

MRS. WINTERBOURNE

Screenplay by

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based on the novel
"I Married a Dead Man"
by
William Irish

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NEW YORK - DAY

1

Blue like the ocean or the sky. Slowly, focus intensifies. The blue is a knitted fabric, covering something large and full and round ... A woman's left hand, with no wedding band, gently pats this roundness.

2 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NEW YORK - DAY

2

CONSTANCE DOYLE (19), in blue sweats and a ratty jacket that barely covers her large, round abdomen, lies on a park bench. A COP walks up, raps on the back of her bench.

COP
On your feet.

CONNIE'S POV - OF HER HUGE FRONT, her feet totally obscured by her belly.

CONNIE
Do I still have feet?

BACK TO SCENE

COP
Move along.

CONNIE
What time is it?

COP
Four o'clock.

THINK I
CONNIE
I specifically asked for a three o'clock wake up call.

COP
Let's go.

She hoists herself onto her feet. The cop prods her a little and strolls off. Connie hoists a small knapsack onto her shoulder.

CONNIE (O.S.)
Most pregnant women bring out the best in men ... then there's me.

She walks along, going nowhere in particular. A cool breeze blows through the trees. She tries to wrap her jacket around herself, but there's too much of her and not enough jacket.

CONNIE (O.S.)
I'm Constance Doyle. I'm nineteen years old, pregnant, single and homeless. How's your day going?

There's an empty can of Pabst Blue Ribbon in her path - she gives it a kick. Kicks it again, playing a little game with herself.

CONNIE (O.S.)

Hey, don't pity me. I don't need your pity. And I don't need your help. I help myself.

3 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - THE POND - NEW YORK - DAY 3*

ON CONNIE - As she walks into frame and stares at the water - DISSOLVE to an old photo of Connie's mother. *

4 INT. YOUNG CONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY 4

A scissors cuts out the mother's face, then the photo is placed carefully in a small locket on a leather thong.

CONNIE (O.S.)

Ma died when I was twelve. Right about the time a mother's s'posed to become this Encyclopedia Britannica of female crap you gotta know... Like how to dress...

5 INT. YOUNG CONNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 5

Connie at 12. In front of her mirror, wearing an ungainly dress and putting on too much make-up ...

CONNIE (O.S.)

How to use a tampon ...

6 INT. YOUNG CONNIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY 6

Connie at 13. The floor is littered with tampons. A confused Connie pushes another one through the tubes and watches it hit the floor.

CONNIE (O.S.)

How to deal with Dad ...

7 INT. YOUNG CONNIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 7

MOS - Connie at 14, arguing with her father, a fat man in a T-shirt, holding a beer can in one hand. He yells at her. She yells back. He raises a hand to strike her. She puts her hands over her face to protect herself.

8 INT. YOUNG CONNIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 8

CLOSE ON CONNIE

Her hands in front of her face. She slowly brings her hands down. She's now 18. She grabs her locket and runs out of the room.

9 EXT. YOUNG CONNIE'S SHABBY HOUSE - DAY

9

The door slams shut. Connie stands on the front stoop, holding her knapsack, looking lost.

CONNIE (O.S.)

So there I was, just eighteen and newly free of all family commitments. I had a whole world of possibilities in front of me. Hell, I even had bus fare ...

10 INT. NEW YORK DINER - DAY

10

Connie sits in a booth, counting out change from a beaded purse.

Across the aisle is STEVE - a smooth guy in sharp clothes, around thirty. He winks at her. She looks away.

CONNIE (O.S.)

Cocly me.
Now, some people will tell you New York City's fulla nothing but creeps, hustlers, and sleazeballs. On my first day I got to meet all three rolled into one.

Steve sits next to her. She looks the other way. He reaches out to her - with a little sleight-of-hand, he pulls a business card out of thin air and hands it to her.

CONNIE (O.S.)

He gimme his card. I thought cards were official, like a badge or something. I didn't know you could run 'em off at any copy shop.

She looks up at him, amused.

11 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

11

Connie and Steve are strolling along together. Connie is still admiring Steve's card.

CONNIE

It's nice, but it don't say what you do.

STEVE

Good cards don't do that. Too showy. I'm a agent.

CONNIE

Wow. For who?

STEVE

I'm not at liberty to say. Professional ethics. How old are you?

CONNIE
Eighteen. Today's my birthday.

STEVE
(impressed)
You shittin' me? You seem so mature.

Connie smiles, flattered. Steve smiles back.

STEVE (cont'd)
We oughta celebrate.

12 INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - ~~DAY~~ *Night* 12

CLOSE ON A TWINKIE with a lit wooden match in it - a breath blows it out.

CONNIE (O.S.)
Steve assured me I was both beautiful and unappreciated by the world at large, which is the last thing a lonely teenage girl wants to hear, right? *(w)* I fell for it. Moved right in with him.

13 INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - DAY 13

Seedy, with thrift store furniture. Connie hands out Pabst Blue Ribbons to Steve and a bunch of scuzzy friends who are gathered around a pile of stolen car radios, taking inventory.

CONNIE (O.S.) *at a dinner*
It was okay, for a while. Maybe he didn't give me flowers, but I sure had my pick of stolen car radios. The important thing was, he took care of me.

14 INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 14

Steve snores on top of Connie, his leaden body stifles her.

CONNIE (O.S.)
And he didn't ask for too much in return.

She manages to squeeze out from under him. She takes her locket from the night stand and opens it. She looks at the picture of her mother and shrugs apologetically.

15 INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY 15

Connie holds a pregnancy test up to the light. She can read a little '+' sign ... positive. She grins like a little kid.

again,

CONNIE (O.S.)

Things were finally starting to look up. I had this life inside me and it gave me hope. And to give you an idea of how stupid I still was, I couldn't wait to tell him.

16 INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - DAY

16

Another gathering of Steve's scuzzy friends, sitting around the coffee table, full of more stolen goods. Steve is staring at her, hopped up and angry - she's a terrified little girl.

STEVE

I suppose you're gonna tell me it's mine!?

CONNIE *for hell*

O'course it is, who else ...

STEVE

Don't gimme that shit.

He turns to one of his pals, who hasn't been listening.

STEVE (cont'd)

You screwed Connie, didn't you?

The pal looks up, scared.

PAL

No, man, never.

Steve grabs him by the collar and screams at him.

STEVE

I said, 'Did you screw Connie?!'

PAL

(quickly)

Sure, I did, yeah, lots!

He tosses the pal aside and dismisses Connie.

STEVE

Slut.

But she moves into him.

CONNIE

What are you -

STEVE

(coldly)

Get rid of it.

CONNIE

I'm not gettin' rid of it.

Steve raises a hand to strike her.

17 INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY 17

Connie grabs her knapsack. Then she picks up her little locket off the nightstand.

18 EXT. STEVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 18

FROM ABOVE - Connie runs out of the building, carrying her knapsack.

CONNIE (O.S.)

So ends my brief history with men.

19 EXT. ALONG A CITY PARK - NEW YORK - DAY 19

Connie walks past a rusted iron fence. It's autumn.

CONNIE (O.S.)

And if you're wondering why I kept the baby, well, first of all, it's none of your business and second, I guess I felt like I been alone my whole life since Mom died and I figured 'here's somebody who can keep me company,' which is stupid, I know, but like I told you, stupid's what I do best.

20 EXT. CITY STREET - NEW YORK - DAY 20

Connie walks along the busy sidewalk.

CONNIE (O.S.)

So, time to get a job. You ever try getting your first job at eighteen, pregnant, with no high school diploma? 'Cause it's real fun and I recommend it to anyone who's a little tired of the same ol' same ol'.

21 EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY 21

Connie stops under a sign with a picture of a cow with a halo. The sign reads "For Heaven Steaks." Connie goes in.

22 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY 22

SERIES OF SHOTS OF CONNIE AT WORK - getting bigger in every shot.

22A CONNIE - in her uniform - apron, cowbell and angel wings. 22A

22B CONNIE - steals a bite of food when the cook isn't looking - 22B
 he turns around and slaps her hand.

22C CONNIE - hugely pregnant now, is trying to put her uniform on. 22C
 The apron won't tie.

CONNIE (O.S.)
 The job was from God, but after awhile
 I couldn't fit the uniform no more.

23 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY 23

Connie carrying a heavy tray of food through the restaurant.

CONNIE (O.S.)
 Plus, when you're this fat, it's not
 exactly advisable to go around
 wearin' a cowbell.

An IDIOT CUSTOMER grins at her as she passes.

IDIOT CUSTOMER *
 (loudly) *
 Moooo! *

CONNIE *
 You're the roast beef? *

IDIOT CUSTOMER *
 Huh? *

CONNIE *
 You are now! *

Connie 'accidentally-on-purpose' dumps the prime rib she's carrying
 onto his head.

24 EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY 24

Connie being thrown out - she rips off her wings and throws them
 back through the door.

25 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - THE POND - NEW YORK - DAY 25*

This is where we left her, looking at the water. *

CONNIE
 So after that, I blew all my money on
 luxuries like food and toothpaste, my
 time at the 'Y' ran out ...

25A EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NEW YORK - DAY 25A*

Connie comes up the steps, leaving the park. She crosses traffic
 at 60th Street and 5th Avenue. *

26 EXT. CITY STREET - NEW YORK - NIGHT

26*

Connie walks along the busy sidewalk. We hear thunder and big drops of rain start to fall.

CONNIE (O.S.)

... so here I am, gettin' ready to spend my first night on the streets, which means I'm going to turn into one of those raggedy old ladies that sleep in cardboard boxes and yell at their shoes all night, which is, you know, what I always wanted to be when I grew up. But now I got this kid to think about, so I just can't let that happen.

27 EXT. STEVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DOORWAY - NIGHT

27

Connie is standing in the doorway of the building - it's pouring rain behind her. She presses the intercom buzzer. We hear Steve's voice.

STEVE (O.S.)

Yeah?

CONNIE

It's Connie, I'm about to have your baby out here in the street. Wanna come watch?

There is a beat of silence, then a woman's voice speaks.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Steve's out at the moment.

The connection breaks. Connie presses the buzzer again. No response. Again, holding it. Nothing. She pounds it with her fist.

28 EXT. STEVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

28

FROM ABOVE - Connie stands in the street, rain pouring down on her, shouting at the top of her lungs.

CONNIE

I need a place to stay! You owe me that, you asshole!

A window in the building opens and a fat man yells out.

FAT MAN

Why do I have to hear this?!

CONNIE

'Cause you live in the same building with an asshole!

Steve throws open his window and calls out.

STEVE

Hey, you walked out of here, remember? This ain't home no more!

CONNIE

You owe me!

STEVE

(a threat)

I'm warning you, Connie, you don't want me to come down there!

CONNIE

(threatening him back)

Oh, I want you to come down here!

*How does
Kenee
recognize
Connie*

STEVE
'Cause I'm telling you, I'll come
down there!

CONNIE
Come on down here!

STEVE
I'm not coming down there!

CONNIE
(pleading)
I'm telling you Steve, I got no
place, I got no money!

Steve flips her a quarter.

STEVE
Here.

The quarter flips through the air and lands in a puddle at
Connie's feet.

STEVE (cont'd)
Listen bitch, you wanted to have a
baby? Fine. Have it in the street.

He slams the window shut. Connie stands in the rain, looking up at
the window.

CONNIE
That's it, Steve. You're off my
Christmas list!

29 INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

29

He turns away from the window in disgust. Standing behind him is a
white-trash blonde with dirty hair (RENEE), wearing his bathrobe and
dragging on a cigarette. She's standing far enough back that she can
see out the window without being seen. She smiles at Steve. *

RENEE
Don't ever try to blow me off
like that.

Steve just smiles.

30 EXT. STEVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

30

Connie looks up at the window. The she turns and walks off through
the rain... She stops, turns around and goes back to fish out the
quarter.

31 EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

31

The rain is heavy now and the wind is whipping it with brutal
force. Connie, looking like a drowned cat, struggles toward the
terminal for safety.

32 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DOORWAY - NIGHT

32

The place is wildly crowded. Mostly with college kids, headed home for Spring Break. A HOMELESS MAN with a filthy paper cup opens the door the rest of the way for her.

MAN

Welcome to the crossroads of America.
I'm your host. Can I show you to
your bus or train?

CONNIE

Get that cup outta my face.

Connie pushes past him and almost faints. He catches her - she pulls away.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Get your hands offa me! Don't
touch me. Nobody touches me!

MAN

(re: her pregnancy)
Somebody touched you.

Connie struggles past him.

32A INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

32A*

Connie comes down the steps looking for a place to rest.

*

33 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - UNDER THE SCHEDULE BOARD - NIGHT

33

An anxious mob waits for their track number to be announced. When it finally is - there's a stampede.

Connie stands near the Information Kiosk. The Homeless Man appears and smiles at her.

*

*

MAN

You hoping for a boy or a girl?

CONNIE

What, you gonna knit me some booties?

She hurries off through the crowds and chaos.

34 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

34*

Connie is sitting on the stairway landing, exhausted. The Homeless Man sidles up next to her, putting the cup on the floor between them.

*

*

*

CONNIE (cont'd)

You again? Look, I've never begged before, but wouldn't you be better off buggin' people who have - oh I don't know - money?

*

MAN

Just trying to be nice.

CONNIE

Nobody's just 'tryin' to be nice.'
You prob'ly figured, if you had a
knocked-up girl to beg with, you'd
clean up, right?

MAN

We could beat the pants off that
blind kid with the violin.

CONNIE

I don't beg. Get outta here, you
smell like tuna fish.

MAN

I know. Don't you got a place to go?

Connie doesn't answer.

MAN (cont'd)

Here.

He reaches into his pocket.

CONNIE

Now don't you start givin' me money.
I'm not taking money from a beggar.
Get outta here before you make me cry
about both our goddam situations!

He brings out a Handiwipe. Connie looks up at him.

MAN

I was saving it, but go on, you take it.

CONNIE

(touched)

Uhm. Gee.

She takes it and rubs it on her face, her eyes tearing up.

The man thinks for a moment, he pulls out a piece of paper.

MAN

This is a shelter that's not too bad
on the West Side. I mean, they pray
at you, but the food's okay.

He drops the paper in her lap and hurries off. She looks up, but
he's gone. She speaks quietly, almost to herself.

CONNIE

Thanks.

35 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - AT THE SCHEDULE BOARD - NIGHT 35

Connie enters the crowd beneath the board, checking the piece of paper the man gave her. She turns to a WOMAN with a large family next to her. *

CONNIE

Excuse me, where do I catch the subway uptown? I gotta get to this address -

On the board, a little light flashes in front of the Boston train. The mother bawls out to her brood.

WOMAN

That's us! LET'S MOVE OUT!

She moves her family along with a fury. Connie gets swept along - they join the crowd surging toward the gate.

35A INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - STAIRWAY - NIGHT 35A*

Connie and the crowd surge past. *

35B INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - LANDING - NIGHT 35B*

Connie and the crowd surge past again. *

35C INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - TUBE - NIGHT 35C*

Connie and the crowd round the corner. They pass a sign indicating the subway is in the other direction. *

36 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT 36

Connie, caught in the crowd, comes down the ramp to the platform. She sees a shining silver train. She turns to the person next to her. *

CONNIE

Wait a second. This ain't the subway.

She gets pushed on. The CONDUCTOR (#1) shrieks ALL ABOARD! - pushing several people back onto the platform. The doors close. People bang on the glass as the packed train pulls out.

37. EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT 37

The train comes out of a tunnel into a driving rainstorm.

38 INT. TRAIN - CAR #1 - MOVING - NIGHT 38

Connie watches rain drops streaking past the window. She is pale, sweaty and dazed. She turns to ANOTHER WOMAN (#2) behind her.

CONNIE

Where's this train go?

WOMAN #2

Boston.

Connie is silent for a moment, then:

CONNIE

It's gotta be better than here.

She hears a clicking sound and looks up - the CONDUCTOR (#2) is up ahead, taking tickets.

CLOSE ON TICKET PUNCHER. It seems to make a DEAFENING SOUND.

CLOSE ON CONNIE and her look of panic.

39 INT. TRAIN - CAR #2 - MOVING - NIGHT

39

Connie slips into the car, eyes over her shoulder. People are packed in like sardines. Every seat is taken. People sit on the floor, play cards, listen to Walkmans, drink, read the paper ... Connie out of breath and scared, leans on a partition. There's a guy in the seat next to her. She meets his eyes, trying to guilt him into giving her his seat. He looks away, uncomfortable, and starts reading the paper. SUDDENLY -

CONDUCTOR #2
Tiii-ckuuuuts!

She looks up to see the Conductor standing right in front of her. — She starts rummaging through her bag, vamping for time. Pulls out her beaded purse and opens it - empty.

CONNIE
My husband must have it.
(looking back to the other car)
Stee-eeve!

The Conductor glances that way - she takes off the other way, using her last bit of strength to get to the next car. The Conductor hurries after her - the people on the floor block his way, accidentally-on-purpose.

40 INT. TRAIN - CLUB CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

40

A handsome young man in his early thirties (HUGH) is lounging against the bar waiting for his drink, WHISTLING "Sunny Side of the Street" and drumming on the counter in time to the beat.

Connie hurries through - sees the empty spot next to him and grabs onto the bar, grateful for something to lean on. Hugh smiles at her as he collects his drink. Suddenly, the Conductor is next to him, jostling him and splashing his drink as he grabs Connie.

CONDUCTOR #2
Ticket!?

She looks at him, a deer caught in headlights. But then Hugh is next to her, holding out two tickets.

HUGH
I have our tickets, sir.

Connie is amazed. The Conductor is pissed. He takes the tickets and punches them.

CONNIE
Told you I had a husband, asshole.

HUGH
(re: her pregnancy)
Of course she's got a husband, look at her.

(MORE)

HUGH (cont'd)
(then, with mock anger)
Or are you implying something about
my wife!?

CONDUCTOR #2
No, sir. Sorry, sir.

He beats a hasty retreat. Hugh smiles and Connie looks at him like she's never seen a man before.

CONNIE
Thanks.
(beat)
Look, I've had a rough couple of days.
We're not really married ... are we?

HUGH
(with a laugh)
Soda?

