

PETER HUJAR'S DAY

INT. WESTBETH / ELEVATOR - DAY

PETER HUJAR leans against the metal wall, as the elevator climbs. His eyes are lightly closed, fluttering.

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / PLATFORM - DAY

Peter is on the couch, talking, cigarette in hand:

PETER

I got up, I had completely forgotten this, actually that you wanted me to do this, so I wasn't writing it down and I sort of remembered when you called me. Anyway, I had set the clock for 8:30 in the morning.

LINDA (O.S.)

A little louder, I can't hear you.

PETER

That's the way I talk, hon.

LINDA (O.S.)

No, I usually can hear you.

PETER

It'll pass.

He takes a pause, and then another puff.

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / PLATFORM - DAY

Peter on the couch, a few moments later:

PETER

I guess a phone call wakes me up.

LINDA

The alarm didn't go off?

We hear the voice of LINDA ROSENKRANTZ. Her hand comes in and out of the frame, as she picks up and returns a water glass on the table.

PETER

I think I just slept through the alarm. I set it for 8:30 because at nine o'clock Jacqueline de Mornay from *Elle* magazine was coming.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

She was staying at the Chelsea and her English was not too good and she was coming for pictures of Lauren Hutton. So at nine o'clock the phone rings, it was Jacqueline. She says is it good to come in 20 minutes? I say yes, it'll be perfect and I hop out of bed. I'm really tired. I got dressed, I put the same clothes that I have on now, actually.

LINDA

You have to tell us what they are.

PETER

Boots that have inside the heel it's so bad that I have two folded foot pads. Anyway, I then got the coffee water on and then the phone rings again and it was Susan Sontag who said, "Are you awake?" Then she heard the radio and said oh yes. She said I want to go see your show today, I'm going to see my publisher in Union Square, and afterwards, I thought I'd walk down and see your show. Where is Broome Street?

LINDA

A little out of touch.

PETER

She knew roughly where it was. Like when I told her Houston, Prince, Spring, Broome, parallels, she understood. I don't know what I said but she said to me I'm sure it's good, that she couldn't imagine it not being, and that she was going to Paris either today or tomorrow, so she might not get to the show and I told her about the guy from the gallery calling and saying did I know Max Kozloff or Susan Sontag.

LINDA

Why?

PETER

Actually, what I said to her was a lie. I'll tell the other version.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I don't know why I lied. It was just a slight altering, but it did reveal something.

LINDA

You mean he didn't mention her name?

PETER

No. I guess I found myself namedropping with him. He called me and said did I know Max Kozloff and I said no, I know who he is. He said do you know how to get in touch with him and I said no. He's doing this magazine, photo magazine, and he wants someone to write like an introduction or something. I said well, I don't know Max Kozloff, why don't you get Susan Sontag. He said oh, do you know her, and I said yes. That's the way it happened. I somehow didn't want to say that to Susan. And she said no, I don't want to do it, I only write what I have to or for friends.

LINDA

You're not a friend?

PETER

Well that wasn't for me, it was for this magazine. But she said it very sweetly. Anyway, I said if you go to the gallery and he approaches you, I want you to know, because I didn't bother calling you. So she said I'm glad you didn't. Then she said a big kiss. There was no beginning to that sentence. I think she might even -- she sometimes calls me darling -- a big kiss, then there was like a space, and then darling. Goodbye.

A few minutes later. Peter has moved to the other end of the couch. He has a new cigarette.

PETER

Then I get my coffee and I go sit at my desk and it's not even twenty minutes and there's a knock on the door and it's the *Elle* girl. Now somehow in this time, I'd also had the fantasy of being seduced by the *Elle* girl.

LINDA

Had you met her?

Shot of the tape player in motion on the coffee table between them.

PETER

No. But that she was going to come in and it was like in a French movie and it would happen right there, she would walk in and it would be right in the middle of the floor and she would be very raunchy and reach for my buttons. That was just one of the fantasies I had and I thought it might be terrific right then in the morning, very French. Anyway, she comes in and she's short, she's wearing a big cape, she looks very sort of that French chic...it's not arty but sort of almost, with a big natural-colored cape and a brown hat that's pulled down a little too.

LINDA

Like a cap?

PETER

No, it's one of those cloches, 20s, but not 20s at all. With straight hair that curls in a little bit and actually quite attractive, kind of beautiful, no makeup-makup. And she smells absolutely terrific.

LINDA

That's French.

PETER

Just not too strong. And she says allo, I am Jacqueline and I say hi, come in. She says you live here? Ohhhh. This is your studio too? Very nice.

LINDA
You hadn't shaved?

PETER
No. But she somehow liked the place. Because people sometimes say oh, did you just move in? Or it'll be a nice place when you get it fixed up.

The sound of a tea kettle boiling.

LINDA
Do you want something to drink?

PETER
No.

Linda stands up and walks down from the platform and into the kitchen.

PETER (CONT'D)
And I say it is fixed up.
I say to her ooh, you smell so good and she says oh, you like it? And she says jasmine and I think it's Shalimar because it smells a little sweeter and then she reaches in her purse and then pulls out this bottle, Jasmine, and let's me smell it and it doesn't smell anything like what she's wearing. So I say oh, I guess it changes after you have it on?

LINDA
Did she understand?

PETER
No. I said it's really quite nice.

Linda is in the kitchen, preparing tea and cookies.

PETER
Then I said here are the pictures of Lauren Hutton and she said oh, they are wonderful, they are not like those of Avedon, because Lauren Hutton is so beautiful but she looks like a boy. You know in her Levi's and sneakers.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

And I said how much are they going to pay? And she said oh, I don't know. The article's going to be four pages and she doesn't know whether they're going to use one picture or four pictures and then I said well, what's your page rate? And she didn't know.

Peter, sitting in the window sill now, is now looking towards Linda, in the kitchen.

PETER (CONT'D)

I almost got suspicious, I thought this is someone, some fan of Lauren Hutton who's doing this great scheme to steal pictures of Lauren Hutton.

LINDA

What was she supposed to be? An editor?

PETER

Yeah. Which in a way would be rather...I wouldn't have minded losing pictures to someone who was...but I'd love to get money. Four pages.

As she prepares some things in the kitchen, Linda talks to Peter through the opening between the kitchen and the platform.

LINDA

Should be quite a lot.

PETER

Could be a lot of money.

LINDA

But she should know how much.

PETER

Yeah, I would have thought, as an editor, she should know the page rate. Especially she was sent for the pictures. I'm really trying very hard to be a businessman, or to some degree at least.

LINDA

I think you have every right to
know before giving her the
pictures.

PETER

Yeah, I used to go to the other
extreme, I would give them the
pictures, they would leave with
them and I never said anything
about money. And I would hope that
I would get a check or...Anyway I
did ask her and she didn't know and
she said that she'd be back on the
7th of January and she'd call me.

