation! Yet hidden in the most humble, the most tarnished of mediums. This is what I want you to be, because I can see that you can be this. Do you want this? Are you willing to make the sacrifice to become this?

*advances back close & Cordelia  
close + intimate*

*walks around room*

*close + intimate*

*played toward the camera*

CORDELIA

I'm willing to try.

*← moves to door to Sun room*

BRUCE

Good! Then let's get to work. I have a life-time of energy that has been waiting for this moment.

*camera moves in as Cordelia moves & away*

Bruce looks around the livingroom for the first time.

BRUCE

Oh my God! I've just realized where I am! This is remarkable! (But I guess I shouldn't be so surprised.) It's perfect. Perfect! Of course, it's perfect! What else would it be but perfect.

*(it's so real!)*

(CONTINUED)

General is standing by the door staring after Buzzy as he goes out the door, she turns and walks into the kitchen, camera panning with her, picking up Boettcher's and as he crosses to Dulio's chair.

General is ~~lying on the top of the~~ table standing in a chair at the table and doing her mad drawings.

Dulio is standing frozen in disgust

OS of Cordelia on Bruce as he moves toward her from the sun room  
Takes down the prizes in approaching her.  
FULL C.V. Bruce over shoulder

BRUCE  
(sudden realization)  
This is where it's got to happen. Right here! This is where it's got to happen.  
(to Cordelia)  
Do you have a washing machine?

CORDELIA  
Yes.

BRUCE  
(excited)  
Ah! Let me see it! Although I know already, it will be perfect.

CORDELIA  
(leading the way)  
It's in the laundry room.

Bruce starts to follow Cordelia into the next room, then calls back to Buzzy.

BRUCE  
Buzzy, get the soap!

SINGER ON BUZZY LOW ANGLE FOR GENERAL - LEAVING DOOR OPEN  
Buzzy nods and goes out the front door. Cordelia and Bruce go off into the next room. Buzzy's EXIT PAST GENERAL  
PAN TO: General  
Boettcher, Angelosic, and General in the meantime have just been standing there observing Bruce's mania. There has been no room for anyone else to get a word in. CUT

Now Boettcher approaches Angelosic, who has remained seated at his ball game through it all.

BOETTCHER - He has to go! Because Dulio is sure to be surprised  
Ah, Mr. Angelosic? My name is Jay Boettcher. I'm from with the social services division of the Los Angeles Public School System. I'm here to find out why your daughter is not attending school?  
DULIO WHAT! (he looks off his telephone.)

Suddenly, from the next room, we hear Bruce shriek:

BRUCE (OFF-CAMERA)  
Perfect! It's perfect!  
Ah, hah, hah, hah, hah!

Boettcher and Angelosic share a look of commiseration.

ANGELOSIC  
You want a beer?

(CONTINUED)

LOW ANGLE CAMERA FOR GENERAL & Boettcher

MOVE INTO CLOSE 2-SHOT

Boettcher is  
very ~~old~~ guarded  
about his ~~business~~  
He moves it when  
General comes into frame.



General  
back 5 camera

BREKASE  
prominent  
with foreground



Roses are red  
and Violets are purple

BOETTCHER

Um, yeah. Sure.

Angelosic pulls a beer from his styrofoam cooler and hands it to Boettcher.

ANGELOSIC

Make yourself at home.  
The Red Sox are ahead 2-1.  
Guidry is pitching for the  
Yankees. Rick Burlenson is  
on 3rd - 2 outs, last of the  
4th. It's 3 and 1 on Rice at  
the plate.

The Dogs are  
ahead 2-2  
last of the 3rd.

BOETTCHER

Uh, thank you.

Boettcher sits down.

ANGELOSIC

(confidential)

You want my opinion?  
I think the kid is strange.  
She's my own daughter -  
my flesh and blood - but I'm  
tellin' ya, she's an odd one.  
(to General)  
Hey, you little shit! Come  
over here!

General shuffles over, picking her nose.

ANGELOSIC

Okay, tell the man here why  
you haven't been going to school.

GENERAL

Roses are red and violets are  
purple.

Back 5  
Camera

ANGELOSIC

(to Boettcher)

See!

GENERAL

(insistent)

Roses are red,  
and violets are purple!

ANGELOSIC

She's like a fuckin' parrot!  
You should be glad she's not  
going to school!

(CONTINUED)

BOETTICHER  
Are you trying to tell me  
that your daughter is autistic?

ANGELOSIC  
(apparently mistaking the word)  
Her mother would like to  
think so. But me, I just  
don't see it.

Angelosic picks up a child's drawing - a mad, psychotic human  
face done with psychedelic crayons - and shows it to Boetticher.

ANGELOSIC  
What do you think?  
Think that's artistic?

BOETTICHER  
No artistic. Autistic.

ANGELOSIC  
(not friendly)  
Look, Buddy. You talk the  
way you want, I'll talk the  
way I want. But don't make  
fun of my accent.

BOETTICHER  
No, no - I mean that your  
daughter is disassociated  
from reality.

ANGELOSIC  
Yeah. What of it?  
So's my wife.

At this moment, Bruce and Cordelia come back into the room.  
Bruce keeps "discovering" little details of the furnishings  
and raving on and on, absolutely giddy.

BRUCE  
Ah! Look at this!  
Perfect! Perfect!

Buzzy comes back in the front door carrying a box of SudZall  
detergent. He hands it to Bruce.

BRUCE  
Yes!

He contemplates the soap box a moment, as Hamlet would a skull.

(CONTINUED)

*Acute*

*BRUCE enters from SUN ROOM*  
*BRUCE THIS! OR LOOK AT THIS! IT'S ALL SO REAL!*  
*CUT TO CU BRUCE*

*Cordelia in doorway, check in hand*

- 20 -

BRUCE

(to Cordelia)

And here we have the villain of the piece - the adversary against which we are pitted. In this one box, the repository of all the banality of modern life, all the lies presented as truth. Here is what we are up against.

He hands the SudZall box to Cordelia.

*2 SHOT: Bruce Cordelia*

BRUCE

SudZall does it all. We must become so familiar with the enemy that he becomes as a friend. And yet a piece of us must always remember which side we are on. Do you use SudZall?

CORDELIA

No, I don't.

BRUCE

(quite demented now)

Well from now on you must! Truth in advertising, they call it. Truth in advertising! Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah! So many euphemisms to contend with. But this is all behind us now. Now we can put it behind us. I want you to use SudZall religiously. Make everything in your house clean and bright. Clean and bright! Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah!

(suddenly serious)

Alright. Mustn't lose our heads about this.

(to Buzzy)

We're going to do it tonight. Right here. Right now. It's all arranged. We're going to strike while the moment is fresh. Get the equipment, the lights, the camera. Bring it in here. Where's Starr? Did you call Starr?

*He slings his shoulder*

Buzzy nods yes.

*Buzzy  
I called her.*

(CONTINUED)

*Pan R  
Buzzy is  
back to camera  
on Bruce over  
Buzzy's shoulder.*

BRUCE  
(continuing)  
She's late. Oh well, she'll be here.

(to Cordelia)  
I took the liberty of asking your co-star to come over here tonight also - to meet you. I know the chemistry will be right. It will be electrifying!

Buzzy again goes out the front door.

BRUCE  
(continuing to Cordelia)  
You see, you and Starr are neighbors, and you're having tea - right here, right here in your livingroom. And Starr - that's her name - Starr is having all these problems in her life because she doesn't use SudZall. And you can see that this is the source of her problems, and you point it out to her. You demonstrate the superiority of SudZall. Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah! I love it! I just love it! Don't you love it? You will. You'll love it. When you see the irony of it. The divine irony.

The front door opens and Buzzy shows in STARR, her hair up in curlers, carrying her wardrobe and make-up kit.

BRUCE  
Ah! Right on cue! Starr!  
Ms. Starr du Lac!  
Starr, the magnificent!

STARR  
(skeptical)  
What is this!

