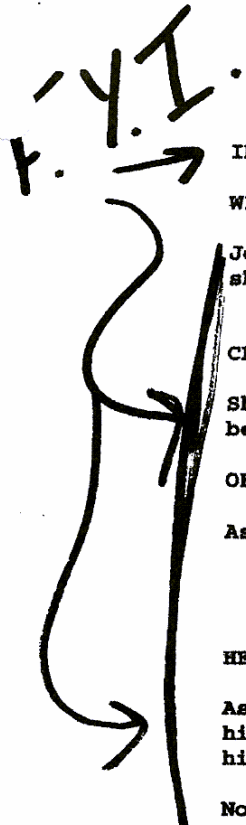


*Roles are gender specific



INT. FOYER - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT

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.

CLOSER IN ON HER

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...

CUT TO:

HER POV

As 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.

Note: Throughout the entire scene he carries the bottle of champagne, never putting it down.

START →

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.

CROSS-CUTTING BETWEEN THEM:

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.

CROSS-CUTTING BETWEEN THEM:

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
 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?

ON 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.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE KRAMER APT. - EVENING

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~~
 (~~sees start~~)
~~Ted, I can't... I tried... I really tried~~
~~but... I just can't back it anymore~~

~~TED~~
~~Joanna, you don't mean that. You're~~
~~a terrible mother -~~

~~JOANNA~~
 (~~sees her get~~)
~~Can not! I'm a terrible mother! I'm an~~
~~awful mother. I yell at him all the time.~~
~~I have no patience. No. No. No. Let's better~~
~~off without me.~~
 (~~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.

CROSS-CUTTING BETWEEN THEM:

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.

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

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

END →