She laughs - a soda would save her life.

41 EXT. TRAIN - MOVING - NIGHT

41

As it zooms along.

42 INT. TRAIN - CORRIDOR - MOVING - NIGHT

42

Hugh squeezes his way through the crowded corridor. Connie is trying to keep up, still clutching her purse and the drink.

CONNIE *gentle*
I'm telling you, you'll never find
a seat! *COUCH*

There's too much noise for him to hear her. He stops in front of a sleeper compartment door and opens it, leading Connie in.

43 INT. TRAIN - HUGH'S COMPARTMENT - MOVING - NIGHT

43

It's small, but compared to the rest of the train it feels like St. Peter's. Connie looks around, stunned by the free room and the relative quiet. She drops her knapsack to the floor.

CONNIE
This is yours?

HUGH
'Fraid so. You wouldn't believe what
they charge for this sardine can.

Connie eases into a seat - she can't even remember the last time she sat down. It's the ultimate luxury.

CONNIE
It wasn't enough. If it was all the
money in the world, it wasn't enough.

HUGH

I had no idea it would be this crowded, but I forgot Spring Break. Boy, those college days seem a million miles away.

CONNIE

Don't they ever?

The door opens and another woman enters (PATRICIA) - a beautiful, classy woman about Connie's age, but dressed to the nines with lovely legs and perfect hair. She's also eight months pregnant, but she carries it lightly, as if it were a helium balloon. As she walks in, she looks with mild surprise at the pregnant woman in the compartment, then glances at Hugh.

PATRICIA

Hugh, is there something I should know?

Hugh smiles at her warmly and introduces Connie.

HUGH

Patricia, this is a pregnant woman I picked up in the club car.

She smiles and offers her hand to Connie.

PATRICIA

He has a thing for us.

Connie laughs. Patricia turns to Hugh.

PATRICIA (cont'd)

Did you get my drink?

CONNIE

(lifting her glass)

He gave it to the pregnant lady.

HUGH

(explaining)

I like her better than you.

Patricia sits down, sighing.

PATRICIA

Would you get me another one?

HUGH

Why not? Maybe I'll get lucky again.

He's out the door.

INT. TRAIN - HUGH'S COMPARTMENT - MOVING - NIGHT

44

Connie smiles at Patricia nervously. Patricia is completely at ease, with the quiet confidence of the privileged. Connie feels

like a pregnant water buffalo under her elegant gaze. She clutches her beaded purse in her lap, finding the silence between them uncomfortable - she knows she ought to say something, so she leans forward to introduce herself.

CONNIE

My name's Connie -

But as she leans, the train takes a jolt and she spills her soda over Patricia.

CONNIE (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

She pulls an old, stained bandanna out of her purse and starts mopping a startled Patricia.

CONNIE (cont'd)

I'm such a spazz. I should leave you guys alone.

Connie heads to the door, while Patricia spots her dress with a handkerchief. She speaks without looking up.

PATRICIA

How far along are you?

CONNIE

Huh? Oh, I don't know, twelve, thirteen months?

Patricia laughs and this loosens Connie up a little.

PATRICIA

You know you're my first American conversation? I've been living in Hong Kong since I was eight.

CONNIE

Oh, well, we all throw soda on each other now. It's kind of a new thing.

Patricia laughs.

PATRICIA

Don't worry about it. It's these trains. We'd have flown, but Hugh wouldn't let me take a plane in 'my condition.' And we heard such wonderful things about the Q.E.- Two.

CONNIE

I never even saw "Q.E.- One."

PATRICIA

You're funny. So, is your husband with you?

CONNIE

(feeling caught)

No, he's, uh, Steve is a little...dead.

PATRICIA

My God. I'm sorry.

CONNIE

He deserved it.

(quickly)

I mean, it was a long illness and in the end it - it seemed like a mercy.

45 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

45

The train zooms along.

46 INT. TRAIN - HUGH'S COMPARTMENT - MOVING - NIGHT

46

Patricia has a huge Louis Vitton steamer trunk open and is selecting a new blouse from a variety of expensive and beautiful clothes. There are also suitcases and several make-up cases around. Connie is stunned by these riches, looking through the clothes with undisguised envy.

PATRICIA

I hope you don't mind my asking, but your husband, Steve, did you get along with his parents?

CONNIE

I only met his dad once. ^{W.A.} It was a Super Bowl party and he came on to me.
(checking out a sweater)

You know, Patricia, if you're looking to get rid of any of this stuff...

Patricia looks up from doing her make-up, just noticing.

PATRICIA

Oh, you're soaked, aren't you?
Put it on.

Connie pulls off her sweatshirt to change. Patricia goes back to her face.

PATRICIA (cont'd)

Anyway, I'm going to meet Hugh's family and I'm so nervous. He'd hate for me to tell you this, but he's a Winterbourne.

She pauses significantly, obviously expecting a reaction. Connie's face pops out of the sweater, looking blank.

CONNIE

Okay.

PATRICIA

Come on, the Winterbournes. Boston?
Richer than God?

CONNIE

Oh.

PATRICIA

You've heard of them?

CONNIE

Well, I've heard of God.

PATRICIA

(laughing)

You're teasing me.

(she prattles on)

Anyway, I had no idea. My dad worked
for Credit Suisse in Hong Kong, so I
grew up as one of those transplanted
American banking brats.

CONNIE

Oh, those.

PATRICIA

(rolling her eyes)

Guilty as charged. So anyway, about a
year ago, my dad died and I didn't know
what I was going to do. I didn't have
anybody. I don't even remember my mom.

CONNIE

(looking up, touched)

I'm sorry.

PATRICIA

Then I ran into Hugh, and I thought
he was just another preppy American
slumming around the Far East, doing
the Miss Saigon bit? But, guess
what? I fell in love, so we bummed
our way to Europe, really living on
nothing, which I think is the best
way, don't you?

CONNIE

Hey, I swear by it.

PATRICIA

So I get pregnant, then we get married,
and he finally tells me he's one of
those Winterbournes, and they're -

CONNIE
Richer than God.

PATRICIA
Yeah, so happy ending, right?

She finishes her story, smiling in a happy way that makes Connie want to bop her one.

CONNIE
(under her breath)
Why can't I have your life?

47 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

47

A shot of our train, lurching ahead.

48 INT. TRAIN - HUGH'S COMPARTMENT - MOVING - NIGHT

48

Patricia and Connie are sitting opposite each other, legs outstretched, bare feet to bare feet, comparing them.

See Look at her feet *See* PATRICIA just as big as
See, my feet are bigger than yours.

CONNIE
Yeah, but how did they start? We're not talkin' size, we're talkin' growth rate.

PATRICIA
And look at my fingers. They're like hot dogs. I've got to get this ring off.

She starts tugging at her wedding ring and finally it flies off onto the floor by Connie's feet.

49 INT. TRAIN - CORRIDOR - MOVING - NIGHT

49

Hugh hurries to the door and opens it. He's greeted by the sight of two pregnant women crawling around the compartment floor on hands and knees.

HUGH
(as if writing a letter)
'Dear Penthouse...' *It was a long time ago...*

50 INT. TRAIN - HUGH'S COMPARTMENT - MOVING - NIGHT

50

They look up, embarrassed.

HUGH
There's a table in the club car, let's move!

PATRICIA

Be right there!

Hugh is gone - she turns to Connie.

PATRICIA (cont'd)

He'll kill me if I lose it.

CONNIE

I got it.

(re: ring)

God, it's beautiful.

CLOSE ON THE RING

An elegant wedding band with intricate floral etchings - the names "HUGH" and "PATRICIA" are inscribed on the inside.

PATRICIA

Go ahead. Try it on.

CONNIE *of fiction!*

Isn't that bad luck?

PATRICIA

Oh, I couldn't have had luck.

Connie puts it on and admires it longingly.

PATRICIA (cont'd)

We better go.

Patricia grabs Connie's purse to toss it to her.

PATRICIA (cont'd)

Here you go...

51 INT. TRAIN - HUGH'S COMPARTMENT - MOVING - NIGHT - (THE CRASH) 51

There's a jolt. The door flies open and Patricia disappears into the hallway, still holding the purse. *

The whole room seems to be tipping onto Connie ...

Then, she hears the sound, the LOUD SCREECH OF RIPPING METAL. The whole compartment seems to upend, to shift on a crazy axis, so that what had been the wall before her becomes the ceiling over her.

The floor rises up before her. The door is gone - hopelessly out of reach ... The emergency lights flash off and on, flickering on Connie's fearful eyes. As she is propelled backwards, her eyes flutter closed and we fade out ... *

CONNIE (cont'd)

There you are!

The nurse hands her the baby. Connie stares at the baby in awe. She rubs her lips against the baby's head.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Oh, God. It's so sweet - just like a little cookie.

The nurse tries to help her.

NURSE

Let me.

CONNIE

Hey, leave me alone! I know what I'm doin', awright!?

The nurse leaves in a huff. Connie cuddles the baby and speaks to it in baby talk.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Mommy doesn't really know what she's doing, she was lying to nursie.

She cradles the babe in her arms like a pro, and begins peeling off the blanket, checking it out.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Two legs, two arms, hands, toes, one, two, three... eleven? No, no, ten - ten toes. Fingers.

(checking in his diaper)

Oh, you're my little boy. You be careful with that, will you, Cookie? Those things can do a lot of damage.

She laughs. She looks around the room for the first time. A lovely private room - pastel wallpaper, a window.

Bouquets of colorful flowers fill the room. She's pleasantly surprised - turns to the baby to express her approval.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Nice digs.

Then she notices the tag on the baby's leg.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Shit.

54 CLOSE ON THE BABY'S NAME TAG - INSERT

54

It reads "Baby Boy Winterbourne."

52 INT. HOSPITAL - CONNIE'S ROOM - DAY

52

The camera pulls back from a window view of spring greenery, past a curtain, flowers in a vase, an IV stand and a cardiac monitor, revealing ...

CONNIE, under a white sheet, pale and sleeping, but alive. Her eyes flutter open, drowsily. Suddenly, they open wide and she tries to sit up. She gets tangled in the tube stuck into her hand and the three leads taped to her chest from the cardiac monitor. NURSE ALLMEYER enters the room. She tries to restrain Connie and tuck her in.

CONNIE
My baby! My baby!

NURSE
Careful, honey.

CONNIE
My baby! Where's my baby?

NURSE
Your baby's fine.

Connie stops struggling and looks up at the nurse.

CONNIE
What?

NURSE
Your baby's fine.

CONNIE
I want to see him - her - it - whatever.

Nurse tries to tuck her back in.

NURSE
Well, we'll see what we can do.

Connie reaches up and grabs the nurse by the collar.

CONNIE
What you can do is, you can bring me my baby, that's what you can do.

53 INT. HOSPITAL - CONNIE'S ROOM - DAY

53

MOMENTS LATER - the baby, in its little bassinet, is being wheeled in. Connie looks at it, amazed.

CONNIE
Jesus.

She hauls herself up in bed and reaches for the kid, tube in the back of her hand and all.

55 INT. HOSPITAL - CONNIE'S ROOM - DAY

55

BACK TO SCENE - Connie presses the buzzer to call the nurse.

CONNIE (cont'd)
You brought me the wrong goddam
baby!

(to the kid)
Too bad. You're a nice one.

She reaches up for the buzzer again - and freezes as she sees
what's on her wrist. Her name tag.

56 CLOSE ON CONNIE'S NAME TAG - INSERT

56

It reads, "Winterbourne, Patricia."

57 INT. HOSPITAL - CONNIE'S ROOM - DAY

57

BACK TO SCENE - Connie lowers her arm and studies the tag. Reaches
to touch it with her left hand - then freezes again. The wedding
ring is still on her finger.

DR. HOPLEY
Mrs. Winterbourne?

Connie looks up, panicked, to see DR. HOPLEY standing next to her
bed, with Nurse Allmeyer by his side. What did he call her?

CONNIE
What?

Connie looks frightened and disoriented.

DR. HOPLEY
Just checking to see how you're
feeling.

CONNIE
Look, no ... you guys got this all
screwed up.

Dr. Hopley takes the baby from her, then takes her pulse, smiling,
patronizing.

DR. HOPLEY
Wouldn't be the first time. Do you
remember the accident?

CONNIE
Do I remember? I was in a train
wreck! Who's gonna forget a train
wreck? How long have I been here?

DR. HOPLEY
You've been in and out of
consciousness for about eight days.

CONNIE

Holy crap. Where's here?

DR. HOPLEY

You're at St. Declan Hospital in Stamford,
Connecticut, Mrs. Winterbourne -

*

Connie pulls at him.

*

CONNIE

No ... there was another lady on the
train. Another pregnant lady ...

*

*

Dr. Hopley looks uncomfortable.

DR. HOPLEY
Did you know her?

CONNIE
Did? Oh, Jesusgod, she's not dead, is she?

The doctor casts a concerned look to the nurse, who nods and exits. *

DR. HOPLEY
Mrs. Winterbourne -

CONNIE
Stop calling me that!

The nurse comes back in, brandishing a hypodermic needle.

CONNIE (cont'd)
What's this? Whatthellisthis?

Connie flails away. Dr. Hopley tries to restrain Connie as Nurse Allmeyer plunges the needle into the tube. *

NURSE
Something to help you relax.

CONNIE
I don't need to relax, I need to goddam -

Dr. Hopley starts to wheel the baby away. *

CONNIE (cont'd)
Where are you going with him?
Listen to me ...

But the drug hits her suddenly.

CONNIE (cont'd)
Oooo. That feels nice.

She falls back on the bed.

CONNIE (cont'd)
(drugged)
Would you like onion rings with that?

She passes out.

58 INT. HOSPITAL - CONNIE'S ROOM - DAY

58

Nurse Allmeyer enters the room carrying a floral arrangement and a teddy bear. She opens the window curtains, letting in the light of the new day, which falls on Connie's sleeping face. The nurse leaves. Connie's eyes flicker open. Groggy, she rolls over in bed. *

She looks at her wrist tag - shit, it wasn't a dream. She sits up a little more. We see the bed is surrounded by a massive display of flowers. Connie looks at a card poking out of one of the bouquets and reads it.

9 CLOSE ON THE FLOWER CARD - INSERT 59

"To our darling Patricia."

60 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY 60

Through a display window, CLOSE ON a group of newborns in bassinets.

CLOSE ON CONNIE'S FACE - a look of serene amazement.

Nurse Allmeyer approaches her.

NURSE

Did Dr. Hopley say we could go for walks?

Connie smiles, trying to be the model patient. She tries to ease into the subject. The nurse starts leading Connie and her IV stand slowly down the corridor with an I'm-not-listening smile. *

CONNIE

You know, there's something kind of important I have to tell you.

NURSE

Now, honey, are we going to have a bad day? I thought we were going to have such a good day.

CONNIE

(quickly)

Oh, it'll be good, it'll be good. 'Cause I know I sounded kinda hysterical before, so you didn't really want to listen to me, so I'm gonna be real calm when I tell you that there has been one major screw-up here.

NURSE

Is that so?

CONNIE

Yes, it's so!...

(controlling herself)

Look, I gotta talk to Hugh...

The nurse looks away, uncomfortable.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Oh, not him too!? God!

They have reached the nurse's station. Nurse Allmeyer reaches for a needle.

CONNIE (cont'd)
No, I'm fine, I'm not hysterical,
I'm not hysterical.

But she sure sounds it - the nurse gets the needle ready.

CONNIE (cont'd)
(deliberately)
I - am - calm.

The nurse leads her back to her room.

61 INT. HOSPITAL - CONNIE'S ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Connie tries to sound casual.

^{gimme} CONNIE
Tell me, who's paying for all this?
The room, the hospital?

NURSE
Your family. ~~for brother-in-law~~

CONNIE
(snapping)
I don't have a family!

NURSE
Your husband's family.

CONNIE
I don't have a husband!

NURSE
I'm so sorry.

The nurse moves to her with that needle. Connie tries to block her.

CONNIE
Don't worry, I'm fine, see?

Nurse sets down the needle. She starts helping Connie into bed.
Connie tries again, more cautiously.

CONNIE (cont'd)
If, let's say, I wasn't Patricia
Winterbourne, I mean, if I wasn't
one of the 'richer-than-God'
Winterbournes, would I be allowed
to stay here?

Nurse Allmeyer gives a friendly laugh.

*Mrs. W.
your family has
been charming at
you out of day -
61**

*Mr. Winterbourne
was here and
took care
of every.
CONNIE
Mr. Winterbourne?
Did you ever have
a talk with
of this?
Lady he has such
a cool family?*

NURSE

This is a private hospital. We'd
throw you right out into the street.
(tucking her in)
Actually, the county wards are very-

CONNIE

I know. My mom died in one.

The nurse swallows, uncomfortable. She sits on the chair by the bed,
ready to listen.

NURSE

So what was it you wanted to tell me?

Connie is lost in thought.

CONNIE

When can we check out of here?

NURSE

Well ... maybe as early as tomorrow.

CONNIE

Maybe I'll tell you tomorrow.

DISSOLVE TO:

- | | | |
|----|--|----|
| 62 | EXT. STEVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING) | 62 |
| 3 | INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT | 63 |

Steve is talking with a policeman. The cop is displaying a business
card - the one we saw Steve give to Connie. Under his arm, the cop
holds Connie's beaded purse.

POLICEMAN

We found this card with your address.

Steve takes the card, thinks for a moment, then shakes his head.

STEVE

Connie Doyle, huh? ... Sorry, never
heard of her.

POLICEMAN

Any idea how she got your card?

STEVE

Shit, I give those to every chick I
meet. You oughta try it.

POLICEMAN

I'll remember that.

He goes. Steve shuts the door and strolls back to the TV, flopping
down on the sofa next to Renee, now in one of his shirts. They
suck Pabst Blue Ribbon and watch Bobcat Goldthwaite. After a beat.

STEVE
 Connie's dead.

RENEE
 Who's Connie?

STEVE
 That night in the rain. The bitch
 hollerin' at the window.

They watch TV for a beat.

RENEE
 Dead?

STEVE
 Uh-huh ... She was gonna have my baby.

Another pause.