BRUCE  
It's everything you ever dreamed it could be!

STARR  
C'mon, Bruce. Cut the jive!

Buzzy passes through the livingroom lugging 2 over-sized equipment cases into the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)



SHOT IN  
SUNROOM  
as Bruce  
4th Cordelia  
down in the chair  
and into out do  
scene -  
O.S. Cordelia  
on Bruce.

Covered toward camera  
guiding on CU  
Pan past  
together in  
SudZall

PAN R into  
shot W. STARR

Buzzy  
going by  
with  
suitcases.

SINGLES  
ON  
BRUCE  
CU STARR  
Pan into  
3 SHOT



HQS HC

BRUCE

Alright. Reality. We're going to do the spot tonight. Right here. Right now.

STARR

(to Cordelia)

Has he been feeding you a lot of bullshit about truth and beauty? Huh?

(Cordelia nods)

I thought so. Well, the "truth" is he's got to get something on tape tonight or he's going to lose the account - and with it his plush Hollywood Hills bungalow, and his lover, and five cats. The "beauty" is that we all stand to make a bundle on this. It's a national account, not just another grocery store chain. A national account! And that means exposure! Exposure, baby - that's where it's at!

BRUCE

Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah! The old bottom line! Leave it to Starr to supply the old bottom line!

STARR

(to Bruce)

What are you on? Killing off a few more brain cells?

(to Cordelia)

Can I use your bathroom.

CORDELIA

Yes of course. It's right over there, around the corner.

Starr, ever the blasé professional, moves her gear into the bathroom.

BRUCE

(to Cordelia)

Don't pay any attention to her. After all, she doesn't use SudZall! Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah! How could she know about clean and bright? How could she know about transcendence?

*Bruce steps back on moves around the 2 women with his syringe*

*CORDELIA ENTERS C R*

*ON STARR OS Cordelia*

*Starr turns to camera & points to the bathroom Pan out on Starr*

*LONG SHOT: BRUCE + CORDELIA from kitchen entrance*

*cut?*

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE  
(continuing)  
This is what we're up against.  
You will have to convince Starr -  
arch disbeliever Starr - that  
indeed SudZall is the answer to  
all her problems. That indeed  
SudZall does it all.  
Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah!  
You see what we're up against!

Bruce suddenly becomes aware, for the first time, of the  
presence of Boetticher and Angelosic in the room. Bruce  
is horrified.

BRUCE  
Who are they?  
They can't be here!  
(to Angelosic and Boetticher)  
I'm sorry, but you can't be here!

CORDELIA  
(doing the introductions)  
This is my husband, Dulio,  
and, I believe, the truant officer.

BRUCE  
Well, I guess we can't expect  
everything to be perfect.  
No offense, Mr. Coventry.

ANGELOSIC  
Angelosic! Mister Angelosic!

Angelosic has an immediate instinctive dislike of Bruce, which  
is doubtless reciprocal.

BRUCE  
Yes. See what I mean.  
No offense, but we can't have  
any husbands on the set.  
Husbands just have a tendency  
of getting in the way.

CORDELIA  
(explaining to Angelosic)  
Mr. Rapport just gave me this  
check for \$400 to rent our  
house for one evening for his  
commercial.

She motions a check toward Angelosic, but he does not immediately  
take it from her, thinking it over.

ANGELOSIC  
Yeah - what evening?

(CONTINUED)

OR  
PAN ON BRUCE  
INTO GROUP SAOT

moves to Angelosic  
EXIT CL

ENTER CR

RE-ENTER CR

DULIO  
What the hell  
you mean,  
I can't believe!  
I live here!

Cordelia  
comes  
between them

Bruce turns  
away  
EXITS CR

25 HOT  
Cordelia  
& Angelosic

CORDELIA  
This evening.

ANGELOSIC  
(eying the check)  
Yeah, well I'm in the middle  
of the ball game.

CORDELIA  
Oh, well if it disturbs your  
ballgame, I'll just give the  
check back....

Cordelia starts to withdraw her hand (and the check), but  
Angelosic lunges and grabs the check from her.

ANGELOSIC *Oh, well, the world serves anyone*  
The Red Sox are losing anyway.

That settled, Bruce turns and spots little General. If there  
is one thing Bruce hates more than husbands, it is children.  
He pretends to be delighted.

*Low ANGLE 2shot: General and Bruce's legs*  
*as Bruce*  
*General slurs*  
*midly up at Bruce*  
*Pan up to his face*

BRUCE  
And who is this!

CORDELIA *(eye)*  
This is my daughter,  
General.

GONERAL  
Roses are red and  
violets are purple.

CORDELIA  
General speaks only in verse.

BRUCE  
(horrified)  
Why how clever of her!  
Children are so original -  
so much closer to the source  
of it all.

*In the background,*  
*Duke puts away*  
*his telephone*  
*and turns off*  
*the TV.*

Angelosic grabs General and puts her up on his shoulders,  
piggy-back.

ANGELOSIC  
C'mon you little monster.  
Daddy's gonna feed you to the  
Cylons.

PAN ANGELOSIC  
INTO GROUP SHOT

*RE-ENTER STARK*  
*from background*  
*Also Buzzy*  
(CONTINUED)



AND WHO IS THIS!



THIS IS MY DAUGHTER GONERIL

*Bruce*  
*down*  
*crumpled*

As Angelosic trots her out of the room, General looks back at her mother:

GENERAL  
Roses are red and  
violets are purple....

CORDELIA  
(blowing her a kiss)  
Sugar is sweet and so is  
maple surple, darling.

BOETTICHER  
Are you aware, Mrs. Angelosic,  
that your daughter is autistic?

CORDELIA (ever gracious)  
Why yes, I think so too.  
But I'm afraid we'll have  
to discuss this some other  
time...

Suddenly Bruce has another inspiration.

BRUCE  
Tea! We must have some tea!  
(to Cordelia)  
Do you have tea?

CORDELIA  
Well, yes, I have jasmine  
and hyacinth, or just plain  
old camomile.

BRUCE  
Perfect! Perfect!

CORDELIA  
I'll go put some water on.

Cordelia starts toward the kitchen, then screams!

From the kitchen emerges the dancing SudZall box. It does  
a few steps of soft-shoe, then takes a bow.

FADE OUT

28 HOT CORDELIA +  
BRUCE

Bruce is  
blowing the  
others on the  
nose for an  
inspiration

Enter Boetticher

cut(?)

TV COMMERCIAL: - BUT FULL SCREEN

Cordelia and Starr are seated in Cordelia's livingroom, sharing tea. Starr is depressed.

STARR

I don't know, Cordelia,  
I've tried everything:  
Scientology, est, jogging...  
I even joined a softball team -  
But my life is still a mess.

CORDELIA

Have you tried new SudZall?

STARR

SudZall?

CORDELIA

Yes. When you wash with Sudzall,  
it's like everything is new again -  
as clean and bright as day-one.

STARR (skeptical)

Are you trying to tell me that a  
box of soap could change my life?

CORDELIA

(standing)

Let me show you.

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM

As Cordelia enters, followed by Starr.

CORDELIA

When you use SudZall, it's  
like a new beginning in your life.

STARR

I could use a new beginning.

Cordelia opens the top of her washing machine, and a bright  
WHITE LIGHT bursts from the interior of the machine.

STARR

(astounded)

Wow! What's that!

CORDELIA

(holding up a box of SudZall)  
That's new SudZall - with  
super-brighteners.

(CONTINUED)

STARR  
I gotta get me some of that!

Cordelia sets the SudZall box right in front of the camera.

CUT TO:

# THE DANCING SUDZALL BOX

It dances around to the tune of the SudZall JINGLE:

SudZall will...  
Clean your clothes or  
Wash your hair,  
Shine your car or  
Your Frigidaire,  
Do the curtains,  
Or the rugs,  
Wash the dishes,  
Unclog the plugs,  
Keep the baby safe from germs,  
Guard against a harsh sunburn,  
Make your tastebuds come alive,  
Help soothe swollen bites and hives,  
Make your skin feel so unreal,  
Gives your whole life sex appeal!