LINDA

Where was she going?

PETER

Back to France.

Linda leans on the kitchen counter, talking to Peter through
the opening to the platform.

LINDA

On Susan's plane?

PETER

I don't know. Yeah. I think the
same plane. Oh, so she took the
pictures and I said ok and she also
I said just let me write your name
and I got the name DE capitol M and
she said no, not the big M. And I
put the pictures in an envelope and
she said goodbye and I said goodbye
and she left.

LINDA

Never to be heard from again.

PETER

And I almost feel that she was
there for less time than it took me
to tell the story.

Linda and Peter are sitting at the dining room table,
drinking tea and eating from a plate of cookies. The tape
player has been placed on the table near them.

PETER

Ok. Oh, then I was having my coffee and I decided to figure out how much money is owed me. Because it's getting fuzzy. And so I added up all the definite that I know that I'm getting, \$300 for this restaurant job but I apparently will get \$450, so in one column I put 300 actually definite, in the other I put 450.

LINDA

Hopeful.

PETER

It's very possible. And it came out to absolutely definite was 825. But that's not including like the *Village Voice* piece, but it still could possibly happen. I mean it's due next week.

LINDA

That is definite!

PETER

Yeah.

LINDA

A week from today.

PETER

The next issue. How much of this tape is gone already.

LINDA

A third.

PETER

I'm not sure if I should give more or less detail.

LINDA

It's good.

PETER

OK, so...is it boring or?

LINDA

No! It's not boring for me.

PETER

So then Bob Mony called. He does indexing and he's also a piano player, he plays the harpsichord and he's really so good. He does it like six hours a day. He asks if I know Lily.

LINDA

Who?

Peter gets up and crosses the apartment to the front door, where his leather coat is hanging on the wall.

PETER

Lily, who used to be Clydine Malleck.

LINDA

Oh, right.

PETER

Paul changed her name.

LINDA

Paul did it?

PETER

Yeah, Paul gave her the name of Lily.

He pulls a pack of cigarettes from his coat pocket and lights one.

LINDA

Oh, I didn't know Paul did it. I thought some great master did it.

PETER

No, this was no great master. I went there for a gay men's weekend, and really, it's an IBM modern religion....

LINDA

(overlapping)

...Did you see the ad they had in the Voice with bodies piled one on top of the other?...

PETER

....All done in this kind of Design Research way, really quite chic, with beautiful brown rugs -- no green rugs -- and brown walls, and great beanbag chairs and Design Research furniture and nice tables and it looks quite affluent, it's not the least bit...

LINDA

Tacky.

PETER

Poor. It may be tacky on a certain level, but it's affluent, in the sense that they have money, we are about money, we are modern. Anyway, Bob Mony asked for Lily's phone number, because she's going to Rome to meet Paul and she wanted to go to Paul's house. Bob Mony is a neighbor of Paul's.

LINDA

In New York?

PETER

Yes, his New York Apartment. And Alan Lloyd lives across the hall from Bob Mony's apartment.

Peter continues roaming the room as he talks with Linda.

LINDA

I knew Alan Lloyd was in there.

PETER

Anyway, Alan Lloyd has the keys to Paul's apartment and Alan wasn't there and Bob Mony didn't know where he was, they thought that Alan was at his Aunt Phoebe's.

LINDA

I've heard that name before.

PETER

Phoebe Lloyd.

LINDA

I told you the weird thing about that, didn't I?

(MORE)

LINDA (CONT'D)

That Linda Lloyd, if she had a girl, she was going to name it Phoebe Lloyd?

PETER

Anyway, so I said yes, I have Lily's phone number, and so I gave him her home number and her Arrica phone number and how are things, see ya, goodbye.

7

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / DINING AREA - DAY

7

Peter is sitting on the piano stool talking to Linda at the table.

PETER

My plan is, at this point, to go back to bed.

LINDA

What time is it about?

PETER

It is now about 10:15. Because that's what I wanted to do. I wanted to get rid of that girl and go back to sleep until 11:30. Then Ed Baynard called.

LINDA

Did you go back to sleep?

PETER

No. I was just about to, it was 10:15. Ed Baynard calls. He says are you busy, I say yes, and he says call me back, I say no, I have a minute. Then he says no, call me back. I say now is the best time and he says we're not getting through to each other. And I say no, I am busy, Ed, but I will be much busier later. He said are you working in the darkroom? And I say yes.

LINDA

Oh ho ho! Now I know every time I call and you say...

PETER

No, I really cannot stand to talk to Ed Baynard. I can't get off the phone, no one can, he won't let you off, he's the master of it. And he also doesn't listen. He is totally insane. If this ever gets printed, I hope it's printed with his name.

LINDA

What do you mean *if!* When!

PETER

I mean this part. I want you to use real names. So then he said well, three things.

LINDA

Does he always have a list?

PETER

No, I guess he concised it. Fred MacDarrah is reviewing the gallery and I'm not reviewing your show.

LINDA

You mean Fred is doing it instead.

PETER

Ya, and I said oh, too bad and he said I think he's doing it more reviewing the gallery. And I said too bad. Ed Baynard was going to review my show and not mention Christopher Makos, which I thought was terrific. But I guess it is his show. Did I tell you they offered me another show in January? She called me and said can you get a show together and I said no.

LINDA

Oh yeah?

PETER

I'd rather not let any shit out.

LINDA

You have to decide, you have to look around.

Peter gets up and moves back to the table, sitting down across from Linda and taking pistachios from a bowl on the table.

PETER

Yeah, but in terms of like a gallery, if I have a show, I really want it to be like...like the group of pictures which was I think quite together. Whatever I do, I think that was the best of what I do now. There wasn't a bad photograph in there.

LINDA

Right.

PETER

Quite reputable.

LINDA

Extremely.

PETER

So I was really annoyed, but I said oh well...

LINDA

Cool.

PETER

What else could I say. He said second I quit the *Voice*.

LINDA

Why?

PETER

Because Ed wrote an article about Lilo and her photography and they didn't want Ed to use his name but to publish it under Allie Anderson's name, who is the editor of the centerfold, because she said it was getting much too inbred. And he said inbred, white bread.

LINDA

Pretty good.

PETER

In someway I didn't think it mattered. I mean so what if your name's not on it? Third on the list is Christmas Day. What are you doing? I said I don't know yet.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

He said, well, we're having a thing
here and it will be just people.
And I said oh.

LINDA

No geese, no ducks.

PETER

He said you know Bill Elliot, Lilo.

LINDA

The same old inbred crown.

PETER

I think he meant somehow the "real"
people.

LINDA

Just us.

Peter stands from the table and crosses to the kitchen.

PETER

Yeah. And I said I must get back
into the darkroom, and I go back to
bed. With my clothes on. I had made
the bed for Jacqueline De Mornay
earlier, just to be neat. I wanted
to appear neat. So I just slipped
under the blanket with my clothes
on.