STEVE (cont'd)
 Makes you think, doesn't it?
 (eyes on the TV)
 Man, that Bobcat Goldthwaite's funny!

They sit watching the show.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - CONNIE'S ROOM - MORNING

64

Nurse Allmeyer rolls the baby in. Connie is asleep on the bed,
 covers pulled up around her neck.

NURSE
 Look who's visiting Mommy!

CONNIE
 (opening her eyes, groggy)
 Oh, thank you, Nurse.

Nurse smiles and leaves. Immediately, Connie throws off the covers. *
 We see that she is fully dressed in an outfit of Patricia's. She *
 rolls out of bed and hurries to the closet, throwing it open. She *
 grabs a suitcase (already packed) and pulls it out. She talks to the *
 baby in the bassinet. *

CONNIE (cont'd)
 Okay, Cookie, we're outta here ... *

The phone RINGS. She freezes - who would call her? Better let it
 ring.

She starts to pick up the baby - then she hears Nurse Allmeyer's *
 footsteps in the hallway, approaching. *

NURSE (O.S.)

Is everything okay, Mrs. Winterbourne?

*
*

Connie dives into the bed and just has time to pull the covers up to her neck before the nurse pokes her head in.

*
*

NURSE (cont'd)

Aren't you going to answer your phone?

*
*

CONNIE

Is that what that is? I thought I had a ringing in my ears. What a relief.

*
*
*
*

She laughs and picks up the phone.

*
—

CONNIE (cont'd)

Hello?

Nurse Allmeyer leaves.

*

GRACE (V.O.)

Hello, this is Mrs. Winterbourne.

Connie sits on the bed, terrified. Is it Patricia's ghost calling?

CONNIE

What?

GRACE (V.O.)

I'm Hugh's mother. Is this Patricia?

CONNIE

Oh, God. I feel so awful about this -

INTERCUT WITH:

65 INT. WINTERBOURNE MANSION - GRACE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

65

CLOSE ON GRACE in bed, looking drawn and tired. But the grief on her face can't hide her beauty, or the fire in her eyes. She wears an elegant nightgown. An oxygen tank and medical supplies are beside the bed. *

GRACE

We all do.

CONNIE

No... Jesus, this is difficult. You -

GRACE

I wanted to come see you but the damn doctors say I can't travel. I'm surprised they don't chain me to the bed. *

CONNIE

Mrs.-

Grace cuts her off - once she gets going, it's hard to stop her.

GRACE

You don't have to talk now. I just want to say, I know you don't have any family in America and I want you to consider the Winterbourne house your home. *

CONNIE
Oh, man, that's nice, but -

GRACE
But what? I'm your mother-in-law,
don't argue with me. Besides, that's
my grandson you've got there.

Connie looks down at the baby, feeling like an absolute shit.

CONNIE
Well ...

GRACE
Now, I've already sent a car for you.

CONNIE
(panicking)
You can't do that...

GRACE
Okay, you're proud. I respect that,
but where else do you have to go?

Connie looks down at the baby. That is the \$64 question.

GRACE (cont'd)
We'll be expecting you.

Grace hangs up before Connie can object.

65A INT. MANSION - GRACE'S BEDROOM - DAY

65A

Grace throws her covers off and climbs out of bed, suddenly full of energy. She hurries to the wardrobe and flings open the doors, going through her clothes, trying to pick the right thing to wear.

A maid (SOPHIE) enters and is shocked to see what Grace is doing.

SOPHIE
Ma'am, you're supposed to rest!

GRACE
My grandson's coming, I have to get ready.

SOPHIE
But Mrs.--

GRACE
Oh, go somewhere and clean something.

Grace pulls out a pair of shoes. Sophie opens the door and calls out.

SOPHIE
Dr. Tabackin!

GRACE
(picking out some hose)
Traitor.

DR. TABACKIN, in a Brooks Brothers suit, hurries in.

DR. TABACKIN
Mrs. Winterbourne!

GRACE
Will you leave me alone? I can take
care of myself. If I need oxygen, I
just shove this thing on my face.

DR. TABACKIN

Mrs. Winterbourne, fighting it won't help. This is a hereditary heart disorder. You know what happened to your mother ...

GRACE

Sure. She listened to all this medical mumbo-jumbo and it killed her.

DR. TABACKIN

Now, Mrs. --

GRACE

Don't look at me like I'm an invalid! You make me sick by making me feel sick.

(then, defiant)

Dr. Tabackin, I've just lost my son. Of course, I feel terrible. But his wife and my grandson are coming and I am going to welcome them and I am going to give them some comfort. Now are you going to try to stop me?

DR. TABACKIN

(giving up)

Just take it easy.

GRACE

I'm dressing, would you get out of my room?

Dr. Tabackin sighs and walks out, Sophie in tow. Once he's gone, the wind goes out of Grace's sails and she leans back against the wardrobe, exhausted and spent.

66 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

66

Connie hurries down the hall, baby bundled in her arms, struggling to carry one of Patricia's fancy suitcases and a baby bag. Patricia was a taller woman, so her clothes are just a little baggy on Connie - she's rolled up the sleeves and made do.

She makes it around corner just as A HEAVY HAND FALLS ON HER ARM. She turns to see a middle-aged Hispanic gentleman in a dark suit (PACO).

PACO

Mrs. Winterbourne?

CONNIE

No.

PACO

(looking at tag on her wrist)
That's what it says.

CONNIE

Don't believe everything you read.

Paco takes charge of her, like a totalitarian mother hen - sweeping her into a wheelchair and bundling her and the baby in a blanket.

PACO
 (irritated)
 What you doin' walkin' outta here?
 You supposed to ride outta here,
 don't you know nothin'? Walkin'!
 Come on, we're goin' home.

He softens when he tucks the baby into her arms.

PACO (cont'd)
 Oh, man, he looks just like his father.

CONNIE
 Jeeze, I hope not.
 (quickly)
 I mean, you think so?

67 EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS - DAY

67

Paco leads Connie down a flagstone path to a 1965, mint-condition Rolls Royce. Connie has never seen anything like it.

CONNIE
 What's this?

PACO
 It's a Rolls Royce.

CONNIE
 Wow! That's like the Cadillac of automobiles, isn't it?

PACO
 No. The Mercedes Benz is the Cadillac of automobiles. This is a Rolls Royce.

68 INT. ROLLS ROYCE - EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS - DAY

68

Connie stands next to the car. Paco is buckling the baby into an expensive car seat. *

CONNIE
 Careful, he's got a head, you know.
 (beat)
 I have to explain something ...

PACO
 Mrs. Winterbourne, you don't explain to me. I'm just Paco. You got to explain, you explain to Mrs. Winterbourne, okay Mrs. Winterbourne?

He shuts the door.

- 69 EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS - DAY 69
The Rolls pulls away.
- 0 EXT. EXPRESSWAY - DAY 70
The Rolls on the Expressway, driving past. WE PASS a sign reading,
'BOSTON 70 MILES.'
- 71 EXT. EXPRESSWAY TUNNEL - DAY 71
Emerging from the tunnel, Boston is revealed.
- 72 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 72
The Rolls is the only car around.
- 73 INT. ROLLS ROYCE - EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOVING - DAY 73
Connie eyes Paco watching her in the mirror. In this car, he's a
long way off. *

CONNIE

What are you starin' at?

PACO

You.

CONNIE

Oh. So, do I look ... the way you
expected ~~me to~~?

PACO

Not really. Hugh was always stuck
on the blondes. You know, tall,
elegant, sophisticated...

CONNIE

Well, he got tired of those.

(thinks for a moment)

So, he never sent any pictures of
me, huh?

PACO

You know Hugh, he didn't like
cameras. You gotta save the film,
develop it, remember to pick it up,
too much responsibility.

(laughs - then sadly)

Tha's Hugh. Poor boy.

CONNIE

Yeah.

She looks at the baby, lost in thought. *

- 74 EXT. AERIAL CAUSEWAY - DAY 74
The Rolls crosses the Causeway.
- 5 EXT. WINTERBOURNE MANSION GATES - MARBLEHEAD - DAY 75
The Rolls drives through as the gates swing open. We see a big "W" on the ornate, wrought-iron gates. *
- 76 EXT. WINTERBOURNE MANSION - DAY 76
A huge Marblehead estate - a vast house at the end of a long drive.
The limo pulls up the long drive. A Cadillac STS is parked off to the side. A GARDENER is working on the hedges. A MAN washes the windows. They all stop to see if they can get a glimpse of the new Mrs. Winterbourne. *
- 77 INT. ROLLS ROYCE - EXT. MANSION - FRONT OF THE HOUSE - DAY 77
Connie just stares out at this massive structure from within the recesses of the limo ... she moves back into the shadows a little further, her eyes wide with awe.

CONNIE
(like a whisper in church)
Holy shit...

Paco opens her door. She looks up at him, scared.

Drop me off...
CONNIE (cont'd)
Drop me off in town.

PACO
You crazy?

CONNIE
Come on, be a pal.

Unwillingly, she lets Paco pull her and the baby out of the car.

- 78 EXT. MANSION - FRONT DOOR - DAY 78
Connie stands, holding the baby and her breath, as Paco opens the front door and we FOLLOW THEM INTO:
- 79 INT. MANSION - FOYER - DAY 79
Marble floor, huge central staircase, chandelier. Old money at its oldest and most grand. Connie stumbles a little as she steps in.
Grace comes down the stairs, looking regal in a lovely dress. She moves to Connie and the baby with a bittersweet smile. *

GRACE
Hello, Patricia.

CONNIE

Hi ... Look, something terrible has happened.

GRACE

I know.

CONNIE

No, no, no, look... I know you had a terrible thing happen, but your terrible thing and my terrible thing are two different terrible things.

GRACE

I understand. You lost a husband. I lost a son.

Connie's at a loss. She doesn't know what else to do. She holds the baby out.

CONNIE

Would you like to hold ...

GRACE

My grandson.

Connie hands the baby to Grace, who begins to tear up. Grace moves into the hallway with the baby and sits down. She holds the baby tenderly, trying to ignore the tears. *

GRACE

Oh. It's been a long time since I've done this.

CONNIE

(following her)

You're doin' fine. *

Grace looks at the baby's face. *

GRACE

What have you named him? *

CONNIE

'Cookie.'

GRACE

Pardon? *

CONNIE

I was just sort of trying that out. I haven't really decided. *

GRACE

Have you thought about 'Hugh'? He looks so much like him. *

CONNIE

Okay, sure ... fine. Hugh it is. *

Grace can't hold back the tears any longer. She's really crying now. Paco is moved by this, too. *

GRACE

I miss him so much. *

Connie reaches out to touch Grace. She hears someone coming down the stairs and glances up. *

80 INT. MANSION - FOYER/STAIRCASE - DAY

80

CONNIE'S POV - On the man coming down the stairs. IT'S HUGH. Connie panics. Is it a ghost? Is Hugh really still alive? Her first instinct is to flee. Connie grabs the baby from Grace.

CONNIE

That's enough! It was good to see ya!

GRACE

What's the matter?

CONNIE

(babbling)

I got - I got - there's this - thing
I gotta do.

"Hugh" is standing next to Grace now. Grace notices the look on Connie's face.

GRACE

Patricia, didn't Hugh tell you he had a twin?

CONNIE

(trying to recover)

Yes, but ... I didn't know he was identical.

GRACE

Oh, that must have been such a shock.

CONNIE

No, I'm still confused from that train wreck.

Grace shoots an annoyed look at Bill.

GRACE

Anyone with half a brain would be sensitive to that.

BILL

Thank you, Mother.

He steps forward and offers his hand. His manner at the best of times is reserved and abrupt, with an acerbic wit that keeps the world at a distance. And this isn't the best of times.

BILL (cont'd)

I'm Bill.

She's got her hands full with the baby - she awkwardly extends a finger, and he shakes it, observing all proper decorum.

BILL (cont'd)

I only wish we could have met under more pleasant circumstances.

CONNIE
(looking around)
No, this is okay.

BILL
I meant, before the accident.

CONNIE
Oh, yeah. Um ...
(it worked before)
You want to hold your...
(she waits but Bill does nothing)
... I guess, nephew?

The idea obviously makes him uncomfortable.

BILL
Well, I'd really ...

Bill stands, slightly panicked, holding the child in his stiff arms. *
Grace tries to smooth over Bill's awkwardness.

GRACE
Isn't he a lovely child, Bill?

He knows he must say the right thing.

BILL
Oh, yes. Lucky for him he doesn't
look anything like us.

Connie swallows, uncomfortably.

GRACE
Oh, Bill. *

Grace leans in and takes the baby from Bill and heads up the stairs. *

GRACE (cont'd) *
Come on, Patricia, this way. *

81 INT. MANSION - CONNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

81

Hugh's old bedroom, re-done for the happy couple. Colorful, light. An alcove to one side has been done up as an elaborate nursery, with every creature comfort a drooling infant could hope for. The baby is sleeping in an antique crib. Connie is sitting next to him, beating her head with her fists.

CONNIE
What was I thinking!? I'll never
get away with this!

Grace enters, carrying a couple of photo albums, again decorated with the Winterbourne crest.

Connie immediately wheels to her feet, one hand on the crib, looking as poised as she can and speaking in her idea of 'rich people talk.'

CONNIE (cont'd)
Hello, Mother Winterbourne.

Grace smiles at Connie's attempt.

GRACE
That's what I called my mother-in-law when I first met her. It felt appropriate. She seemed so cold and distant. *

CONNIE
What did you end up calling her?

GRACE
Mother Winterbourne. She was cold and distant. *

She sits on the bed and starts flipping through the albums.

GRACE (cont'd) *

I had these put together when Hugh told me you were coming. Old pictures of the boys to torment you with during your visit. Hugh was particularly embarrassed by this one of him naked except for the cowboy hat and the holster. But, you're only in college once, I suppose. *

She closes the books, with a sigh.

GRACE (cont'd)
You know, I just haven't got the strength to cry anymore.

Pulling herself together, Grace looks at Connie and forces a smile.

GRACE (cont'd) *

Call me Grace.

She bends over the crib, breathing in near the baby's head.

GRACE (cont'd)
Babies have such a wonderful smell. If I close my eyes, I can imagine it's Hugh. *

She looks over at Connie, while gently touching the baby's head.

GRACE (cont'd)
Thanks for keeping this one safe.

~~to a much~~
~~it's a much~~ forgotten.

Grace quietly walks out of the room. Connie looks down at the baby.

CONNIE

(to baby)

Can Mommy go to prison for this,
Cookie? Can you say, 'five to ten'?

81A EXT. MANSION - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

81A*

82 INT. MANSION - CONNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

82

A LITTLE LATER. Pictures are strewn over the bed - the boys as children together, and with Paco ... WE MOVE OVER THIS to Connie, standing in front of the mirror, practicing her 'rich person' voice. *

CONNIE

(very proper)

Hello.

(not quite - she tries again)

Hello... Hello!... Hello...

There's a knock on the door. She turns, irritated.

CONNIE (cont'd)

(her old self)

What!?

Paco opens the door and enters.

PACO

Dinner will be served promptly at eight.

She composes herself - speaks very properly.

CONNIE

Thank you ... Hey, Paco?

He stops.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Grace. Is she okay?

PACO

Well, three years ago, she have a
... how do you say it?

He gestures to his heart. Connie volunteers.

CONNIE

Heart attack?

PACO

Myocardial infarction. We think
maybe we lose her. But she a
strong woman. She bounce right
back. Then this terrible thing
happen ... everybody afraid she

(MORE)

PACO (cont'd)
 might get sick again. But she
 say, 'no,' she want to stay alive,
 see that baby.

Connie swallows, taking this in.

CONNIE

Oh ...

Paco looks down at the photos on the bed. Connie watches him, seeing
 the look of grief pass over his face.

PACO

People couldn't tell them apart,
 but I always knew. Even when they
 were babies ...

He pulls himself together.

PACO (cont'd)

We dress for dinner.

Connie gives him a big thumbs-up.

CONNIE

Me too!

Her baggy sleeve flops down her wrist. She tugs at it self-consciously.
 Paco exits. Connie goes over to the bassinet and picks up the baby.

CONNIE (cont'd)

All right, Cookie, here's our
 choices the way I see 'em. We can
 stay here and have four-five square
 meals a day, people to take care of
 us... or we can live in a box. Don't
 look at me like that. I tried to
 tell her. You tell her. She likes
 you. One thing, though. The
 truth'll probably kill her.

83 INT. MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

83

Bill is mixing martinis in a shaker and being scolded by his mother. *
 He pointedly pours her a glass of mineral water. *

but he got for the door the moment
 BILL

~~She screamed the moment she saw me.~~

didn't scream
 GRACE

She ~~never~~ screamed. And who can
 blame her? You coming at her,
 looking like that.

BILL

This is my face. Do you want me to
 get plastic surgery or a disfiguring
 scar so she can feel more at ease?

GRACE

I want you to be friendly toward her.

BILL

I was as friendly to her as I am to anyone.

GRACE

That's not good enough. ^{BILL} Make an effort. She's a member of the family, after all.

BILL

Family? We don't even know who this woman is.

GRACE

She was good enough for Hugh.

BILL

She's not even his type. Where did he find her? Where could they possibly have met?

GRACE

(not liking his attitude)
What do you mean?

BILL

Well, she's hardly in his ...

GRACE

Class?

BILL

Frankly, yes. There's a bit of white trash around the edges, don't you think?

Grace looks at him, eyes narrowed.

GRACE

How did I ever raise such a snob?

BILL

It's a mystery, Mother. Let's ask the servants.

Bill takes his drink and heads out into the hall. Grace dumps the water from her glass into the ice bucket, filling her glass with the martini from the shaker.

GRACE

(calling after him)
William, I demand that you at least give her a chance.

*
*
*
*
*
*

84 INT. MANSION - UPPER HALLWAY/STAIRCASE - NIGHT

84

Connie and the baby round the corner and then start walking down the stairs. She stops and looks down the length of the banister. She smiles, then descends the stairs with the measured, even tread of a man walking the last mile. At the bottom, she turns left.

*

*

85 INT. MANSION - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

85

Connie walks down the hallway.

CONNIE

(to baby)

We might get lost. Why don't you
leave a trail of drool behind us?
Good boy.

Connie stops, sees an open door, looks in, then enters.