'Cause....  
SudZall does it all,  
Yes, SudZall does it all.  
Cordelia: Cleans your bathroom?  
ALL: Yes SudZall does it all.  
Starr: Kitchen counters?  
ALL: SUDZALL DOES IT ALL!

CUT TO IMAGE  
ON TV SCREEN

CUT TO:

## INT. CORDELIA'S LIVINGROOM

Cordelia opens the door, and there stands Starr - all excited.

Business  
for Starr?

STARR  
You sure were right about SudZall, *Carrying a*  
Cordelia. It's really changed my life! *Said laundry*

CORDELIA  
Don't thank me, Starr. Thank SudZall.

STARR  
Right on! Like they say on TV:  
SudZall does it all!

*(holding a pile of laundry)*

(END COMMERCIAL)

CORDELIA  
Why don't you let  
SudZall change your  
life too.

As the commercial ends, the TV station's logo appears:

ANNOUNCER <sup>a division of  
Boys Town Broadcasting</sup>  
This is KGAY - Los Angeles,  
serving the homophile community  
with news and entertainment  
from West Hollywood.

← cut to real TV commercial

The CAMERA PULLS BACK from the TV set to reveal that we are once again in the LIVINGROOM of Cordelia and Dulio Angelosic, who have been watching Cordelia's commercial.

CORDELIA  
Well, what do you think?

DULIO  
(unimpressed)  
I think it's a soap commercial.

CORDELIA  
(somewhat let-down)  
Yes, I suppose. Anyway, as  
Starr says, it's exposure.

DULIO  
Can I change the channel now?

CORDELIA (cajoling)  
No. Bruce said it would be  
on 3 times tonight. I don't  
want to miss it. It's my  
"premiere."

DULIO  
You mean I gotta watch this  
faggot station all night. It's  
bad enough that we have to  
live in the middle of the biggest  
fairy ghetto in the world without  
having it shoved down my throat  
in my own livingroom.

CORDELIA  
Well it's only for tonight.  
Besides, there are other things  
in life you could do than watch  
television.

DULIO  
Like what?

CORDELIA  
You could help me with the dishes.

DULIO  
Humph.

Cordelia exits toward the kitchen, leaving Dulio at the TV set.

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA  
(from the kitchen)  
Yell if it comes on.

We move in on the TV set again.

REPORTER CU: BFN  
TV ANNOUNCER

As a public service, KGAY tonight presents a special news documentary on the Hillside Homo Hacker case. The following is a staged re-creation of some of the brutal murders that have been plaguing our community in recent months. It is presented to alert you to the savage methods employed by the mass-murderer known as the Hillside Homo Hacker, whose victims, now totalling 12, have come exclusively from the homophile community. We repeat, the following is a simulated reconstruction of recent events and not the real thing. Parental discretion is advised.

REPORTER stands in the foreground in a BATHROOM, talking into his hand-microphone. Behind him, through a shower curtain, we see a MAN taking a shower.

REPORTER

July 14th, 1978 - Edward Rheostat was alone in his West Hollywood apartment enjoying a cooling shower after a hard day's work. Rheostat was in the habit of leaving his apartment door open in the evening, ever hopeful that someone would drop in.. On this humid Thursday night at 8:30, Edward Rheostat got his wish.

The Reporter steps back out of the picture. A DARK FIGURE enters the bathroom. In his hand is a hatchet. Suddenly, he rips aside the shower curtain, surprising Edward Rheostat. Rheostat screams, as the hatchet streaks through the air and strikes into Rheostat's chest. Rheostat falls backward into the tub. The hatchet strikes again and again and again. Rheostat screams and screams and screams. Blood splatters everywhere, as the attack goes on and on, seemingly endlessly, Rheostat's arms flailing about over the edge of the tub.

Finally, the Reporter steps back into the picture and starts giving a play-by-play of the attack.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER

Oh my God! The blood...!  
This is horrible! Brutal!  
Oh! He just severed his  
kidney! His kidney has been  
slashed in two! Oh, it's awful!  
Awful! His rib cage has been  
completely smashed in! His lungs  
are hanging out! Oh, my God, it's  
too disgusting! Too disgusting  
for words!

Dulio seems to be enjoying the show. He is laughing gleefully,  
rooting for the Homo Hacker.

DULIO

Yeah! Give it to 'im! Take  
that, you faggot! Give it to  
'im! Give 'im what he deserves!

DOOR BELL EFFECT

There is a knock on the door, and Dulio has to pull himself  
away from the TV set to answer it. There stands Jay Boetticher,  
briefcase in hand. *He enters, leaving the door open*

↑  
PROP

DULIO

You again.

BOETTICHER

Yes - I hope I'm not  
disturbing you. I've brought  
some papers for you and your  
wife to sign to have your  
daughter declared legally autistic.

DULIO

(yelling to the kitchen)  
Cordelia!

Cordelia rushes from the kitchen carrying an open box of SudZall.

CORDELIA

Is it on?

DULIO

Nah. It's the guy about  
General.

CORDELIA

Oh.

She sets down the SudZall box. General appears in the doorway  
to the kitchen - munching on a carrot.

↑  
PROP

(CONTINUED)

BOETTICHER

I'm sorry to disturb you again, Mrs. Angelosic - but I've brought some papers for you to sign by which you will declare your daughter to be legally autistic. Of course they must be co-signed by an examining psychiatrist.

CORDELIA

Oh, how nice of you, Mister...

BOETTICHER

Boetticher.

CORDELIA

Yes, Mr. Boetticher.

(to General)

General, look who's here.

It's the nice man who's so concerned about your well-being.

GONERAL

Cleans the toilet?

Boetticher looks at General quizzically.

GONERAL

(after a beat)

Yes SudZall does it all.

BOETTICHER

Ah, yes, ah...

GONERAL

(interrupting)

Dirty diapers?

CORDELIA

( chiming in )

Yes, SudZall does it all.

Cordelia smiles, ever the proud parent.

BOETTICHER

Mrs Angelosic - I'm not sure you understand the seriousness of your daughter's condition. I'm not a psychiatrist, but these cases are usually the result of some deep-seeded trauma.

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA

I assure you, Mr. Boetticher,  
anything regarding my daughter  
concerns me greatly.

GONERAL

Flakey dandruff?

Suddenly a VOICE comes from the direction of the front door.

VOICE

Yes SudZall does it all!

The voice belongs to Bruce Rapport, who stands at the door,  
beaming with excitement.

BRUCE

I come with exciting news  
and an offer! Did you see  
yourself on television?

CORDELIA

Yes.

BRUCE

What do you think?

CORDELIA

I don't know.

BRUCE

You don't know. It's not  
everything you ever dreamed of?

CORDELIA

It's a commercial.

BRUCE

Yes. I never said it was  
anything else. It's a commercial.

CORDELIA

You said you have news?

BRUCE

Yes, but first could I have  
some tea? Some of your lovely  
tea? My throat's so dry! I've  
been screaming non-stop for  
2 hours!

(aside to Boetticher)

That's all they understand -  
screaming.

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA  
Would you care for some tea  
also, Mr. Boetticher?

BOETTICHER  
Ah, no thank you.

CORDELIA  
Then you will excuse us.

Cordelia and Bruce go into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

As Cordelia prepares the tea.

BRUCE  
Remember I told you they were  
test-marketing the spot in  
Dallas/Fort Worth and Akron?

CORDELIA  
Yes...

BRUCE  
Well the results are in!  
We got 89% audience approval  
rating in Dallas/Fort Worth,  
and 93% in Akron!  
That's almost unprecedented!

Cordelia doesn't quite know whether to be pleased or not.