He reaches above the refrigerator where there are bottles of
liquor and pulls down a bottle of scotch.

LINDA

You fall asleep so easily?

PETER

I was tired, yeah.

He takes a glass from the cabinet and pours himself a drink.

LINDA

Obviously.

He stands in the kitchen doorway, looking at Linda.

PETER

Anyway I set the clock for 11:30
and I get back into bed and I fall
right asleep.

LINDA
What a life.

8

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / PLATFORM - DAY

8

Peter is back on the couch, reclined. Linda in her chair. He's sipping from a small glass of scotch that he places on the floor.

PETER
The clock rings at 11:30.

LINDA
What, no dreams?

PETER
No, I don't remember. Then I stay in bed until 11:45 and I get my clothes on.

LINDA
I thought you didn't take them off?

PETER
Oh, I guess I didn't. I just lied.

LINDA
You must have taken something, maybe your shoes.

PETER
I guess I put my shoes back on. Something. Oh, then I go and I make another cup of coffee and two pieces of toast with raspberry jelly and now I'm going to call Allen Ginsberg at exactly noon. Because he does his meditations and they told me to call him either at 11 at night or after twelve. So it's exactly 12 and I call him. And it's busy. I go and put my red jacket on and I go down and get cigarettes. I break a ten-dollar bill. And give her also a penny because the cigarettes are 56 cents.

LINDA
God, they are?

PETER

I come back and call Allen Ginsberg. And it's still busy. Then at about 12:20 I finally get through. A male voice answers, I say is Allen Ginsberg there? And the voice says whose calling and I say this is Peter Hujar and I'm supposed to take pictures of Allen Ginsberg for the Times and the male voice says it's Peter Hujar from the Times, Allen. And Allen comes to the phone and says hi and I say hello and he says who's this? And I say this is Peter Hujar and I leave out the part from the Times because he knows that already. So I say I was supposed to photograph you and he said fine and I say what about today? And he says good today and I say when, he says this afternoon. I said how about in an hour? He says that's fine or even three-quarters of an hour -- I'm just going to get something to eat. Then I say something about a portrait of him and he carries on about that's just like them, portraits, he didn't say old fashioned but some word that made it sound like they were really, are those people still doing portraits in the paper? The whole tone was very unpleasant and I said well, he said well, you better call the Times and tell them we can't do that. I said well, let's do what we can and don't worry about it, you don't have to do anything you don't want to do, as long as you're in the picture, we'll do it. And he said, no, you better call the *Times*. I think I got really tough. I said look, it's very strange, what are you worrying about? I said don't worry about it, we'll do it how you want to do it. It's ok. And he said I just want to get it clear and I said it really doesn't matter, they just want a picture. There are no orders. You don't have to do a portrait. And I said okay, I'll see you in an hour.

The camera and the sound come to a stop.

9

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / PLATFORM - DAY

9

A few moments later.

LINDA
He still in the Lower East Side?

PETER
Yeah, he gives me the address, it's on 10th Street between C and D. He said do you know where that's at? And I said yes, I know where it's at. I live down here too. And he says oh where? And I say 12th Street and 2nd Avenue, which suddenly doesn't quite make it.

LINDA
Feels like the Upper East Side.

PETER
The guys up there in a fancy neighborhood. Oh, then I get my camera stuff together and I decide what coat to wear to the Lower East Side. Somehow I think I'll wear my long whatever it is coat and then I leave with that and then I decide no, it's wrong. I don't know quite what the criterion is here, but I just didn't feel it was the coat for the lower east side, to meet Allen Ginsberg. I also had a flash there was something sort of bohemian-poet about it and I'd be much snazzier in my red ski jacket.

LINDA
Good choice.

PETER
I thought it was like more lower east side. Oh, before I leave, I water the plants and at this point I'm not exactly sure at which time he called.

LINDA
Who called?

PETER

That I talked to Allen Ginsberg.
So that hour of getting ready. I
couldn't quite remember when it
was. But anyway, I watered the
plants before I left.

LINDA

Do you have a watering can?

PETER

No, the coffee pot, which I fill up
in the tub, because the pressure is
much quicker.

10

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / PLATFORM - DAY

10

The camera jumps in closer.

PETER

Then I walk over to Allen
Ginsberg's down Second Avenue and
straight across 10th Street. Past
Fred and Simona Tuten's and those
other people, that writer-critic?

LINDA

John Gruen?

PETER

Yeah. But Ginsberg is about two
more blocks down, where it really
gets to looking dismal and this
Puerto Rican had yellow paint all
over his hands, like really thick
smear down his nose, like he
sprayed himself with chrome spray
paint, orange yellow, like his
shirt and his hands were just
all...on the face it was much
lighter, a little more spread out,
so it was like this glow on his
face. But he had wiped his nose, so
there was this streak.

LINDA

He was just standing on the street?

PETER

He came out of the building, and he
looked at me, almost like nasty,
and thought oh, he can tell -- an
alien.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I almost felt fancy, down there.
The neighborhood intimidates me way
in there, it's frightening, so run
down and dreary.

LINDA

Like the Bronx, where my Aunt
Pauline lives.

PETER

I don't have any real fear but its
very uncomfortable to go down
there.

Fade to Black.

11

EXT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / TERRACE - DAY

11

PETER

Anyway, I get to his house and I go
to Apartment 4C and knock three
times on the door.

LINDA

He told you to?

PETER

No, but I just did. Peter Orlovsky
opens the door, wearing his tam,
and his hair is still down the back
of his neck, he's really, like he's
45 years old, like an old Polish
man and I don't know if he had it
before, but you know those moles
that are skin-colored with hair?
Like old people have on their
faces? He has two of them on his
cheek. And he's heavier, but it's
not really like fat, it's like...

LINDA

Getting older.

The camera begins a slow zoom in to a tighter close-up.

PETER

He's got a lot of grey in his
beard. He says Allen's on the
phone, sit down.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I don't know what I expected of Allen Ginsberg's apartment, but it was really the most run-down tenement, with tenement furniture, linoleum, a few sort of Indian things, mattress on the floor, a poster of Bob Dylan on the wall, the Rolling Stones. Oh, there were some guitars around. There's also a girl, with a very New York accent, about 22 or something.

LINDA

Just sitting around?

PETER

No, they were addressing Christmas cards, and they went back to addressing Christmas cards.

LINDA

She was helping them do theirs?

PETER

I don't know. Allen was on the phone - you're assuming something that we don't know. Whether she lived with them or -- I couldn't tell. I think they were somehow involved. I also had the feeling that Allen actually lives more in the country, and Peter lives there with this girl. That was my guess. I looked around for women's things...I saw a bottle of silver blue-grey nail polish on a bookshelf, but I didn't think that was enough of a clue. Cause it looked somehow too butch. I could imagine them painting the electric guitar with it. Then she went into the kitchen and started frying an egg and it was just the most awful burning grease, I mean it just filled up the place in a minute with that smoke. I mean it really smelled tenement. She also dropped something which was really incredible, there was this loud crash almost like she dropped a gallon bottle but it was made out of window panes. And he didn't bat an eye. And nothing was said.