86 INT. MANSION - BILLIARD ROOM - NIGHT

86

As Connie enters, she finds a HUGE snooker table.

CONNIE

Cool.

She sets the baby carrier down and picks up a pool cue.

CONNIE

(to the baby)

Keep watchin'. Mamma's gonna show
you a thing or two.

The balls are already racked - she breaks expertly.

CONNIE (cont'd)

~~Right corner, bank shot.~~

*Ball shot, red ball. M side
pockets*

She makes the shot and sinks the ball, perfectly. The baby gurgles.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Hang on, you'll get your chance.

Paco enters, she looks up at him.

CONNIE (cont'd)

I figured it out. ~~It was~~ Colonel
Mustard, in here, with the lead
pipe. *did it*

*
*
*
*

Paco doesn't laugh.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Want to play some pool?

PACO

Snooker.

CONNIE

(offended)

What did you call me?

PACO
(taking the pool cue)
It's a snooker table. That's a
gentleman's game.

CONNIE
(subdued)
Oh.

PACO
The dining room is this way.

Connie picks up the baby.

CONNIE
You know what you need? Some of
those 'you are here' maps.

PACO
Hurry up, they're all waiting for you.

86A INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

86A

Paco leads the way, Connie follows, carrying the baby.

CONNIE

Hold on a second. What do you mean,
'all'? Who's all waiting for me?

PACO

Jus' family. Mrs. Winterbourne,
Bill and the Father.

CONNIE

(trying too hard)

Great, I've been dying to meet
Hugh's father. He never stopped
talking about him.

Paco looks puzzled. They cross into the living room, heading toward
the dining room.

PACO

Father Brian is the monsignor.
Hugh's father died three years ago.

Connie looks at him, her face blank. *

CONNIE *

Oh, right! *

Paco shakes his head, sadly. *

PACO *

That's when she get so sick. *
First the husband, then the son. *
Too much. *

87 INT. MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

87

Grace and Bill and FATHER BRIAN, a red-faced, obtuse and jolly priest
in his sixties, are seated at the table, waiting. They look up,
spotting Connie, the baby and Paco as they enter. Bill and the
Father rise, looking straight at her. She clutches the baby a little
tighter and suppresses the desire to run from the room ... Grace
gestures for her to be seated.

CONNIE

Sorry to keep you waiting. I got
lost.

FATHER BRIAN

If the truth be known, I've been
coming here for years and I still
get lost.

GRACE

Patricia, this is Father Brian Kirrane.

She extends her hand.

FATHER BRIAN

Pleased to meet you.

A SERVANT places a bowl of soup on Connie's plate. Then Grace, then Bill, then Father Brian are served. *

CONNIE

It's a pleasure. Hugh spoke of you so often, and with such affection.

FATHER BRIAN

That's so touching. Especially since I haven't see him since his first Communion.

CONNIE

Well, it made a big impression.

FATHER BRIAN

He was a fine young man. He will be missed.

CONNIE

Thank you.

(to Grace)

And thank you for so generously welcoming me into your home.

The maid, Sophie, approaches Connie and starts to take the baby. Connie grabs on tight and barks in her real voice.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Hey, what's with the hands!?

SOPHIE

(confused)

Dinner is served, may I take the baby?

CONNIE

He stays right here. He'll bawl his head off if he doesn't have my tits right on hand.

There is a silence - she notices the looks on the faces surrounding her. Goes back to her cultured voice.

CONNIE

Sorry Father, 'Breasts.'

GRACE

No, 'tits' is fine. Right, Father?

FATHER BRIAN

(trying to be game)

Oh, yes, 'tits' ... 'tits' are fine.

87A INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

87A

CLOSE ON three pills being placed in a small silver dish, which is in turn placed on a silver tray along with a glass of water. Pull

back to reveal the COOK and the servant and Paco in the kitchen.
We follow Paco as he carries the tray from the kitchen through the
pantry, through the breakfast room and into the dining room.

*
*
*
*

88 INT. MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

88

The dinner continues. The baby is now sleeping in its carrier right by her side. They are finishing their soup. Connie tilts her soup bowl the wrong way to spoon out the remaining liquid. She looks at Grace, realizes she's doing it the wrong way and corrects herself. Paco moves unobtrusively to Grace's side with the silver tray.

PACO
Your pills, Missus.

GRACE
(irritated)
I took them.

PACO
When?

GRACE
Before.

PACO
Take your pills.

Grace grabs the pills, resentfully.

GRACE
Who works for who here?

She reaches for her martini. Paco takes it away and hands her the water glass from the tray. Then she lunges for her wine glass - Paco grabs it. They struggle for a moment. Paco wins.

PACO
(to the others)
You gotta watch this one every minute.

Connie smiles. She reaches across the table for a dish - her loose sleeve droops into the food. She snatches it out.

CONNIE
Sorry. Clothes are a little big.
After the baby came I guess I lost
a little ...

BILL
Height?

Grace clears her throat angrily in Bill's direction.

BILL (cont'd)
So, Mother tells me I was rude
and unfriendly when we met.

CONNIE
You weren't rude.

BILL

Just unfriendly, then? Good, that gives us something to build on.

GRACE

Forgive Bill, he never learned rudimentary conversational skills.

BILL

So, tell us. Where in Hong Kong did you meet my brother?

She comes out with the first thing that pops into her head.

CONNIE

At the mall.

BILL

The mall?

CONNIE

Sure. Hong Kong's a very happening place. They got 7-11s, Popeye's Fried Chicken. Great Chinese food. You oughta go.

She senses that her voice is slipping and that she's talking too much. Sophie is at her side, holding a serving dish of vegetables.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Thank you.

Connie grabs the serving dish and helps herself. Then she leans across the ornate table to Father Brian.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Want some?

Father Brian is a trifle surprised, but nods. Sophie reaches over to take the serving dish from Connie - Connie hangs on to it.

CONNIE (cont'd)

You with the hands again?

Sophie takes the serving dish and speaks firmly.

SOPHIE

That's my job, Ma'am.

Connie sits down quickly, recognizing her faux pas.

CONNIE

('rich voice')

The dining ritual is so different in Hong Kong. We just use chopsticks.

BILL

(dryly)

And you eat out of those white paper boxes.

Grace speaks up, coming to Connie's rescue. Paco serves the lamb. *

GRACE

Paris must have been an ideal place for a wedding.

CONNIE

Oh, yes ... So French.

Connie tries to restrain a grimace when she hears that one come out.

BILL

Tell us about the wedding.

CONNIE

Well, it was beautiful.

BILL

... Could you elaborate?

CONNIE

It was real beautiful. Right there in Paris ... France ... Which is real beautiful ... Um ...

GRACE

I could have been there, you know, if he'd bothered to pick up the phone.

CONNIE

Well, it was kind of spur of the moment.

GRACE

Oh, I don't blame you. Hugh probably didn't even think about it.

Connie wants to say something to make up for Hugh's slight. She speaks simply, saying what she can of the Hugh she actually knew.

CONNIE

I know he wasn't always responsible ... And sometimes that looked like thoughtlessness ... But to me, and I know I knew him such a short time compared to all of you, but to me, there was a kindness about him that was so much sweeter because it was so thoughtless. He was one of the only people I ever met who was kind without a reason, not because he wanted something, but just ... because. *

Bill watches Connie, touched.

BILL

You understood him. I never did. I always thought there would be time to figure him out ...

Connie wants to say something to cheer him up.

CONNIE *he did*

You know, he used to talk about you all the time. / He used to say, 'We look just alike, ~~that's why we have~~ *not we* to act so different.'

Grace looks up sharply. Bill stares at Connie intently.

BILL

I thought he didn't tell you we were identical.

Connie's eyes shoot down to her plate, her mind racing. Shit, why did she have to open her stupid mouth?

CONNIE

He did ... of course, he did ... I just ... when I saw you, I was so ... it slipped my mind ...

GRACE

Of course it did. We understand.

BILL

(not letting up)
But why lie about it?

Grace shoots him an angry look.

CONNIE

It was just... the house ... and all ^o
you ... I was so confused ... I ... *didn't know*

*One's food they
secret*

She starts to cry, not pretending - the pressure is really making her *
crumble. She knows she has to get out before she confesses everything.*

CONNIE (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I have to lie down. I'm
going to my room.

She snatches up the baby and hurries from the room. Grace stands,
looking daggers at Bill.

GRACE

What in heaven's name did you think
you were doing?

BILL

Her answers weren't consistent.

GRACE

This is not a cross-examination,
Bill. The poor girl's been through
hell. Of course she's confused.

Bill, undeterred, turns to Father Brian.

BILL

I think she's covering something up.
I mean, look at her. Banker's
daughter my ass. Sorry, Father.

GRACE

No, 'ass' is fine, right, Father?

FATHER BRIAN

Well, in Judges, Chapter 15, Sampson
smote the Philistines with the jawbone
of an ass, but I think that was 'ass'
in a different - No, no, no ...

GRACE & FATHER BRIAN

'Ass' is fine.

BILL

She's hiding something.

Grace moves close to Bill, speaking with quiet intensity.

GRACE

She's Hugh's widow. She just gave birth
to my grandson under about 200 tons of
twisted metal. Now I really don't care
if she turns out to be a Columbian drug
lord, I'm going to do everything I can
for her. And if you don't start treating
her with some respect I'm going to take
you over my knee and spank you, and don't
think I can't do it.

Bill, exasperated, turns to Paco for support.

Paco? BILL

PACO
My money's on her.

Connie re-enters. Out of breath, still holding the baby. They all turn to her.

CONNIE
Where the hell is my room?!

89 EXT. BOSTON CATHEDRAL - DAY

89

A sunny day.

90 INT. CATHEDRAL - MAIN CHAPEL - DAY

90

Huge, intimidating Gothic architecture. Stained glass windows and shafts of rainbow-colored lights falling on the congregation. Father Brian, in his vestments, speaks beneath the ornate crucifix.

Connie stands with the Winterbournes around the baptismal font. She is dressed in expensive black and holding the baby who is dressed in an antique christening gown.

Connie looks pretty good - but her hair's still scraggly and she still wears that Jersey girl make-up. Not too garish, but definitely not the classy style of the other women around her - like that of the two high society debutantes, CHRISTINE and SUSAN, we see seated nearby.

Out of the corner of her eye, Connie watches the others go through the ceremony. She hears:

ALL
'I believe in God the Father Almighty,
Creator of Heaven and Earth ...'

She watches their lips, trying to say what they say, which is:

ALL
'This is our faith. This is the
faith of the Church. We are proud
to profess it, in Christ Jesus,
our Lord.'

but from her sounds more like:

CONNIE
'This is our fade. This is the fade
of the Churg. We are loud to confess
it, in Jesus Christ, our lob.'

The congregation continues as Connie attempts to keep up:

ALL
'I believe in one Holy and Apostolic
Church ...'

CONNIE

'I bleeb in wonmolee and apoplectic
crub ...'

Connie is cradling the baby over the font. Father Brian addresses her. Bill stands next to Connie. Grace stands behind them, crying, but trying to control herself - it's clear she finds the ceremony emotionally draining. Paco is there too.

FATHER BRIAN

Name this child.

CONNIE

Hugh.

Father Brian looks at Connie, waiting for her to finish.

GRACE

(helps out, her voice breaking
with emotion)

Hugh Donald Arthur Winterbourne the
Second.

CONNIE

Yeah.

She looks uneasy.

CONNIE'S POV - THE CRUCIFIX

Jesus seems to be looking right down at her from the cross, glaring with disapproval.

Connie shifts her eyes away. Father Brian scoops water on little Hugh's head and he begins to howl in protest.

FATHER BRIAN

Hugh Donald Arthur Winterbourne the
Second, I baptize you in the name of
the Father and of the Son and of the
Holy Spirit.

Grace and Connie are both blinking back tears.

91 EXT. CATHEDRAL - FRONT STEPS - DAY

91

The Winterbournes and their guests come out of the church. As they pause at the top of the steps, a SOCIETY PHOTOGRAPHER approaches. Grace recognizes him.

SOCIETY PHOTOGRAPHER

Could I get a quick shot of all of
you?

Grace, Connie and Bill pose with the baby. Father Brian walks over and Connie takes him aside, nervously babbling as Father Brian listens, befuddled.

CONNIE

I had a question. Just as fer
instance, and by the way, you were
fabulous, am I supposed to tip you?

(he shakes his head, confused)

Anyway, the thing is, if somebody
was to, say baptize their baby with
a fake name, would the mother just
go to hell, or would the baby be in
on that too?

(he stares at her blankly)

I'm not talking about me. This is
for a friend. Long story. Boy, the
scrapes she gets into. She'll work
it out.

She hurries off, leaving Father Brian bewildered. Grace comes over and gives the baby a kiss.

GRACE

Let's take Hughie home.

Connie smiles at her, then mutters to herself as she follows Grace.

CONNIE

'Hughie?' Do I have to name your
brothers 'Dewey' and 'Louie?'

92 INT. MANSION - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

92*

Bill is walking through the hallway. Suddenly, a panel in one of the walls opens and Connie comes out, looking bewildered. She's dressed more casually now.

*
*
*

BILL

Well, I see you found our secret passage. Very clever.

*
*

CONNIE

Is that what it is? I thought I was lost again.

*
*

BILL

Ready for the party?

He starts walking toward the living room. Connie follows.

CONNIE

Party?

BILL

We're having a few people over. To celebrate the christening. Mother must always have parties.

L

CONNIE

I guess I can handle a few people.

93 EXT. MANSION - BACK LAWN - DAY

93

Bill and Connie step out into the bright sunlight. Connie's face freezes as SHE SEES ...

THE LAWN IS FILLED WITH 150 PEOPLE, milling about, eating finger food, chatting. Colorful tents are set up. A four-piece combo is playing old standards. It looks like a carnival of rich people has rolled into town.

Connie shuts her eyes, pained. Then she smiles her best smile. EVERYONE'S EYES SEEM TO TURN TO CONNIE AND FOCUS RIGHT ON HER.

Connie swallows nervously as she follows Bill. Grace and numerous relatives descend on Connie.

GRACE

Patricia, there are so many people I want you to meet.

Grace leads her into the throng. Bill stands aside watching her go, a look of concern on his face.

94 ^B EXT. MANSION - BACK LAWN - DAY

94

ANOTHER ANGLE - A LITTLE LATER

Bill is still watching Connie, as she takes a glass from a passing waiter. A leggy debutante moves next to Bill - Christine - her teeth gleam when she smiles.

CHRISTINE

So that's Patricia?

Bill nods. They both watch as Connie is bumped by a passerby and spills her glass all over the front of her dress. She grabs for a napkin from a nearby table and tips over a small dip bowl. The dip flows, in a goopy mass, onto the table. Connie tries to scoop the dip back into the bowl, hoping no one is looking. She accidentally drops her wine glass into the punch bowl. Starts fishing it out. *

Christine and Bill are looking.

CHRISTINE (cont'd)

Not who I pictured for Hugh.

BILL

No.

She moves closer to him, speaking softly, privately.

CHRISTINE

I was surprised you didn't call.

BILL

When?

CHRISTINE

When you heard about Hugh ... You know I'm always there for you. If you want to talk.

BILL

About what?

CHRISTINE

Your feelings. Your grief. Your emotions.

Bill looks away, then back to her, with a tense smile.

BILL

Winterbournes don't believe in sharing those things. We prefer to keep them bottled up tight till they eat through our stomach linings. Call it a tradition.

He toasts her and moves off into the crowd.

Shot of
- 020 -
- 020 -

94A EXT. MANSION - BACK LAWN - DAY

94A*

Sophie comes from the house carrying baby Hugh, just awakened from his nap. He is wearing a cute little outfit. Grace, talking to some guests, almost pounces on him. *

GRACE

There's my little man. Did you have a nice nap? *

The guests gather around to coo over the baby. *

94B EXT. MANSION - BACK LAWN - DAY

94B*

ANOTHER ANGLE - Connie is wiping dip off her fingers with a napkin. Grace swoops by, carrying the baby.

GRACE

There you are! Come on.

Connie trips over her feet, bumping into a MATRONLY OLD WOMAN, who shoots her an angry look. Grace is leading Connie to Christine, who stands talking with her equally deb young friend, Susan.

GRACE (cont'd)

There are so many old fogies here, I want you to meet someone your own age. You'll have more in common.

Connie blanches when she sees the two sophisticated young women.

CONNIE

Oh, I'll bet.

They walk up to them.

GRACE

Christine Thornhill, Susan Gillespie, this is my daughter-in-law Patricia.

CONNIE

How ya doin'?

Connie offers her hand - there's an awkward moment while Christine passes her buffet plate to Susan and shakes Connie's hand. Connie then turns to Susan and offers her hand. Susan looks perplexed, then passes both plates to Christine and shakes Connie's hand.

Grace goes off to mingle. Connie looks after her, a little helpless. Christine smiles. An uncomfortable silence. A waiter passes with a tray of hors d'oeuvres. Connie grabs one, glad for something to do. It's a stuffed new potato. Not bad.

SUSAN

It must be hard to have to suddenly fit in here, huh?

CONNIE

You don't know.

Christine and Susan turn to greet another guest as another waiter-borne tray passes by. Connie grabs a beggar's purse off it, examining the odd object curiously. She unwraps it. The messy contents spill out into her hand. She scoops it all into her mouth, hoping no one notices.

CHRISTINE

Well, we want you to know that if you ever have any questions, if you ever need anything, you can always call on us. Promise?

Connie turns to Christine, ~~eaviar~~ spilling out of her mouth. *

CONNIE
(mouth full)
Fhank you.

Connie hurries off to find a napkin. Christine turns to Susan, *
muttering.

CHRISTINE
There goes the luckiest little ~~tramp~~
on the planet.

95 OMIT

96 OMIT

97 EXT. MANSION - BACK LAWN - AT THE BAR - DAY

A LITTLE LATER -

Connie is holding Hughie and talking to the FEMALE BARTENDER, who
wears a pair of big, clunky earrings shaped like Eight Balls.

How could this
type of person
end up in this
situation? 95
96
But saw someone who:
ON COUTH
mouth
stuff
- w/ food

CONNIE
Great earrings!

