

SHOOT THE MOON

An original screenplay by
Bo Goldman

FINAL DRAFT

December 23, 1980

ALAN PARKER FILM COMPANY

This script is
the property of
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER FILM CO.

A1 EXT. HOUSE - NORTHERN CALIFORNIA - EVENING

A1

Weathered wood, brightly-painted shutters, bicycles, a trampoline. A driveway and garage.

Out front a pet barnyard, three chickens, a pair of rabbits.

1 INT. STAIR LANDING

1

A stairway too formal for this house; light catching the burnished steps. A man comes into view. In his late thirties, bulky, muscular; a dynamic, almost compulsive face, a specially sharp edge now to the rough features.

His name is GEORGE.

ON GEORGE

Soundlessly moving down the stairway into the hall. He wears evening trousers, dress shirt, an untied black tie.

2 STUDY - DOWNSTAIRS

2

Books line the walls: a desk, a corkboard, autographed pictures of sports figures; a hot plate and teapot, a cedar file and a good chair.

George stares at the desk, then sits. He looks into space for a moment, his head nods into his hands. George suddenly looks up, blinks: his eyes brim with tears; he sobs. HOLD on George.

3 UPSTAIRS - BEDROOM

3

A woman sits before a mirror.

FAITH, young for her early thirties: woman, child and mother in one and in conflict; but the best of each, puckish, feisty, a natural unworked-for beauty. PULL BACK from Faith to reveal her four children looking at her in the mirror.

MOLLY, 7; MARIANNE, 10; JILL, 12; SHERRY, 13. Sherry distanced from the rest; at the brink of womanhood, a school skirt, a scarf falling around her young breasts.

The girls lean towards their mother, intent on her dressing-up preparations.

CUT TO:

4 CLOSEUP - A HAND

4

PULL BACK to reveal it is George's hand on the telephone.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

GEORGE

... it won't be easy, in the middle
of all those people and all I'll
be doing is thinking about you.

(after a moment)

Maybe I'll win, that would help.

A VOICE comes back through the phone; clean, seductive,
soothing. Her name is SANDY.

SANDY (V.O.)

You'll win, you're a winner.

CUT TO:

5 FAITH'S BEDROOM

5

Molly, Faith's youngest child, is mimicking her mother,
smearing her lips with lipstick; contortions of the mouth.

CUT TO:

6 DOWNSTAIRS - GEORGE'S STUDY

6

GEORGE

But even if I win, I lose, if you
know what I mean?

SANDY (V.O.)

Forget us tonight, just try to have
a good time.

GEORGE

It's been so long since I've had
a good time, I wonder if I still
know how...

CUT TO:

7 UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

7

MOLLY

Yeah! Yeah!

JILL

No no, me first --

MARIANNE

Forget it, Mom, you'll never get
to the party.

FAITH

Yeah, you guys are going to keep
me here all night.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

MOLLY

Aw, c'm'on, Mom, just a little --

Faith swivels towards Molly.

FAITH

Open wide.

Molly parts her lips.

FAITH

Not your mouth, darling, your eyes.

Molly rolls her eyes upwards. The girls squeeze close, everyone arching their eyebrows, fluttering their eyelashes.

Except Sherry, who drifts towards the hallway.

CUT TO:

8 TELEPHONE TABLE - STAIR LANDING

8

Sherry picks up the extension, but holds the cradle down, now carefully lifts her finger.

MOVE IN on Sherry's face.

SANDY (V.O.)

... Where are you anyway?

GEORGE (V.O.)

Home.

SANDY (V.O.)

Home! I thought you'd stopped for gas. I thought you were at the Texaco. Get off the phone, for God's sake --

CUT TO:

9 BEDROOM - ON MOLLY

9

Her eyes beautifully outlined now like a pre-Raphaelite painting. Faith beams at her handiwork.

9A UPSTAIRS - BEDROOM

9A

Faith now applying a touch of eyeliner, the children opening their eyes wide in support. Faith checks the eyeliner in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

She sighs.

FAITH

I hate it.

JILL

I love it.

Molly, entranced with her mother's pencil, steals it to try some eyeliner for herself. Faith, who has been busy with fingertip to eye, now reaches for the pencil, but it is not there. She slaps the boudoir tabletop in search of it, spies Molly.

FAITH

Hey, Moll, give us a break.

Jill snatches the pencil away from Molly, hands it over to her mother. Molly's face instantly a pudding of despair. Faith notices.

FAITH

(to Molly)

Come here, let me show you.

MOLLY

(at the mirror)

How do I look?

JILL

Like a hooker.

MOLLY

So do you!

(grabbing Faith)

Do I look like a hooker?

FAITH

No, you look beautiful, you don't look anything like a hooker.

MOLLY

(to Jill)

See, I don't look anything like a hooker!

Faith laughs, hugs Molly.

MOLLY

(to Faith)

What's a hooker?

CUT TO:

10 STAIRWAY

10

George coming up, Sherry going down. They meet.

SHERRY
You're off the phone?

George pauses.

GEORGE
What?

SHERRY
I asked you if you were off the
phone.

GEORGE
I was just talking to Jim.

George continues up the stairs.

SHERRY
Jim, huh? Is that why you whispered?

George turns around.

GEORGE
Yeah, that's why I whispered.

But Sherry hasn't heard his reply, she has already turned
to go downstairs.

SHERRY
(calling up to George)
You better hurry! Mom looks terrific!

11 FAITH AND GEORGE'S BEDROOM

11

George walks in.

ON GEORGE

as Faith turns around face him. A moment: George is
pleased by his wife's appearance.

GEORGE
You look really nice.

FAITH
What?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

GEORGE
You look really pretty.

FAITH
You seem surprised.

Pause.

GEORGE
Oh, forget it.

Silence.

FAITH
Is the dress okay?

GEORGE
Oh, yeah.
(squints at Faith's
dress)
It's the one you wore last year,
isn't it?

FAITH
Why, does it still have wine on it?

GEORGE
Wine?

FAITH
The wine you spilled when Peter
Atchison won instead of you.

GEORGE
You always remember the wrong things.

George exits. Sherry returns, easing into the room, picking
at a container of yogurt with a spoon.

FAITH
(to Sherry)
I look all right?

SHERRY
You look fabulous, Mom.

Sherry offers her mother a spoonful of yogurt. But Faith,
still at the mirror, ignores her, she is shaking her head.

Faith is re-examining her dress.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

It needs a thing to gather it up
at the waist.

JILL

No, Mom, leave it like that, all
smooth.

FAITH

I need a thing. Where's the silk
rope that goes with my linen dress
-- I saw it somewhere?

MARIANNE

Between the big trees.

FAITH

(incredulous)

Where?

MARIANNE

The dryer broke when it was Molly's
turn to do the laundry. She used
it to hang out the wash.

Faith sighs. She catches a glimpse of Sherry in the corner of the mirror, Sherry is wearing a hide-and-fringe Davy Crockett belt.

Faith zeroes in on the belt; instantly Sherry and Faith get the same idea.

FAITH

What do you think?

SHERRY

(taking off her belt)

Try it.

JILL

Now don't go wearing Sherry's old
belt, Mom --

Sherry ignores her, helping Faith do the belt around her waist.

Now everyone checks Faith in the mirror.

SHERRY

It looks great.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

MARIANNE

Real great, Mom.

MOLLY

Pret-tee.

Faith does look charming, Sherry's scarf a touch which lifts her to the edge of beauty; Faith's smile takes her the rest of the way.

FAITH

... Now everybody, get ready for bed -- Molly, you go to bed --

MOLLY

Oh, come on, Mom -- you promised --

FAITH

I did not -- the show doesn't go on 'til 11:30 -- you've got school --

MOLLY

You promised. You promised! I had to go to bed last year.

Molly starts to cry.

JILL

You didn't promise. Make her go to bed, Mom -- she'll drive us crazy.

Molly is desperate, inconsolable. Faith leans over Molly. Faith smiles, shakes her head.

FAITH

All right, you can stay up -- you can all stay up --

Molly hugs her mother with one hand, gives Jill the finger with the other. Jill stomps out, furious.

Sherry wraps Faith's jacket around her mother, pulls her head close, whispers to Faith.

SHERRY

That was her on the phone with him.

The SOUNDS in the b.g. of the jabbering children suddenly drop out. Faith and Sherry exchange a deep look. The SOUNDS suddenly return now, and Faith instantly comes back to life.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

FAITH

(exiting)

Be good! Get ready for bed! Brush your teeth! Sherry, do your homework! -- Marianne, don't forget your worm medicine! --

MARIANNE

I hate it, it makes my B.M.'s all red.

FAITH

(out the door)

Good, they're coming out! Jill, find your ballet slippers -- you've got class tomorrow! Molly, if you're going to stay up, clean out your closet! Throw all that horrible underwear in the wash and, Sherry, if the plumber calls, tell him there's a leak in the washing machine!

Faith hurries out as the children run to catch up with her.

12 EXT. HOUSE - GEORGE'S CAR

12

George at the wheel, Jill reaching through the window to kiss her father.

JILL

(tousling George's head)

I love your haircut.

GEORGE

Thanks.

JILL

Your bow tie's too skinny.

GEORGE

No, it's not. It belonged to Grandpa.

JILL

(yanking)

It's a real one -- it's not a clip-on.

GEORGE

Yeah, I tied it myself.

Faith appears, she hurries towards the car, opens the passenger side. Jill and Molly are hanging on the car on the driver's side. George rolls down the window to kiss them.

Upstairs, Sherry pensively watches the car drive off.

CUT TO:

13 BAY BRIDGE - EVENING 13

The lights of San Francisco reflecting over the water, through the iridescent dusk; George's car streaking across the picture postcard.

14 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT 14

The CLANG of a cable car bell. The cable car fills then leaves the frame, revealing Goerge's car right behind, he has been trying to pass.

15 INT. GEORGE'S CAR 15

GEORGE

Goddam things. I could shoot Tony Bennett.

George turns, accelerates sharply up a steep hill.

GEORGE

This city could die from quaint.

Faith stares out the window.

GEORGE

That was a joke.

Faith ignores him.

GEORGE

Not funny, huh?

Faith blinks.

GEORGE

I'd forgotten you'd stopped laughing.

Faith doesn't respond.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - NIGHT 16

Crowds milling about the approach to the hotel.