12

EXT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / TERRACE - DAY

12

On a different spot on the terrace.

LINDA

What was he doing while she was
cooking?

PETER

Still addressing Christmas cards.

LINDA

So you were just sitting there.

PETER

And Allen was on the phone.

LINDA

Did you sit down?

PETER

Yeah, I was sitting on a kitchen
chair.

LINDA

In the living room?

PETER

In the living room. It was very
small little rooms. And lots of
books on two walls. But then also
cartons with labels on them Allen's
this or that. Oh, he's on the phone
talking about Ellsberg.

LINDA

What was he saying?

PETER

I really wasn't that interested
somehow. I could have listened but
I didn't bother. Then he gets off
the phone and says hi, you want
some tea? And then he said no, we
can go right now, before I had a
chance, and I said no, look, you
want to have a cup of tea, I'd like
one. Because I didn't want to go
right out to the site. So we had a
cup of coffee and Hibiscus called
and he said hello, Hibiscus and
when he got off -- he was being
very suspicious and cool to me and
without saying it...

LINDA

Does he have a big beard and everything?

PETER

Yeah, looks like an Indian, it's really out like this and he's bald on top and he's got glasses, but they're wired-rims -- he used to have those dark ones.

LINDA

I have a nice picture of him with Gregory that Gregory gave me.

PETER

Oh, I'd like to see it. I say to him something like what's with Hibiscus, he asked him.

LINDA

You know Hibiscus.

PETER

Yeah. Oh show, where when, how's your love life? Good, the same one? I'll be there, goodbye. Then I say oh is he still with the same boyfriend? He said, he still is. He said I was in an Angels show in San Francisco and I say oh, I was in an Angels show here. I was Mother Goose and I looked like Vivian Leigh and he doesn't respond at all. I almost feel that everything I'm saying wasn't even heard.

13

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - DAY

13

Peter is sitting on a bed on the floor of the upper loft, his back against the wall. Linda is perched on the end of the bed.

PETER

And then we go out and go to this burned-out building where he was mugged and he stands there and he points at the door.

LINDA

Is he wearing an Indian robe?

PETER

No, Levi's. Oh, he says he has the same clothes on as when he was mugged and I say I don't think it really matters and he says something about something - I forget. So we go there and I say he looks like something out of an Italian comic book, pointing that way -- I couldn't remember *fumetti* but it somehow had that look. I said do you want to look that way in the *New York Times* and he said I want the people to see -- he somehow ties it up with all these burned-out buildings, boarded-up windows and people still living there -- it's very desolate and strange.

LINDA

Right in his neighborhood.

PETER

Yeah, there've been all these fires and the buildings are burned out, whole floors, just as if these people are being burned out. So he points to a building and says Tuli Kupferberg lives there and I didn't quite know what to say to that, but I thought I guess I should let him know that I photographed Tuli Kupferberg but I don't really want to, but I do. I say oh, I photographed him when he was with the Fugs. And then he points at the butcher shop which is also burned out and he says that was the Peace Eye Book Store. You can take a picture of me in it, so I can send it to Ed Sanders. So I do that and he says can you get all this stuff in that's charred and I say sure, sure.

LINDA

Is he still suspicious? Has he warmed up?

PETER

No. So then I say oh, it looks real arty.

LINDA

No wonder he didn't warm up. Mr.
Arty himself.

PETER

He did, standing in this burned-out
butcher shop window, with his arms
crossed chanting.

LINDA

Ommm.

PETER

Yeah, he kept doing the
ummpatumpum. Then we go to the
doorway across the street and he
sat down in the lotus position,
looking very Buddha, right in the
doorway, and started to chant. And
I really thought well I can't
interrupt God. You can't say will
you please stop that? I mean do you
really want a picture sitting in
the doorway?

LINDA

He does though.

PETER

He does though. And then Peter and
this girl walk by and he waves. He
says come and have your picture
taken -- we haven't had a picture
taken in a long time. And I think
it's just going to be the two of
them, but the girl gets in too so
it's the three. I somehow thought
it might be interesting to get a
picture of one of the longest
marriages.

14

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM (ALSO PHOTO STUDIO) - DAY 14

Close-up on Peter

PETER

Oh, when I had coffee -- this goes
back -- the girl said there's no
sugar, but then she did find a
single sugar pack, cause she said
honey is so awful in coffee.

LINDA

Ouch.

PETER

I like it. It's good. Ok, so we finish taking pictures out in the street and I don't know what else to do there. At one point I said you're talking to me like I'm the *New York Times* and I'm not. He kept throwing in things about the ownership of the *Times*' connections with the oil interests and I couldn't care less. I mean the details are like a soap opera that's not very interesting. So he said but you work for the *Times* and I say no, this is the first job I've ever gotten for the *Times* and suddenly that was much better and I asked if I could take some portraits of him at home for me, and he said sure.

LINDA

To do right then and there?

15

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM (ALSO PHOTO STUDIO) - DAY 15

Close-up on Linda.

PETER

Yeah. So we went back to this house and stopped at a vegetable store on the corner of Avenue C, where there was a car crashed into a truck, and it turned out the story, that the guy who crashed into the truck was going the wrong way and he doesn't have a license or anything -- it was probably a stolen car and the police took him to jail. He buys three persimmons and he says have you ever eaten these? I said yes, I don't like the way they feel in my mouth. They have that awful chalky feeling. And he said oh, I just really got into them only a couple of months ago, something about Vitamin C or something and I say have you ever seen them on a tree?

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

They're on the tree after all the leaves fall off and he's not listening to this at all. So we go upstairs and I say why don't you sit over there and he sits in the lotus position and he starts chanting.

16

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM (ALSO PHOTO STUDIO) - DAY 16

Close-up on Peter.

LINDA

He's a compulsive chanter.

PETER

Looking with this kind of nowhere look. He's not seeing me at all. He's just focused into...

LINDA

Um-land.

PETER

I said I don't like that background, so I move him just to move him, just against another wall. I said why don't you pay attention to me? Check me out. And he starts to do that but then he gets into listing like who really runs the country, the top ten corporations and oil. Then we were interrupted by a call and it's all talk about William Burroughs, so I think...

LINDA

Here's my chance.

PETER

Yeah. I'll throw this in now. Which I somehow did, but I found it hard not to be -- it's almost as if I felt I better show some credentials, so I said oh, I'm photographing him tomorrow and he goes how come? It was almost as if everything I said...I met him at lunch. Where? Felicity Mason's house. When? Three weeks ago.

LINDA
Did he approve?

PETER
No.

17 **INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM (ALSO PHOTO STUDIO) - DAY** 17

Close-up on Peter.

LINDA
Sounds horrible.

PETER
He said oh, you can get some interesting pictures out of Bill. I said oh really? He said yeah, suck his cock or and I said oh it would be better if I brought him a prep school boy and he said oh, you could do that cause Burroughs loves the prep school waspy boys with neckties. I thought that was sort of strange, out of nowhere.

LINDA
The sucking the cock?

PETER
Yeah.

LINDA
So different from his chanting image.

PETER
He took a certain relish like in being naughty or something. I almost felt it had a kind of edge of come-on. And then he said you could go to bed with Bill and I said I don't think it would be that impossible -- he's not that unattractive. Which he isn't. There's something -- he was very friendly, nice looking...

LINDA
I like his face.

PETER
It's not repellent.

LINDA

He's the opposite of Allen. I mean like he'll age very well. Ginsberg will just be a fat old Jewish man. He's always been very ugly.

PETER

I forgot what else was said there -- oh, he said maybe I'll come by tomorrow, because he had already gotten what time.

LINDA

At your place?

PETER

No, Burroughs. At 3.

18

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM (ALSO PHOTO STUDIO) - DAY ¹⁸

Close-up on Linda.

LINDA

Did you tell him not to?

PETER

No, I thought of that, but then I thought maybe that might be interesting. Burroughs and Ginsberg together on a picture. I'd still get Burroughs. And then I left.

LINDA

Was it a friendly farewell?

PETER

Yeah. He said he'd like to see the pictures, to let him know what picture was used in the *Times* and in the end he really didn't care if I used a portrait of him or not.

LINDA

You won him over.

PETER

He said he was just being hard and was trying to protect himself. So I walked home.

LINDA

What time was it about?

PETER
 I don't know. It's still light,
 it's maybe 4.

19 INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

19

Linda and Peter together get photographed, with harmonica and standing lamp.

20 INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / DINING AREA - DAY

20

Linda and Peter are sitting together again at the dining table. The sun is just beginning to go down outside the window.

PETER
 Then what? Then I take out this
 Oscar Meyer braunschweiger.

LINDA
 I used to love that. Is it still
 cheap?

PETER
 No. 89 cents for a little -- it's
 expensive. But I was hungry, and I
 splurged. I made a sandwich on that
 Pepperidge Farm, that delicious
 bread. It's the wheat bread but
 it's....

LINDA
 Sprouted wheat?

PETER
 Sprouted wheat! And I had some Pep-
 up that's left.

LINDA
 What's that?

PETER
 It's that Adelle Davis drink. With
 yeast and stuff. Then as soon as I
 had that, which I ate fairly
 quickly, I go right in the darkroom
 and set up for developing film. And
 the phone rings and it's Steve
 Pisney, who is some number who
 likes to talk tough. He used to be
 in the Marines.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

He's very sweet but he has a whole comic book edge to him, like he says hey man, I'm really hot tonight, I was just jackin' off. I said well, I've got some people here.

LINDA

You lie all day long.

PETER

Yeah, I do. It's amazing.

LINDA

I don't think you realize it half the time.

PETER

You do. I know when I lie. I don't know why I do them, but each lie is....

The loud sound of a jackhammer can be heard outside the window.

LINDA

I wish I could do that more. But you didn't want to talk to him, right? You wanted to work.

PETER

He wanted me to come over. To his house. So he said okay, catch you later.

The construction noises continue, bothering Peter.

LINDA

He's not a New Yorker.

PETER

No.

Peter gets up and walks to the open window and we hear the sounds off screen as he shuts it.

Peter is back at the table; he continues.

PETER

So I go back in the darkroom and I develop two rolls of film first, because there are eight altogether.

LINDA

This is the Ginsberg.

PETER

And it's in the hypo and the phone rings and it's Linda and she tells me to write this all out.

LINDA

You hadn't written anything before this?

PETER

No.

LINDA

Oh my God.

PETER

And I said I don't know that I could remember it all.

LINDA

Turns out....

PETER

Because I really began to think well, I didn't do anything, I just photographed Ginsberg, and that woman from *Elle*, she came in the morning and that's it.

LINDA

Isn't it interesting?

PETER

It really is. And as soon as I started, all this...

LINDA

I mean it's like a whole novel already.

PETER

All this stuff came. It takes me a bit of time to write it all down. I thought it would take a minute and it took like 12 minutes. So I got back to the darkroom.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I develop the other six rolls of film and that's in the hypo when Glenn O'Brien calls. And he says will you be home at 8:30? And I say oh, I don't know. I'm pretty sure I will because I'm at work, I should work but like I really don't want to, I might go out or something. I don't want to commit myself right now.

LINDA

You said this to him or you're thinking about it?

PETER

No, I'm thinking about it. I don't want to commit myself right now and I know I probably will work, but if I say yes, 8:30...

LINDA

He was going to call you back at 8:30?

PETER

No, he was going to be down in the neighborhood and he wants to know if I would give him the negatives of -- he's starting a rock and roll group called the Konelrad. He can't sing or play an instrument -- none of them can -- Nicky, the guy who did those anal paintings?

LINDA

I was just reading about him today.

PETER

Yeah, he did something on Saturday -- He's the drummer in this group.

LINDA

With his ass?

PETER

Anyway, I photographed them because -- it's almost like they're doing this hype -- I don't know if it's half-serious.

LINDA

Does any music come out?

PETER

Well, they haven't made any music. Glenn can't play or sing. And they're getting publicity. Like they got Lisa Robinson from *Rock Scenes* to do a picture of them and Fran Liebowitz to do an interview. And it's totally made up. They're Korean War brats who got together in Korea...

LINDA

They really are?

PETER

No, they made up this story and they talk as if it were real. So anyway, I photographed them for Lisa and I said yeah, I have no use for the negatives. I hang up the negatives and Vince calls. Oh no, I hang up the negatives and then I take a nap.

LINDA

Of course.

Linda stands and crosses to the bookshelf against the wall.

PETER

I needed a nap. Does that sound like too much?

LINDA

Two naps a day?

PETER

Yeah.

LINDA

Yeah.

Linda looks through her collection of albums, pulling a few half way out, to view them, and then pushing them back in.

PETER

The first one wasn't a nap, it was a continuation of my sleep and I needed an hour more.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I sleep for about fifteen minutes and Vince calls and he wants to know if he can come over and take a shower, at my place, because he has no hot water and he was really hoping that there was someone he knew that he could call and take a shower with. That he wished he had some friend, you know, some trick.

LINDA

Why didn't you give him the other guy's number? The one that was hot?

PETER

I should have. But they wouldn't get along. Vince wouldn't let him do his number. Sometimes when I've made it with him he calls me buddy.

LINDA

Great.

