

203. (Cont'd)

HOLLY

What?

For an answer Paul grabs her arm and together they run through the rain and get into -

204. INT. CAR - (DAY)

PAUL

While you were away, I did a little house-breaking...

(To Driver)

Hotel Croyden, 86th and Madison.

(To Holly)

O.J. thinks it would be a good idea for you to stay out of sight for a while. I've got most of your stuff here...including Cat...I hope he's all right...

He lets the cat out of the pillow case.

HOLLY

Hello, Cat...You poor no-name slob... Listen, darling, did you find that airplane ticket?

PAUL

Right here. I'm sure we can cash it in...

HOLLY

Cash it in? Are you kidding? What time is it?

PAUL

A little after ten.

HOLLY

Good...

(To Driver)

Idlewild Airport, driver.

PAUL

You can't do that...

HOLLY

Why not?

PAUL

You don't seem to understand. You're under indictment. If they

204. (Cont'd)

PAUL (Cont'd)

catch you jumping bail, they'll lock you up and throw away the key.

HOLLY

Don't be ridiculous, darling. By the day after tomorrow I'll be married to the future President of Brazil. That'll give me diplomatic immunity or something.

PAUL

I wouldn't bet on it.

She sees from his face that something is seriously wrong.

HOLLY

What is it, darling?

PAUL

I have a message for you.

He takes out the envelope and hands it to her. She studies the handwriting carefully for a moment.

HOLLY

Oh, oh, yes...I see...Did he bring it in person or was it just there, shoved under the door?

PAUL

A cousin.

HOLLY

Hand me my purse, darling, will you. A girl can't read this sort of thing without her lipstick.

She busies herself with her make-up for a moment, stalling for time. Finally she says:

HOLLY

You read it to me, will you, darling. I don't think I can quite bear...

PAUL

You really want me to?

She nods. Paul tears open the envelope.

PAUL

Okay...

204. (Cont'd)

PAUL (Cont'd)

(Reading)

"My dearest little girl, I have loved you knowing you were not as others. But conceive of my despair upon discovering in such a brutal and public style how very different you are from the manner of woman a man of my position could hope to make his wife. I grieve for the disgrace of your present circumstances and I do not find it in my heart to add my condemn to the condemn that surrounds you. So I hope you will find it in your heart not to condemn me. I have my family to protect and my name and I am a coward where these institutions enter. Forget me, beautiful child, and may God be with you. Jose."

HOLLY

(After a moment)

Well?

PAUL

In a way it seems quite honest... touching even...

HOLLY

Touching? That square-ball jazz!

PAUL

After all, he says he's a coward...

HOLLY

All right, so he's not really a super-rat...or even a regular rat... he's just a scared little mouse... but oh, gee, golly, damn...

She jams her fist into her mouth and begins to cry.

PAUL

Well, so much for South America. I never really thought you were cut out to be Queen of the Pampas anyhow.

(To driver)

Croyden Hotel.

HOLLY

(To driver)

Idlewild!

204. (Cont'd)

HOLLY (Cont'd)

(To Paul)

The plane leaves at twelve and on it  
I plan to be...

PAUL

Holly, you can't...

HOLLY

Et pourquoi pas? I'm not hot-footing  
it after Jose, if that's what you  
think. No, as far as I'm concerned  
he's the future President of Nowhere.  
It's only, why should I waste a perfectly  
good plane ticket? Besides, I've  
never been to Brazil...

Holly reaches for her suitcase, opens it and takes  
out a dress.

HOLLY

Please, darling, don't sit there  
looking at me like that. I'm going  
and that's all there is to it. Really  
you know, I haven't much choice...and  
what do I have to lose...except for  
the nickels put up for bail...bless  
O.J.'s heart...anyway, once on the  
coast I helped him win more than ten  
thousand in one poker hand. So I figure  
we're square...

As she talks she is pulling her sweatshirt over her  
head.

HOLLY (Con'd)

Now all they want from me are my  
services as a state's witness  
against Sally. Nobody has any  
intention of prosecuting me...to  
begin with they haven't a ghost of  
a chance...But even so...

She pulls the dress on over her head, then removes  
the blue jeans under it. Then she finds a pair of  
shoes and the dressing operation is now complete.

HOLLY

...this town's finished for me. At  
least for a while. They'll have the  
rope up at every saloon in town...I  
tell you what you do, darling...when

204. (Cont'd)

HOLLY (Cont'd)

you get back to town I want you to call  
The New York Times...or whoever you call  
...and mail me a list of the fifty  
richest men in Brazil. The fifty richest  
...regardless of race, color or present  
matrimonial status...

She suddenly becomes aware of the Cat who has  
climbed onto her lap. She looks quickly out the  
window to see where they are. The car is moving  
through a street in Spanish Harlem.

HOLLY

(To the Chauffeur)

Stop here!

PAUL

What are you doing?

Holly ignores him. The car pulls up to the curb.  
Holly opens the door and, carrying the Cat, steps out.

205. EXT. HARLEM STREET - (DAY)

We find ourselves in a savage, garish neighborhood,  
garlanded with poster portraits of movie stars and  
Madonnas. The sidewalks are littered with fruit-rind  
and rotted newspapers are hurled about by the wind.  
Holly stands for a moment holding the Cat. She  
scratches his head and talks softly to him.

HOLLY

What do you think? This ought  
to be the right kind of place for  
a tough guy like you. Garbage cans  
...rats galore...plenty of cat-bums  
to gang around with...

(She drops the Cat  
to the sidewalk)

So scram!

Paul gets out of the car.

PAUL

Holly...

The Cat looks up at her questioningly.

HOLLY

(To the Cat)

I said beat it!

JY

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S

131.

205. (Cont'd)

The Cat rubs up against her leg.

HOLLY

(Angrily pushing the  
cat with her foot)

I said take off!

She jumps back into the car. Paul stands watching.

HOLLY

You coming?

PAUL

I don't think so. No...

HOLLY

All right then...you can take off  
too!

She starts to close the door. Paul catches it and  
holds it open.

HOLLY

Let go of the door! I'll miss the  
plane! Come on, driver, let's go!

She jerks the door closed. Paul reaches into his  
pocket, takes out the red plush Tiffany box and  
tosses it to her through the window.

PAUL

Here...I've carried this thing  
around for months...I don't want  
it any more.

206. CLOSE SHOT - HOLLY - (DAY)

She opens the box and sits staring at the ring. The  
car starts and pulls away.

207. EXT. STREET - (DAY)

Paul stands watching the departing car. The rain has  
stopped now and patches of blue are beginning to show  
between the clouds. At the corner the limousine stops  
for a light. Suddenly the door opens and Holly jumps  
out. She is running back toward him across the wet  
sidewalk. In a moment they are in each other's arms.  
Then she pulls away.