17 INT. GEORGE'S CAR 17

GEORGE

Are you going to help me through this tonight, or not?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

FAITH

Jeezus, look at all these people.
I knew we should have washed the car.

18 EXT. FAIRMONT ENTRANCE

18

Spotlights, a red carpet. A DOORMAN opens George's door with a flourish.

GEORGE

(quickly)

Faith, are you with me?

FAITH

It's your night, George.

George jumps out, runs around to help Faith out, takes her arm as PHOTOGRAPHERS move in. He plunges forward, protecting Faith through the melee, right past the Photographers who, not recognizing them, move on to the next arrivals.

GEORGE

Try to smile, will you? There's Willard.

WILLARD approaches, a man in his sixties, a publishing type in a velvet jacket and Peal slippers.

WILLARD

Hello, George, hello, Faith.

Willard kisses Faith.

FAITH

Where's Isabel?

WILLARD

She's inside already.

SCOTT, an eager young man, rushes up.

WILLARD

Okay, George, this is Scott Gruber from Manning Publicity.

SCOTT

(all aglow)

Congratulations on a super book, Mr. Dunlap --

GEORGE

What is all this, Willard?

(CONTINUED)

WILLARD

A little glamor, George.

SCOTT

A little icing on the cake. A little pizzazz, a little hype. Books are show biz, too. And we do have the winner here.

He puts his arm around George, leading him a step ahead of Faith.

FAITH

Don't count your chickens, he hasn't won yet.

Scott turns around.

SCOTT

This must be the missus?

FAITH

(eagerly)

Faith Dunlap, yes.

SCOTT

Scott Gruber, publicity. Love your belt!

Faith shakes his hand hard.

SCOTT

Now here's how it goes --

GEORGE

Here's how what goes?

WILLARD

Patience, George.

SCOTT

I'd like you to turn around, Mr. Dunlap --

(turns George around)

Can I call you George? -- go back to the head of the carpet, George, do the walk-in again.

GEORGE

What are you talking about?

SCOTT

Take it from the top. You'll see, you're going to love it.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

WILLARD

You heard him, George.

GEORGE

But we're already in... it's so phony.

SCOTT

Follow me please.

People are pulling and pushing. Faith, a yard behind, tries to catch up. George turns to her, grabs her arm.

GEORGE

For God's sake, smile.

Faith bares all her teeth.

FAITH

(through the teeth)

I'm smiling, I'm smiling.

ON SCOTT

Leading George and Faith past the snapping Photographers again, REPORTERS scribbling.

SCOTT

(to the Photographers)

George Dunlap, 'The Court Game,'
Willoughby House. That's Dun-lap.
Dunlap with an 'a.'

The Photographers chiming "Right this way, Mr. Dunlap. Over here, Mr. Dunlap."

CLOSEUP - FAITH

Faith gets separated for the moment from George. A Photo team is checking their captions.

REPORTER

(to Photographer)

And you are -- ?

PHOTOGRAPHER

(prompting impatiently)

'George Dunlap and friend.'

FAITH

I'm not his friend! I'm his wife!

PHOTOGRAPHER

(pushing past)

Huh? Oh yeah.

CUT TO:

19 INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL

19

Evening gowns and black ties, banquet tables, a dais, a giant banner, "INTERNATIONAL BOOK AWARDS". Scattered about are publishers and editors with three-piece dinner jackets, Phi Beta Kappa keys, lapels dotted with Legion of Honor rosettes; trendy young women from the paperbacks.

MOVE IN on a table close to the dais, George and Faith seated between Willard and his wife, ISABEL. Isabel is a little drunk.

ISABEL

(to Faith)

Every time George comes to New York, all he can talk about is you and the children -- when am I ever going to see these wonderful children?

FAITH

I think I have some pictures.
(starts fishing helplessly in her crowded bag)
I know they're here somewhere.

ISABEL

Oh don't bother, dear, I can just imagine how fabulous they are.
(consults her program)
When is non-fiction anyway?

CUT TO:

20 GEORGE AND FAITH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN TELEVISION SET

20

A Master of Ceremonies, a Peter Ustinov/Gore Vidal type is leading the applause for a winner who is just walking away with his award.

Sherry, Jill, Marianne and Molly are perched in front of their set, watching.

MARIANNE

Where are they? I still don't see them.

Molly gets up surreptitiously.

SHERRY

No more Shredded Wheat, Molly.

MOLLY

It's Cap'n Crunch.

(CONTINUED)

SHERRY

I don't care what it is. No more sugar and no more cream -- you know what Mommy says --

JILL

Oh I think I saw them!... Oh no, I didn't.

MOLLY

But I'm hungry.

SHERRY

Suck an Acerola.

EMCEE (V.O.)

Having left the nether world of fiction, we arrive at the cool, clear daylight of fact...

SHERRY

Shut up everybody! Here it is!

ON THE TV - DAIS

The Emcee is presented with a card. He reads:

EMCEE (V.O.)

... and the winner is -- for 'The Court Game' -- George Dunlap.

ON THE CHILDREN

jumping up and down, beside themselves with joy.

ON THE TV

Everybody standing up and applauding, except for George. He looks bewildered.

ON THE CHILDREN

Still all excited as George rises unsteadily from his table.

MARIANNE

Daddy.

JILL

Dad-dee! Dad-dee!

SHERRY

Where's Mom -- why doesn't she straighten his tie?

CUT TO:

21 BANQUET HALL - DAIS

21

The Emcee hands George a statue and a check. The audience all stand up now and applaud.

GEORGE'S POV

A sea of faces. The whole place a nervous blur.

ON GEORGE

Admiring his statue, his hands trembling slightly.

GEORGE

(turning now to
address the gathering)
... I never thought 'The Court Game'
would be so good to me -- and my
family...

CUT TO:

22 GEORGE AND FAITH'S HOUSE - TV

22

MOLLY

'His family'!

The kids raise each other's arms in triumph.

JILL

Take a bow, folks!

But Molly does not join in, she is still squinting at the TV.

MOLLY

Daddy looks fat.

MARIANNE

It's his suit.

SHERRY

(correcting)

His tuxedo.

MARIANNE

I think he rented it.

MOLLY

Why is he smiling so much?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

MARIANNE
I think he's nervous.

CUT TO:

23 DAIS - GEORGE

23

GEORGE
And I would also like to share
this award with my friend, my
helpmate... that most thankless of
occupations, Writer's Wife, I mean
my wife --

A portable TV camera whips around and zooms in on Faith.

GEORGE
A lady so aptly named -- Faith.

Big applause. MOVE IN on Faith smiling nervously.

24 GEORGE AND FAITH'S HOUSE - TV

24

The children hugging each other.

MOLLY
Mom!

JILL
Sensational!

MOLLY
Fabulous!

MARIANNE
Four stars!

SHERRY
(glued to the TV)
Doesn't my scarf look great?

CUT TO:

25 WILLARD'S TABLE - ON FAITH

25

Still applauding shyly, still smiling nervously. The
SOUND of loud APPLAUSE.

CUT TO:

26 INT. CAR - BAY BRIDGE

26

Silence.

George and Faith riding beside each other. MOVE IN on Faith, the lights of San Francisco reflected in her eyes.

Tears.

CUT TO:

27 INT. GEORGE AND FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

27

George moving down the hallway, edges into Jill's bedroom.

28 ON JILL

28

Sleeping soundly. George reaches down, lifts the covers, picks Jill up. She murmurs contentedly in her sleep, her arms tighten around her father's neck.

29 ON GEORGE AND JILL

29

George carrying Jill down the hall into Marianne and Molly's room. He lifts Marianne's covers.

GEORGE

(whispering, to
Marianne)

Move over, honey.

George shovels Jill in toe-to-head next to Marianne, draws the covers over them, they shift and stir for a moment, but then fall back asleep. George kisses each girl.

30 ANOTHER ANGLE - GEORGE

30

Tiptoeing down the hall, enters Jill's empty room, starts to undress. Sherry appears at the door, half-asleep.

SHERRY

Why aren't you sleeping in your own bed?

A moment.

GEORGE

Mommy hurt her back in the crowd.
And I'm all pumped up. I can't
sleep -- I don't want to keep Mommy
up --

Sherry ignores the lie.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

SHERRY

You've been fighting again.

Sherry turns back towards her room.

GEORGE

Aren't you even going to
congratulate me?

SHERRY

(as she goes)

Congratulations.

Sherry closes her door without looking back.

31 GEORGE AND FAITH'S BEDROOM

31

Faith alone and still dressed, stands at the window,
staring outside, watching the moonlight as it dances off
the trampoline and the bicycles.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. HOUSE - BEYOND THE DRIVEWAY - MORNING

32

Beyond the trees, almost hidden from view, a school bus
waits, honking its HORN. PAN down the driveway to the
children running after it.

Faith keeps her eye on them from the front door.

FAITH

(calling out)

Hurry! Hurry!

Suddenly Sherry turns around, starts running back towards
Faith.

SHERRY

My barette! My hair!

FAITH

Forget your barette! Run!

Sherry turns around again, heads back towards the bus now.
Faith has one hand on the doorknob, she happens to look
down at her other hand, it is clutching a medicine bot-
tle.

FAITH

Wait! Marianne's worm medicine!

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Faith runs down the driveway in her nightgown, Sherry runs back, they meet halfway, Faith handing her the worm medicine, at the same time Faith rips a pin from her own hair and gives it to Sherry for a barette.

FAITH

Make sure she takes one after lunch!

Sherry grabs the bottle.

SHERRY

She doesn't eat lunch! She's on a diet!

Sherry is gone.

FAITH

Give it to her tea-cherr!

But no one hears Faith, her voice drowned out by the bus's noisy departure. Faith shivers, starts to hurry back towards the house. On seeing the front door, she slows to a walk.

33 INT. KITCHEN

33

George is fishing around underneath a kitchen cabinet. Faith appears.

FAITH

What's the matter?

GEORGE

What's the matter? I can't find my glasses. Christ.

FAITH

Where did you leave them?

GEORGE

I left them right here --

FAITH

Are you sure they're not on your desk?

GEORGE

I'm losing everything. I can't find anything anymore.

George still fishing, comes up with a stub of a pencil, all pointless.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

(holding it up)

I can't even find a goddam pencil. What do the kids do, use them for pick-up stix?! And when I do finally rescue one, it's chewed over like a piece of licorice and it's got a point like a gum-drop! What do they do with my pencil points -- stick them in their goddam jujubes?!