Linda places an album on the record player and then sits back down with Peter to listen ("Hold Me Tight," by Tennessee Jim)

22

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / DINING AREA - DAY

22

Linda and Peter dance to the song on the record player.

23

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - MAGIC HOUR

23

PETER

Oh, one of the details of the Glenn O'Brien conversation which I forgot was he wrote an article on Bob Wilson for *Italian Vogue* and they used one of my pictures. So I said hey Glenn, did you ever get paid for that and he said no. I said I want to get some money out of them. Do you have an issue around because I want to send them the bill, cause it's June-July 74.

LINDA

Picture of what?

PETER

Bob Wilson.

LINDA
Did you get a credit?

PETER
Yeah. Vince says he'll be over in a few minutes, once he gets his equipment together.

LINDA
For a shower?

PETER
Yeah.

LINDA
Did he bring his own towel?

PETER
Uh-hum.

LINDA
Soap.

PETER
No, he brought his shampoo, his hair dryer, that's all. Last time he came he brought a washcloth. So I go to the store and I get noodles, tuna fish, Progresso, and yogurt, plain. Then I came back and I did 27 push-ups and I turn on the television.

LINDA
The evening's entertainment commences.

24 **INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN & DINING AREA - MAGIC HOUR** 24

We watch Peter through the opening between the Platform and the kitchen. Linda joins him in the kitchen, carrying the tape recorder.

PETER
And then I decide to cook. But then I think oh, Vince -- it had been my plan before he called and I thought maybe I'll ask him if he wants to eat.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

He arrives and I ask, I say I'm not going to put any vegetables in or anything, I just don't feel like even frying an onion, but I'll just whip that up and he said I thought maybe we could send out for Chinese food. I'll treat. And I say oh, terrific.

LINDA

Save the tuna for another day.

PETER

So he gets in the shower and he says I'll go down soon and I think well it's silly to wait for him to shower and dry his hair and get dressed to go get the food, so while he was in the shower I said well I'll go get it.

LINDA

To that little place on Second Avenue?

Peter walks out into the dining area, and Linda follows.

PETER

Yes, the Jade Mountain. And then we decide. I say how about sweet and sour pork? He says the last time I had it there it was really terrible and I said oh, it just sounds right for tonight, and he says moo good gai pan and so we decide whether we should get two dishes, which might be too much, or something like fried rice, so anyway we get moo goo gai pan and sweet and sour pork, and he gives me \$7. So I go down while he's still in the shower and then what do I do? Oh, then I went to the Chinese restaurant and I ordered the stuff. I go to the Chinese and there's a guy there who looks sort of fat but he has a very nice face, there's something sort of lonely and strange -- he looks very much like an unmarried man, straight, of 35. He takes one of the cards from Jade Mountain, the calling cards and takes out a felt-tipped pen and he starts to draw on it, he makes sort of squares.

LINDA
Is he waiting for an order?

PETER
Yeah. He was waiting for his order,
which was chicken chow mein.

LINDA
Good luck!

PETER
And then the waiter comes out of
the kitchen, he says your order is
ready and the guy sort of nods but
he continues drawing. And enough
time has passed and he is still
drawing these boxes. He's really
into it.

LINDA
On the little tiny card?

PETER
Yeah, and he's really into it. So
the waiter stands there sort of
perplexed and then he walks back
over to him and says your order is
ready and the guy says oh! It was
three dollars and forty-five cents.

LINDA
For chicken chow mein?

PETER
For his stuff. And he leaves. Mine
takes another few minutes, and mine
is \$7.30.

LINDA
It comes to 7.30 And you only had
seven?

PETER
\$7.43.

LINDA
And you only had seven?

PETER
I had seven and I paid the
difference. Big spender. And I had
to get a coke for Vince, which was
65 cents.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

So I go to the store downstairs, the Greek place, and I get the coke. 32 ounces, which is 65 cents and I come back up and Vince is dressed and he's drying his hair. Oh, the guy in the Chinese restaurant -- the artist, I don't know what he bought in that store, but he bought something.

LINDA

In the Greek store?

PETER

Yeah. And he asked for the slip, he didn't pay for it in the Greek store, he just took the sales receipt and he wrote SCHMIDT on the back of it, without saying a word, and left.

LINDA

You should try that sometime. That's a good trick. I bet it would work up in this neighborhood, in Yorkville.

PETER

I think he has a charge there. Then I go back up and I open the containers and get out plates and we sit down and we eat. I have the sweet and sour and he....

LINDA

You don't share?

PETER

A little bit, but mostly, I don't really like moo goo gai pan.

LINDA

Did it stay hot?

PETER

Um, it was hot. Vince didn't eat much of his moo good gai pan, but I ate all of mine. And there wasn't enough rice. And then I said why don't you take the coke home because I still have the last one here, it's flat, since you were here. He lives on coke.

LINDA

That's why his skin is so great.

PETER

He does not eat good, Vincent. He really loves junk food. One night we were going out to dinner with Craig Karpel, and Fran Leibowitz, to an Italian restaurant. Vincent insisted on getting out of the car to go to McDonald's, and said he would meet us there, at the restaurant, for coffee.

LINDA

That's crazy. Maybe it was because he grew up on Italian food.

PETER

No, but I mean when you're with people? I mean he had to go to McDonald's.

LINDA

Get a fix.

25

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - MAGIC HOUR

25

Peter and Linda are back on her bed. The sun is going down outside.

PETER

I can't remember what we talked about. I told him about Allen Ginsberg. Oh, I also read him the beginning of the list. I said it's amazing. I had the feeling that I had done nothing today except gotten up, photographed Allen Ginsberg and developed the film and that was it. I often have the feeling that in my day nothing much happens, that I've wasted it.

LINDA

Well now you know.

PETER

I've wasted another day. All I did is I spent two hours with Ginsberg - this takes a day.

LINDA

Well that's why I'm doing this
actually -- to find out how people
fill up their days, because I
myself feel like I don't do
anything much all day.

PETER

You should do it.

LINDA

I'm going to.

PETER

Anyway, there's a knock on the door
and it's Glenn O'Brien, wearing one
of these coats like Joseph used to
have, with the fur collar, beige-
grey.

LINDA

You mean a storm coat?

PETER

With a belt, yeah.

LINDA

Suburban.

PETER

He doesn't take it off and he says
he's going to jam with Bruce. And I
say oh come on, how do you jam?
What do you do? You don't play an
instrument. And he said oh, we
listen to records and we say we
want to do it like that. I said you
should get Topaz Caucasian for your
band.

LINDA

She doesn't play anything either.

