

m/c

82 CLARA - (MARTY'S P.O.V.)

as she DISAPPEARS through the exitway onto fire escape outside -

83 CLOSE SHOT - MARTY

staring off toward Clara. He moves OUT -

84 LOUNGE - NEAR ENTRANCE TO FIRE ESCAPE

As Marty comes IN, pauses on the threshold of the fire escape. CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE the fire escape. It is sizeable, almost a small balcony. It looks out onto the backs of innumerable five-story apartment houses. Clara is standing by the railing, her back toward CAMERA, her head sunk down on her bosom. She is crying. Marty watches her for a moment. Then he moves a step or two forward out onto the fire escape -

85 EXT. BALLROOM - FIRE ESCAPE - MARTY AND CLARA - NIGHT

Clara doesn't turn. Marty is trying to think of something to say.

MARTY

(finally)

Excuse me, Miss, would you care to dance?

Clara slowly turns to Marty, her face streaked with tears, her lips trembling. Then, in one of those peculiar moments of simultaneous impulse, she lurches to Marty with a sob and Marty takes her to him. They stand in an awkward embrace, Marty a little embarrassed, looking back through the fire escape doors to the lounge, wondering if anybody is seeing them. He reaches back with one hand and, with some effort, he contrives to push one of the heavy iron doors shut. He returns his hand around the girl's shoulders. He stands stiffly, allowing her to cry on his chest, as we -

FADE OUT.

M/W
FYI

MOVING SHOT -- MARTY AND CLARA

Start

MARTY

...You come up here often?

CLARA

I was up here twice before. Once with a friend of mine and once I came up alone. The last time...do you see that girl in the grey dress sitting over there?

MARTY

Yeah,

CLARA

Well, the last time I was up here, that's where I sat. I sat there for an hour and a half, without moving a muscle. Now and then, some fellow would sort of walk up to me and then change his mind. I'll never forget just sitting there for an hour and a half with my hands in my lap. Then I began to cry, and I had to get up and go home.

MARTY

Sure, I know.

CLARA

I've begun to cry a lot lately.

MARTY

Oh! My brothers, my brother-in-laws, they're always telling me what a goodhearted guy I am. Well, you don't get goodhearted by accident. You get kicked around long enough, you get to be a real professor of pain. I know exactly how you feel. And I also want you to know I'm having a very good time with you now and really enjoying myself. So you see, you're not such a dog as you think you are.

(CONTINUED)

CLARA

I'm having a very good time,
too.

MARTY

So there you are. So I guess
I'm not such a dog as I think
I am.

CLARA

You're a very nice guy, and I
don't know why some girl hasn't
grabbed you off long ago.

MARTY

I don't know either. I think
I'm a very nice guy. I also
think I'm a pretty smart guy
in my own way.

(Clara smiles
briefly at this)

How I figure, two people get
married, and they gonna live
together forty, fifty years.
So it's just gotta be more than
whether they're goodlooking or
not. My father was a real ugly
man, but my mother adored him.
She told me, that she used to get
so miserable sometimes, like
everybody, you know? and she says
my father always tried to understand.
I used to see them sometimes when
I was a kid, sitting in the living
room, talking and talking, and I
used to adore my old man because
he was so kind. That's one of the
most beautiful things I have in my
life, the way my father and mother
were. And my father was a real ugly
man. So it doesn't matter if you
look like a gorilla. So you see,
dogs like us, we ain't such dogs as
we think we are.

They dance silently for a moment, cheeks pressed against
each other.

(CONTINUED)

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23 CONTINUED (2)

They dance silently.

CLARA

I'm twenty-nine years old.
How old are you?

MARTY

I'm thirty-four.

They dance silently, closely, as we --

DISSOLVE TO: