

FADE IN: INT. Holden's Dorm Room

Holden paces the room, thinking about Jane with Stradlater.
Stradlater walks in.

Stradlater

Where the hell is everyone? It's like the goddam morgue in
here. Did you write my composition?

Holden

It's over there on your goddam bed.

(Stradlater goes over to bed and picks up composition)

Stradlater

For Chrissake, Holden. This is about a goddam baseball glove.

Holden

So what?

Stradlater

What do you mean so what? I told ya it had to be about a goddam
room or a house or something.

Holden

You said it had to be descriptive. What the hell's the
difference if it's about a baseball glove.

Stradlater

You always do everything backasswards. You can't do one damn
thing the way you're supposed to

Holden

All right, give it back to me, then.

(Holden goes over to Stradlater and tears up the composition)

Stradlater

What the hellja do that for?

(Holden starts to smoke)

Holden

You're back pretty goddam late if she only signed out for

nine-thirty

(Stradlater cuts his toenails over the bed)

Stradlater

Only a coupla minutes late. Who the hell signs out for 9:30 on

a saturday night

(Holden gives Stradlater an angry look)

Holden

Did you go to New York?

Stradlater

Ya crazy? How the hell could we go to New York if she only signed out for nine-thirty? Listen, if you're going to smoke in the room, how 'bout going down to the can and do it? You may be getting the hell out of here, but I have to stick around long enough to graduate.

(Holden continues to smoke)

(Stradlater continues to cut his toenails)

Holden

Did you give her my regards?

Stradlater (lying)

Yeah

Holden

What'd she say? Did you ask her if she still keeps all her kings

in the back row?

Stradlater

No, I didn't ask her. What the hell ya think we did all

night-play checkers, for Chrissake?

(Holden nervously shakes as he speaks)

Holden

If you didn't go to New York, where'd ya go with her?

(Stradlater playfully punches at Holdens shoulder)

Stradlater

Nowhere. We just sat in Ed Banky's goddam car

Holden

What'd you do? Give her the time in Ed Banky's goddam car?!

Stradlater

That's a professional secret, buddy

(Holden jumps up from the bed and socks Stradlater on the side of the head)

(Stradlater pins Holden against the floor, his knees on Holden's chest)

Stradlater

What the hell's the matter with you?

Holden

Get your lousy knees off my chest. Go on, get offa me, ya crumby bastard. You sonuvabitch. You don't care if a girl keeps all her kings in the back row. You don't care because you're a goddam stupid moron.

Stradlater

Shut up, now, Holden. Just shut up, now.

Holden

You don't even know if her name is Jane or Jean, ya goddam moron!

Stradlater

Now, shut up, Holden, God damn it-I'm warning ya. If you don't shut up, I'm gonna slam ya one.

Holden

Get your dirty stinking moron knees off my chest.

Stradlater

Holden. If I letcha up, willya keep your mouth shut?

Holden

Yes

(Stradlater gets off Holden)

Holden

You're a dirty stupid sonuvabitch of a moron.

Stradlater

Holden , God damn it, I'm warning you, now. For the last time.

If you don't keep your yap shut, I'm gonna-

Holden(yelling)

Why should I? That's the trouble with you morons. You never want to discuss anything. That's the way you can always tell a moron.

They never want to discuss anything intellig-

(Stradlater hits Holden again)

(Stradlater is holding a toilet kit for Holden's bloody nose)

Stradlater (worried)

Why the hell don'tcha shut up when I tellya to? You asked for it, God damn it. Listen, go wash your face.

Holden

Go wash your own moron face and stop off on the way to the can and give Mrs. Schmidt the time.