PETER

Oh, she plays the trumpet. But
she's fictitious, she doesn't
exist. She's a woman that was made
up by Pat Costello, who's part of
Wartoke, the music publicity place.
They do publicity for Stevie
Wonder. They're the ones who took
me on tour with Rod Stewart.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

So they would occasionally drop out the name Topaz Caucasian, seen at the Miami pop festival, whatever it was, or she was at Newport, that she made a brief appearance on the stage with Miles Davis, and they would put this in the papers. Topaz Caucasian is supposed to be a six-food red-haired mulatto and she really got into all the papers. I would be with people who would swear they had seen Topaz Caucasian.

LINDA

How did you know she was made up?

PETER

Because I was there when she was made up.

LINDA

Did Glenn O'Brien know she was made up?

PETER

No, I told him the story of Topaz, that she was made up and that she could really be just perfect. To say that you're considering Topaz Caucasian and he said yeah. He knew about Topaz Caucasian. He said that if someone had dared come out and say I'm Topaz Caucasian, they could have been heard, they could have made a record at least, cut a demo. Cause like people were saying who is she, who is she with? There's something as if they're doing it real. I almost think they're going to start collecting musicians. They just might.

LINDA

I have the feeling that Suzy Quatro did that.

PETER

Oh, now what happens? Oh, Glenn is there. He stays for about ten minutes, then he leaves.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

So it's just me and Vince and I say I have to get back to work and he says he's going to go home. Oh, I mentioned your book during this thing, and they are like Patrick says it would be great to have a sofa. I said it really would change my life and we discussed this during the dinner -- the make-out possibilities and how difficult -- you know in his apartment, he has a bed and straight chairs, so they either have to go to the bedroom and watch television, do it that way, or if they get on the bed -- he keeps the bed in the living room -- he keeps all these magazines and letters, he has to move all these.

LINDA

A couch would be in-between.

PETER

You can do it on the couch, you can sleep on the couch.

LINDA

You could stretch out and read on the couch.

PETER

Yeah, it's rather a wonderful thing.

LINDA

And some day it will be yours.

PETER

Ok. Vincent leaves and I go in the darkroom.

LINDA

It's about 10:00?

PETER

Probably. Somewhere in there. I'm not watching the clock. And I think about making enlargements for that restaurant job that I did. The interior of a restaurant. And I just hate printing it. He orders like 14 different prints. So the contacts are in the dryer already of Ginsberg.

LINDA
What's your reaction?

PETER
There's very little there. There's no contact. Them I make the restaurant pictures. And when I'm looking at them -- I was really exhausted, I just wanted to go to bed again, but when I start working I kind of wake up.

LINDA
Did you have lunch?

PETER
I had the liverwurst sandwich.

LINDA
I think you're malnourished. Do you eat enough vegetables?

PETER
Sometimes. But like yesterday that's all I had.

LINDA
That's not enough for a big man.
Really.

PETER
I guess not.

LINDA
That's why you're tired.

PETER
I'm not that tired. It's more certain things like Allan Ginsberg got me tired.

They've stepped outside again, to feel the air from the river and the night. We hear music coming from inside the apartment.

PETER
Oh so I start making the blowups of the restaurant and after I'd made half a dozen I realized this is really quite an incredibly good job. It looks very professional.
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I got all these different pictures of one restaurant, portrait of the owner, for \$450. That's really a steal. A good price. I was thinking oh it's really too much, I was in there a couple of hours and I did these pictures. And it looks just like the place. Fran calls and I said I'm working and she said ok, go back to work, I'll talk to you tomorrow and said goodbye. Then I finish up the restaurant things and I wash them and I realize that I better not soak them overnight because that poly-contrast paper starts to peel on the edges and I want it to look very presentable and neat. To get my money. So I wash them that night and dry them. And the heat is off, the heat has gone off about 7:30, just when Vince was taking his shower and it's getting very cold.

LINDA

Is that every night?

PETER

It's very peculiar. The night before it was on all night long, it was just so hot, and it stayed on until 7 and then went off until 2. It's on some automatic thing and it's very weird.

28

EXT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / TERRACE - NIGHT

28

LINDA

So you were cold.

PETER

Yeah, but I knew it was ok to leave the prints out to dry in the air, because if it was cold I could leave them overnight and they'd dry slower and flatter. Then I realize I have to go to Tina tomorrow, and I have to bring her the Janet Flanner pictures. She's buying two to trade for sessions.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

So I pick out two which are kind of matched and I realize that the print that I had made -- the one that you have -- is so much better, which I hadn't really seen before. Felicity had said I want that print today, these people are here for this party, and I was doing something all morning, I got home at 3 and I thought well I can make it in an hour and she'll give me 50 bucks for it. I might as well make the ones for Tina too. And I thought they were good, but I realized to do good work I have to like really have time to look at it, really see what I'm doing.

29

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / DINING AREA - NIGHT

29

Linda and Peter are seated at the table, surrounded by darkness.

PETER

Sometimes I just stand there and stare at it and it's even rather pleasurable. It really takes time to know it. It almost sounds corny. Anyway, I hadn't realized till then that they were really ordinary prints. They were good but ordinary. Like that one has really strange whites and black. So then I signed it and my pen isn't writing good -- like the P in Peter was just looking awful, cause once there's pen and India ink on the face of a print, it just looked puny. And I thought well I really can't get too tight with the ETER, at least I can keep it in the same scale but give it some zip, because it becomes like part of the image. The pen just wouldn't write boldly, it wanted to go slow. Anyway, I signed them and thought oh well. Oh, before that, there were two little spots that I took out. I spotted the print. And then I went through my photographs to try to find the picture of Frank Lima's daughter for Tina, who likes it.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Then I couldn't remember if I had it printed, but I knew there was one mounted one, so I found the mounted one and it was peeling off the cardboard. The mounting paste had come loose so I thought I'll try ironing it back and see if it sticks, and I went and got the iron -- this is now like 2:30 and I got a piece of white paper and I pressed it down. It all got back on the mount, and I thought it's a little messy around the edges, but I can say oh, but it's the original print. It was still nice, it was just that the edges were a little bit you know. And I never thought - I usually like things to be very crisp, but somehow I thought that was funny to even have that thought -- this is the original.

LINDA

You never thought that way before.

PETER

I don't know whether it's good or not.

LINDA

It's not bad.

PETER

It's like getting caught in...

LINDA

Well you wouldn't let yourself get caught into it too much.

PETER

As a look, I like it to be neat. There's something that bothers me about it.

Three candles on the table illuminate the space, but Linda and Peter haven't moved.

PETER

Oh, then I unplugged the iron and I noticed that there were a few little spots, and there was one spot on it that I really was amazed that I had gone around the print and there was like a hairmark -- because I used to be really good at spotting and now I find that I can't see as good.

LINDA

Really?

PETER

Up close. Is it far or nearsighted?

LINDA

Farsighted. Well I find I have to hold things like this.

PETER

Me too. And spotting, which I used to love to do, like see these tiny little spots and with the brush to be able to put pinpoints of dye on it. I could do it for hours. It was very satisfying. I was really good. And now it's like a physical unpleasantness, you try and get close -- not that it hurts, but it's not right. I can't see it and all the pleasure is gone, so that...