BRUCE *(serious, business like)*  
They want you for a 7 year contract!  
An exclusive 7 year contract!  
It will be an on-going series of  
commercials on the "Good Neighbor"  
theme. They want me to direct  
them. They want you and Starr  
to become the permanent spokespersons  
for SudZall. The pay is nothing short  
of phenomenal. The creative freedom  
may be limited, but I think we can  
overcome that. Do you know what  
"exclusive" means?

CORDELIA  
*(somewhat hesitant)*  
Yes, I think I do.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

It means that they have total control of your voice and likeness. The campaign will include television, radio, the print media, billboards. Of course, once you became identified with SudZall, you couldn't accept other offers that might conflict with the public's identification of your face and voice with the client's product. The contract, which runs on for more pages than most encyclopedias, ties up your future nationally, internationally, and even into outer space should the means be found to take SudZall's message beyond our planet. So you see, it is a total and binding contract - renewable yearly by them but not by you. It's something that you should not enter into in any way but with you eyes wide open to all its ramifications.

CORDELIA

So if a play came along...

BRUCE

You probably couldn't do it. You're going to be very busy.

CORDELIA

It seems unreal.

BRUCE

Oh it is unreal.  
It's definitely unreal.  
The future calls, and it's unreal.

Bruce turns to the CAMERA and lapses into a <sup>an aside:</sup> soliloquy.

BRUCE

Restless energy,  
Can't sit down.  
Been sleeping too long.  
Gonna wake up if it kills me.  
Coming out of this nightmare  
with two six-guns blazing.  
Shoot me down!  
It's the only way you're gonna  
get me off these dancing legs  
this time.  
Restless energy, wearing me down.  
Shoot me quick, 'fore I kill myself dancing.  
Living two days at once, on speed -  
Tomorrow, I'll take one off  
and catch up with my legs.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVINGROOM

Dulio is in a vile temper because of the arrival of Bruce. Boetticher is a little hesitant to approach him. Dulio's attention is glued to the TV set.

On the TV, 2 MEN are in bed together making love when suddenly the door opens. The 2 lovers look up in shock.

1ST LOVER  
Oh my God, it's...

2ND LOVER  
Look out! He's got a hatchet!

It is the Homo Hacker, and there ensues another bloody attack, as he chops away at the 2 lovers who scream and scream and scream.

PAN L

BOETTICHER  
(approaching Dulio)  
That's KGAY you're watching, isn't it?

DULIO  
(snarling)  
Yeah - what of it!

(He turns TV off)

BOETTICHER  
Oh nothing, nothing.

Cordelia and Bruce re-enter the livingroom.

CORDELIA  
(to Dulio)  
Dulio - Bruce has received an offer for me to do a whole series of commercials!

DULIO *standing up*  
(to Bruce)  
Yeah? Well you can't do them here!

BRUCE  
(taken aback)  
Well, no. I wouldn't dream of it. I had no intention of doing them here.  
(to Cordelia)  
But actually, what we're going to do is re-create your livingroom in the studio. Since most of this house has already been established and we don't want to lose that continuity of "look" - I mean, it is rather perfect - we'll simply duplicate your house on the set!

2 SHOT: BRUCE +  
CORDELIA

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

(continuing)

It will be expensive, of course.  
But then, that's what movie  
magic's all about! It will be  
just like being in your own home.  
So what do you think?

CORDELIA

It's a big decision.

BRUCE (c.s.)

Yes, it's a big decision.

But the time is now.

The decision is now.

I say, trust in the future.

What are your choices?

To go back to sleep

for another decade?

Or to go with the chance

that's offered to you.

How often do these chances come?

Once in a lifetime?

Things are happening.

They can take us somewhere.

I told you before there would

be sacrifices. Now I think

you can see more clearly what

those sacrifices are.

You've been offered a stage -

in front of an audience of 40 million.

The play promises to have a long run -

7 years. It means you won't be here

very much - in your livingroom,

with your husband and your child.

You'll be on the road -

public appearances at women's clubs,

dedications of new shopping centers -

mundane things like that.

Television talk shows.

Your life will not be your own.

You'll be a well-known personality.

You'll belong to the public.

It's a cruel choice, I think-

harder for you than for me.

Selfishly, I hope you'll do it.

For me, it's a great opportunity -

to do something that's never been

done before. But, realistically,

we won't have total freedom to do this.

It will always be a question of

compromise. In commercials, you

work within an established framework.

But I think that can be used to our

advantage. It's like Shakespeare

having to work within the framework

of iambic pentameter....

CU on CORDELIA

she looks over  
to them

CU BRUCE

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE  
(continuing)  
You can't just burst into blank  
verse. But then, in that discipline,  
perhaps comes the higher art.  
(he takes a big breath)  
So I'm here very sober -  
excited, but very sober.  
It's your decision.

2 SHOT BRUCE +  
CORDELIA

CORDELIA  
(firm)  
Then... yes. I'll do it.

CU: Cordelia

BRUCE  
Good. Can you come with me now?  
Can you walk out the door  
with me right now?

Cordelia glances a longing look at Dulio and General, who  
stare back at her questioningly.

Yes. CORDELIA  
(turns back to Bruce)

2 SHOT BRUCE +  
CORDELIA

BRUCE  
~~You are an actress.~~ It's in your  
blood, isn't it. It's in mine too.  
I feel I have no choice in these  
matters. I'm always ready to drop  
everything - everything that is my  
private life - to follow what?  
Some strange muse that isn't really  
a part of me, but nonetheless leads  
me on? And I follow blindly.  
Blindly into... who knows.  
I guess that's the attraction of it.  
I always choose the unknown over  
the familiar. I'm always lost in  
the future. Some people were made  
for that, I think. People like  
you and I. We never really have  
any choices. We think we have  
choices, but we don't. We go  
wherever the muse leads us. We  
are always slaves to that mystery.

CORDELIA  
I want to talk with my husband  
alone first.

BRUCE  
(starting to the door)  
Of course. I'll send someone  
to pick you up.

CORDELIA  
Do I need to pack?

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE  
No. It's a totally new life.  
I suggest you leave everything  
behind.

Bruce exits. As soon as he is out the door, Dulio lays  
into him.

DULIO  
That fuckin' faggot phoney.  
(to Cordelia)  
Can't you ever tell a  
con man when you see one?

BOETTCHER  
(heading toward the door)  
Ah, excuse me, but I guess  
I'll come back at another time -  
a more convenient time.

CORDELIA  
(seeing him to the door)  
Thank you, Mr. Boettcher.  
That's very considerate of you.

*CLOSING THE DOOR.*  
Boettcher leaves. Cordelia turns to Dulio.

DULIO  
Your little friend Bruce is  
about as much an artist as...  
as I am. You saw his commercial.  
How can you fall for his phoney  
bullshit. Are you really that  
far out of it?

CORDELIA  
I don't care if he is a phoney.  
He may not be an artist - because  
I know how much you hate and  
fear the word "artist". But at  
least he addresses the questions  
an artist should. And at the  
moment, that's enough to earn  
my loyalty. I'm sorry if this  
hurts you, but I've made up  
my mind. Call me irresponsible,  
if you like. It's true, I'm  
acting irresponsible of you, and  
of General - perhaps irresponsible  
of myself. But, I'd like to think,  
wholly responsible of the rest.  
You know that I've always only had  
one real lover - and that's the arts.

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA  
(continuing)

That's where I'm at, my dear,  
dear friend - a would-be, would-be,  
a someday maybe, an artist.  
Like it or not, there it is.  
Always was and only could be -  
an artist. Sorry if you wanted  
something else.

---

Dulio just shakes his head, realizing it is hopeless to argue.

---

CORDELIA

Delusions?  
Of grandeur?  
Why not?  
What else?  
I'm guilty.

← DOORBELL EFFECT

---

There is a knock on the door. Cordelia opens it. It is  
the dancing SudZall box.

CORDELIA  
(surprised)

Oh!

(she laughs ironically)

But of course. Who else?

PAW Cordelia walks over to General and kisses her goodbye, then  
to Dulio, kissing him affectionately on the forehead.