Christine and Susan approach and corner Connie.

CHRISTINE
Patricia! There you are.

CONNIE
Oh, good, you found me.

CHRISTINE
You have a beautiful son.

CONNIE
Thanks. He's a handfull.

CHRISTINE
I was just saying to Susan, I have
to know who does your hair. It's so
bold.

SUSAN
And I was hoping you could give me
some make-up tips. Your look is so
dynamic.

Connie knows when she's being ridiculed. Her face reddens.

CONNIE
Yeah, well ...

CHRISTINE
I'm just too conservative, is my
problem. I'd never wear that nail
polish with that lipstick. Did you
get that tip from a magazine?

Connie's about to blow up.

The combo strikes up a new tune. Susan sighs, sadly.

SUSAN
Oh, listen.

CONNIE
What?

Christine and Susan look at her in mild surprise.

CHRISTINE
It's Hugh's favorite song.

SUSAN
He was always whistling it.

CONNIE

Yeah, we used to sing it all the time.

CHRISTINE

Did you?

Grace comes over to them.

GRACE

Patricia, I know this is silly, but
 ... Hugh and I used to play this song
 on the piano. Would you mind if I
 sang it to the baby?

Grace takes the baby from Connie, who is happy for a reason to ditch
 these girls.

CONNIE

Oh, that's so sweet!

Connie and Grace head off toward the stage. Christine detains Grace
 with a 'friendly hint.'

CHRISTINE

You really ought to let Patricia
 sing too.

SUSAN

Yes. I hear she has a wonderful
 voice.

Grace smiles, glad to hear this.

97A EXT. MANSION - BACK LAWN - BAR - DAY

97A

Bill stands at the bar. Father Brian beams as he watches Grace
 move toward the stage.

FATHER BRIAN

Oh, wonderful. I was hoping your
 mother would get up and sing.

BILL

(sips his drink, pained)
 Yeah, she really has to come out of
 her shell.

98 EXT. MANSION - BACK LAWN - BANDSTAND - DAY

98

Grace takes the stage, holding the baby. Obviously this is something
 she greatly enjoys. Connie stands with her - no idea what's in store
 for her.

Grace croons to the baby, singing Dorothy Fields' and Jimmy McHugh's
 "On the Sunny Side of the Street."

She starts with the somewhat melancholy verse, so we, and certainly
 Connie, can't recognize it.

ON THE CROWD - as they all turn to watch. Bill looking slightly
 embarrassed at his mother's desire to show off.

GRACE

(sweetly)

"Walked with no one and talked with no one,
And I had nothing but shadows.
Then one morning you passed
And I brightened at last.
Now I greet the day and complete the day
With the sun in my heart. All my worry blew away
When you taught me how to say:"

The band kicks into the chorus and the tempo brightens.

GRACE

"Grab your coat and get your hat -"

Grace gives a Connie a "you take it" gesture. Connie's eyes widen
in shock. *

CONNIE

(trying to fake it)

" ... put it on and go outside!"

Grace gives her a puzzled look.

ON BILL - a worried look on his face.

ON CHRISTINE - with a smug smile.

BACK TO THE BANDSTAND

GRACE

"Just direct your feet.

Grace looks to Connie again.

GRACE (cont'd)

"To the Sunny Side of the Street."

CONNIE

Street!

Back to Grace.

GRACE

"Can you hear a pitter-pat?"

Back to Connie.

CONNIE

I can hear it, Mama!

Back to Grace.

GRACE

"And that happy tune is in your step.
Life can be so sweet."

Connie jumps in (she's gotten this part).

CONNIE

"On the Sunny Side of the Street!"

GRACE

"I used to walk in the shade."

CONNIE

Did you, Mama?

GRACE

"With those blues on parade."

CONNIE

Sing them blues!

GRACE

"But I'm not afraid."

CONNIE

You tell 'em!

Grace laughs, getting into the call and response.

GRACE

"This Rover crossed over."

CONNIE

Come on over!

GRACE

"If I never have a cent"

CONNIE

I wouldn't worry!

GRACE

"I'll be rich as Rockefeller."

CONNIE

You're damn close!

GRACE

"Gold dust at my feet."

GRACE & CONNIE

"On the Sunny Side of the Street."

CONNIE

"Oh, grab your coat and get your hat!"

GRACE

"Leave your worries on the doorstep."

CONNIE

"Just direct your feet."

CONNIE & GRACE

"To the Sunny ...

GRACE

"You're my little honey."

CONNIE

You've got lots of money!

GRACE

We've got lots of money!

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

Grace is delighted. They go for the big finish.

CONNIE & GRACE

"On the Sunny Side of the Street!"

The CROWD APPLAUDS. Grace beams. Connie tries to get off stage as quickly as possible, taking the baby with her.

As she steps off the bandstand, Christine and Susan are there, smirking.

CHRISTINE

What a singular interpretation.

CONNIE

Oh, fuck off!

Connie hurries off. Christine and Susan look stunned. Grace passes.

GRACE

You heard her. Fuck off.

The debs are horrified. Grace follows Connie toward the house.

99 INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

99*

Grace is trying to catch up with Connie, but she doesn't move too quickly. Bill stops her before she can go toward the stairs. *

BILL

She didn't know the song, Mother.

Grace fixes her eyes on him.

GRACE

What is it about this girl that scares you so much?

BILL

(taken aback)

Scares me?

GRACE

Is it because she's real? She has real emotions, is that what frightens you?

BILL

Well, you've lost me now.
Emotions were Hugh's department.
I'm the worker bee.

GRACE

How could you two be so different? I know you were twins, but is it possible one of you was switched at birth?

BILL

Sorry Mother, you're stuck with me.

Grace looks at him, her face softening.

GRACE

I know it hasn't always been fair,
Billy. You had to be the responsible
one and Hugh got the attention.

BILL

Actually, Paco gave me attention,
you gave me T-bills.

GRACE

Now, you know that's not true.
And if it seemed like Hugh was my
favorite, it was only because he
was ... so much more fun.
(looking at him quizzically)
Have you ever considered having
fun, Bill? Instead of working so
hard at being unpleasant?

BILL

(pissed)

There are more ways to have fun
than doing a buck-and-wing in
front of Boston high society.

GRACE

Such as?

BILL

(flustered)

Well... running the family business is
fun. Going to the office, that's fun!

She smiles and leans in to give him a kiss on the cheek. He's taken
aback, looking at her in surprise as she walks toward the stairs. He *
speaks, too soft for her to hear, with a hurt tone in his voice.

BILL (cont'd)

Unpleasant?

100 INT. MANSION - CONNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

100

Grace walks in. Connie is changing the baby.

Grace notices something on the bureau - Connie's locket, on its
worn thong. Grace picks it up and looks at the picture of Connie's
mother. Grace looks at Connie and the baby, her heart going out to
her. Connie looks up.

GRACE

Patricia ...

As she steps off the bandstand, Christine and Susan are there, smirking.

CHRISTINE

What a singular interpretation.

CONNIE

Oh, fuck off!

Connie hurries off. Christine and Susan look stunned. Grace passes.

GRACE

You heard her. Fuck off.

The debs are horrified. Grace follows Connie toward the house.

99

~~EXT. MANSION - OUTSIDE STEPS - DAY~~ *Sun Room*

99*

Grace is trying to catch up with Connie, but she doesn't move too quickly. Bill stops her before she can go ~~in the house.~~ *take the stairs?*

BILL

She didn't know the song, Mother.

Grace fixes her eyes on him.

GRACE

What is it about this girl that scares you so much?

BILL

(taken aback)

Scares me?

GRACE

Is it because she's real? She has real emotions, is that what frightens you?

BILL

Well, you've lost me now. Emotions were Hugh's department. I'm the worker bee.

if you're real

GRACE

How could you two be so different? I know you were twins, but is it possible one of you was switched at birth?

BILL

Sorry Mother, you're stuck with me.

Grace looks at him, her face softening.

GRACE

I know it hasn't always been fair, Billy. You had to be the responsible one and Hugh got the attention.

BILL

Actually, Paco gave me attention, you gave me T-bills.

GRACE

Now, you know that's not true. And if it seemed like Hugh was my favorite, it was only because he was ... so much more fun.

(looking at him quizzically)
Have you ever considered having fun, Bill? Instead of working so hard at being unpleasant?

BILL

(pissed)

There are more ways to have fun than doing a buck-and-wing in front of Boston high society.

GRACE

Such as?

BILL

(flustered)

Well... running the family business is fun. Going to the office, that's fun!

She smiles and leans in to give him a kiss on the cheek. He's taken aback, looking at her in surprise as she walks up the stairs. He speaks, too soft for her to hear, with a hurt tone in his voice.

BILL (cont'd)

Unpleasant?

100 INT. MANSION - CONNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

100

Grace walks in. Connie is changing the baby.

Grace notices something on the bureau - Connie's locket, on its worn thong. Grace picks it up and looks at the picture of Connie's mother. Grace looks at Connie and the baby, her heart going out to her. Connie looks up.

GRACE

Patricia ...

CONNIE

I didn't know the song, OK?

GRACE

So what? I loved your ... what do
you call it? ... rap.

*
*

CONNIE

Everyone expected me to know it.

GRACE

Why do you care what everyone thinks?

Connie laughs.

CONNIE

That's nice of you but ... I don't belong here. I mean, come on, look at me.

GRACE

I am looking at you. You look fine.

Connie flips at her hair.

CONNIE

This is fine?

GRACE

Of course.

Connie smiles, feeling a little better.

GRACE (cont'd)

Okay, maybe you could use a little help with your hair. And your make-up. And your clothes and your shoes and those nails ...

Connie begins to look upset again as she listens to Grace go on. Grace notices that she's being too presumptuous.

GRACE

(catching herself)

Forgive me, I never had a daughter.

CONNIE

That's all right. I barely had a mother.

They embrace.

101 OMIT

101

102 EXT. CITY STREET - NEW YORK - NIGHT

102

A late model Cadillac is parked on this secluded street. Steve nonchalantly walks by. He looks around. He pulls from his pants a long unlocking tool and deftly breaks into the car. The alarm goes off. It's New York City - nobody pays attention. Steve quickly gets into the car.

103 INT. CADILLAC - EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

103

Steve lies on his back on the floor. He puts a pen light in his mouth and disconnects the radio. Something catches his eyes on the floor.

HIS POV - It's a copy of People Magazine opened to the Star Tracks page, which features a photograph of the christening of the heir to the Winterbourne wealth. Standing there, holding the baby, is Connie. The caption reads: "Patricia Winterbourne, widow of Hugh Winterbourne, holds young Hugh Junior as they leave St. Peters."

BACK TO SCENE - Steve stares at the photo.

STEVE

Holy shit!

*
*

104 OMIT

104*

FADE UP MUSIC FOR VISUAL SEQUENCE:

105	EXT. CAUSEWAY - AERIAL - DAY	105
	Grace, Paco and Connie drive to Boston in the Rolls.	
106	EXT. LOUIS' SALON - DAY	106
	The Rolls pulls to a stop in front of an imposing two-story brick building - Louis' Boston. Grace and Connie climb out of the car. Paco waits by the car while Grace and Connie enter the salon.	
107	INT. LOUIS' SALON - DAY	107
	Grace delivers instructions for Connie's transformation to three BEAUTICIANS and one MALE HAIRDRESSER. Then Grace exits, leaving Connie looking like a lab animal about to be experimented on.	
108	OMIT	108*
109	OMIT	109*
110	OMIT	110*
111	OMIT	111*
112	OMIT	112*
112A	OMIT	112A*
112B	OMIT	112B*

- 112B OMIT 112BB
- 112B OMIT 112BBB
- 112C INT. LOUIS' SALON - DAY 112C
- Scissors snip Connie's hair at the same time her nails are manicured.
- 112D OMIT 112D
- 112E INT. LOUIS' SALON - DAY 112E
- Nail polish is being applied to Connie's fingernails. Make-up and eye shadow and lipstick are applied to her face.
- 112F OMIT 112F
- 112G OMIT 112G
- 112H OMIT 112H
- 112H EXT. LOUIS' SALON - DAY 112HH*
- Grace and Paco exit the Rolls carrying clothing and shoe boxes. *
- 112I INT. LOUIS' SALON - DAY 112I
- Grace and Paco enter Louis' carrying numerous clothing and shoe boxes. Connie's eyes widen as she sees them.
- 113 EXT. BILL'S OFFICE BUILDING - BOSTON - DAY (ESTABLISHING) 113
- Side view of a colonial brick exterior, moving in on a third story bay window.
- BILL (V.O.)
And finally, I want you to get in touch with any banking contacts we have in Hong Kong ...
- 114 INT. BILL'S OFFICE - BOSTON - DAY 114
- An old money, immaculate wood and leather office. Bill is at his desk. His secretary, VERA, is seated opposite him.
- BILL (cont'd)
Find out everything they can about Patricia -
- The door opens and Grace enters. She immediately walks to the bay window, opens a laquered box and takes out a cigarette. She picks up a lighter off the table.

BILL (cont'd)

Find out everything they can about
Patricia -

The door opens and Grace enters. She immediately walks to the bay window, opens a laquered box and takes out a cigarette. She picks up a lighter off the table.

VERA

Mrs. Winterbourne! So nice to see you.

Bill walks over to his mother, plucks the cigarette out of her fingers and takes the lighter away.

BILL

Mother, what brings you here?

GRACE

There's someone I'd like you to meet.

Connie enters nervously. She stands in the doorway.

CONNIE

Hello, Bill.

Bill looks up and sees Connie. She is completely transformed. The hair, the make-up, the clothes - she's a lovely patrician debutante and as different from Connie Doyle as ... well, as Patricia Winterbourne was.

BILL

Patricia? Don't tell me. Is that a new purse?

CONNIE

Gee, thanks.

GRACE

Are you free for lunch?

Bill hesitates. He looks to Vera, who nods yes.

GRACE (cont'd)

Well, now you're not. Take Patricia somewhere nice.

CONNIE

Maybe I should go home with you.

GRACE

I'm not going home. And you're dressed to go out. So Bill? Take her out.

She turns and leaves the room. Vera follows. Connie and Bill are left staring at each other. There is an uncomfortable pause.

BILL

That outfit ... seems to fit a bit better than the one you arrived in.

CONNIE

I grew.

They smile.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Look, if you don't want to do this,
I can catch a cab home.

BILL

I'd never hear the end of it.

CONNIE

It's great to see a grown man still
afraid of his mommy. *

115 EXT. BOSTON COMMONS - DAY

115

Bill and Connie are walking. In the background is the gold dome of the Massachusetts State House. Along the path is a red painted stripe, the "Freedom Trail."

CONNIE

This is a really beautiful city.

BILL

Isn't it? I'm taking you on my patented tour of the Freedom Trail, through historic Boston, past Bunker Hill, Paul Revere's house -

CONNIE

Can we go to the 'Cheers' bar?

BILL

I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that.

DISSOLVE TO:

116 OMIT

116 *

116A OMIT

116A *

116B OMIT

116B *

117 EXT. PAUL REVERE'S HOUSE - DAY

117

Connie and Bill walk down a cobblestone street in the North End until they reach Paul Revere's house.

BILL

Paul Revere's house ... God, the first time I was here, Paco brought us. We were in, like, 4th grade, and bombing history and Paco said, 'You want to learn history, go where it happened.'

*
*
*
*
*
*

CONNIE

Why Paco? Why didn't your dad bring you?

*
*

BILL

Well, it was during that period where Father was away on business most of the time. 'Our childhood' it's called.

*
*
*
*

(beat)

Jeez, there used to be a stupid little gift stand right here. Paco bought us these paper Minutemen hats and wooden muskets. We started chasing each other between the parked cars, loading, firing, loading, firing. Paco screaming in Spanish, 'Look both ways! Ojos aguilas, mis hombrecitos!'

*
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*
*
*
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*
*

Bill looks at the street, smiling as he re-lives the memory.

BILL (CONT'D)

Hugh was Paul Revere, of course. I was a Redcoat. Hugh kept running away from me, yelling, 'My brother is coming! My brother is coming!'

*
*
*

Bill laughs, then stops himself. He's touched by the memory.

CONNIE

You miss him, don't you?

BILL

He was a delightful guy. He was the kind of guy who didn't have problems because he didn't want to have problems. It was that easy for him.

*
*
*
*

CONNIE

So what happened between you two? *

BILL

Well, Father started us in the company together and when he retired, he wanted to turn the reins over to both of us. There was a huge meeting of the Board of Directors where Father was to officially pass the torch. Hugh and I were about to walk through the doors into the meeting when he turned to me and said, 'Wait a minute' and walked down the hall. *

CONNIE

And? *

BILL

He never came back. Three months later, I got a postcard from Taiwan saying 'How'd it go?' *

CONNIE

Sounds like you're still mad at him. *

BILL

He didn't know how to take responsibility. *

CONNIE

Hey, he got a woman pregnant and married her, that's more than most guys would do.

Bill thinks about this. His old suspicions momentarily rekindle.

BILL

That woman would be ... you.

CONNIE

Yeah, sure.
(changing the subject)
So, you hungry?

BILL

I am supposed to buy you lunch.

They turn to a hot dog vendor behind them.

118 EXT. FOOTBRIDGE - BOSTON PUBLIC GARDEN - DAY (ESTABLISHING) 118

119 EXT. FOOTBRIDGE - BOSTON PUBLIC GARDENS - DAY 119

Connie and Bill walk along the bridge, finishing their hot dogs.

CONNIE

I knew a Winterbourne would take me
to a fine dining establishment ...

Connie notices a spot of mustard on his cheek.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Wait a sec.

They stop. She reaches up and wipes the mustard off - almost a
caress. He likes the feeling, but is a little embarrassed.

BILL

Was I walking around with that on
my face?

CONNIE

Actually, it's been there since I
met you.

They laugh.

BILL

Must have looked silly.

CONNIE

You could use some silly.

BILL

What, you think you're the first one
to play in those secret passages? *

CONNIE

You did that? *

BILL

Hugh never told you about our famous
hide and seek games? I held the
record. One time I hid in there for
six hours before he found me. Of
course, later I realized he'd been
playing a cruel trick on me, but what
the hell - I still won. *

Connie laughs. Bill joins in.

