

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

INT FOYER - NIGHT

Joanna carries in the suitcase, sets it by the front door, then she crosses to the living room and sits down at the dining table.

She takes out a list made on the back of an old envelope. As she begins to review it, checking off some items:

OFF SCREEN Sound: A key turning in the lock.

As Joanna looks up...

The door swings open to reveal Ted Kramer, an enormous grin on his face, a bottle of champagne in his hand. He is so full of himself that he doesn't notice there is anything wrong.

TED

I thought you might just like to know that at five-fifteen this afternoon we were officially handed the Fire and Ice account by Revlon.

JOANNA

(she takes a deep breath,  
then:)

Ted, I'm leaving you.

TED

That represents a gross billing in excess of two million -  
(hearing her)  
What?!

Joanna opens her purse, takes out her keys and wallet.

JOANNA

Here are my keys. I won't be needing them any more.

Note: Ted does not for a moment believe that his wife will really leave him. All he can think of right now is that he will have to spend the rest of the evening coping with one of her moods.

TED

(sardonic)

I'm sorry I'm late, all right? I'm sorry I didn't call - I was busy making a living.

Joanna doesn't even bother to look up at him. She opens her purse, takes out her wallet and begins removing credit cards.

JOANNA  
My American Express... My  
Bloomingdale's Credit Card... My  
check book -

TED  
(the martyr)  
Okay, okay... What is it this time?  
What did I do now?...

JOANNA  
(ignoring this)  
I took two thousand out of the  
savings account. That was what I  
had in the bank when we got  
married.

TED  
Joanna, whatever it is, believe me,  
I'm sorry.

JOANNA  
Here are the slips for the laundry  
and the cleaning. They'll be ready  
on Saturday.

TED  
(hard lining it)  
Now listen, before you do something  
you'll really regret you'd better  
stop and think -

JOANNA  
(not bothering to look up)  
I've paid the rent, the Con-Ed and  
the phone bill, so you don't have  
to worry about them.

She checks off the last item on her list as her husband  
watches, dumbfounded.

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
There, that's everything.

Joanna gets to her feet and starts toward the front door. In  
an instant Ted is after her.

TED  
(panic starting)  
For God's sake, Joanna, would you  
at least tell me what I did that's  
so terrible! Would you do me that  
little favor?

Joanna at the door.

JOANNA

Look, it's not your fault, okay?  
It's me. It's my fault - you just  
married the wrong person.

TED

(placating her)  
So we've got problems. Everybody's  
got problems - that's normal -

Joanna opens the door and they step out into the hallway.

JOANNA

Ted, you're not listening to me.  
It's over, finished.

TED

I'm listening, Joanna - believe me,  
I'm listening. My wife is walking  
out on me after eight years of -

JOANNA

(bitter)  
You just don't get it, do you?  
(as though to a child)  
I - am - really - and - truly -  
leaving - you.

TED

I heard you, Joanna. I promise I  
heard you.

JOANNA

No you didn't.  
(quietly)  
You didn't even ask about Billy.

TED

(stiffening)  
What about Billy?

JOANNA

I'm not taking him with me.

TED

What?

JOANNA

(tears start)  
Ted, I can't... I tried... I really  
tried but... I just can't hack it  
anymore...

TED

C'mon, Joanna, you don't mean that.  
You're a terrific mother -

JOANNA

(from her gut)

I am not! I'm a terrible mother!  
I'm an awful mother. I yell at him  
all the time. I have no patiece.  
No...

(unable to look at Ted)

Ted, I've got to go... I've got to  
go.

TED

(desperate)

Okay, I understand and I promise I  
won't try and stop you, but you  
can't just go... Look, come inside  
and talk... Just for a few minutes.

JOANNA

(pleading)

NO!... Please... Please don't make  
me stay... I swear... If you do,  
sooner or later... maybe tomorrow,  
maybe next week... maybe a year  
from now...

(looking directly at him)

I'll go right out the window.

Sound-effect: The elevator approaching.

There is nothing more that can be done, this is the last  
moment of intimacy.

TED

(quiet)

Where are you going?

JOANNA

I don't know...

The elevator door opens, Joanna steps inside.

TED

Do you want me to help you get a  
cab?

Joanna shakes her head. The elevator door closes behind her  
and it starts to descend.

He stands for a moment, stunned, unable to move. Then he turns and races back into the apartment. He throws open one of the living room windows and leans out.

Looking down to the street from the eighth floor, we see Joanna step off the curb and hail a passing taxi.

TED (CONT'D)  
(calling out)  
Joanna!?!... Joanna?!

Either she doesn't hear him or else she pays no attention. She gets into the cab, closes the door behind her, and it drive away.