FAITH

Please, George, stop --

GOERGE

Stop what?! Where are my goddam glasses? I can't find my goddam glasses! How am I expected to work without my glasses?!

FAITH

Then don't work --

GEORGE

(slowly and
deliberately)

I'm late on a Sunday piece. I've got the cover -- they close tomorrow -- don't work -- don't earn money -- that way we can all starve --

FAITH

No one's starving, George --

GEORGE

(slapping an empty
carton)

Orange juice -- not even a goddam glass of orange juice. I've got the energy of a two-dollar whore in the morning. You know why? The goddam kids drink all the goddam orange juice!

FAITH

We ran out -- I meant to get some on the way back last night --

GEORGE

At two in the morning?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Two in the morning's been fine for you lately.

GEORGE

What are you talking about?

FAITH

I'm talking about night before last, George.

GEORGE

I was working. I was in town.

FAITH

You were with your lady friend.

GEORGE

My what?

FAITH

Ladyfriend.

GEORGE

'Ladyfriend?' What kind of word is that?

FAITH

It's like 'fucking.' Only you don't tell anyone about it.

A long, long silence. Faith slowly begins to scrub the breakfast dishes. Words form in George's mouth but no sound comes out. He stares at Faith's back, only the clatter of china resounding through the kitchen.

Finally, George speaks.

GEORGE

You want to talk about it?

Faith scratches the leavings of some egg on a dish. George strides to the sink.

GEORGE

Don't you think we should talk about it?

Faith ignores George, keeps scratching at the egg with her nail.

GEORGE

I said --

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

33

George grabs the dish out of her hand and smashes it on the floor.

GEORGE
DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT
IT!!

Faith grabs her own dish and smashes that to the floor.

FAITH
NO, I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT!!

George grabs another dish and destroys it.

GEORGE
I THINK WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT IT!

Faith throws two dishes, they clatter.

FAITH
AND I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT!

Now George picks up a whole armful of dishes and sends them splintering into pieces to the floor.

GEORGE
I WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT!!!

George is suddenly spent, he is left staring at Faith. But she drills him back, she does not give way at all.

Their voices drop to some icy pitch.

GEORGE
I'm leaving.

FAITH
Good.

GEORGE
I'm packing my bag.

FAITH
It's already packed.

GEORGE
What?

FAITH
It's on the chair upstairs. I
packed it last night.

A moment between them, then George sprints upstairs.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (4)

33

Faith looks down at the dish she has smashed to the floor, bends to pick up the pieces.

The SOUND of George THUMPING above as Faith rests the pieces of dish on the sink, absent-mindedly tries to fit them together.

George appears in the kitchen doorway, his suitcase beside him.

He stares at Faith, daring her to look up. But Faith refuses, her eyes remain on the pieces of dish, her fingers still silently fitting them together.

ANOTHER ANGLE

George walks out of the kitchen and into the hallway. When he leaves, Faith turns away from the sink, to the kitchen window beside her.

Tears.

34 HALLWAY

34

George puts his coat on by the front door, his suitcase by his side.

ON GEORGE'S FACE

Locked, suspended.

GEORGE'S POV

Molly's shoe nestled on a stair.

ON GEORGE

Stares right through the shoe. His eyes move across to his study.

GEORGE'S POV - STUDY

The corkboard, the desk, the pieces of George's life.

GEORGE'S POV - DINING ROOM

A pair of child's jeans rumpled beneath a chair.

GEORGE'S POV - KITCHEN

A hint of Faith; the CLATTER of dishes.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

ON GEORGE

He looks down at his hand frozen on the door knob. The hardest exit of his life. He snatches at the handle and slams the door shut.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

35 CLOSEUP - FRYING PAN

35

7:30 AM. Sherry cooks chipped beef, stripping off meat, pouring in milk and cream, setting up plates, dropping in toast, a dexterous mother.

SHERRY

Jill, Marianne, Molly -- Bre-aak-fast!

Perpetual motion now, Sherry adjusting place mats, filling glasses of milk, flipping burnt toast into a rectangle of water in the sink, tucking the phone into her shoulder, spilling the beef onto plates, punching out a number on the telephone.

SHERRY

(into the phone)

Are you the service or are you Dr. Moore? -- You're Dr. Moore's nurse -- I want to make an appointment for Jill Dunlap -- she hurt her foot in ballet class last week, she's limping and she's getting worse... no, not out of school 'til 3:30... no, piano lessons at 4:15... no -- sister... 4:45. Bye!

Sherry runs down the hall from the kitchen with the pan of chipped beef.

SHERRY

(calling upstairs)

I'm throwing it out!

36 INT. FAITH'S BEDROOM

36

Faith asleep.

37 The CAMERA PICKS UP the upstairs hallway and Finds the children's bathroom, twin sinks, soiled clothes mantling the toilet, toothpaste smeared, Jill and Marianne peeing, dressing.

37

SHERRY (O.S.)

(yelling up again)

I said I'm throwing it out --

JILL

(yelling down)

Go on and throw your shit out!

38 ON MOLLY

38

Stumping into Faith's bedroom. She falls gently on to her mother. Faith grunts, rolls over. Marianne appears.

MARIANNE

You getting out of bed, Mom?

FAITH

I'm tired.

MARIANNE

You're never tired. Why are you so tired? You slept in yesterday.

Molly tugs at Marianne's sleeve.

MARIANNE

(to Molly)

Your sock's in the bathroom --

Faith, eyes closed, rolls over onto her stomach, points downwards.

MARIANNE

(taking the clue)

Your shoe's under the bed.

Molly crawls under the bed. She finds her shoe, puts it on.

CUT TO:

39 KITCHEN

39

Jill runs in and pours herself a glass of Tang. Sherry looks at her.

SHERRY

Goddammit, I make the goddam breakfast and nobody eats it!

Sherry pitches the whole pan of chipped beef into a sinkful of dishwater. The stuff lands with a splash.

CUT TO:

40 UPSTAIRS - FAITH'S BEDROOM

40

MARIANNE

(at the window)

He's here. He's at the end of the driveway.

FAITH

(from under the covers)

One minute to eight.

Sherry enters.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

SHERRY

He's been waiting since quarter to.

MOLLY

Remember Monday, he came all the way
up the driveway.

MARIANNE'S POV

George's car exhaust fuming, a yellow school bus appears behind.

MARIANNE

Here comes the bus.

Faith rises up now.

FAITH

Hurry up.

The children all dive on Faith, they kiss her fiercely,
she seems energized for the instant.

But in a moment, when the children are gone, she falls back
onto the pillow, exhausted.

CUT TO:

41 GEORGE'S CAR - AT THE END OF THE DRIVEWAY

41

Marianne, Jill and Molly climbing in.

ON SHERRY

Trotting down the steps of the house.

ON GEORGE

Waiting in his car for Sherry.

ON THE BUS DRIVER

Shifting impatiently.

ON GEORGE

Smiling as Sherry approaches. George swings open the door
on the passenger side.

GEORGE

Good morning, Princess...

CUT TO:

- 42 HOUSE - BEDROOM WINDOW 42
Faith by the curtains, looking out.
- CUT TO:
- 43 GEORGE - IN HIS CAR 43
Sherry ignores George, walks past and climbs on the bus.
The Driver slams the door shut and the bus rolls away.
- 43A ON GEORGE 43A
Throwing his car into gear.
- CUT TO:
- 44 HOUSE - BEDROOM WINDOW 44
Faith watches the tableau disappear.
- CUT TO:
- 45 SCHOOL BUS 45
GO OUT on Sherry profiled against the bus window, her
head bouncing gently against the glass.
- CUT TO:
- 46 INT. GEORGE'S CAR 46
George chauffeuring, Jill, Marianne and Molly squeezed in
the back seat.

MOLLY

Are we going to stop for hot
chocolate this morning?

GEORGE

Sure, honey.

JILL

What about basketball gum? Are
we going to stop for basketball
gum?

GEORGE

Let's skip the basketball gum this
morning.

MOLLY

Aw, Daddy, you said yesterday we'd
go to the crud shop today.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

JILL

It's true, Daddy. That's what you said.

GEORGE

What about you, Marianne? Are you desperate to go to the crud shop?

MARIANNE

(looking out the window)

Whatever you say, Daddy.

JILL

Where we going this weekend, Daddy? Are we going to see the basketball game, watch Jim play?

GEORGE

Jim's not playing this weekend. He hurt his ankle -- I thought we might go up north... Jack London's house ... the olden days --

MOLLY

Neat.

JILL

We'll go alone with you, no one else?

MARIANNE

Is that lady going to come?

GEORGE

Sandy? I don't know. Why?

MARIANNE

Just wondered.

47 EXT. MAIN STREET

47

George pulls up, hustles the kids out of the car and into a coffee shop, a high school hangout, but nicer.

CASHIER

How're the Dunlaps today?

GEORGE

Good, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

CASHIER
 (beaming on the
 girls)
 How's Sherry?

GEORGE
 Terrific. Takes the bus, likes
 to go with her friends.

George hurries towards the back where the girls have
 sat down.

MOLLY
 I want a Coke.

GEORGE
 No Cokes.

MOLLY
 Aw, gee --

MARIANNE
 Shut up, Molly.

COUNTERMAN
 Four hot chocolates, right?

GEORGE
 You got it.

The Counterman draws the hot chocolates.

MOLLY
 What about the basketball gum?

GEORGE
 Molly, you're getting a hot
 chocolate, how much crap can you
 eat before school?

MARIANNE
 A lot.

JILL
 Funn-ee.

Molly, in a rush to drink her hot chocolate, spills it.

GEORGE
 Jee-zus!

Marianne, trying to help Molly mop up the mess, now
 spills hers.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

GEORGE

Holy Christ! Can't you watch out?!

JILL

Oh God, we're going to be late
for school.

GEORGE

All right, all right, I'll give you
a note, for crying out loud.

48 EXT. SCHOOL

48

George scribbling notes on a pad that hangs from the rear-view mirror -- hands the notes to the children and pushes them out of the car. "Bye, Dad," "Have a nice day, Dad," "Get your car washed, Dad, it's all filthy." The children run for the empty school doorway. George watches them disappear inside.

48A MOVE IN on George. A film of sweat on his face, his body 48A
collapsing with fatigue.

GEORGE

Jeezus.

His head tilts back wearily on the seat.

GEORGE

How does she do it?

George takes one last glimpse at the school, blurry shapes of activity inside the windows. He breathes a huge sigh of relief and drives off.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - STINSON BEACH

49

The surf rolling in, a perfect sunlit day. PAN ACROSS a white beach to a simple redwood house.

50 INT. SANDY'S HOUSE

50

George sits behind a desk, staring at a Chinese lacquer cupful of razor-sharp pencils. Beside the pencil holder, an electric sharpener. George inserts a pencil in the sharpener, a light immediately flashes indicating the pencil is sharp. George withdraws the pencil, blows off a wispy curl of graphite. He now replaces the pencil in the cup, selects a new one, repeats the process.

CUT TO:

51 INT. FAITH AND GEORGE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

51

Faith is in bed with Molly, Marianne and Jill, the children's schoolbooks discarded in front of them. Faith plays a board game ("SORRY!") with Molly, a TV flickers in the corner, the TV has Marianne and Jill's attention. They are in the game too, but Molly is the only serious player.

MOLLY

Sorry, Mom! Go back twelve spaces.

FAITH

But that puts me back where I started from.

MOLLY

Okay, don't go back twelve spaces.
(shrugs)
How 'bout six?

JILL

(turning from the TV)

Hey, that's not fair...

MOLLY

Shut up.

Molly hits Marianne on the arm.

MOLLY

Your turn.

The SOUND of a CAR pulling up outside. No one pays much attention. As a commercial comes on the TV, Marianne takes the opportunity to go to the bathroom, glancing out the window as she goes. The TV show comes back on. Faith and Molly continue with their game as Jill remains glued to the set. Marianne, however, remains at the window; she giggles.

JILL

What is it, Marianne?

MARIANNE

It's Daddy, with a policeman.

Faith hesitates, squeezing the dice tight in her fists. Jill looks up, goes to the window. Now Jill giggles, too.

MOLLY

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

JILL

What Marianne said -- Daddy with
a policeman.

Molly leaves her mother and the game, joins the others
at the bathroom window.

MOLLY

(giggling)

It's Daddy all right, with the cop
from in front of the school.

FAITH

Well, someone better let them in.

Jill runs downstairs as Faith throws on a baggy T-shirt
and jeans.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. DOORWAY

52

George waiting patiently with a POLICEMAN. Jill stares
through the door at the Policeman, the Policeman stares
down at his shoes. Faith rushes to open the door, Molly
and Marianne right behind her. Faith now opens the door,
sees George.

A second's silence.

FAITH

Hello, George.

GEORGE

I came to get my books.

FAITH

Tonight?

GEORGE

I said I'd be here Wednesday at
eight.

(checks his watch)

I'm a little late. This is Officer
Knudson. He couldn't get away
until now.

KNUDSON tips his hat. Faith ushers them inside.

KNUDSON (POLICEMAN)

Sorry, Ms. Dunlap.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

FAITH

(warmly)

That's quite all right. How are you, Officer Knudson?

Knudson smiles.

KNUDSON

Fine thanks, Ms. Dunlap.

Knudson quickly glances down at his shoes again. Molly, Marianne and Jill follow his glance. They giggle; he touches his holster.

GEORGE

Leo suggested I bring an officer along.

FAITH

Who's Leo?

GEORGE

Spinelli, my lawyer.

Faith smiles.

FAITH

Oh yes.

GEORGE

Well...

KNUDSON

(rocking on his heels)

Well...

FAITH

(to George)

Well, I guess everything's ready for you in the study.

52A Faith leads the way, followed by George and Knudson, the children trailing. 52A

FAITH

(to the children)

You kids go upstairs now -- do your homework --

MOLLY

Aw come on, Mom --

(CONTINUED)

52A CONTINUED:

52A

GEORGE

Go ahead now. Do as your Mother says.

Knudson looks at the children sternly, and they move Indian-file upstairs.

53 INT. STUDY

53

Boxes of books around, the corrugated flaps tucked under each other. Faith reaches down to pick up a box.

GEORGE

It's okay, I'll do it myself.

George takes the box from her and carries it out of the house.

53A EXT. HOUSE - FAITH'S POV

53A

Faith has moved to the study window, through it she can see George flip open the trunk of his car, slide in the box.

ON FAITH

She turns around to find Knudson shifting uneasily.

FAITH

We'll be all right, I promise --

KNUDSON

Of course, Ms. Dunlap.

FAITH

Why don't you just go along?

KNUDSON

I don't mind. Honest.

FAITH

Well, how about a cup of coffee then?

KNUDSON

Don't mind if I do.

George appears. Knudson swallows.

FAITH

And you, George -- ?

(CONTINUED)

53A CONTINUED:

53A

GEORGE

What -- ?

FAITH

Coffee?

GEORGE

(heaving another box)

No thanks.

FAITH

Some tea?

GEORGE

Thank you, no.

George continues out again with the box.

FAITH

(to the Policeman)

Let's go get you your coffee.

54 ON FAITH AND KNUDSON

54

Knudson guides around a pile of books, follows Faith into the kitchen. She pours some coffee.

FAITH

Help yourself to cream and sugar

KNUDSON

I appreciate it.

(tapping his pocket)

Do you mind if I smoke?

FAITH

No, please do. May I join you?

KNUDSON

You betcha.

Faith smiles again as Knudson offers her a cigarette, lights it.

FAITH

I haven't seen you at the school,
have I?

KNUDSON

Yes, ma'am, been there every day.

FAITH

I guess I haven't.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

KNUDSON

What?

FAITH

(trailing off)

Been there...

Faith smiles nervously.

FAITH

You been out this way before?

KNUDSON

No, ma'am, this is a first for me.

FAITH

Yeah, me too.

George re-enters the house, glances towards the kitchen as he passes, continues into the library. Faith puffs cheerfully on her cigarette as George walks by.

FAITH

(brightly, to Knudson)

I guess I better get on with this.
Excuse me.

55 ANOTHER ANGLE

55

Knudson stays with his coffee as Faith moves back into the library with George. She reaches for a bookshelf, removes a few last books, hands them to George.

But leaves one.

GEORGE

Isn't that my Cassell's?

George reaches for the book.

GEORGE

Mine had the first twenty pages
missing -- through 'avoirdupois.'

He opens the inside front cover, "Faith DeVoe, Paris, 1967." George tosses the book back on the shelf.

GEORGE

I wonder what happened to mine.

FAITH

You left it in the restaurant in
Provence, remember?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

What restaurant?

FAITH

The one with that terrible piano player.

GEORGE

Oh yeah -- the one who played the Beatles songs in French.

George sings, he sounds like a bad Maurice Chevalier.

GEORGE

(singing)

'SI JE COMMENCE A T'AIMER'

FAITH

(sings)

'PROMETS-TU D'ETRE FIDELE'

FAITH AND GEORGE

(together)

'ET DE M'AIDER A COMPRENDRE...'

Knudson, embarrassed, coughs.

KNUDSON

(interrupting)

I think I'll wait in the vehicle.

FAITH

Sure thing.

Knudson exits. A sheepish smile from Faith.

GEORGE

You always had such a pretty smile.

Another smile from Faith.

GEORGE

I'm sorry about Knudson -- Spinelli insisted it was a good idea. You know... my lawyer.

FAITH

Oh, that's okay... the policeman seems very nice...

GEORGE

(shrugs)

We have to be grown up, I guess...

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

FAITH

Yeah -- I guess... grown up...
yeah, sure, we should be grown up
by now, George.

Faith smiles again nervously. The telephone RINGS. Faith quickly pushes a last pile of books on the kitchen table towards George. She grabs the phone.

FAITH

Hello? -- oh hi? How're you? --
No, no indigestion. Are you
kidding? How could you afford
indigestion after Mouton-Rothschild?
-- I slept like a baby -- No, alone.

She laughs. George has turned around by now, and is staring at her. Faith looks just past his glance, fondling the telephone cord.

FAITH

Oh, I can't -- I have somebody
here right now --

GEORGE

'Somebody?'

FAITH

(to George)

Sssh.

(to the phone)

No, Jerry, you go right ahead.

GEORGE

Jerry!

FAITH

I can't, Jer -- it's a stay-at-
home kind of night -- washing the
hair and everything, you know...

George is trying to stack books, but he can't get them the way he wants, he is too distracted by the conversation.

FAITH

Next week, maybe -- sure -- I'll
be here -- 'bye, Jerry.

She hangs up.

GEORGE

Jerry? Jerry fucking Mills?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (3)

55

FAITH

No fucking. We only had dinner.

GEORGE

You ate dinner?

FAITH

Sure.

GEORGE

You ate dinner with an insurance man?

FAITH

Why not? It was lovely. He's charming. A really nice guy.

Silence.

GEORGE

You drank wine with him?

FAITH

Sure I drank wine. Good wine. I can't tell you how many premiums it must have cost him.

GEORGE

You hate wine.

FAITH

I'm developing a taste for it.

GEORGE

You always drank milk. Don't you remember that Chinese headwaiter you said milk and meat would give you cancer?

FAITH

That's why I'm drinking wine now.

Faith leads the way to the front door, George following. She waits by the door, but George doesn't move.

GEORGE

Who would have believed it? A goddamn insurance man.

FAITH

We have to be grown up about this, George --

(pause)

Do you want to say goodbye to the children?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (4)

55

GEORGE

'The children'? What's that --
'the children'? It sounds so legal.

FAITH

(calling up)

Jill! Marianne! Moll-lee!

56 IN THE DOORWAY

56

George hangs there, and suddenly Molly, Marianne and Jill appear. Faith lines the children up for George to bend and kiss them.

GEORGE

Goodnight, kids.

They hug George fiercely. "Goodnight, Daddy! Goodnight!"
He holds on tight to them.

MOLLY

(looking around)

Where's the policeman? Did Mom
do something wrong?

GEORGE

No no, darling, he just came to
help me get my books.

(a moment)

Where's Sherry?

The girls look at Faith.

FAITH

(hesitant)

She's staying overnight at Joanne's.

An awkward silence, a door SLAMS upstairs. George looks
upstairs.

GEORGE

Oh.

George releases Jill, Molly and Marianne, stares longingly
at them for a moment, then turns to go.

FAITH

I'll walk you to the car.