Then she turns back to the dancing SudZall box, who holds out  
his hand, beckoning to her. She takes his hand and follows  
him out the door.

FADE OUT

---

CLOSE-UP: TV SET

We are in the middle of HOLLYWOOD SQUARES. Paul Lynde is telling dirty jokes and the audience is howling with canned laughter.

The CAMERA pans to reveal that we are once again in the Angelosic LIVINGROOM. Dulio and General sit gloomily watching the TV. One of the celebrities on the show is Cordelia.

EM CEE  
X GETS THE SQUARE  
BOB - IT IS YOUR  
TURN.

BOB  
CORDELIA COVENTRY

OKAY EM CEE  
We go to the upper right hand corner and Cordelia Coventry - America's favorite housewife. Cordelia's just back from the C.L.I.O. Awards in Newark - they are the equivalent of the Academy Awards for the talented people who make television commercials. And we're happy to report that one of Cordelia's commercials picked up a Golden C.L.I.O! Congratulations, Cordelia.  
(audience applause)

CORDELIA  
Thank you, Jack.

EM CEE  
Cordelia - according to the Guinness World Book of Records, what town in the United States consumes more beer annually per capita than any other. Is it: Cleveland, Ohio; Encino, California; or Clinton, Massachusetts?

CORDELIA  
(pondering)  
Consumes more beer.... Well, my husband's from Encino, and I don't think there's anyone anywhere who consumes more beer than he does....  
(audience laugh track)  
...so I'll have to say Encino.

BOB  
KAREN - do you agree?

KAREN  
Yes, I agree.

EM CEE  
No, it's Clinton, Massachusetts. That's a tough one. We'll be right back! *after two week*

CUT TO:

*from SuzZell*

TV COMMERCIAL:

Cordelia is throwing an elegant party at her house. She is standing in the livingroom, talking with guests and drinking white wine in fine crystal.

Starr, also elegantly dressed, emerges from the bathroom, wonder on her face, and interrupts Cordelia's conversation.

STARR

Cordelia! You've got the cleanest bathroom I've ever seen! How do you do it? It's like an operating room!

CORDELIA

My bathroom isn't just clean, Starr - it's sanitized! With new Improved SudZall! Let me show you.

INT. BATHROOM

Cordelia lifts the seat of the toilet, and a BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT emanates from the bowl.

STARR

Wow! How did you do that?

CORDELIA

It's simple....

Cordelia lifts the heavy lid off the back of the toilet and demonstrates:

CORDELIA

All you do is add one cup of new, improved SudZall once a week, let stand for 5 minutes, and flush. That's it! Ugly stains disappear with no scouring. SudZall does the work for you.

Cordelia flushes the toilet. A hand taps her on the shoulder. She turns around and there stands the dancing SudZall box.

The SudZall box takes Cordelia by one hand and Starr by the other, and the 3 of them do some choreographed high kicks to the SudZall JINGLE:

JINGLE

SudZall will...  
Clean your clothes or  
Wash your hair,  
Shine your car or  
Your Frigidaire.....  
etc.

*General is on the floor making her magic marker drawings* - 42 -

Dulio uses his remote control wand to turn off the TV set in the middle of Cordelia's commercial. He is sick of it all. He leans back in his chair, depressed, and takes a swig of his beer. General approaches him.

*Dulio  
Fuckin' clowns!*

GENERAL  
(perky)  
Dirty linen?

DULIO  
(angry)  
Cut it out! It's not  
funny anymore. Talk normal.  
There's noone here to impress  
anymore.

GENERAL  
Household odors?

DULIO  
Cut it out!

He throws his empty beer can at her. She dodges and it misses her.

There is a knock on the door.

*(DOORBELL EFFECT)*

DULIO  
Make yourself useful -  
Answer the door.

GENERAL  
(on the way to the door)  
Slimey mildew?

She opens the door and there stands Boetticher. General screams and goes running from the room.

Dulio goes to the door. Boetticher carries a briefcase.

DULIO  
Oh it's you again.

BOETTICHER  
Sorry to bother you. Is  
Mrs. Angelosic here?

DULIO  
She's never here anymore.

BOETTICHER  
Well I guess we can handle  
this man-to-man then. Women  
only get in the way.

DULIO  
Yeah, sure. You want a beer?

(CONTINUED)

BOETTICHER  
Sure. Alcohol's one of my  
favorite lubrications.

DULIO  
Don't you mean libations?  
See, I'm not as stupid as -  
I look.

*reference to confused  
of word autistic.*

BOETTICHER  
(looking around)  
You're not expecting anyone  
else here tonight are you?

DULIO  
I know what you mean. This  
place is always crawling with  
screamers when you're here.  
No - there won't be any  
interruptions tonight.

BOETTICHER  
(nodding his head, pleased)  
Good. So.... you wanna get it on?

DULIO  
Get it on?

BOETTICHER  
(winks)  
Sure. You know -  
When the wife's away,  
the boys will play.

DULIO  
What are you getting at?

BOETTICHER  
Well, you were watching  
KGAY, weren't you.  
I always say: where there's  
smoke, there's fire.

DULIO  
You think I'm a fag!

BOETTICHER  
(eying Dulio's crotch)  
You're showing a nice basket.  
Getting a little hard just  
thinking about it, huh?

Dulio covers his crotch with his hand.

DULIO  
(threatening)  
Don't push me, mister.

(CONTINUED)

INTERCUT CUS

- 44 -

BOETTICHER  
I like 'em butch anyway.  
Who wants to go down on a  
screaming fairy?

The phone rings - which just adds to Dulio's irritation.  
He makes no move to answer it.

(PHONE EFFECT)

BOETTICHER  
(still staring at Dulio's  
crotch)  
That's right - let it ring.  
We have more important  
business to attend to.

~~DULIO~~  
~~Quit staring at me!~~

~~BOETTICHER~~  
~~I like what I see.~~

DULIO  
You're looking for trouble,  
mister.

BOETTICHER  
(hungrily)  
Umm. Big trouble.

Boetticher reaches into his briefcase and starts to withdraw - --  
a hatchet!

CUT TO:

But just at this moment, General re-enters and picks up the  
phone. (WHIP PAN TO GENERAL)

GENERAL  
(on the phone)  
Roses are red, and  
violets are purple.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP: CORDELIA - on the phone.

CORDELIA  
Sugar is sweet, and  
so is maple surple, darling.  
Put your father on the phone,  
will you?

DIFFERENT  
LIGHTING

Cordelia is on the "set" - which is an exact duplication of  
the Angelosic livingroom. In the background, Bruce is  
giving an interview to a writer with a tape recorder. The  
dancing SudZail box stands against the far wall, waiting.

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA  
(as Dulio picks up the phone)  
Hi honey, I miss you. How  
are things at home?

CUT BACK TO

CLOSE-UP: DULIO - on the phone.

DULIO  
That creep from the school  
system's here again - with  
some funny ideas. But it's  
nothing I can't handle.

Dulio looks around the room for Boetticher, but he has  
disappeared. The front door is open.

DULIO  
That's funny - he's gone. *He must have gone  
out the back door*  
And good riddance!

CUT BACK TO:

CORDELIA - on the "set".

CORDELIA  
Darling, you must co-operate  
with him. It's for General's  
benefit.

Cordelia listens to Dulio on the phone a moment. She seems  
depressed.

CORDELIA  
Oh I'm fine, I guess.  
How else would America's  
favorite housewife be but fine.  
It's just like home here.  
Except it isn't home.  
It's a mockery of home.  
A mockery of my whole life.  
(she listens a moment)  
Oh, you saw me on Hollywood  
Squares. Witty, wasn't I.  
Bright and charming.  
The perfect neighbor.  
Known and loved by millions.  
Always there to lend a helping  
hand. A winning smile.  
A homey bit of advice.  
SudZall does it all - except  
anything that really matters.  
(she listens a moment)  
No, I'm alright. Just a  
little down at the moment.  
We're waiting on Bruce. He's  
giving an important interview  
and we're the window-dressing.  
Tell me about home.  
(she listens)

*BACKGROUND:  
buzzing smoking  
a cigarette,  
using fondle  
as an ash tray.*

CUT TO:

*Buzzy picks up the camera and moves it into:*

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2-SHOT: BRUCE and THE INTERVIEWER

The Interviewer is holding out the mike of his portable tape recorder toward Bruce - anxious to collect Bruce's every word of wisdom.

