

DEBBIE, the girl in the tight purple shirt:

DEBBIE

You wanna talk about bad blackouts. I was married in one. I was married in a blackout. I'm serious...I was married for six weeks. I was 19 years old. I was married to this guy named Wild Bob! That was his full name. Wild Bob. So I guess I was Mrs. Wild Bob. Welcome to my life! Do you, Debbie, take Wild Bob to be your lawfully wedded husband? I do. I can't believe I said I do. He was a rock musician, like Gregg Allman. What could I do? I was a sucker for musicians. I've been in and out of these rooms four or five times now. It took me two and a half years to get 90 days of sobriety... that's a lot of drinking. I just got 90 days about two weeks ago. Nobody's asked me to qualify. So bear with me -- I just can't help myself. I've always done the direct opposite of what's good for me, I've gone through life sabotaging myself. I think I drank because I was pissed off I didn't grow up in the sixties, and party with Janis Joplin. You know what I mean. Everyone had long hair. The music was great. Peace, love, the clothes. I don't know. I don't know. I think I was trying to relive the sixties in the eighties, and it just didn't work out for me. I got stuck somewhere in the middle. I wanted to be Janis Joplin so bad. So bad. She was great.

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KATHY has cheered up. She's identifying with DEBBIE.
BECKY offers her a Lifesaver. LEO puts out his hand.

DEBBIE (cont)

Whatever I did; I did. I had a good time doing it, and now it's over. I mean I'm a strange bird. I was born weird...I don't know. Whenever I had a problem, people kept telling me trust in God, don't worry, turn it over to God. Trust...turn it over to God, and I wanted to trust in God but being from Brooklyn, I kept thinking that God was gonna rip me off. Now I don't though. I trust. I turned it over, I don't know. It works. Sometimes people say to me, "Why you angry all the time?" "Why you look so angry?" And I have to tell them, "Hey I'm not angry. This is how I look. This is it. This is the mug God gave me," but the same people keep asking me why am I angry, and that makes me angry.

FRANCINE puts in eyedrops. PHIL gets up, goes for coffee.
GARY tears up some construction paper.

DEBBIE

I've had to start doing physical things to release the stress. I've gotten into sports now. Watching them. I love NFL football. I especially like Keith Millard on the Minnesota Vikings. He's great. He's my favorite. Howie Long's not bad, either. He plays for the Los Angeles Raiders. Bo Jackson's great, too. A friend of mine got me a ticket to the Pro Bowl for a Christmas gift. It's in Hawaii, and I'm going. I can't wait. It's in January. I'm home every Monday night. Nine o'clock, channel seven. Monday Night Football with Frank, Don and Al. I take the phone off the hook, make some popcorn, kick my feet up and that's it. There's two games on Sundays,
(more)

DEBBIE (cont.)

too, so I stay in. Sometimes ESPN has one on at eight, so then there's three games. It's fun. I'm starting to get into college football, too. It's on all day Saturday. So my weekends are pretty much booked. I'm obsessive about most things I do. I don't enjoy the process of things. I have to learn how to enjoy the process. I want five years of sobriety now. I've got to take it easy. I have to learn how to relax. Football relaxes me. Next year I'm gonna get season tickets for the Giants' games.

CUT TO:

IN THE COFFEE ROOM, HELEN pours a cup. None comes out of the spout. She tilts the coffee maker for the last drop.

BACK TO:

DEBBIE (cont.)

Also I've become political for the first time in my life. I went on that march on Washington. The pro-choice march. It was exhilarating. Helen Reddy sang "I Am Woman." I freaked. I'm such a dyke sometimes, and I don't even have lesbian tendencies...go figure. I mean I feel politically that I could be lesbian, but I'm not attracted to women. There you have it. My life is full of contradictions but the march was incredible. I think it was the closest I ever got to really living in the sixties. You know, I met a few people in these rooms who were active drinkers and users during the sixties and who are clean now. One of them said to me that all the love and peace they were talking about and looking for,

(more)

DEBBIE (cont.)
 they found in these rooms. You
 know, I know what they mean.
 I can still be the Janis Joplin
 of the Holiday Inn circuit if
 I want to. I'll just be her,
 alive and sober...

CUT TO:

JIM'S APARTMENT.

JIM sits on the bed staring out the window, on his third
 beer. A knock. He opens the door.

TANYA. She's 19. Long black hair. Sultry and sad,
 a strangely depleted nymphet.

TANYA walks around the bed. Uncertain, curious. JIM sits
 on the bed. TANYA flicks the lights. She sees the candles.

JIM
 Didn't think you were gonna come
 over.

TANYA
 It's been a long time.

JIM
 I've been out of it.

TANYA
 You never even say "hello,"
 Jimmy.

JIM
 Yeah. So what? What d'ya
 expect?

TANYA
 It's alright...So what's up?
 How you been?

JIM
 How do you think? Come on.
 Why don't ya sit down.

TANYA doesn't sit. She can tell JIM is drunk and
 untypically vulnerable.

TANYA
 That's alright. You got a beer?