GEORGE

Don't bother.

GEORGE

No, the front way. The front way is the scenic way. I thought we'd go in this way. The back's just a regular driveway.

MARIANNE

Next time, let's go the back way.

JILL

Yeah, the back way's okay for us.

MARIANNE

Is he going to be there?

GEORGE

Who?

MARIANNE

Doesn't she have a little boy?

GEORGE

Oh, you mean Timmy.

MARIANNE

(trying the name out,
not liking it)

'Timmy...'

GEORGE

Timmy's with his father. Isn't it pretty?

MOLLY

You getting sand in your shoes, Dad? Don't you hate the sand in your shoes?

GEORGE

I thought you'd like this -- the beach and all -- the boats and everything --

MARIANNE

No, the regular driveway's good enough for us, Dad --

GEORGE

I thought it was pretty this way -- Isn't it pretty?

(desperate)

Jee-zus.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

JILL

Sure, sure it's pretty, Daddy.
Scenic.

MARIANNE

Yeah, very scenic.

They look up at several flights of steps to a deck. Jill takes a swipe at Molly, prompting her.

MOLLY

Yeah, it's pretty all right.

Molly now cues Marianne with a pinch.

MARIANNE

Very pretty, Daddy. The beach
and the boats and everything.
Very pretty.

(after a moment)

Is it always this hot?

They start climbing up the back stairs. George takes their little plastic suitcases from them, clutching them all in one hand, he gives Molly a boost with the others; Jill and Marianne trudge up the stairs in silence.

58A ON THE FRONT DOOR

58A

A weathered teak door, old but expensive brass fittings. The exterior of the place understated, in good taste, an attention to detail.

ON MOLLY

waiting at the door.

ON JILL

watching the door.

ON MARIANNE

staring at the door.

ON GEORGE

He bangs the knocker, nervously sneaking a look at the girls.

After a long silence:

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

Is she pretty?

Before George can answer, the door opens and SANDY appears: a neat, attractive young woman, an open smile, and a vulnerable air to her; bright, not wise but quick and charming; freshness incarnate.

ON THE CHILDREN

Semi-curious, semi-dazzled.

ON SANDY

beaming down at the waiting faces.

SANDY

Hi.

(to Molly)

Molly.

(to Jill)

Jill

(to Marianne)

Marianne.

Sandy offers herself unblushingly.

SANDY

Well, do I pass?

Jill smiles warily, Molly looks past her into the house. Marianne hangs back, holding on to her father by the suitcase.

SANDY

Come on in!

59 INT. SANDY'S HOUSE

59

The children move right inside. As George passes Sandy, she kisses him on the lips. The children notice; make a face.

SANDY

(to George)

I was looking for you at the back door.

MOLLY

Daddy likes the front way. He likes the boats.

(CONTINUED)

SANDY

(to the girls)

I have lemonade and chocolate
chip cookies...

MARIANNE

Oh, great...

(whispering to Molly)

I hate chocolate chip cookies.

CUT TO:

Faith lies in the tub, her eyes closed, enjoying these first few moments she has had to herself in a long time. She opens her eyes, reaches for some bath salts in a cabinet, sprinkles them in the bath. Also in the cabinet, a Chinese box, Faith lifts the lid; a half-smoked stick of marijuana, a box of matches. She lights the joint, inhales it deeply, enjoys it.

Some trace of song forms on her lips, she begins to hum. It is the same song she and George began together last night. She sings softly, plaintively, slowly:

FAITH

'SI JE COMMENCE A T'AIMEIZ
PROMESS-TU D'ETRE FIOELE
ET DE M'AIDER A COMPRENORE...

(pause)

'CAUSE I'VE BEEN IN LOVE BEFORE,
AND I FOUND THAT LOVE WAS MORE
THAN JUST HOLDING HANDS

IF I GIVE MY HEART TO YOU
I MUST BE SURE,
FROM THE VERY START, THAT YOU
WOULD LOVE ME MORE THAN HIM
'CAUSE I COULDN'T STAND THE PAIN...'

On the word "pain," she drifts. A moment. A distant memory comes back to her. The telephone RINGS. Faith reaches for a towel, climbs out of the tub and answers the phone.

61 AT THE PHONE

61

A photograph on the telephone table, George and Faith's wedding, Faith dancing with a silver-haired man, handsome, almost dashing, a carnation in his buttonhole, a smart cutaway, striped pants.

FAITH

Hello? Oh hi, Mother, how's Dad?
... I see... You're sure?... Hey,
I read this thing about some
holistic health place, they're
really getting somewhere --
(stops)

No, of course -- do it your way...
No, I wouldn't dream of telling
you what to do... fine, fine...
No, they're away with George for
the weekend...
(pause)

Yes, I know who she is.
(another pause)

I don't have money for a big city
lawyer... but the one I have is
supposed to be very good -- his
name is Katz... Howard Katz --
he's known as the Butcher...
(smiling)

They make the best divorce lawyers,
Mother --

(irritated)
George is my business, Mother --
I'm sorry... I know how you feel --
(pause)

Give my love to Dad, kiss him for
me... and love to you, Mom. Yes,
goodbye. Yeah -- I'm sorry, too.

She hangs up.

CUT TO:

62 LONG SHOT - DRIVEWAY

62

A four-wheel-drive pickup.

CUT TO:

62A FAITH - AT THE BEDROOM WINDOW

62A

Faith reaches for her T-shirt and bent over, tries to
figure out who the visitors are. The doorbell RINGS,
Faith pulls on her jeans, runs downstairs.

Faith opens the door to an attractive man about 37, he wears jeans and a denim work shirt, his face direct yet reticent; the man's name is FRANK. Waiting in the truck, a younger man, RICK. Hitched to the truck is a backhoe.

FAITH

Yes?

FRANK

Frank Henderson, ma'am.

FAITH

Yes?

FRANK

The tennis court. We spoke on the phone.

Faith makes a face.

FAITH

Oh my God --

FRANK

You said the first of this month, didn't you?

FAITH

I did, but that was so long ago.

FRANK

You don't want the tennis court anymore?

FAITH

No, well yes... well, I don't know...

She looks past Frank to a grove of trees beyond the house.

FAITH

I've wanted that tennis court for five years.

FRANK

That's a long time to wait.

Frank turns around, glances back at his young partner in the truck; Rick waves.

FRANK

It's five hundred dollars to start.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

Silence.

FAITH
(echoing emptily)
Five hundred dollars.

FRANK
That's what we discussed, Mrs. Dunlap -- I set aside this time for you -- I turned down work, I hope you understand.

FAITH
Of course I understand -- I do want you to go ahead with the court -- there's only one problem.

FRANK
What's that, Mrs. Dunlap?

FAITH
I don't have five hundred dollars.

Silence.

FRANK
(looking up at the house)
That's hard for me to believe, Mrs. Dunlap --

FAITH
My husband left me.

A pause.

FRANK
Oh.

FAITH
And right now I'm knee-deep in lawyers and separation agreements and child support and a whole bunch of shit -- it's hard right now -- so I don't know when I could pay you -- I only know I would pay you -- but I guess that's not good enough for you --

FRANK
Yeah, I'm sorry -- I got a partner back there and stuff... you know how it is --

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Oh yeah, well never mind. It would have been nice -- listen, thanks for coming out -- I hope I haven't cost you too much time --

FRANK

No, that's okay --

FAITH

I'm sorry --

FRANK

Yeah, me too -- Where were you going to put the court?

Faith tilts her head.

FAITH

In the grove.

Frank looks over.

FRANK

Yeah, nice spot.

FAITH

Sorry --

FRANK

Yeah, sorry --

He walks away; then turns around.

FRANK

When would I get my five hundred?

FAITH

The end of the month. I'll give you a note for the rest.

FRANK

Okay.

FAITH

Okay, what?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (3)

63

FRANK

I'll do it.

FAITH

You will? That's great! I'll see
you in the grove in two minutes.

She disappears into the house as Frank heads out to Rick.

64 AT THE TRUCK

64

Rick leaning out the window.

FRANK

Get the backhoe off.

RICK

You got a check?

FRANK

Not exactly.

RICK

For Chrissake --

FRANK

Get it off!

RICK

Okay, okay.

In a moment, they have laid some planks and Frank has
rolled the backhoe down.

FRANK AND RICK'S POV

Faith crossing to the grove in front of them.

ANGLE - FRANK AND RICK

FRANK

Her husband left her.

RICK

... I see.

FRANK

Besides, I like her.

Rick watches Faith walking excitedly towards the grove,
her shorts creasing in the sunlight.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

RICK

Her or her ass?

Frank looks back.

FRANK

I hadn't noticed her ass.

RICK

Then there's something deeply wrong with you, Frank. See you later.

Rick starts up the truck and drives away.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. JACK LONDON HOUSE - DAY

65

The ruins of a magnificent house, all stone and arches, dried-up reflecting pools, charred timbers, the baths of Caracalla buried in the Northern California countryside. PULL BACK to reveal George and Sandy with Molly and Jill. They are standing on an overlook surveying the ruins; Marianne reads a brochure.

MOLLY

Spooky.

GEORGE

They say it was really beautiful once.

JILL

What happened?

GEORGE

The night before Jack London was to move into this house, somebody set fire to it.

JILL

Who set fire to it?

GEORGE

They don't know. Could have been one of the workmen. Could have been somebody jealous -- he was a very great author -- they don't know.

JILL

Then what happened?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

GEORGE

Jack London lost everything. All
up in smoke.

SANDY

But he still had his wife.

Marianne consults her brochure.

MARIANNE

His second wife.

JILL

She loved him a lot.

GEORGE

He was everything to her.

Sandy takes George's hand.

66 ON THE TRAIL

66

A path leading from the ruins of the house to Jack London's
grave.

Wildflowers and winter shrubs, the children gathering as
they go.

JILL

What happened to Jack London's
first wife?

After a moment.

GEORGE

I don't know, Jill, I don't know.

MOLLY

What about his kids? Did he have
any kids?

GEORGE

(to Sandy)

There were children, weren't there?

SANDY

I'm not sure.

MARIANNE

The leaflet says two.

(CONTINUED)

MOLLY

What else does the leaflet say?
What does it say about the
children, Marianne?

MARIANNE

Nothing. It doesn't say anything
about the children. I guess he
forgot about them after he married
his second wife.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - ROCK, JACK LONDON'S GRAVE

MOLLY

Such an important man -- That's
all that's left?

