

Script Dumping Lisa

EXT. PARK - DAY

Lisa strolls through a park carrying a brown paper bag, angles towards an empty bench.

MARTY
Excuse me, miss, is anyone sitting
here?

She shakes her head. He sits.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Thanks.

LISA
You're welcome.

Marty sits at the very end of the bench, opens his briefcase and pulls out a thick book which he starts to read. He holds it high and angled towards Lisa, making it easy to read the title: "Ulysses" by James Joyce. When Lisa continues to nibble, she sneaks a glance over at Marty and smiles. He notices.

MARTY
What?

LISA
I'm sorry.

MARTY
No, really, what?

LISA
It's just that book you're reading.

MARTY
Oh. You know it?

LISA
Well, yes, but I've never actually
met anyone who has actually
finished "Ulysses."

MARTY
It is rather dense.

LISA
I started it I don't know how many
times and gave up.

(CONTINUED)

MARTY

I know what you mean. This is my third go through. After I read it the first two times, I never felt like I had a true grasp on it.

LISA

Wait--you've read it twice before?

MARTY

I'm not ashamed to admit the complexity of Joyce's stream of consciousness techniques had me completely befuddled.

LISA

Yes, me too!

MARTY

Of course, the brilliance of the novel lies in his use of classical mythology as a framework, borrowing freely from Home-run's "Odyssey."

LISA

You mean Homer?

MARTY

Huh?

LISA

You said Home-run, but obviously you meant Homer.

MARTY

Oh, yeah, right, of course. Silly me!

Marty slaps his head.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Duh! (extends his hand) I'm Marty by the way.

LISA

Lisa.

LISA (CONT'D)

I can tell you're really deep.

They shake.

(CONTINUED)

MARTY

Nah. Just another boring, egghead
Ph. D candidate pursuing a useless
degree.

LISA

Humble, too.

MARTY

Don't tell me: You're a lit major,
right?

LISA

Well, yes, how did you know?

Marty's cell phone RINGS.

MARTY

Excuse me.

He retrieves the cell from his pocket, clicks on.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Hello? (beat) Right now? (beat)
Sure, be right there.

Clicks off, stuffs phone in his pocket.

MARTY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Sorry. Academia calls.

LISA

Oh, sure, I understand.

He tosses the book in his satchel and rises.

MARTY

It was a pleasure meeting you.
Perhaps...another time?

Marty begins to back away. Waves.

LISA

Perhaps.

MARTY

Okay then...bye.

LISA

Bye.

He turns and heads off down the path. Lisa watches him
closely, a smile burning with curiosity frozen on her face.