INTERVIEWER

Can you talk a little about your philosophy of directing.

BRUCE

My philosophy... Well, you know, in commercials, most everything you get is storyboarded down to the second - and I know a lot of directors don't like that. They think it doesn't leave them any room to be creative. But if you're talking about direction - pure mise-en-scene - it's a great opportunity. Your job as director becomes one purely of applying a visual style. The text is set and usually pretty banal and stupid - so the challenge is to give this banality some integrity, credibility. Even if the world it presents is a false one, the director can bring a consistency to this world and make it playable. The false world presented in most advertising is built up of a set of well-established conventions which prey, quite artfully I think, upon the unique neuroses of the inhibited American housewife. My commercials may be far from real life, but I like to think they touch a real nerve in the American fabric.

INTERVIEWER

Could you give me a specific example of what you mean?

BRUCE

Okay - for instance, in the "Good Neighbors" spots for SudZall, in which these 2 housewives compare the relative merits of the different brands of cleanser they use. It's a completely unrealistic situation - so I cast 2 women who are so different that you can't really imagine them being neighbors. Since the viewer has no notion of how these 2 women would relate to each other in reality, they are much more willing to just accept the relationship that we present to them....

(CONTINUED)

*PROPS:  
old millimeter  
magnum*

*PROP:  
cypress  
around his neck*

*INSERT: Cordelia  
walks by in the  
background,  
rolling her eyes.*

BRUCE

(continuing)

So I treat an unreal situation in an unreal way, and the result is a kind of neo-realism.

INTERVIEWER

(impressed)

I like that. Neo-realism. I think it's important. I think that would make a good hook for the article: director Bruce Rapport brings a sense of neo-realism to the American commercial.

BRUCE

Yes - it has a nice ring to it.

INTERVIEWER

How did you get started in the business?

BRUCE

By accident, actually. It all started with an ad I took out in your magazine, as a matter of fact.

INTERVIEWER

In Millimeter?

BRUCE

Unhuh. I had this shop down on Melrose - Chic Tricks...

INTERVIEWER

Oh yes - I've driven by it. Used furniture - right?

BRUCE

(correcting him)

Artifacts of the 40's and 50's. We specialized in interior decoration for the nostalgia market. Anyway, a lot of our business came from renting out furnishings to commercial filmmakers - so I thought it might pay to advertise in Millimeter - you being the bible of the commercial arts. So I had this picture taken in the shop - a picture of me surrounded by 7 of the most beautiful, glamorous women I know.

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER

Oh yes, I think I remember that picture.

BRUCE

Yes. It had a certain appeal. Anyway, the ad was just the picture and at the bottom was the name of the shop - Chic Tricks, and the phone number. Well, you wouldn't believe how many phone calls I got from that ad - but not to rent furniture. You see, people just assumed I was a director - because most of the ads in Millimeter are for directors.

INTERVIEWER

That's right.

BRUCE

So I got all these calls from agency producers - mostly from the mid-West - and they wanted to know if I'd make bids on these various commercials. Well, I saw it as an opportunity. I figured, how hard can it be to direct? I mean, these other jokers were doing it - people who came into the shop. So I played along with them. I had some friends who knew the technical end of it - so I figured, why not make a go of it. Of course, it turned out that what these mid-West producers really wanted to know was - if they had me do the spots and they came out here to supervise them, would the girls in the picture be "available"? You know - tricks! Chic tricks!

INTERVIEWER

(shocked)

You mean they wanted to know if you'd supply them with women?

BRUCE

Sure. That turns out to be the name of the game in this business. Some wanted boys, but mostly women. Don't quote me on this, of course.

INTERVIEWER

No, I guess I'd better not. So you really didn't have any background in directing?

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

Well I wouldn't exactly say that. I went to film school with the best of them. But afterwards, it never panned out. So I went into decorating. Actually, the 2 fields are more similar than you might think. They both require a good eye and the ability to create a "look."

INTERVIEWER

But you never actually made a film before.

BRUCE

In film school, I did. And then when I was doing alternate service - you know, during Viet Nam - I did some informational films for the government.

INTERVIEWER

Tell me about that.

BRUCE

They were pretty nuts and bolts in general. How to keep a crease in your pants and such. One, though, I think is kind of a classic of its genre.

INTERVIEWER

Oh?

BRUCE

It was a personal hygiene film for the U.S. Navy. The subject was the detection and treatment of pubic parasites.

INTERVIEWER

Ah, pubic parasites?

BRUCE

Yeah. Crabs.

INTERVIEWER

Oh, crabs.

BRUCE

Yes. Itchy crotches. A serious problem with sailors. At the time it was like an epidemic.

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER  
What were some of the problems  
involved in shooting this spot,  
and how did you solve them?

BRUCE *that's very tricky, but*  
It would be much easier if  
you could just see it.  
You want to see it? I got  
it on cassette.

INTERVIEWER  
Not if it's any trouble.

BRUCE  
No trouble at all.  
You just sit down here and  
I'll show you my whole reel.  
It's only about 15 minutes.

Bruce indicates for the Interviewer to sit down in front  
of the TV set. Bruce puts a videotape into a video tape  
recorder.

BRUCE  
How's that? Comfortable?

INTERVIEWER  
Fine.

BRUCE  
You want a pencil?  
Want to take notes?

INTERVIEWER  
I got a pen.

BRUCE  
Okay. I'm going to leave  
you alone. Just yell if  
you need me.

Bruce watches for a moment as his personal hygiene film  
appears on the TV, then he walks to the other side of  
the room where Cordelia is now waiting next to the dancing  
SudZall box.

*Bruce approaches the camera, picks it up and  
repositions it for a shot of Cordelia and Bruce*  
CORDELIA  
(weary)

Bruce, what's the point  
of this?

*Bruce holds  
up a cigarette.*

BRUCE  
Millimeter's an important  
magazine.

(CONTINUED)

*more  
shots  
2-5-80  
AGAINST WALL*

*Buzz approaches the camera, picks it up and moves it into a different position*

CORDELIA

No, I mean what's the point of all this? What are we doing here? We're not making art. I know it's not your fault. They supply the storyboards and we have to do them as they're written. But what's the point? Just to get rich? To go along with it all and get rich just like every other American who's sold out to material comforts? This is empty, Bruce. Empty at the core. We're selling the same lies we were supposed to transcend. I'm the same housewife I never wanted to be - only more so. And we can't get out of it, can we? We signed away our lives.

BRUCE

(giving in to depression)  
I'm sorry, Cordelia. I thought I could rise above it.

CORDELIA

I don't blame you. I came into this with my eyes open.

*then long sigh.*

The camera moves into a close-up of Bruce, as he lapses into a soliloquy.

BRUCE

Powerless visionaries - spinning dreams that no one listens to, illuminating futures that only they can see - in their dreams. Powerful money men, deaf to adventure, making profits on emptiness, selling futility to a captive public that no longer dares to dream. For dreaming is illegal in the real world. Where are you tonight, my muse? Gone to sleep in inspiration's void? Not responding to the drugs That used to call you forth? Hiding in oblivion - unused, unwanted, unseen. Is all to no avail? Am I to blame for the eclipse of the magic tortoise who has escaped from this world's listlessness and left me to pine for better times that never come?

(CONTINUED)

*Buzz in must be camera back for Starr - 52 -*  
*Starr*  
PAN IN ON STARR (Past Buzz)  
With Cordelia and Bruce in their respective depressions,  
Starr walks on to the set and addresses the dancing  
SudZall box.