MARIANNE

Just a rock.

JILL

It's a pretty rock.

Jill climbs over the fence now and lays a flower by the
rock. Molly and Marianne do the same; however, they do
not use all their flowers. They braid some in each
other's hair as George and Molly look at the rock.

MOLLY

How old was he when he died?

GEORGE

Forty.

MOLLY

Not old.

GEORGE

No, not old. But he never stopped
working -- he never stopped writing
-- Jack London was a wonderful man --

PAN BACK with Jill towards George, he is all within
himself.

MOLLY

You bet he was, Dad --

JILL

He was a wonderful man.

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED:

67

Jill takes George's hand.

MARIANNE

Yeah, he was a wonderful man.

Marianne takes George's other hand. The two children comfort George.

Silence.

ON SANDY

She seems uncomfortable, almost disapproving at the closeness of George and the two children.

SANDY

Let's go. The trail closes at four.

CUT TO:

68

INT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA INN - NIGHT

68

Jill and Molly are in bed, Marianne sits on the edge of the other bed, lighting a candle. George is tucking the children in. Sandy enters in her nightgown.

SANDY

... Romeo and Juliet --

GEORGE

What do you mean?

SANDY

This is the longest goodnight in history.

MARIANNE

He was just tucking us in --

Sandy smiles.

SANDY

(gently)

I'll help. Take your shower, George.

She kisses him on the lips.

GEORGE

(exiting, to children)

When I come back, I'll kiss you goodnight.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

SANDY

Why don't you kiss them now?

George complies and kisses the children.

JILL

Sandy, you are bossy.

SANDY

Yes I am. I want a little time with Daddy to myself.

MARIANNE

You have a lot more time than our mother does.

MOLLY

Yeah, and she doesn't make us go to bed so early, either.

SANDY

Your mother and I do things differently.

GEORGE

(cheerfully, to the children)

See you in the morning.

George goes.

MARIANNE

I'll bet you want to make love to Daddy?

Molly giggles.

SANDY

(unblanching)

Yes, I do. What's wrong with that?

JILL

What's it like to make love to Daddy?

SANDY

A rare and beautiful thing.

(to Marianne)

Get into bed now, Marianne.

Marianne gets into bed. Molly sits up.

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED: (2)

68

MOLLY

But what's it really like?

SANDY

(after a moment,
smiles)

What's it really like? It's like
eating ice cream.

Sandy turns out the light, closes the door.

SANDY

Goodnight, everybody.

CUT TO:

BLACK

MOLLY (V.O.)

'It's like eating ice cream...'

Molly starts to giggle hard. Marianne catches the giggles.
A torrent of giggles.

JILL

I think it's disgusting.

CUT TO:

69

EXT. SANDY'S HOUSE - DUSK (RAIN)

69

As George drives up, the SOUND of the children singing
a round, "Row, Row, Row Your Boat," George and Sandy
singing along with them. Sandy gets out now, waves good-
bye to the children.

CUT TO:

70

McDONALD'S - LATE AFTERNOON (RAIN)

70

George's car rolls in. As George pulls into a parking slot,
the windows steam the instant he turns the wipers off.

GEORGE

All right, what do you want?

MOLLY

I want a Big Mac, a strawberry
shake, a double french fries, and
an apple pie.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

O.K. What do you want, Jill?

JILL

I want a double cheeseburger, a vanilla shake and two apple pies.

GEORGE

You can't have two apple pies.

JILL

Why not? I'm having one instead of my french fries.

GEORGE

You can't have two apple pies.

JILL

Then Molly can't have french fries and apple pie.

MOLLY

I can so -- that's what I had last time --

JILL

If you can have french fries and apple pie -- I can have two apple pies --

MOLLY

That's not fair --

MARIANNE

Shut up, Molly.

MOLLY

Shut up yourself.

GEORGE

Shut up, both of you!

(silence)

It's almost six o'clock. I'm supposed to have you home by six o'clock.

Silence. Just the sound of rain.

GEORGE

What do you want, Marianne?

MARIANNE

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

GEORGE

What do you mean, nothing -- ?

MARIANNE

Nothing, I'm not hungry.

GEORGE

You've got to have something, you haven't eaten.

MARIANNE

All right, I'll have a Big Mac, a chocolate shake, a double french fries and a cherry pie.

JILL

She can't have that, if I can't --

GEORGE

Never mind!

George gets out of the car, hustles through the rain. Marianne leans forward, turns on the car radio. Jill snaps her fingers to the music. Molly plays with the directional signals. Marianne observes her father through the restaurant window.

71 INT. McDONALD'S

71

Inside -- "YOU, YOU'RE THE ONE... AT McDONALD'S! AT McDONALD'S!"

COUNTERGIRL

Yes sir, can I help you?

George's face is blank, he is struck dumb for the moment. Now he gropes, but no words come out.

COUNTERGIRL

(still smiling)

Yes sir!

GEORGE

(after a moment)

I'd like -- Jeezus, I forget what I wanted.

CUT TO:

72 INT. GEORGE'S CAR

72

George is handing out the food.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Here's for you, Molly -- a Big Mac, a big french fries, a strawberry shake and an apple pie -- Jill, a double cheeseburger, a vanilla shake and two apple pies, Marianne -- a Big Mac, a chocolate shake, a big french fries and a cherry pie.

MARIANNE

What did you get, Daddy?

GEORGE

A fishwich.

The girls tear into their packages, start eating. George does not open his sandwich. He rests his head against the rainy window, peers out.

GEORGE'S POV - SHOPPING MALL

Stereo stores, hardware, furniture and florists flanking a huge K-Mart, the shopping center dismal and deserted in the late Sunday rain.

73 INT. GEORGE'S CAR

73

MOLLY

Aren't you going to eat your fishwich, Daddy?

MARIANNE

Leave him alone, he's thinking.

Silence, the children squint at George, his head in profile leaning against the window.

MOLLY

You angry, Daddy?

JILL

Shut up... he's just sad.

GO OUT on a cacophony of children's straws, noisily sucking on the bottoms of their empty plastic containers.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. GEORGE AND FAITH'S HOUSE (RAIN)

74

Faith comes running down the steps as George drives up with the children.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Hi! Hi! Did you have a good time?!

MOLLY

Yeah! Yeah! We went to McDonald's.

The children rush past her into the kitchen, George appears with the plastic suitcases.

FAITH

I'll take them.

Faith reaches for the suitcases, starts to move back in the house with them, but George follows her.

Faith turns to George in the doorway; they are neither inside nor outside the house, but perched on the doorstep, protected from the rain by an overhang.

GEORGE

(suddenly)

It's Sherry's birthday next week.

FAITH

(turning)

Yes...?

GEORGE

I thought maybe she'd spend the day with me -- I have tickets for the Ice Capades.

FAITH

Well, you'll have to discuss that with her.

GEORGE

I already did -- I called her at school -- she said she didn't want to go.

FAITH

Well, I guess she doesn't want to go, then --

GEORGE

I thought perhaps you might speak to her --

FAITH

I don't think so, George. I think it's between you and her.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

I have a present for her. A portable typewriter. An Olivetti.

George shifts his body to steal a glance at Sherry inside.

FAITH

That's nice, George. Sherry really wants a typewriter.

GEORGE

I'll come by with it.

FAITH

Sure.

After a moment.

GEORGE

The other night, when I picked up my books, I might have taken a few of your cookbooks by mistake.

FAITH

(laughing)

Don't worry about it, George. You know me, they were mostly decoration anyway. Besides, I'm changing the kitchen around.

GEORGE

You are?

FAITH

I'm going to put a big Rya rug in front of the fireplace --

GEORGE

What about the couch -- ?

FAITH

Right behind the rug, facing the fireplace.

(pauses)

How did you know about the couch?

GEORGE

It was the last thing we talked about... when we were talking.

George breaks off.

(CONTINUED)

Faith stares at him for a moment, then turns to go back in the house. Frank appears, heads past Faith out to the driveway. George, surprised to see Frank, stares at him. Frank hesitates in the doorway.

FAITH
George, this is Frank Henderson.

FRANK
(courteously)
Hello.

FAITH
Frank, this is -- was my husband.
Frank offers his hand. George shakes it.

GEORGE
Hullo.
Frank keeps going.

FRANK
I'll be back.

FAITH
Okay, Frank.

George turns to watch Frank climb into his truck, which was invisible behind the garage. There is a shell over the truck now.

GEORGE
Who's he?

FAITH
Just someone helping out.

GEORGE
Helping out?

FAITH
He's building our tennis court.

GEORGE
Tennis court?

FAITH
Sure. Out in the grove.

GEORGE
I don't want any goddam tennis court at my house.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Your house? Are you kidding? We kind of think it's our house.

GEORGE

Ours?

FAITH

Me and the children.

GEORGE

This is my house. I fixed up this house.

FAITH

You're not at this house anymore, George. You walked out -- remember? Feet first. Or maybe there was something else preceding you.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SHERRY

at the kitchen window, peeking out at her mother and father through the rain. George sees her and Sherry turns away from the window.

GEORGE

(back to Faith)

This house isn't your house yet.

FAITH

It's getting late, George -- the children have school tomorrow. Maybe we should talk about this some other time. Goodnight, George.

She closes the door. George turns, sees Sherry peering at him through the window again.

FOLLOW George, tiptoeing through the puddles under the overhang, past the kitchen window, Sherry watching her father through the vaped glass. George stops, suddenly waggles his fingers at Sherry in greeting.

She doesn't respond.

ON SHERRY

backing off from the window, but keeping her eyes on George's car as it splashes off into the wet night.

CUT TO:

75 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - TENNIS COURT 75

Feverish activity, Frank working with a grader, Sherry and Faith helping along, heaving rocks, they are building a dry wall.

Jill, Molly and Marianne play in the b.g.

76 ANOTHER ANGLE - GRADER 76

Sherry in Frank's lap, learning how to operate the machine, working the length of the court. Sherry rolls over a boundary. Frank laughs, backs it up for her.

Jill, Molly and Marianne begging for turns on the grader.

ON FAITH - AT THE DRY WALL

Glancing over at Frank, when Frank catches her glance, she turns back quickly to the wall.

77 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAITH AND FRANK 77

Frank trying to keep up with Faith as they work with stone, Sherry alone now on the grader in the b.g.