CONNIE

Shouldn't you be getting back to the
office?

Bill checks his watch.

BILL

I've already blown off all my
afternoon appointments. You don't
mind if we walk around a little
more, do you? *

CONNIE

No, I don't mind at all.

120 EXT. SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW JEWELERS - DAY

120

Connie and Bill exit the Public Garden and cross the street. As they walk past the jewelry store, something catches Connie's eye. She stops and fumbles in her purse.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Let's go in.

BILL

What?

She takes out the locket with her mother's picture in it and shows it to Bill.

CONNIE

It's my mom. I'd like to put this on a chain.

121 INT. SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW JEWELRY STORE - DAY

-121

Connie stands in front of a mirror, a SALES CLERK opposite her. She fumbles with the chain and locket. Bill steps up to her.

BILL

May I?

Bill moves close behind her and works on the clasp. He puts the locket on its new chain and puts it around her neck. They smile at each other.

CONNIE

Wind It's nice, but it's ^{too} expensive.

BILL

You're a Winterbourne. You can afford the whole store.

CONNIE

I don't know ... *I don't feel good about it.*

BILL

Didn't Mother set you up with a checking account?

CONNIE

Yeah. She doesn't even ask me, she just shoves this checkbook at me ...

BILL

Then write a check. It'll be your first. I'm glad I was here for it.

She hesitates, then takes out her new checkbook, fills out a check, tears it off and sets it on the counter. As the clerk reaches for it, a look of horror crosses Connie's face.

ANGLE ON CHECK - It is signed 'Connie Doyle.'

BACK TO SCENE - Connie snatches the check back up.

CONNIE

Oh ... darn it, I ... I put the wrong date. Let me write another one.

Connie turns to see Bill watching her, a strange expression on his face. He must have seen. But he doesn't say anything. She fills out another check and carefully signs her name - "Patricia Winterbourne."

122 INT. MANSION - UPPER HALLWAY - DUSK 122

Outside Connie's room, we hear the sound of a PEN SCRATCHING ON PAPER.

123 INT. MANSION - CONNIE'S ROOM - DUSK (CONTINUOUS) 123

Connie sits at a table by the window, scribbling on a piece of paper. The baby is in his carrier, next to her.

MOVING IN, we see that Connie is practicing her signature, writing 'Patricia Winterbourne,' 'Patricia Winterbourne,' 'Patricia Winterbourne' over and over again.

CONNIE

(to the baby)

Mommy screwed up big time. She almost gave the whole game away. Now Mommy's forging checks. Isn't that a Federal crime? Mommy's moving up in the world.

124 INT. BILL'S OFFICE - DUSK 124

Bill is seated at his desk, gazing out the window.

PAN TO THE DESK - A piece of paper lies on the polished wood.

125 CLOSE ON THE PAPER - INSERT 125

It reads: "Constance Doyle and her unborn child were listed among the fatalities of the train wreck. Let me know if you need further info. Vera."

ON BILL - He stares off in space. Suddenly, he bolts from his chair, grabbing the paper and heading out of the room.

126 INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 126

Grace is talking with Ty Winthrop.

GRACE

Look, I've made a decision and I want it taken care of now.

TY

I know, but a change this radical, adding two new heirs to your will -

*
*
*

Grace moves in on him.

GRACE

Ty, in the last three years, I've buried my husband and one of my sons. When I got word of Hugh's death, it destroyed me. Then, when I heard that Patricia and the baby were alive ... it was like a gift from God and I'm going to make sure they're taken care of.

Bill strides into the room.

BILL

Mother, I need to talk to you.

(notices Ty)

Ty, what brings you here?

TY

Grace has asked me to draw up a new will to include her daughter-in-law and grandson.

BILL

Mother, you can't.

GRACE

(sharply)

Billy. Don't you start.

Bill, pulls her aside, speaking confidentially.

BILL
Mother, I've found out something.
About Patricia.

GRACE
(appalled)
Have you been investigating her?

BILL
(pained)
Mother -

Sophie leads Connie in.

CONNIE
Hi, you wanted to see me?

Grace hisses to Bill, under her breath.

GRACE
We'll discuss this another time.

She turns to Connie, graciously. Bill turns away frustrated.

GRACE (cont'd)
This is Ty Winthrop, my attorney.

TY
I hope you won't hold that against
me.

He laughs. No one else does.

Grace begins to sign a number of documents.

GRACE
Patricia, I wanted you to know that
I'm changing my will to include you
and your son.

Connie is stunned.

CONNIE
I don't want you to do that. I
don't want to be included.

ON BILL - as he watches this. He is shocked. This was the last reaction he'd ever expected.

GRACE

Why not?

CONNIE

It's not right.

GRACE

But you're family.

Connie stands, angry.

CONNIE

Don't put my name on that thing! I don't ... That's not what I came here for! Bill, tell her she's crazy.

BILL

(intrigued)

Mother, you're crazy.

Grace upset, but trying to speak reason.

GRACE

But what about your boy?

Connie tries to speak reasonably.

CONNIE

Look ... I know you want the best for Hughie. So do I. That's why I'm here ... I mean...

(she looks to Grace)

I'm here because of you.

(to Bill)

And you. Because you took us in and looked after us. Not because of the money. I'm not here for the money.

Grace looks up at her, shocked and touched.

GRACE

My God, Patricia, of course not. No one thinks that.

(turning to the others)

Does anyone think that?

Bill and Ty both look deeply guilty.

CONNIE

(sincerely)

Please, maybe it sounds crazy, but I don't want you to sign it.

GRACE

Well, it's my money and I want to sign it.

(smiles at her fondly)

In fact, I feel more like signing it now than I did before.

She signs the final document with a flourish and turns to Bill.

GRACE (cont'd)

You had something you wanted to tell me, Bill?

Bill laughs, bewildered but happy.

BILL

Evidently not.

Sophie is in the doorway.

SOPHIE

Mrs. Winterbourne?

GRACE & CONNIE

Yes?

SOPHIE

I'm sorry. It's Paco ...

BILL

(sighs)

Again?

SOPHIE

I'm afraid so, sir.

Bill hurries from the room. Connie follows.

127 INT. MANSION - INDOOR POOL - NIGHT

127

Bill, Sophie and Connie enter the room and look down at the pool. WE HEAR Paco singing a tango beat. *

PACO (O.S.)

Dum, dum dum da dee dee dum...

SOPHIE

It was the pool repairman. Paco really thought it was true love, but I could tell that bastard was just out for a good time.

ON THE POOL - There's no water in it. The interior lights shine down, illuminating it like a dance floor.

There in the deep end is Paco, dancing a tango by himself while he sings. There's an open bottle of Rum a few feet from him and he's obviously had a few, but still there is a beauty and grace to his movements as he glides across the white tile. *

CONNIE *

Let's get him out of there. *

She starts down the ladder. *

PACO *

Rum dum dum du ...

(he looks up, seeing her) *

He a lousy plasterer, too! The tile
come right off! *

He kicks at the tile design on the bottom of the pool to prove his point - tile scatters like broken glass ... He dances over to meet Connie in the middle of the pool. *

CONNIE *

Want me to beat him up for you? *

Paco hugs her.

PACO *

No, he so sweet!

He starts to cry on her shoulder. BILL WATCHES, moved by the way she's caring for Paco. Connie looks up at Bill.

CONNIE *

Give me a hand here? *

128 INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

128

Bill and Connie lug Paco through the kitchen toward his room. *

PACO *

Dum, dum dum dum da dee dee...

CONNIE *

What's he singin'?

Paco speaks up, his accent thicker from the drink. *

PACO *

Jou don't know the tango? I taught
my boys the tango so they could woo
all the women. *

129 INT. MANSION - PACO'S ROOM - NIGHT

129

They arrive, Paco in tow.

Connie watches as Bill slips off Paco's jacket and tenderly tucks the older man into bed - fluffing his pillow. Connie smiles, touched by Bill's clear filial affection for Paco.

PACO

You dance. You dance with the girl.
Go on.

BILL

I don't think -

PACO

Dance!

Bill awkwardly takes Connie in his arms and dances with her - a clumsy waltz.

PACO

No! Tango. Rum-dum-dum-dum-dee
die-dee-dum-dum!

They start to tango and dance out of Paco's room into the kitchen.

129A INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

129A

Their tango is not going very well. Connie starts to laugh.

PACO (cont'd O.S.)

That's my boy! I raised such good
boys. Billy take such good care of
Hugh and Hugh alla time in trouble -

Suddenly, vintage tango music emerges from Paco's room. It's a big help. Bill keeps tangoing. He's getting into it. Connie follows suit.

They're doing pretty damn well by now.

They strike a glorious pose, Connie's back arched, Bill holding her, for their big finish - just then we hear PACO SNORE LOUDLY.

They break into a laugh as Bill pulls her upright ... but as he holds her in his arms, the move turns into an embrace. Bill holds her close and kisses her ...

It's a first kiss, awkward and tentative. It ends quickly and they look at one another in blank surprise.

CONNIE

Uh ... wow.

Bill steps away, confused and flustered - he isn't used to this sort of thing.

BILL

Look, I'm not sure what's going on here, but I feel ...

He searches for a word to describe this odd feeling. He finds it. It's like a new concept.

BILL (cont'd)

- good. And...I don't know what this is, so ... goodnight.

He starts to walk toward the dining room, then turns back to her. *

BILL (cont'd)

Did I say good-night? Okay, I'm going to bed.

He continues to walk toward the dining room, but stops again. *

BILL (cont'd)

Wait, I don't live here. I'll go out this way. 'Bye.'

He turns around and goes toward the back door. As he passes her, he stops and kisses her again. Warmer now and close. They lose themselves in the kiss and hold each other close. He pulls away. *

BILL

Wow.

He moves again toward the back door, but catches himself, comes back. *

BILL

No, that's the back way. My car's out front. So I should go out front. Okay? *

He leaves Connie out of breath and stunned, her emotions a total whirlwind. *

CONNIE

(to herself)

I don't understand men.

Over Connie's shoulder, we see Paco in his bed.

PACO

You an' me both!

130 INT. MANSION - SIDE HALLWAY/FOYER - NIGHT

130*

Bill tangoes by himself down the hallway toward the front door. *

Grace has just shown Ty out when she turns to discover Bill dancing toward her. She watches him, amused. Bill dances close to her. *

BILL
(addressing her intently)
So what do you think of Patricia?

GRACE
I think she's terrific.

Bill is full of nervous energy, babbling. *

BILL
I think I think so too. I think I like her. But is that OK? I mean, she's my brother's widow. Maybe. Maybe not, but we'll leave that for now. Shouldn't I be feeling guilty? I might be feeling guilty. I'm feeling something, I don't know what I'm feeling.

GRACE
Happy?

BILL
Could be. Could be happy. Could be an aneurism.

Bill turns to Grace, settling a little.

BILL (cont'd)
Is it OK?

GRACE
You're worried about what Hugh would think?

BILL
Yeah.

GRACE
Whatever was between you and your brother, he wanted you to be happy.

Bill takes this in.

BILL
Okay.

He kisses her. She holds him.

GRACE

I always knew when you fell, you'd
fall the hardest.

She goes upstairs and he goes out the front door.

130A EXT. MANSION - EARLY MORNING - ESTABLISHING

130A*

131 INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

131

CLOSE ON AN ENVELOPE -

Plain, white, no return address, addressed to "Patricia Winterbourne." *

PULL BACK to see Grace sitting, smoking, going through the mail.
Connie walks in, in a great mood, Grace seems to swallow her
cigarette. She tosses her lighter onto the sofa.

CONNIE

(behind her)

Morning!

Connie sniffs the air.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Has somebody been smoking in here?

Busted, Grace flips the cigarette out of her mouth.

GRACE

Don't tell Paco, I'll never hear the
end of it.

Connie snatches the cigarette away from her.

CONNIE

You should know better.

GRACE

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

She goes on, with a knowing smile.

GRACE (cont'd)

So did you have a nice night?

CONNIE

(covering)

Nothing special.

GRACE

(handing her the envelope)

Look, you finally got some mail. Maybe
your old friends are getting in touch.

Connie takes it and opens it. All at once, her face falls.

GRACE (cont'd)

Bad news?

CONNIE

No ... just junk mail.

GRACE

Oh, too bad.

CONNIE

Excuse me.

Connie gets up and heads out of the room, her face pale and nervous. Grace looks after her with concern.

132 INT. MANSION - FOYER - DAY

132

Alone, Connie looks at the note again.

CLOSE ON NOTE - It's an ordinary index card with a typewritten message on it: "WHO ARE YOU?" Connie turns the card over - typed on the back are the words: "AND WHOSE BABY IS THAT?"

BACK TO SCENE - Connie stares at the note, as if it were a death sentence. She leans against the wall in despair.

132A EXT. MANSION - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

132A*

The house is still.

*

133 INT. MANSION - CONNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

133

Connie is packing a baby bag, throwing a few things into it, trying to comfort him at the same time. Little Hugh starts crying and Connie hurries to pick him up.

CONNIE

Don't cry, Cookie, hushabye, hushabye
... it's okay ... So somebody knows
about us? Everything's still going to
work out just fine.

The baby quiets, making a burping or laughing sound.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Don't laugh. Mommy's in denial,
it's all she's got.

She picks up the Snugli and a bag full of the baby's stuff. She looks around longingly.

CONNIE (cont'd)

It was pretty good for a while,
wasn't it, Cookie? We weren't crazy
enough to think it would last, were
we?

She takes her locket from the nightstand, carefully removes the gold chain she bought at Shreve Crump & Low and leaves it on the nightstand.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Well, that's all my stuff. Let's
change you and we'll get going.

She sets the bag and Hugh on the changing table and removes Hugh's diaper. Just as she's pulling a diaper out of her bag, the door opens and Bill stands there, holding a huge bouquet of roses. He looks at the bag.

CONNIE

Hi.

BILL

Are you going somewhere?

This is hard for her.

CONNIE

Look ... I'm taking off. I've worn
out my welcome.

BILL

I don't think so. I think you're still welcome. Is this my fault? Is because of last night? The kiss? Did you think I was coming on to you? No, no, that was just a brother-in-law, sister-in-law kiss.

(glances at the flowers in his hand)
These? These are for Mom.

He tosses the bouquet down the hall and comes in, closer to her.

BILL (cont'd)

You can't go.

CONNIE

No, I got things I gotta take care of.

BILL

Is it family? I thought you didn't have any family.

CONNIE

I don't.

BILL

Do you have a job?
(she shakes her head)
A home?

She shakes her head, more violently. Bill senses that he's just scaring her off. He tries to calm his own panic and put on a reasonable face.

BILL (cont'd)

All right, you've made a decision, and I respect that. As a businessman, when I have to make a difficult decision, I usually make up a list of pros and cons.

He sits at the desk in front of a piece of stationery, pulls out his Levenger fountain pen and draws a line down the middle.

BILL (cont'd)

So we have Column A - Going; and Column B - Staying. Okay, 'Going:' you leave us, you have no family, no money, you won't take our money, and you have nowhere to go. So in Column A we'll just put 'Nothing.' In Column B, on the other hand, you have a comfortable home, a place to bring up your child, a mother who loves you, a Cuban butler who loves you -- and how many people can say that -- and a me who loves you -

CONNIE

What?

BILL

Don't interrupt, I'm on a roll. Where was I? Oh, yeah; me, who may ask you to marry him. You know, I think I'll move that to the top of the list.

CONNIE

(stunned)

Oh, God.

BILL

(quickly)

Or off the list, I could take it
right off the list.

(then, re: Column B)

So here we have love, home and
security weighed against ...

(re: Column A)

Nothing. Whew, tough choice. I'm
glad I'm not in your shoes. Want
my advice?

CONNIE

Did you ask me to marry you?

Bill swallows.

BILL

Kind of.

She moves close to Bill. She kisses him fondly. She holds him and
lays her face against his chest, wishing the moment could last forever
and knowing it can't.

CONNIE

Shit.

BILL

I always imagined the moment would be
just like this. *

He lifts her chin to look into her eyes.

BILL (cont'd)

Don't answer now. Say yes tomorrow.

He kisses her quickly and leaves ... opens the door and tosses the
flowers back in.

BILL (O.S. cont'd)

They were really for you.

He comes back in for one more salvo. He moves to little Hugh, still
resting on the changing table, sans diaper. Bill bends over the baby.

BILL

You talk to her. She listens to
you. Tell her you and I are going
to have a great time together. I
can take you to ball games and we
can watch the Red Sox lose together.
It'll be a bonding thing. *

As if in answer, the baby shoots an arc of pee onto Bill's shirt. Bill straightens, looking at his wet shirt. Looks up at Connie. *

BILL (CONT'D) *

Well, I think now you have to marry me. *

Connie laughs. Bill darts out. Connie finishes diapering up her son, tears in her eyes. *

CONNIE *

Oh, Cookie, no matter how hard you try, you could never screw up your life as bad as I've screwed up mine. *

134 INT. MANSION - STAIRCASE/FOYER - NIGHT

134

Connie is creeping down the stairs in the half-light filtering through the windows. She's carrying the baby on her chest, in the Snugli and the baby bag in her hand. Quietly, she shuts the glass-paned door behind her.

Through the door, we see Grace in a bathrobe descending the stairs.

134A EXT. MANSION - PORTICO - NIGHT

134A

Connie exits with the baby, shutting the big door behind her. A CAB is waiting for her.

134B EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

134B*

Grace stands at an upper window looking out.

From her point of view, we see Connie and the baby get into the cab, which then drives away.

135 EXT. BEVERLY FARMS STATION - NIGHT

135

A small, suburban train stop. It's a cool night. Connie walks up, still carrying the baby in her papoose. Only a couple of OTHER PEOPLE are there, waiting.

Connie sits on a bench, waiting for the train, bouncing the Snugli to keep Hugh happy and wiping a tear from her eye.

THE TRAIN SCREECHES IN. Everyone starts gathering their stuff.

We hear a voice.

PACO (V.O.)

What are you doing here?

Connie turns and sees Paco standing there.

CONNIE

Leave me alone.

PACO

Why you running away?

CONNIE

I'm not running away. I'm just leaving in a hurry.

Paco grabs the bag of baby stuff from her.