STARR  
Hey, Sudzy baby - I hear  
the FCC's looking into you.

The SudZall box perks up, curious.

STARR  
(continuing)  
Unhuh, looks like the jigs up.  
Turns out some of the nice  
things we've been saying about  
you aren't 100% true. The  
government's been doing some  
tests and they're saying that  
maybe you don't get things  
cleaner after all. So you  
better not answer your doorbell,  
'cause it might just be some  
dude serving papers on you.

The SudZall box drops its head in shame.

CORDELIA  
Don't be cruel, Starr.

STARR  
Hey, the thing is, I'm not  
jivin'. I heard it on the  
radio on the way over here.  
Consumer hotline. We've all  
been pushing a pack of lies,  
and the bubble's about to burst.

BRUCE  
I knew it! I could feel it  
coming. Damn! Damn! Damn!

STARR  
Well don't feel too bad, Brucie.  
We're the faces and voices that  
everyone associates with  
wonderful Sudzy here. It'll be  
kind of a distinction for Cordelia  
and me. We'll be like the  
Richard Nixons of TV commercials.  
We can all write books about  
our innocence.

*4. SHOT - STARR, SUDZY, BRUCE, CORDELIA*  
They all fall into a silent depression - lined up against  
the wall. From the other side of the room they can hear  
the mocking refrain of the SudZall jingle, as the Interviewer  
watches the tape of their commercials.

TAPE  
OF  
SUDZALL

*Buzz panos camera toward TV set a moment  
then back to the depressed crew - day Buzz  
himself joins the others against the wall.*  
(CONTINUED)

Finally, Starr comes up with an idea.

CU STARR

STARR  
Hey, everyone's unhappy,  
right? I got a solution.  
Why don't we all commit  
suicide. It'd be a very  
70's thing to do.

BRUCE  
(an idea dawning)  
Wait a minute. Maybe Starr's  
right. We could commit suicide.  
It might work. It might be  
a way out. Sure. Why not?

2 SHOT  
CU BRUCE

STARR  
Bruce, don't be a parody of  
yourself. It's not that funny.

BRUCE  
No, don't you see!  
A suicide spot! We'll make  
a commercial that undermines  
the whole thig - the whole  
SudZall mystique. We'll make  
a spot that debunks everything  
that SudZall stands for.  
See - they'll have no choice!  
They'll have to fire us.  
'course we'll probably never work  
again. Suicide is suicide.  
But it would be a way out.

CU BRUCE

CORDELIA  
Sounds good to me. I might as  
well be a real housewife again  
as this.

3-SHOT

BRUCE  
I can always go back to  
interior decorating. But what  
about you, Starr?

STARR  
Hey look, I'd love to get out.  
I've had other offers.  
They want me on the Jeffersons.

BRUCE  
SudZall is a major sponsor of  
the Jeffersons.

STARR  
Oh that's right. Well... I  
still want out.

(CONTINUED)

to BRUCE

BRUCE  
(inspired once more)  
Alright - let's do it then!  
This could be our finest hour.  
No more storyboards!  
No more compromise!  
A real suicide spot. Then  
we can all go back to our  
former lives. Yes, I can  
see it all now...

- he paces forward  
toward the camera,  
into a close-up.

moves into tight focus

FADE OUT

T.V. COMMERCIAL:

Cordelia is looking over her laundry, a dissatisfied look  
on her face. She turns to Starr.

CORDELIA  
You know, Starr, I used to  
really believe that SudZall  
got my wash cleaner, but frankly  
I'm not so sure anymore.

STARR  
Hey, I always thought you were  
going a little overboard, Cordelia,  
but you were so into it, I didn't  
want to shoot you down.  
Besides, your bathroom really  
did shine.

CORDELIA  
That was more elbow-grease than  
SudZall, Starr - not to mention  
being pathologically obsessive.  
There are more important things  
in life than a clean bathroom.

STARR  
Hey, mine's like the Black Hole  
of Calcutta, but it serves the  
same purpose.

CORDELIA  
You're a good neighbor, Starr,  
to have put up with all that  
absurd hype I was dishing out.

STARR  
Hey, what are friends for. I always  
figured you were on uppers or something.

(CONTINUED)

CORDELIA  
Would you like some more tea?

STARR  
What I could really use is  
a hit of your good Columbian.

The SudZall box comes in and taps Cordelia on the shoulder.

CORDELIA  
Oh you! You're in the doghouse  
with me, Sudzy.

STARR  
Oh come on - it's not all his  
fault. He's just trying to  
make a buck like everyone else.

CORDELIA  
We could use a little less greed  
in the world, Starr, and a little  
more human honesty.

STARR  
Right on, but don't come down  
on poor Sudzy. He's just an  
ignorant inanimate object.  
So SudZall doesn't do it all.  
So what else is new.  
Wanna dance, Sudzy?

She takes Sudzy's hand.

STARR  
C'mon, Cordelia.

CORDELIA  
Oh, alright.

Cordelia takes Sudzy's other hand, and the 3 start to walk off.  
Starr looks back over her shoulder and addresses the camera:

STARR  
Hey, brighten up folks. So  
the people who make SudZall  
are money-grubbing capitalist pigs.  
You've only yourself to blame if  
that's news to you. You're the  
ones who turn on your TV set every  
night and eat up this bull.

(END COMMERCIAL)

*she drops the SudZall box  
into the waste basket*

INT. LIVINGROOM

Cordelia, Dulio, and General - the family reunited - are sitting in the livingroom watching the commercial on TV.

CORDELIA

(amazed)

I don't understand. That's not supposed to be on. That was our suicide spot. This is crazy! Why would they air our suicide spot?

DULIO

Beats me. Who cares. You're out of it anyway. I have a wife again. That's all I care about.

CORDELIA

But it's surreal that they should run that. It must be a mistake. I just don't understand.

TV ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen - we interrupt for a special news break. The Hillside Homo Hacker has been caught! We repeat - the Hillside Home Hacker has been apprehended and is now in the custody of the police. He has been identified as Jay Boetticher - an employee of the L.A. Public Schools System. Police apprehended the suspect late this afternoon after friends of his 14th victim caught him in the act of dismembering the body.

We see Boetticher being led away by the police.

CORDELIA (O.S.)

Oh my God! It's the truant officer!

DULIO (O.S.)

I knew something was wrong with that guy.

CORDELIA (O.S.)

(shaken)

Why he was right here in our livingroom. He could of killed us all!

(CONTINUED)

K6AX  
USP

CU-EN

Dulio  
Starts to  
turn off  
but Cordelia  
says min.  
Cordelia  
WAIT!

DULIO (0.5)  
But he didn't. We're all safe  
and sound. And he's in jail.

CORDELIA (0.5)  
Yes. And he seemed like such  
a decent sort. I almost hated  
to deceive him.

An elderly woman is being interviewed on TV:

TV REPORTER  
Mrs. James - you worked with  
Boetticher in the school system.  
What was he like?

MRS. JAMES  
Why, he seemed like such a  
decent sort. He always had  
a kind word for everyone.  
I'm just shocked - shocked and  
dismayed. Who can you trust these  
days. I just can't believe it!

1st Door Bell  
There is a knock on the door. Cordelia freezes in terror. cut

CORDELIA (standing 2nd door bell)  
Oh my God! Who could that be!

DULIO  
Well it's not the Homo Hacker.  
It's probably some other kind  
of pervert.

Dulio heads for the door.

CORDELIA  
Don't open it, Dulio.  
We're not home. I've had  
enough.

DULIO  
Don't be silly.

He opens the door, and there stands Bruce, his face aglow  
with excitement.

DULIO  
Oh shit!

Dulio slams the door in Bruce's face.

DULIO  
You were right, Cordelia.  
I shouldn't have opened it.  
It was another pervert.

(CONTINUED)



BRUCE  
(from outside the door)  
Cordelia - open up! It's me -  
Bruce. I have some exciting news.

CORDELIA  
Oh, exciting news. I don't  
want any more exciting news.