Jill, Molly and Marianne hitch rides with their big sister.

FAITH

I want to leave this end open. I was thinking about a little gazebo -- you know, like you see at Wimbledon.

FRANK

A what?

FAITH

We'll just run the mesh up to this point -- then we'll have this, sort of tennis house -- a summer house --- like the Japanese -- where the children can have iced tea and chicken sandwiches and bring their friends -- they could play tennis all day here --

FRANK

Lucky kids.

FAITH

Don't you think it's going to be beautiful, Frank?

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Yes... very unusual.

FAITH

I didn't ask you if you thought it was going to be unusual. I asked you if you thought it was going to be beautiful.

Pause, Frank looks at Faith.

FRANK

Yes, ma'am, it will be beautiful.

FAITH

That's better.

(smiles)

Want something to drink? Beer --
Coke -- ?

FRANK

Beer sounds good.

Faith goes.

CUT TO:

ON SHERRY - COMING DOWN THE STAIRS

She sees Faith looking in the refrigerator as she enters the kitchen. Molly sits by, playing with some points.

SHERRY

What are you looking for?

FAITH

Beer.

SHERRY

Beer for Frank?

FAITH

Beer for both of us.

SHERRY

You drinking beer?

FAITH

Sure I am -- you know I was thinking -- we ought to ask Frank to stay for dinner -- I think we could get the wall done by dinner --

(CONTINUED)

SHERRY

Why don't you ask him?

FAITH

No, you ask him. He likes you.

SHERRY

You think so?

FAITH

Yeah, sure, go ahead, ask him.

SHERRY

Ask him yourself.

FAITH

Aw c'm'on, Sher --

After a moment:

SHERRY

I'll ask him on one condition --
that I eat dinner with you -- and
that none of the other kids come.

MOLLY

Why...?!

FAITH

(pauses, smiles)
Okay, it's a deal.

Sherry exits.

FAITH

(as Sherry goes)
I wonder if he likes chicken.
Doesn't everybody like chicken?
Chicken is always good.
(hesitates)
Isn't it?
(bustling immediately)
Well, I think I'll give him chicken.
Do we have any chicken?
(throws open the
refrigerator)
I thought I had those thighs.
Where in God's name did our thighs
go to? We ate them? Maybe the
freezer -- don't we have a chicken
in the freezer -- or is it turkey --
Oh my God, it's that terrible old
Easter turkey!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

FAITH (CONT'D)
Turkey!? That's terrible!

Molly has been watching the performance.

SHERRY
Hey, relax, will you, Mom? He's
only a guy.

CUT TO:

ON FAITH
slightly embarrassed.

CUT TO:

79 INT. KITCHEN

79

A linen tablecloth, the good silver, heirloom candlesticks.

FAITH
How about some more, Frank?

FRANK
No thanks, I've really had enough.

FAITH
Why, you've hardly eaten anything.

FRANK
(quickly)
I've eaten a lot.

He smiles. Faith smiles. She nervously gulps some wine.
Sherry's eyes stay on her mother.

FAITH
(to Frank)
More stuffing? Stringbeans? Gravy?

Faith hears herself, reacts to herself.

FAITH
... I know, too pushy, huh?

FRANK
No, not pushy at all. You're real
nice. And you're a real good cook.

SHERRY
Sorry to interrupt you, folks, I'd
like another glass of wine.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

FAITH
(gently)
You've already had two.

SHERRY
Mother, I'd like another glass of
wine.

Frank laughs,
Smoke drifts in from the stove.

FAITH
Oh my God, the Indian pudding.

Sherry turns to Frank.

SHERRY
Don't mind her, she's all nervous
tonight.

CUT TO:

79A ON FAITH

79A

coming in with a mess.

FAITH
Sorry, guys, the Indian pudding
looks like a dead Cherokee.

SHERRY
(to Frank)
She's been making Indian pudding
ever since I was born, and tonight
she burns it.

FAITH
(to Frank)
Could I give you something else?
Fix you some cheese and fruit?

FRANK
No, I'm fine.

FAITH
I could make you some custard --
that's quick -- or some cheese and
fruit?

SHERRY
Mother, you just asked Frank that.
How many glasses of wine have you
had?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Would you like some coffee, Frank?

FRANK

I'd love a cup of coffee.

Faith moves to the stove and pours boiling water over grounds in a filter.

FAITH

Sherry, get out some of that nice brandy -- you'll have some brandy, won't you, Frank?

FRANK

Uh --

FAITH

Get the brandy, Sherry.

Faith brings the coffee pot to the table, pours some into a delicate china cup for Frank.

Sherry fishes in a cabinet full of bottles.

SHERRY

Which brandy is it?

FAITH

The one with the four stars.

Sherry locates the brandy, sets the dusty bottle on the table. Faith rushes to wipe it off.

Frank studies the bottle tentatively.

FRANK

Gee, I don't know, Faith --

FAITH

(nervously)

The brandy makes the coffee taste better, and the coffee makes the brandy taste better. Or is it the other way around? Anyway, have some.

Sherry looks back and forth from Faith to Frank.

SHERRY

That's Daddy's brandy.

Frank reaches for the brandy now.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

(to Faith)

You'll join me?

FAITH

Of course.

Faith drains her glass of wine, pushes a snifter towards Frank who pours out the brandy.

SHERRY

(getting up)

I think I'll do the dishes.

FAITH

Leave them, honey, I'll take care of them in the morning. Time for you to go to bed.

SHERRY

Go to bed! It's only ten o'clock.

FAITH

You've got school tomorrow.

FRANK

Maybe Sherry would like a little brandy.

SHERRY

Milk.

FAITH

Could you get it yourself, honey?

SHERRY

What's this 'honey' shit all of a sudden?

FAITH

Sherry, that's enough of that.

Frank laughs as Sherry goes to the refrigerator, pours herself a glass of milk, gulps it down. Now Sherry returns to the table, picks up the brandy bottle, replaces it in the cabinet.

SHERRY

Good night, Frank. I'll see you tomorrow.

FRANK

(brightly)

Good night, Sherry!

(CONTINUED)

79A CONTINUED: (3)

79A

SHERRY
(to Faith)
And I'll see you, soon.

Sherry leaves, Frank looks down warily at his snifter of brandy.

FAITH
Would you like a cigar to go with that?

FRANK
I don't smoke cigars.

FAITH
I haven't any -- uh -- I haven't used any in several -- uh -- months, what I mean is -- uh --

SHERRY (O.S.)
(from the hallway)
C'mon, Mom, you know what he smokes!

A door slams, Faith flinches, Frank laughs.

FRANK
I'll try a cigar.

Faith jumps up.

FAITH
I won't be a moment, they're just in the front room.

FRANK
Do you want me to come with you?

FAITH
No, stay here. You're comfortable here, aren't you?

FRANK
Makes no difference to me.

Frank smiles. Faith smiles anxiously. Now she goes.

CUT TO:

80 LIVING ROOM

80

Cozy, a fireplace. Faith turns around and she finds Frank right behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Faith goes to a bookshelf, uncovers a dusty box, pulls out one old dry cigar. Gives it to Frank.

ON FAITH AND FRANK

Faith sipping her brandy, Frank lighting up his cigar.

FRANK

You got any music?

FAITH

Music?

FRANK

I see you got a stereo.

FAITH

Sure, we got some --

She gets up, moves to the stereo. She pushes past some coloring books and National Lampoons, to a pile of worn record albums.

FAITH

How about the March of the Children from The King and I?

FRANK

I don't believe I know that one.

FAITH

I'm only kidding, it's just a joke -- it's Molly's favorite.

Faith puts a record on, probably an old Rolling Stones; a slow one.

Faith and Frank sit listening to the music, facing each other, Faith on a couch, Frank in a chair, the stereo turntable bridging the gulf of embarrassment between them.

Frank taps a finger on his cigar in time to the music, Faith pats the side of the couch, then nervously but silently snaps a finger.

FRANK

I love this song.

FAITH

Yeah, it's great.

FRANK

Do you want to dance?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
Dance?

FRANK
Don't you dance?

FAITH
Not in a long time.

Silence.

FRANK
You want to dance now?

FAITH
Oh no, I don't think so.

FRANK
Why?

FAITH
I'm just nervous.

FRANK
Nervous?

FAITH
Scared. It's been a long time
since I danced -- been alone with
a man other than my husband.

Frank nods understandingly. The only SOUND is the music.
The song continues.

FRANK
Could I kiss you?

Faith looks at him, immediately shakes her head.

FAITH
No no, I don't think so --

Faith drops her head, digs her nails into her fingertips.
More silence. The record ends, only the sound of the needle
bumping against the label.

Silence.
Silence.
Silence.

Out of the silence:

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (3)

80

FAITH
(almost inaudibly)
I mean 'yes.'

Frank moves to her, sits beside her on the couch. Faith is motionless. Slowly, he reaches for her blouse, and unbuttons it to the waist. The blouse hangs loosely.

Faith's head is still down. Frank lifts her chin with his hand now. For the first time, Faith looks at Frank. They kiss. Passionately.

CUT TO:

81 WIDE SHOT - FROM THE DOOR FRAME

81

The door is slightly open. Sherry's hand reaches in from the hallway, gently closes on the brass knob, pulls the door shut.

CUT TO:

82 BLACK

82

In the darkness, a child's cough, then another cough, George comes into view.

GEORGE
Timmy's coughing.

SANDY (O.S.)
I'll go --

GEORGE
No, I'll do it. You stay where
you are.

CUT TO:

83 ON GEORGE

83

FOLLOW George as he opens the door of a dark room, a night light dim in a socket, TIMMY, a five-year-old, lying in a trundle bed. George squats next to him.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

What's the matter, Timmy?

TIMMY

I can't breathe.

George checks around, adjusts a croup kettle. Unscrews the top, stirs the mixture. Reaches for a glass.

GEORGE

Want a little Coke?

TIMMY

It's too warm.

GEORGE

Good for you stomach --

TIMMY

Will you come with me to the bathroom if I throw up?

GEORGE

Sure, Timmy.

George puffs the pillow under Timmy's head, points the kettle, gets some Coke down him, tucks in the covers. Timmy rests.

TIMMY

Where's Mom?

GEORGE

She's sleeping.

TIMMY

Where's Daddy?

GEORGE

What do you mean, Timmy?