LINDA

Well, when you get your glasses.

PETER

I have to get glasses. Yes.

LINDA

Do you need them for distance?

PETER

No, just for up-close. When I first realized I was getting farsighted was when Maurice Hogenboom, who is a Dutch photographer living with Caterine Milinaire, came over to my house and then went to Phoebe's and he showed me a picture of himself -- he's quite beautiful -- and he pulled out a picture and he said look at this, and he put it about a foot away from my face. I mean not too close, and I had to back off. It was annoying. I had to take it in my hand and put it out there and say oh -- and I realized how strange, I used to be able to look at things that close.

LINDA

Didn't you think we'd be exempt from all these things?

PETER

I never gave it a thought.

LINDA

I never thought these things would happen.

PETER

In a way I thought yes, I had that feeling, that none of those old age things, not to me.

LINDA

Arthritis, bursitis, rheumatism.

PETER

Hon!

LINDA

I've got bursitis.

PETER

Oh and that was the last time I saw Maurice Hogenboom.

LINDA

He didn't want anything to do with you old guys.

PETER

No, he went to Brazil and he was photographing, and he stepped backwards off a cliff that was some thousands of feet.

LINDA

See what happens when you have to step back! It all hangs together.

31

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / PLATFORM - NIGHT

31

Linda is in her usual chair on the platform, and Peter on the couch.

LINDA

Anyway, you were spotting.

PETER

I was spotting, yes. Oh, then I got an envelope and a cardboard -- oh, I didn't have a cardboard. I did, but I didn't want to use it, so I used a mounted print, because I'm getting really low on cardboards, and I put it by the door so I wouldn't forget it. The contacts I dried on the electric dryer were already dry and I looked through, this first good look under my viewer, so I could really see the face and they were not good.

LINDA

Were they good enough for the *Times*?

PETER

Probably, but he gave out nothing. It's not that he didn't give out, it was that we didn't connect.

LINDA

Well he was so hostile though.

PETER

It does in a way reflect on me somehow.

LINDA

He certainly made it difficult though.

PETER

But like had he been attracted to me -- cause men often take different pictures from women of each other because I've seen pictures of men that women have taken that are sometimes so charming and such a come-on, like some of Shayla's pictures of men are just so touching and wonderful. There she is out there in the street, this beautiful girl, and she aims her camera at a construction worker. I'm getting off the track. I can't even remember what the track was.

LINDA

You were looking at the Ginsberg.

PETER

Yeah, and it really didn't have much. Actually, I hated them the first look, and the second look I thought well, this is possible and it's not uninteresting, but I did think in my snobby way oh it would be great to have Ginsberg and Burroughs in my book. Like when Susan said only for her friends. And I was thinking would Susan Sontag write an introduction to my book? Or should I have Vince Aletti write it or Fran could write something funny.

LINDA

The publisher would have something to say about that anyhow.

PETER

He'd probably love it. She'd probably help sell books. I mean wouldn't you be more likely to look at a photography book I'm sure it would mean sales -- than by Vince Aletti. I mean I really would love to make money off of it. And also to have it get around. You know I've always had a star thing, wanting to be some kind of a star or a star.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I would like my work to stand above that, that my work could stand about that, that my work could stand so all by itself without a single star in it.

LINDA

Well it could! I mean I find the star thing very superfluous.

PETER

Well actually they're not your everyday stars, like to me those were stars in the show. There's more to it. Like Joan Crawford...

LINDA

You know these people are very accessible.

PETER

It's like the same thing, like wouldn't you go out of your way to see Joan Crawford?

LINDA

She's not one that interests me that much.

PETER

If she were around the corner, you would go.

LINDA

I'm telling you, I feel very blasé about stars.

PETER

How about an evening with Joan Crawford?

LINDA

I think it would be gigantically boring.

PETER

It probably would be, but I'd be very curious.

LINDA

I'd rather meet Bette Davis more.

PETER

Yah, those are the people I mean, I just picked Joan Crawford because Vince showed me a book and on the cover was a scene, I think it was from King Kong over New York. It's some movie where New York floods and you see these big waves coming down the street and it was Herald Square, with Crawford.

32

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / BEDROOM - NIGHT

32

PETER

Where was I? I put them in the envelope, over by the door and I looked at the Ginsberg's, I don't like them, but I said well, there are one or two that aren't really that bad and I'm sure if I really print it incredibly, printing can sometimes...

LINDA

Bring out things?

PETER

Yeah, I mean even in the quality of the face, where in one print the person will look completely different, it's like adding something, forcing something to happen, which is interesting. Oh, then I started to write down my last notes of this and say I'm going to bed, but then I get up once I've done that and I sit down at the harpsichord and I run through the part of the Bach thing that I know. I make a few mistakes and I do it over until I play it nicely and it sounds good. I turn out the lights -- first I set the clock, I brush my teeth.

LINDA

You didn't eat all this time? Since dinner? I would have eaten six things by now.

PETER

Actually, I was feeling bloated. I don't know why, whether it was tension or -- why does one feel bloated? What is that a sign of? Because I hadn't eaten that much for dinner, but it felt like the food stayed in my stomach for hours.

LINDA

Probably shitty food. I think your stomach has shrunk, that's what it is.

PETER

No, it's actually sticking out.

LINDA

I think your stomach has gotten so small from not eating that a little food can stick it out.

PETER

After one and a half liverwurst sandwiches my stomach was actually popping out. I think it really has something to do with tension and smoking.

33

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT / TBD - NIGHT

33

Peter is standing by a window, feeling the open air. He's smoking one last cigarette for the night.

LINDA (O.S.)

You put a lot of energy into smoking that you could be using in other ways.

PETER

It's no good, I know.

LINDA (O.S.)

It upsets me, it really does.

PETER

I wish I could stop. I don't feel good. I have smoker's hangover all day long. Oh, then the harpsichord and I brushed my teeth. I set the clock for ten and I go to bed.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

And I fall asleep almost immediately, but then within a few minutes the whores are out in the street outside and they have this conversation and they talk so loud, with closed windows I can hear every word they're saying.

LINDA (O.S.)

What are they talking about? About the trade?

PETER

Yeah.

LINDA (O.S.)

Just shop talk?

PETER

Yeah.

LINDA (O.S.)

They kept you awake for a while?

PETER

No. I got up and I looked out the window. I watched them to see what they looked like and one of them was putting on makeup in the dark in the mirror of a car, an outside mirror. Actually, it wasn't a car, it was that blue truck that comes from the junkies' detention place up the block, they have a blue truck with tinted windows, and it has a small rectangular mirror. And then I went back to bed and fell asleep.

A very slow fade in-camera to black.

A shot of the river at night outside the apartment.