PACO

What do you think? This is some kind of joke show? Now I wanna know where you're going and I wanna know now.

CONNIE

Look, I appreciate what you're trying to do, but it's over ... I got things in my past that could destroy this family.

PACO

You thin' you the only one with a past?

Paco starts walking off with the bag.

CONNIE

Bring that back!

She hurries after him. He turns to her.

PACO

You know what they do to men like me in Cuba? You got a choice between jail and a little goddamn boat and a whole lotta water. I picked the water. I came to America. To make myself into a brand new Paco. Instead, I starve. I do some things, I don't want to know about them myself ... Then Mrs. Winterbourne, she find me, give me this job. This job save my life. This family save my life. They're stronger than you think.

Connie tugs at the bag, tearing up.

CONNIE

You don't under -

PACO

(steady, calmly)

If bad things are gonna happen, let them happen here. The family will be there for you. Winterbournes stick together. And whatever else you are, you're a Winterbourne.

CONNIE

But that's just it. I'm not.

PACO

Listen to me. I don't know you, I don't know where you come from. But I know this. You're as much a Winterbourne as I am.

ON THE TRAIN - From the opposite side, obscuring Connie and Paco.

THE TRAIN PULLS OUT. WHEN IT'S GONE, there is Connie, standing on the platform with Paco, cuddling Hugh.

136 EXT. MANSION - FRONT OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

136

The Rolls pulls up to the front of the house. Paco and Connie look up in surprise.

THEIR POV - An ambulance is up front, lights flashing.

ON CONNIE - As the lights hit her face.

CONNIE

Shit.

137 INT. MANSION - FOYER/STAIRWAY - NIGHT

137*

Connie rushes in the door, hands the baby to Paco and runs up the stairs. Bill comes to meet her on the stairs, looking grief-stricken. He embraces her. They continue up the stairs and walk down the hall.

*
*
*
*

BILL
Jesus, we thought you'd gone!

137A INT. MANSION - UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

137A*

CONNIE
How is she?

BILL
She had another attack.

Connie heads to Grace's room.

As she reaches the doorway, Dr. Tabackin is coming out. *

DR. TABACKIN
She's been asking for you. *

Connie hurries into the room. *

138 INT. MANSION - GRACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

138

Grace is in the bed, looking exhausted and drawn. Connie rushes to her bedside. *

GRACE
Thank God you've come home. *

Grace gives Connie a hug. *

CONNIE
Are you all right? *

Furious, Grace punches the mattress with her clenched fist. She's clearly weakened, and it's only her anger and the pure force of her will that's keeping her at this pitch. *

GRACE
Shit, shit, shit! This goddamn body! If it wasn't for this body, I'd live forever. *

She leans back in bed, out of breath. Turns to Connie, getting down to business.

GRACE (cont'd)

Now what the hell do you have to say for yourself?

CONNIE

Grace, you know I don't fit in here.

GRACE

Nobody fits in here. Do you know what I was doing when I met Bill's father? Starring in a hit Broadway musical.

CONNIE

(loving it)

You're kidding?

GRACE

Okay, I was in the chorus and it closed in a week. But I had potential. Then I met Bill's father and fell in love with him. Do you think I fit in here? I made them fit me.

CONNIE

I don't know if I can do that.

GRACE

You can do anything. You made Bill come to life and I didn't think anyone could ever do that.

(then)

Now ... why did you really leave?

CONNIE

Bill asked me to marry him.

GRACE

Well, he doesn't move slow, does he? And you don't want to?

CONNIE

I do. But ...

GRACE

Darling, Hugh's gone. And as much as it hurts, you have to move on with your life. Now, do you love Bill?

CONNIE

(without hesitation)

Yes.

GRACE
Then do it, Patricia.

Grace takes Connie's hand with a wicked smile.

GRACE (cont'd)
The Winterbournes need new blood
like us.

They embrace.

GRACE (cont'd)
Just promise me you'll never take
that baby away from us again.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

- 139 CALLIGRAPHY - INSERT 139
- A hand writing in fine calligraphy: "Grace Parmentier Winterbourne requests your presence at the wedding of ..."
- 140 INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY 140
- Connie and Grace are meeting with a WEDDING GOWN DESIGNER, who sketches various ideas for dresses. *
- * *
- 141 INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY 141
- Grace and Connie meet with the FLORIST, who shows them books of floral arrangements and a few actual elaborate floral centerpieces. *
- * *
- 142 INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY 142
- Paco and a BAKER argue about the design of the wedding cake, while looking at pictures of various sample cakes. *
- * *
- MUSIC ENDS ...
- 143 EXT. YACHT CLUB - PATIO - NIGHT 143
- The outdoor patio of an exclusive yacht club. In the distance, the yachts of the rich are moored. There is a sign by the door reading "WINTERBOURNE WEDDING REHEARSAL DINNER." Couples in elegant dress move from table to table, while others are out on the dance floor, dancing to music played by a twelve-piece band (including Christine and Susan with handsome young men).
- CONNIE AND BILL are dancing to "Our Love is Here to Stay." Connie, radiant and beautiful in a lovely gown. Bill in an elegant tuxedo. Eyes fixed to one another.

The world swirls around them, blurring into a dream.

PACO AND GRACE are dancing too, both glowing with happiness. As they do particularly fancy twirling step, they pass DR. TABACKIN and HIS WIFE, also dancing. Dr. Tabackin is appalled at Grace's over-exertion.

DR. TABACKIN
Grace! Mrs. Winterbourne -

Dr. Tabackin's wife dances him away.

DR. TABACKIN'S WIFE
Leave her alone, Lew. If she dies,
she dies.

CONNIE AND BILL continue to dance.

CONNIE'S POV - on Bill, smiling. A hand taps Bill on the shoulder.

VOICE (O.S.)
May I cut in on this one?

Bill steps aside and is replaced in her view by a new face ...
STEVE, smiling just as broadly.

Connie is stunned, trying to keep her expression from betraying her. Steve is in a rented tux that does little to disguise his sleaziness. But he's never looked happier.

STEVE
You're a lucky man, Bill.

Bill is trying to place him.

BILL
Uh, thank you...

CONNIE
(trying to keep calm)
I'm afraid I haven't had the
pleasure.

STEVE
You haven't? I have. Steve DeCunzo.
(to Bill)
You remember. New York? Glad to
see your mother's doing so well.

BILL
Yes ... Well, one dance, Steve,
then I want her all to myself.

STEVE
(grinning)
You'll have to catch us first.

He sweeps her out onto the dance floor, whirling her about, a surprisingly good dancer. Connie hisses in his ear.

CONNIE

What the hell are you doing here?

STEVE

(pleasantly)

So we have met before?

He dances her further away from Bill.

ON BILL as he watches them dance off, looking a little puzzled.

ON GRACE AND PACO on another part of the dance floor. They too are watching Connie and this stranger ... a look of concern on Paco's face, one of suspicion on Grace's.

144 EXT. YACHT CLUB - PATIO - NIGHT

144

Steve dances Connie toward where the boats are moored. There are a few people around. She pulls away from him.

CONNIE

(whispering)

Get away from me!

STEVE

(speaking up)

What's wrong, Connie. Is something bothering you, Connie? Huh, Connie?

People start to look at them. She yanks him further from the others.

Angry

CONNIE

What do you want?

Steve is the picture of innocence wronged.

STEVE

Why do I have to want something? You always thought the worst of me, didn't you? Maybe that's why you always brought it out.

CONNIE

Why are you here?

He looks up at her, doing his best hurt "How could you ask that question?" face.

STEVE

I thought you were dead. I thought my only child was dead. That does something to a man, Connie. I cried, I really did. I cried for you and for the kid and for how I'm pissing

(MORE)

STEVE (cont'd)

my life away. I started making some real changes, you'd be proud. Then a few weeks later I'm stealing this car radio and I run across a People magazine and there's this picture of the Winterbourne family, and wouldn't you know it, their new daughter-in-law looks just like this tramp from Jersey I used to know. I had to see if it was true.

CONNIE

You sent me that note?

He smiles, all warmth.

STEVE

Well, just 'cause you didn't write, I didn't see any reason for me to be insensitive.

CONNIE

Okay, it worked, you got me scared. So what's next?

Steve laughs.

STEVE

You're so nervous! I just want to congratulate you on this great life you've, whaddya call it? ...'appropriated' for yourself.
(over her objection)
Hey, why not? The dead chick wasn't gonna use it anymore. And, by the way, marrying the guy's brother? That is pure genius. I didn't know you had it in you. Good job.

CONNIE

(quiet)

And that's it?

STEVE

(shaking her hand)

Absolutely.

He starts away as if to leave, then turns back around.

STEVE (cont'd)

Well, there is one thing ...

Connie waits. He comes back to her.

STEVE (cont'd)

My son. What role do I, the boy's father, have in all this?

Connie lashes out.

CONNIE

I'll give you a goddamn role -

STEVE

If you're uncomfortable, I'd be just as happy to discuss this with your mother-in-law. How do you think her heart would take my news?

CONNIE

No more bullshit. What do you want?

Steve extends his hand to her face - does his old magic trick, pulling a matchbook out of thin air. The matchbook cover has the name and address of a motel on it.

STEVE

Come by my place tomorrow. And bring my boy. What'd you name him, 'Hugh,' after the dead rich guy?

CONNIE

You come near him, I'll kill you.

Steve shakes his head.

STEVE

You got no class, you know that? That's why I dumped you. They can dress you up, but -

CONNIE

(steely)

I'm not kidding.

Steve steps close to her, grabbing her by the hair - the smiling pretense is gone and his eyes burn with a cold cruelty. She flinches, fear in his eyes.

STEVE

Be there tomorrow. Or I'll mess up your life so bad, you'll never see that kid again.

He steps away from her - her hair is now falling in her face. He laughs at her.

STEVE (cont'd)

That's a good look for you.

He walks off ...

145 EXT. YACHT CLUB - PATIO - NIGHT

145

Steve walks back into the throng, smiling.

Bill stands by the wall, watching him go.

GRACE AND PACO stand by the window, their eyes following Steve as he leaves, snatching an hors d'oeuvre and popping it into his mouth as he saunters out, the picture of arrogance. Paco turns to Grace.

PACO

I don' like that guy. Do we know who that is?

GRACE

No. But you're going to find out.

DISSOLVE TO:

146 EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - COURTYARD - DAY

146

A cloudy day, threatening rain.

One of those motels from the fifties, it hasn't been painted in a decade or two.

A yellow cab pulls up and Connie climbs out with the baby.

147 INT. CHEAP MOTEL - STEVE'S ROOM - DAY

147

Four dingy walls and an old bed.

Steve is trying to set up an old, stained playpen - he's standing in it, kicking at the bottom, trying to flatten it out. He steps out of it and tosses in some toys - a chewed up teddy bear and a couple of Leggos.

He looks up to see Connie in the window, looking in. He crosses to the door to let her in ... She enters, pushing the stroller, looking very out of place in her expensive coat.

Steve doesn't spare her a glance - he goes straight to the baby, lifting him out of the stroller.

STEVE

There's the guy! Big boy! Look at that, that's my chin, that's my goddam chin!

Connie walks in carefully, keeping her back to the wall as she circles him.

CONNIE

Hmm.

Steve carries Hugh to the playpen.

STEVE

Hey, Pal, look what I got for you here.

He plops the kid down in the middle of playpen and stands back - the baby starts howling.

STEVE (cont'd)

What's with him?

CONNIE

He's got taste.

Connie goes to Hugh - Steve steps in ahead of her and picks him up. The baby quiets and looks up at him, curious.

STEVE

You know, this is a very emotional moment for me. Do you know how much it means to a man to know that his name is gonna be passed on? That's an awful lot you're asking me to give up. And for what? Have you offered me anything in return, even a kind word? No. You just look at me like I'm going to contaminate your precious baby - like you'd even have the little bastard if it wasn't for me.

He sits in the playpen, giving the kid a Leggo to chew on.

CONNIE

Did you wash that?

STEVE

Huh? Oh, sure.

Connie steps into the playpen and takes the Leggo away from him - Hugh starts bawling again. She roots through her purse for something else to give him.

CONNIE

So you got a plan, right? Let's hear it.

She hands the baby a pacifier. He sucks on it, happily.

STEVE

I tell you what I ought to do. I ought to tell the Winterbournes all about this nasty little con you're pulling on 'em. I mean, it's not right to let the kid grow up livin' a lie. I should let everybody know who he really is ... and sue for custody.

Connie looks back at him.

STEVE (cont'd)
And don't think I wouldn't get it.
Birth fathers are winning cases
like this every day. And look at
the character of the mother.

He starts tickling the baby.

STEVE (cont'd)
A slut con artist, exploiting a
grieving family to get their fortune.
(to the baby)
Mommy would never see you again.

The baby giggles. Steve leans back against the playpen.

STEVE (cont'd)
But the problem with that is, I
still get nothing and I wind up
stuck with a baby, and who needs
that?

Connie stands up and takes a check out of her purse.

CONNIE
It's all filled out. Just tell me
the amount.

STEVE
(picking a number out of the air)
50,000.

She hesitates ... then crosses to the bureau and fills in the amount and hands him the check.

STEVE (cont'd)
'Patricia Winterbourne.' Very nice.

He steps out of the crib and gets an envelope from the bed table. He puts the check in and seals it. He slips the envelope in his pocket.

STEVE (cont'd)
Thanks, but that's nowhere near
enough. I have a better idea.
(off her reaction)
No, you'll like it. It's an idea
where everybody gets what they want.
And how many ideas like that do you
ever come up with? You want to hear
it?

CONNIE
Why're you asking me if I want to
hear it?

STEVE

(harder)

Do you want to hear it?

Connie walks back and forth, not looking at him.

CONNIE

(in a monotone)

Sure, I want to hear it, I'll die if I don't hear it.

STEVE

(pleased)

You take the kid out for a walk somewheres. I'll show up and kidnap him.

Connie stops and looks him dead in the face.

STEVE (cont'd)

Don't worry, I'll give you a good smack so it looks like you struggled. They'll cough up at least a million for him, right? I take that, drop off the baby and that way I get a fair return for sacrificing my paternal rights.

CONNIE

You're out of your friggin' mind. You go near that kid and I'm calling the police.

STEVE

Then I'll tell them it was your idea.

CONNIE

They wouldn't believe you.

STEVE

Why else would you pay me 50,000 dollars? With a forged check, by the way.

Connie begins pacing the room, looking for a way out.

CONNIE

I will not hurt those people.

STEVE

They're not gonna miss a pissant million!

CONNIE

What if I just clear out, run away?

STEVE

I'll find you. And I'll take the kid.

CONNIE

You don't even want him!

STEVE

(very calmly)

But he's mine.

He sits down next to the crib and picks up the teddy bear.

CONNIE

This'll kill Grace. Whatever happens, it'll kill her.

Playing peek-a-boo with the bear over the side of the crib.

STEVE

She's gotta die sometime.

The baby laughs. Connie steps in and picks him up.

STEVE (cont'd)

(hurt)

Hey, I had him laughing.

CONNIE

I have to go.

Steve stands and faces her.

STEVE

What do you say? You and the kid gonna be taking a walk in the Commons around one tomorrow?

CONNIE

I'm getting married tomorrow.

STEVE

So?

Connie stares right back at him.

148 INT. MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

148

Connie is just leaving the room.

WE PAN SLOWLY TO THE WALL, to a framed case containing a gun collection. There is an empty spot where one of the guns is missing.

149 OMIT

149*

150 OMIT 150
151 OMIT 151*
152 EXT. SEEDY STREET - BOSTON - NIGHT 152

A cab pulls up to the curb away from the motel. Connie gets out and starts walking.

153 EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT 153

Connie walks up to Steve's motel. Someone is walking toward her. She nods to the stranger as she passes - she can't make her out in the night, but she's a very pregnant blonde.

CONNIE

'Night.

The stranger just walks on ... Once she's gone, Connie hustles to find Steve's room... She stops in front of his door. She almost knocks, but then she decides to try the knob instead. She turns it, quietly, carefully and opens the door ...

154 INT. CHEAP MOTEL - STEVE'S ROOM - NIGHT 154

... as the door opens and Connie peers in. One dim light by the bed is on. Steve is sitting up in bed in a t-shirt, watching a Tony Robbins infomercial. Connie steps in.

CONNIE

Hello, Steve. Your partner's here.
I got a little change in the plan.

He doesn't look up. She walks to the foot of the bed, trying not to lose her nerve.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Instead of me taking the kid for a walk and you stealing him ...

She pulls the gun out and levels it on him. She speaks, her trembling voice belying her attempt to sound tough.

CONNIE (cont'd)

... you get the hell out of my life or I blow your head off.

He doesn't even look up. She is thrown off by his apparent lack of interest.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Stop watchin' the damn TV.

She switches it off. Still no reaction from Steve. She goes to him to get a better look. You don't have to be a doctor to see that Steve is quite dead.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Holy shit!

The shock of seeing the body sends Connie reeling backwards. Accidentally, the gun goes off.

A LOUD KNOCKING is heard from the door, followed immediately by Bill bursting into the room.

BILL

Are you all right?

CONNIE

You got a helluva sense of timing, you know that?

BILL

Are you going to tell me what's going on, or -

He sees Steve lying on the bed. It takes a moment for it to register... Then a sick look washes over Bill's face as he realizes that's a dead man on the bed. He looks back at Connie - seeing the gun in her hand.

BILL (cont'd)

Holy shit ...

CONNIE

Look, I didn't do it, I just came here to scare him. I didn't even know this thing was loaded.

BILL

I mean, Jesus Christ -

CONNIE

It just went off. He was already dead.

BILL

If there was a problem we could have discussed it

into the sack of milk

CONNIE

Believe me, he was dead when I got here.

BILL

(not believing her)

All right. All right, I believe you.

She thinks for a moment.

Wait a minute

CONNIE

How did you know I was here?

BILL

I got here first. I saw you go in.

CONNIE

Why did you come here?

BILL

Paco followed the guy home last night. I could see that he scared you, I came here to ...

CONNIE

(suddenly frightened)

To do what? Bill, you didn't -

BILL

(pointing at the bed)

No, I didn't! Of course, not!

(beat)

All right, if neither of us did it, why don't we call the police?

