

Dempsey

400

INT. CHEAP HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Late, same night. Maxine, dressed in her saloon gown, comes up the stairs. She's drunk, looks like hell.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dark. The door opens. Maxine puts on the light. Dempsey's in bed, wide awake. White plaster patch above his left eye.

DEMPSEY

It's three in the mornin'. Where you been?

MAXINE

What's the difference? I'm here now.

She closes the door, moves into the room, removes her shoes.

DEMPSEY

I can smell the whiskey from here.

MAXINE

You owe two weeks rent.

DEMPSEY

Don't you even ask if I won or lost?

MAXINE

Did you win or lose?

DEMPSEY

The money's in the top drawer.

She opens the dresser drawer, sees the money, closes drawer.

DEMPSEY

(continuing)

Can't you lay off the booze?

MAXINE

Why should I?

DEMPSEY

(turns over)

Get out of that whore's dress and get some sleep.

MAXINE

What's the matter with my dress? I bought it with my own money. Maybe you want me to dress like your mother. Is that it?

CONTINUED:

DEMPSEY

Watch your mouth, Maxine.

MAXINE

What'll you do -- hit me? Go on, prizefighter. I've been hit before.

DEMPSEY

Not by me.

MAXINE

Not yet, not yet. How come you ain't never let me meet your precious mother?

DEMPSEY

You never wanted to meet her.

MAXINE

Not at first. Later I did. But you never said nothin' about it.

DEMPSEY

Neither did you.

MAXINE

It wasn't up to me. You're her golden boy. No woman's good enough for her little Harry. That's what it's all about, isn't it?

Dempsey turns away again.

MAXINE

(continuing)

Damn you. Don't you go to sleep on me. Sleep? That's a laugh. Who ever slept with their eyes open? Only you. You know how spooky that is, seeing you lie there with your eyes open? I don't know if you're asleep or dead.

She just about falls on the bed beside him, sits up.

MAXINE

(continuing)

I'm talkin' to you. You're ashamed of me, ain't you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAXINE (cont'd)

I'm not good enough to meet your mother. Your mother, the saint.

Dempsey pulls the covers over his head. She pulls them back off of him.

MAXINE

(continuing)

Listen to me, you bastard!

He yanks the covers away from her. She falls off the bed.

MAXINE

(continuing)

That's it, isn't it? You're ashamed of me.

DEMPSEY

I'm ashamed, yeah. I'm ashamed of myself -- for marryin' you.

She's crushed, stares at him, begins to cry.

MAXINE

I'm not a whore... I'm not a whore...

He goes to her, lifts her up and puts her on the bed.

DEMPSEY

Come on. I'll help you undress.

MAXINE

Undress, undress. That's all you ever want from me. You're just like the rest of them.

She claws at him. He grabs her wrists. She wrenches free and scrambles off the bed. She picks up a small alarm clock from the night table and hurls it through the window. The CRASH of the GLASS seems to sober her. Silence. She staggers to the bed, falls on it and passes out.

Dempsey watches her. Then he lays back, stares up at the ceiling.

INT. CHEAP HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

The sun -- through the shattered window. Dempsey, his eyes open, is still asleep. He blinks a few times, wakes up.