BRUCE (a.s.)  
Cordelia!

DULIO  
Go away, you pervert!  
We don't want any!

BRUCE (a.s.)  
Cordelia, please!

CORDELIA  
Oh let him in, Dulio.

DULIO  
Not me. I've opened my last  
door in this farce.

Cordelia goes to the door and opens it.

BRUCE  
Cordelia - they bought our  
suicide spot!

CORDELIA  
Yes, I saw it. Bizarre.

BRUCE  
Do you know what that means?

CORDELIA *she turns and walks away from Bruce.*  
I'd hate to think.

BRUCE *He pursues her.*  
It means we're not fired!

CORDELIA  
(disappointed)  
Oh no.

BRUCE  
No, no, it's not like that.  
It's wonderful. Wonderful!  
Ah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah!  
Wonderful! The best thing  
that could have happened.  
Everything we ever dreamed of!

(CONTINUED)

2 SHOT  
as DULIO  
returns  
to TV area



WE DON'T WANT ANY

2 SHOT  
AT DOOR

PAN R  
→

CORDELIA  
(shaking her head)  
Unh-unh, Bruce. Not me.  
Not this time.

BRUCE  
No - listen. Listen!  
SudZall's been publicly  
humiliated. They're going to  
have to pay millions for  
false advertising. They were  
afraid there would be a horrible  
backlash against their product.  
Then they saw our suicide spot,  
and they were ready to fire us,  
when someone - some genius in  
their marketing division - said:  
wait a minute. This commercial  
tells the truth about SudZall.  
Maybe it's just what we need to  
save face with the public.  
So they test-marketed it in Akron  
and Dallas/Fort Worth again -  
and what do you know! The audience  
loved it! Truth in advertising.  
Real truth! Now they see that it  
can pay. So they want us back,  
Cordelia. They want us back with  
no strings. No storyboards!  
No compromise! Complete creative  
freedom. We can say what we want.  
We can poke fun at the product.  
We can do Shakespeare or Aeschylus  
or Tennessee Williams....  
or Bruce Rapport, for that matter.  
Ah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah!  
SudZall does it all.  
It turns out that SudZall really  
does do it all after all.

CORDELIA  
No deal, Bruce. I've heard  
this all before.

BRUCE  
But this is different! Listen!  
No more exclusive contracts.  
You'd be free to do other things  
if you wanted. We write the contract  
this time!

CORDELIA  
(becoming interested)  
I could do other things?

(CONTINUED)

CORDEX 2

Fan on  
Cordelia

Cu Bruce

2 SHOT  
BRUCE  
+  
Cordelia

BRUCE

Yes. We could do a feature.  
I have the money now.  
The doors are opening!  
Everything truly is possible!

CORDELIA

There must be a catch.

BRUCE

There's no catch. I wouldn't  
lie to you. Hype you a little,  
yes. But I'd never lie to you.  
Ah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah!

Cordelia turns to her husband.

CORDELIA

Dulio?

DULIO

Don't look at me. Who am I?  
I'm just your husband. I'm  
no art critic. I just live here.  
If you want to get involved  
with maniacs again, that's your  
business. I'm getting used to it.

*Cu Dulio  
as he  
sits down  
in his chair  
and puts on his  
slippers.*

CORDELIA

Would I have to do Hollywood  
Squares?

*2-shot  
Bruce + Cordelia*

BRUCE

Not if you didn't want to.

CORDELIA

What about Starr?

BRUCE

Starr always goes with the money.  
And this time the money is us.  
We pull the strings.

Cordelia looks over to General.

CORDELIA

General? What do you think?  
This should be a family decision.

BRUCE

Oh, little General!  
What a sweet child!

*Bruce  
kneels down  
into a 2-shot  
General turns  
away from him.*

GONERAL

Don't patronize me, mister!

(CONTINUED)



Oh, little General!  
What a sweet child!



Oh that was only a ruse

BRUCE  
(taken aback)  
What!

GONERAL  
Don't patronize me. I don't  
have to take that from you  
anymore.

BRUCE  
(to Cordelia)  
Ah, um, I thought she only  
spoke in verse.

*Cordelia  
kneels  
into a  
3-shot* →

CORDELIA  
Oh that was only a ruse so she  
wouldn't have to go to school.  
But the truant officer turned  
out to be the Homo Hacker, so  
she doesn't have to pretend anymore.

BRUCE  
You mean...

GONERAL  
Yup. I'm just an average, normal  
little girl!

CORDELIA  
Well, hardly "average", dear.  
(to Bruce)  
She is a child genius. Public  
school was just superfluous  
for her.

BRUCE *STANDING OUT OF FRAME*  
Ah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah!  
Isn't that fascinating!

GONERAL  
(to Cordelia)  
Can I dance with Sudzy?

CORDELIA  
(to Bruce)  
Can she?

BRUCE ~~(taken aback)~~ *2-5 shot  
Bruce + Cordelia*  
Of course she can. In fact,  
that's wonderful! Brilliant!  
What an idea! Mother and daughter -  
dancing with SudZall into the sunset.  
It could be a sensation!

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE  
(raving on)  
Ah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah!  
SudZall does it all!  
Finally, once and for all -  
SudZall does it all!  
SudZall does it all!  
Ah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah!  
(suddenly serious)  
Oh, I forgot. Do you speak  
Spanish?

2-SHOT

CORDELIA  
Spanish? No I don't.

BRUCE  
Well, you'll have to learn Spanish.  
We'll all have to learn Spanish.

CORDELIA  
Why Spanish?

CU  
BRUCE

BRUCE  
For the Hispanic market.  
Demographics show that by 1984,  
the Hispanic minority will be  
a majority in California.  
Nosotros todos hablaremos en  
Espanol! Get it? SudZall hace  
todas las cosas! Get it?  
Ah, Hah, hah, hah, hah, hah hah!  
SudZall hace todas las cosas!  
Ah, hah, hah, hah, hah, hah!

FADE OUT

PLANTS IN BACKGROUND

SUDZY behind her, looking over her shoulder, lurking around.

SUDZY PEEKS UP BEHIND HER A MOMENT, THEN DISAPPEARS



IT'S BITTER, LIKE A POISON



I JUST ATE A CUP OF SUDZALL



WE CAN'T EXPECT EVERYTHING EVEN FROM SUDZALL

# TV COMMERCIAL EXT. JACK'S PORCH?

Cordelia sits alone contemplating a box of SudZall, as Hamlet would a skull.

CORDELIA (TIPSY)

(in a reverie)

It's bitter, like a poison,  
Yet I would live on it,  
because it promised to unlock  
the secrets of my muse.  
It kills my appetite for food,  
And I grow thin  
in my ecstasy.  
It makes the silence sweet,  
and full of the great potential  
of Nothingness.  
It stops the chatter of my mind,  
and guides my heart  
to sing directly from the Void.

Reference back to opening scene

Pacing back and forth in front of the table, holding the SudZall box

Starr bursts into the room.

from background

STARR

Cordelia - what's happened going on here!  
to you! Your house is a mess!

2-SHOT Cordelia + Starr

CORDELIA (serenely)

I just ate a cup of SudZall.

STARR

(horrified)

Oh my God! Should I call an ambulance?

CORDELIA

No, I don't need a doctor. SudZall contains no known harmful Carcinogens.

Hands on her hips

STARR

Maybe that explains why it doesn't get my laundry so bright either.

she sits down next to Cordelia

A PRODUCT SHOT

CORDELIA (v.o.)

In an era of limitations, we can't expect everything even from SudZall, Starr. ~~SudZall~~ may not clean your clothes, but it still gives you a great high. And it's versatile! You can smoke it, ingest it, snort it. You can even liquify it and shoot it up.

Cu Cordelia

no she cuts SudZall with snorting route like cocaine, using a razor blade

(CONTINUED)

snort it

1. Holding in extended like Hamlet
2. Crossed in her arms
3. Rests head on top of Sndall box