They look at each other in silence.

CONNIE

Not! Let's just get out of here.

She moves to the door, then stops, remembering:

CONNIE (cont'd)

Wait.

She looks around the room, opens the closet. There's the jacket he was wearing. She goes through the pockets. Pulls an envelope out of the pocket. The one Steve put the check in. But the damned thing is empty.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Shit.

BILL

What are you looking for?

CONNIE

Forget it, come on.

They hurry out the door.

155 EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - COURTYARD - NIGHT

155

They walk through the courtyard, trying to look normal. They move on. In the darkness nearby, unnoticed by them, sits the Winterbourne Rolls + Royce.

156 INT. ROLLS ROYCE - EXT. MOTEL/BOSTON STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

156

Grace and Paco are inside. Grace sits in the shadows of the back seat.

157 EXT. SIDE STREET - BOSTON - NIGHT

157

As Connie and Bill walk around the corner to Bill's Cadillac STS, they talk.

*
*

CONNIE

You don't believe I didn't kill him, do you?

Bill hesitates ... but he can't lie to her.

BILL

No.

CONNIE

(relieved)

That's good. Because if you don't believe I didn't do it, then you couldn't have done it. And since I don't believe you didn't do it, then you know I didn't do it.

BILL
(unconvinced)
Then who did it?

CONNIE
(unconvinced herself)
I think you did.

They climb into the car.

158 INT. BILL'S CAR - EXT. BOSTON STREETS - MOVING - NIGHT

158

As Bill drives through the streets of Boston. Connie sits next to him. They both stare off through the windshield, not talking. Finally ...

CONNIE
Dammit. Even when he's dead the bastard
can't stop screwing up my life.

BILL
It's going to work out.

CONNIE
We'll never trust each other again.

BILL
I trust you.

Connie looks at him.

CONNIE
You shouldn't. I've been lying to
you ever since we met.

With a sudden motion, Bill pulls the car over and brakes. He turns to face her.

BILL
You don't have to tell me.

CONNIE
Yeah, I do -

Bill speaks to her very gently - he knows he must make her feel safe or she might disappear from his life again.

BILL
Honestly, I don't care.

Connie bursts out in anger:

CONNIE
You don't even know who the hell I am!

Her anger seems to propel her from the car. She slams the door behind her.

159 EXT. ROAD SIDE - NIGHT

159

She walks on in the beams of the headlight. Bill climbs out of the car. She stops and turns on him, finally letting it all pour out in one burst.

CONNIE

I'm not Patricia Winterbourne! I didn't even know your brother. I met him once. On the train. With his wife. Before the crash. And then the hospital screwed up, and I didn't have any place to go, so -

BILL

It's okay, Connie.

Connie explodes.

CONNIE

How can it be okay -

She stops dead when she realizes ... what was that name he just called her?

CONNIE (cont'd)

What?

Bill watches her in the light of the headlights.

BILL

It's okay ... Connie. I kind of ... knew all that.

Connie just stares at him, not able to take this in.

CONNIE

What?

BILL

Not all the details, but ...

CONNIE

You knew?

BILL

And it's okay.

Bill smiles at her warmly. Connie moves slowly to him, her face full of emotion. She walks right up to him; it feels like a romantic moment. She reaches up to his face - at the last second she grabs him by the lapels and yells furiously.

CONNIE

Why the hell didn't you tell me!

Bill squirms away.

BILL

What?

CONNIE

I been going out of my mind!
And now we got a dead guy in a
motel room.

She gestures to Bill, yelling to the heavens.

CONNIE (cont'd)

And Bill knew all the time!

BILL

Well, I didn't think you'd kill
him.

CONNIE

I didn't kill him!

Connie sits down on the shoulder, in the gravel, leaning back on
the hubcap of Bill's car, breathing heavily. Bill squats down next
to her, not sure what to say.

BILL

I ... I guess I should have been
more forthcoming.

CONNIE

Well, I'm not exactly Miss Honesty
in this relationship.

BILL

I was afraid to tell you because ...
I thought it might scare you away.
Besides, I fell in love with you.
Not with your name.

He looks at her ... the relief in having this huge secret lifted from
them is beginning to settle in. It's as if they can both take a full
breath for the first time in weeks. Connie sighs a deep sigh, letting
it all go.

CONNIE

I wanted to tell you so many times!
At first, I was just afraid. But
then, Grace ... if she found out
Hughie wasn't her grandson, it would...

(sighing)

So I committed this major fraud and
tried to marry you under false
pretenses ...

(she squints his way)

How do you feel about that?

BILL

Well, I think all couples have their little secrets.

Connie smiles - she loves that he can still joke at a time like this.

Bill helps her to her feet. She tries to throw the next question in as casually as she can.

CONNIE

So, did you kill Steve?

BILL

Nope.

He takes her by the arms and looks at her, dead serious.

BILL (cont'd)

But if I'd known he was trying to hurt you I might have.

He embraces her. A comforting embrace. She rubs her cheek against his, feeling safe for maybe the first time in her life.

CONNIE

So what the hell are you supposed to call me now?

BILL

I'll call you whatever you like.

She pulls back a little, to look at his face. She can say something now that she never thought she'd say.

CONNIE

I like Connie.

BILL

I like Connie too.

They kiss. There are no secrets separating them now and the kiss is warm and close and full of love.

DISSOLVE TO:

160 EXT. BOSTON CATHEDRAL - DAY

160

THE TOWER - FROM ABOVE. An ornate pseudo-Gothic affair.

We TILT down to see the huge cathedral - limos pulling up to the doors, people in formal wear walking up the steps - including Dr. Tabackin and his wife, Ty Winthrop, and Christine and Susan.

161 EXT. CATHEDRAL - FRONT STEPS - DAY

161

A flight of wide granite steps - the kind that seem to lead straight up to heaven.

Grace and Father Brian greet arriving guests.

162 INT. CATHEDRAL - GROOM'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

162

Bill is in his morning coat, hunched over a table with the morning paper spread over it. He finds an article and focuses on it. Something catches his eye. Whatever he reads, it makes his day.

He snatches up the paper and runs down the circular staircase.

163 INT. CATHEDRAL - MAIN CHAPEL - DAY

163

FROM ABOVE - The wedding guests are settling into place.

Rainbow light from the stained glass windows fills the air, glittering on the cathedral and on all the fine guests - the cream of Boston society. The massive sound of an organ fills the air with wedding music.

Bill runs up the aisle, clutching the newspaper in one hand. He waves to the crowd with a giddy, broad smile.

BILL

Hey, guys!

He runs out a door to the left of the altar. The crowd mutters, curious.

164 INT. CATHEDRAL - BRIDE'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

164

Connie stands before a mirror, in her wedding gown. Sunlight falls on her from the window, making the white dress gleam with an angelic radiance. She's a dream bride - and a million miles away from where she started.

Sophie pins Connie's veil in place. Paco stands by the door, holding the baby. Just then, Bill flings open the door, winded from running up the stairs. Connie twirls, startled.

Paco stands up, blocking his way.

PACO

Hey, you can't see her! It's bad luck!

Bill sidesteps him.

BILL

Oh, we couldn't have bad luck.

Connie feels a chill, remembering the last time she heard someone say that - Patricia on the train, right before the crash.

Bill walks up to her, slipping his arm around her with the easy comfort of love. He moves close to her, his breath warm and soft in her ear.

BILL (cont'd)

They found the body. It's in the paper. But it's okay. They think it was a robbery. We don't have anything to worry about.

Connie shuts her eyes in silent relief.

165 EXT. CATHEDRAL - FRONT STEPS - DAY

165

Father Brian and Grace are still conversing on the steps as a few last wedding guests come in.

FATHER BRIAN

Glorious day, isn't it?

But Grace isn't listening. Her attention is focused on a late model Ford, parked illegally in front of the church, and on the rather WEATHERED WOMAN IN HER MID-FORTIES, most definitely not in formal attire, who steps out of it and walks up the steps. She's joined by a nervous young man in an equally cheap suit. Together, they walk right up to Father Brian and Grace.

The woman pulls out a badge with a studied lack of flourish.

AMBROSE

Hello, Father. Lieutenant Ambrose, Boston P.D. We'd like to speak with Mrs. Winterbourne.

Father Brian gives his usual bewildered look. Grace takes focus, smiling graciously.

GRACE

That would be me.

AMBROSE

Patricia Winterbourne?

GRACE

That's my daughter-in-law. May I ask what this is regarding?

Ambrose shifts uneasily.

AMBROSE

We're investigating the murder of Stephen DeCunzo.

Grace nods, elegantly.

GRACE

Then you'll be wanting to speak with me.

AMBROSE

And why's that?

GRACE

(still smiling)

I'm the one who killed him. Shot
him to death in that cheap motel.

Ambrose and Father Brian just stare for a moment. Neither of them expected these words to come out of this sweet old lady. She turns to Father Brian, apologetically.

GRACE (cont'd)

Would you give us just a moment?
The Lieutenant and I need to chat.

Father Brian can only partially haul himself out of his confusion. —

FATHER BRIAN

Oh? Certainly ... give you a moment
... personal matter ...

Father Brian wanders off, puzzled and muttering.

166 INT. CATHEDRAL - BRIDE'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

166

Bill and Connie look up as Father Brian walks into the room. He stops, mouth open. He seems to want to say something, but can't quite figure out how to phrase it.

FATHER BRIAN

Uh, the ceremony may be delayed
slightly.

BILL

Is something wrong?

FATHER BRIAN

Your mother seems to be confessing
to a murder.

You could hear a pin drop in the room.

CONNIE

She must be crazy.

FATHER BRIAN

Actually she looked quite well.

167 INT. CATHEDRAL - HALLWAY OUTSIDE BRIDE'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

167

Connie and Bill burst out of the room, brushing Father Brian aside, and run down the stairs at full speed.

Just as Father Brian recovers from the near-miss, Paco hurries out, handing the baby off to the priest as he goes by.

168 INT. CATHEDRAL - STAIRWAY - DAY

168

Bill and Connie tear down the stairs, Connie wadding up her train in her arms.

169 INT. CATHEDRAL - MAIN CHAPEL - DAY

169

The guests sit about, getting impatient ... Suddenly, Connie and Bill come running down the aisle, going in the wrong direction. The ORGANIST sees them and launches into "The Wedding March." The guests come to their feet, uncertain.

CONNIE

False alarm!

BILL

As you were!

170 EXT. CATHEDRAL - FRONT STEPS - DAY

170

Grace speaks calmly to Lt. Ambrose, while the nervous young man with her takes notes.

GRACE

He was blackmailing me. I have a rather colorful past, if you must know. First I tried to pay him hush money, but in the end, offing him seemed more effective.

AMBROSE

Are you sure you don't want a lawyer present? I think you should have a lawyer present.

Connie and Bill come around the corner, out of breath.

BILL

Mother, what the hell are you doing?

GRACE

Confessing to the murder of ...

AMBROSE

Stephen DeCunzo.

GRACE

Exactly.

CONNIE

Grace, you can't do this!
(to the cop)
She's just protecting me.

BILL

She doesn't even have a lawyer!

AMBROSE
That's what I told her.

CONNIE
I'm the one who killed him.

Bill speaks up.

BILL
No, I killed him. He was a
blackmailer. I went to pay him off.

Lt. Ambrose pulls out the check.

AMBROSE
With this check?

BILL
Yes.

AMBROSE
(re: Connie)
Which she signed.

BILL
That doesn't matter. I shot him.

CONNIE
He's lying. I shot him.

Paco runs into the scene.

PACO
Wait!

AMBROSE
I suppose you shot him, too.

PACO
Yes. I confess.

AMBROSE
Well, okay, those of you who shot
him, how many times did you shoot
him?

They all speak at once.

CONNIE
Once.

BILL
Twice.

GRACE
Three times.

PACO
I emptied
the magazine.

There is an uncomfortable silence.

AMBROSE
Where did you shoot him?

CONNIE In the chest. BILL In the stomach. GRACE In the head.

PACO In the motel.

AMBROSE Okay. Who wants to take this one?
How far away were you?

Connie speaks first.

CONNIE
I was standing across the room and I shot him. And I'd do it again.

Ambrose decides it's time to cut through the crap.

AMBROSE
He was shot twice in the heart at close range. Now I don't know what the hell you all are talking about, I just came here to ask about this damned check. We know who killed him. We got the killer in the car.

The Winterbournes stand in silence for a moment. Then they stagger with giddy relief.

BILL
Jesus!

AMBROSE
I don't know what's going on, but if I ever commit a crime, I'm sure as hell gonna wish I was part of this family.

Connie finally finds her voice.

CONNIE
You're sure you got the killer?

AMBROSE
You want me to be wrong? We got the gun, we got fingerprints. We even got a confession, although there seems to be a fire sale on those today.

She starts to go.

CONNIE
Why did he do it?

AMBROSE
It's a she. Some lovers' thing. He knocked her up and tried to dump her. Same old story.

Connie takes this in.

CONNIE

I want to see her.

Ambrose shrugs and points to the Ford parked at the curb. Connie runs down the steps to the car.

171 INT. UNMARKED CAR - EXT. CATHEDRAL FRONT STEPS - DAY

171

RENEE sits in the back of the squad car, sucking down a coffee in a paper cup. She is hugely pregnant. She yells at the uniformed cop behind the wheel.

RENEE

How long do we gotta sit here?

The Lieutenant opens the door - Connie looks in

RENEE (cont'd)

What are you lookin' at? ...
(gives her another look)

Do I know you?

CONNIE

Yeah.

RENEE

(laughs)

Oh, yeah! The bitch out in the rain.
With the quarter. Didn't you die?

CONNIE

Yeah.

RENEE

(looking at Connie's gown)

Looks good on you.

CONNIE

(not sure what to say)

... I'm sorry.

Renee shrugs.

RENEE

Hey, one of us was bound to whack
the bastard eventually. I was the
lucky one.

Ambrose pushes by Connie and climbs into the car.

AMBROSE

You guys really got to learn to wait
for lawyers.

She slams the door and the car pulls out.

*how does
she know
Connie?*

172 EXT. CATHEDRAL - FRONT STEPS - DAY

172

Connie stands, watching the car go. Bill walks to her side.

CONNIE

I want to hire her a great lawyer.
One that specializes in those 'sure-
I-did-it-but-can-you-blame-me?'
defenses.

BILL

Did you know her?

CONNIE

Yeah, I knew her real well.

Connie looks at the disappearing car, seeing this vision of her former self speed away. She turns and walks up the steps.

Grace is there, watching her. Father Brian is at her side now, holding little Hughie. Connie walks up to Grace ... there's so much to say to her and she can't think of how to begin. Grace turns to the others.

GRACE

I'd like to speak with Patricia
for a moment.

BILL

Mother -

CONNIE

(taking the baby)
It's okay, Bill.

The others walk back into the church, leaving Connie and Grace and little Hugh together. Grace turns to Connie.

GRACE

Who was Stephen DeCunzo?

Connie looks up at Grace, knowing the time for the truth has come and dreading it.

CONNIE

The baby's father.

Grace's eyes stay on Connie ... and Connie dies a little inside.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

I was never married to Hugh. I
barely knew him. I wish I had.

*

GRACE

What are you saying?

CONNIE

I've been lying to you, Grace. I should have told you the truth the minute we met, but with your heart and all ...

GRACE

What truth?

CONNIE

We had no place to go. I didn't want my baby to grow up like that. This is the only home I've ever had. I fell in love with you all and I didn't want to leave you. I love Bill so much ...
 (hesitates, indicates baby Hugh)
 I'm just ... I'm just so sorry he's not really your grandson.

Grace takes this in ... but she knows she loves this girl and that this girl loves her son. She takes Connie's hand.

GRACE

(quietly)

He will be. Let's go.

Grace leads Connie and the baby up the steps of the cathedral. Grace glances down at the baby, fondly.

GRACE (CON'T)

My heart could stand three or four more of these.

Connie looks at her expectantly.

CONNIE

Really?

Grace waits for Connie so they enter the cathedral together. Grace puts her arm around Connie, but not before swatting her on the behind.

173 INT. CATHEDRAL - MAIN CHAPEL - DAY

173

FROM ABOVE - The wedding. The music is filling the room.

Connie walks down the aisle, Paco on her arm, giving her away. Paco is weeping - he always cries at weddings.

Bill stands at the altar, watching her. Grace sits in the front row with little Hugh in her arms.

AT THE ALTAR - Bill and Connie stand before Father Brian.

FATHER BRIAN

Do you, William Hazard Winterbourne, take Patricia to be your wife? To love, honor and cherish for as long as you both shall live?

BILL

I do.

Father Brian turns to Connie, who seems lost in thought.

FATHER BRIAN

Do you, Patricia Winterbourne, take William to be your husband? To love, honor and cherish for as long as you both shall live?

She looks at him for a beat ...

CONNIE

No.

There is dead silence in the cathedral.

ON GRACE - she looks up - what now?

ON THE WEDDING PARTY - Father Brian doesn't seem to have noticed.

FATHER BRIAN

Do you have a ring to show -
(realizing)
Excuse me?

CONNIE

(taking a deep breath)
I, Constance Helen Doyle ... do
all that.

The crowd murmurs. Christine and Susan exchange a look. Paco stands behind her, shaking her head - he'll never figure this woman out.

Father Brian looks around, confused.

Connie glances back to Grace. Grace mouths 'Who?' Connie gestures to herself, apologetically. Grace shrugs, 'whatever.' Connie smiles - Grace smiles back. Bill makes a 'wrap-it-up' gesture to Father Brian.

FATHER BRIAN

Do you have the ring to show as a symbol of your love?

Bill takes a ring from a pocket. The same ring from the train. The ring that started it all.

Connie and Bill look at the ring for a moment, thinking of how Hugh and Patricia's tragedy was what brought them together.

ON CONNIE'S HAND - As Bill slips the ring on her finger.

ON THE WEDDING PARTY - Bill takes Connie's hands.

FATHER BRIAN

I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride.

Bill lifts the veil off of Connie's face. The two of them smile at each other.

CONNIE

Mr. Winterbourne.

BILL

Mrs. Winterbourne.

They move together for a sweet, loving kiss, as we:

FADE TO BLACK