TIMMY

Daddy --

GEORGE

He's in Los Angeles, you know that.

TIMMY

You're sleeping over?

GEORGE

Why yes, Timmy. Of course.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (2)

83

TIMMY

Don't you want to go home and be
with your own children?

Timmy rolls over, turns away, quiet now. George looks down at him. He checks the croup kettle again, now starts for Sandy's bedroom.

84 INT. SANDY'S BEDROOM

84

She looks up as George enters.

SANDY

Thanks --

GEORGE

He's okay now.

SANDY

You coming back to bed? I wanted
to go.

GEORGE

It's okay. You always go --

George crawls into bed, Sandy spoons into him.

SANDY

Sean never did.

GEORGE

Do you miss him?

SANDY

Never.

(turns to George,
very close, looking
him in the eye)

Even when I was with him, I was
lonely. I never have that feeling
with you. And I knew I wouldn't --
as soon as we --

(waits)

-- got going. I don't like being
alone. I mean I can stand it of
course -- but I want a friend.
You're my friend, George. I like
you. I love you.

(good naturedly)

And if you don't come through, I'll
find somebody else.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

George reaches for Sandy through the darkness. Now Sandy reaches for him. They find each other.

CUT TO:

85 INT. FAITH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

85

The vacuum WHIRRING, Faith cleaning up, picking up glasses, emptying ashtrays.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Jill, Marianne and Molly can be seen playing in the yard; bouncing on the trampoline; tossing a frisbee.

ON SHERRY

Following her mother around, yelling over the NOISE.

SHERRY

I'm telling you I have an
appendicitis --

FAITH

Sherry, you have a fever.

SHERRY

It's my pancreas --

Faith keeps vacuuming away, Sherry pursuing her.

SHERRY

Pancreatis --

FAITH

Sherry, go back to bed.

SHERRY

(right after her)
Gallstones --

FAITH

You do not have gallstones -- just
go to bed -- drink the tea with
honey -- and I'll make you a nice
rice pudding.

SHERRY

I DON'T WANT A NICE RICE PUDDING!

FAITH

All right, don't have a nice, rice
pudding!

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

ON FAITH

Vacuuming, suddenly turning around, finding Sherry staring at a pillow, examining the indentations, the aftermath of last night. Faith grabs the pillow from Sherry, fluffs it up, tosses it in the corner of the couch.

Sherry says something.

SHERRY

(softly, almost
inaudibly)

I hate Daddy.

Faith can't hear. She turns the vacuum off.

FAITH

What's the matter?

The vacuum winds down. In the silence, Sherry stands frozen in the middle of the room, staring at the pillow.

SHERRY

I hate Daddy.

Sherry walks out of the room. Faith follows her.

CUT TO:

86 INT. FAITH'S WORKROOM

86

A weaver's loom, not used recently. Sherry sits down beside it, on one side of a window. Through the window, the other children can be seen playing in the yard. Faith enters the room, moves to Sherry.

FAITH

You okay...?

Faith and Sherry are on both sides of the window now, framing it, the other children noiseless blurs beyond.

SHERRY

Why did Daddy leave us?

FAITH

I don't think he left you. I think he left me.

SHERRY

I'm never getting married.

FAITH

Don't say that.

(CONTINUED)

SHERRY

What's the point?

After a moment:

FAITH

... I think when two people love each other, it's like -- I don't know -- like going through doors -- you go through the doors together at first -- then one person gets ahead --

SHERRY

But if they love each other, don't they wait for each other?

FAITH

I guess so.

SHERRY

It's all Daddy's fault.

FAITH

It's no one's fault. No one's to blame. Just time.

Another moment.

SHERRY

Do you wish for you and Daddy?

FAITH

No.

SHERRY

You and Frank?

FAITH

Oh no... One of the things your Daddy said about growing up, is you stop wishing. Things either come to you or they don't. But if I were to wish for anyone right now, I'd wish for me.

CUT TO:

George and Timmy running along the water's edge.

(CONTINUED)

87

CONTINUED:

87

As they approach the house, they start to sprint, George pours it on with everything he has. He wins, turns to find Timmy has given up.

George trots back to Timmy, lifts him up in the air, a big dog comes tearing out of the house, starts snapping at George's heels, George trips, falls down, now picks himself up, kicks sand at the dog, Timmy falls to his knees to comfort the dog.

MOVE IN on George, bewildered.

CUT TO:

88

EXT. GEORGE AND FAITH'S HOUSE - CHICKEN COOP

88

Faith leads the way in, Sherry, Jill, Marianne and Molly behind her.

SHERRY

Who's due?

FAITH

Henrietta's due.

MOLLY

Lemme get it! Lemme get it!

SHERRY

Shut up, squirt. Henrietta doesn't lay for anyone but Mommy.

Faith moves to a chicken.

FAITH

(cooing)

Hello, baby, hello, baby, you got something for me?

The chicken looks Faith in the eye. Faith smiles.

FAITH

You bet you do.

With great care, Faith edges her hand under the chicken. She is ever so gentle, the chicken lifting up slightly to help her.

MOLLY

It's so mean, it's her baby.

FAITH

No baby, Moll, no baby.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (CONT'D)

There's only Mommies in here, no
Daddy around to make the egg into
a baby.

Faith comes up with the egg, a beautiful brown egg. She holds
it to a candle.

MARIANNE

What are you going to do with it?

FAITH

Make it into salad, darling, and put
it in your sandwich for lunch.

MOLLY

I'm not eating anybody's baby for
lunch.

FAITH

We could hard-boil it --

MOLLY

You hard-boil it. You have it
for your lunch.

Faith smiles.

CUT TO:

ALT.88

INT. THRIFT SHOP - DAY (ALTERNATE TO CHICKEN COOP)

ALT.88

Faith with the children in an old store, trying on junky
things. Faith enjoying herself, the children running to
keep up with her quick eye and instinctive taste.

Jill finds an old leather bag with a strap. Marianne locates
a white linen Victorian apron. Molly appears with a pair of
earrings.

MOLLY

What do you think of these earrings?

FAITH

I love them, they're really great.

JILL

I think they're ugly.

FAITH

(lowering her voice)

Let me see those earrings.

Faith examines them.

FAITH

I think they're amethyst.

MOLLY

(whispering loudly)

Yeah! Amethyst!

(CONTINUED)

MARIANNE

They worth anything?

FAITH

I'd say about three hundred dollars.
You kids got what you want? Okay,
let's get out of here.

Faith and the children hurry with their things to the counter by the door. The OWNER totals them up.

OWNER

Four dollars for the bag -- two
dollars for the peasant's apron
-- you want the earrings? -- that's
three hundred and six dollars.

Faith looks down at the kids, leaning elbow-to-elbow on the counter, looking up at her.

MOLLY

Nice try, Mom.

CUT TO:

89

WIDE SHOT - TOWN

89

A narrow street, a row of shacks, this gloomy section in stark contrast to where Faith and the children live.

Faith and Marianne are picking up Molly.

FAITH

'Bye, Mrs. Jackson! Thanks for
having her.

(prompting Molly)

Bye!

MOLLY

Yeah, 'bye! See you tomorrow, Roxanne!

Molly waves to a black, pig-tailed friend. Faith grabs her hand, they dodge through puddles towards the car. Marianne follows close.

FAITH

Did you have a good time, Molly?

MOLLY

Okay.

FAITH

Did you give Mrs. Jackson the
clothes?

MOLLY

Yes. Where we going?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

See a friend of mine. What'd Mrs. Jackson say when you gave her the clothes?

MOLLY

She said thank you.

FAITH

Did you have anything to eat?

MOLLY

Hamburgers --

FAITH

That's good...

MOLLY

-- with weird gravy. Blaaaah...

FAITH

Ssh.

They climb into the car.

MARIANNE

(to Faith)

What friend you going to see?

FAITH

Howard Katz.

MARIANNE

Who's he?

FAITH

My lawyer.

MARIANNE

You mean Judy Katz's father?

FAITH

That's right.

MARIANNE

He's on our side?

FAITH

Yes.

MARIANNE

Yeccccch.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. GEORGE AND FAITH'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON 90

George driving up to the front of the house. He climbs out of his car, carrying a portable typewriter. He starts for the door, stops on hearing LAUGHTER from the tennis court.

90A GEORGE'S POV 90A

Faith and Frank taking a break, sitting near the almost-finished dry wall, sharing a cigarette, Frank seated in the grader, Faith next to him.

George calls out.

GEORGE

Faith... Faith...

He hasn't called too loudly. And they haven't heard him.

George reaches through the window of his car, gives a light toot to his HORN.

90B ON FAITH AND FRANK 90B

Frank looking over, Faith finishes her cigarette, now wanders across the half-finished court.

91 ANOTHER ANGLE 91

George waiting, shifting the typewriter from one hand to the other. In the b.g., the grader starts up with Frank at the wheel.

GEORGE

Where's Sherry?

FAITH

She went to the city with my mother.

GEORGE

The city?

FAITH

The ballet. Mother took her to the ballet for her birthday.

Silence. Frank criss-crossing on the grader in the b.g.

GEORGE

I see.

Faith starts into the house, George follows her.

INT. KITCHEN

Faith opening the refrigerator, pulling out a container of egg salad, slicing open a pocket bread.

George observes her.

GEORGE

What's that?

FAITH

Frank's lunch. He loves Syrian bread.

GEORGE

What is he, an Arab?

FAITH

No, he's not an Arab.

She quickly stuffs the bread, snatches two beers out of the icebox, assembles the sandwiches and beer on a tray.

GEORGE

I brought Sherry the typewriter.

FAITH

What?

GEORGE

The typewriter I told you about.
The one for her birthday.

Faith notices the case for the first time.

FAITH

Oh yeah... that's great.

She reaches for it. He pulls it back.

GEORGE

No, I want to give it to her.

A pause.

FAITH

Okay.

GEORGE

Okay... well, I'll be back.

George follows Faith out.

EXT. GEORGE AND FAITH'S HOUSE

The screen door slams behind them.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Incidentally, next time Sherry goes out of town, I'd like to know.

FAITH

'Out of town'? She's just with Mother for her birthday. I'm sorry, George.

George starts to follow Faith, then stops, glances over at the tennis court, observes Frank grading.

GEORGE

That's the tennis court?

FAITH

That's it.

GEORGE

That clay's going to run like molasses. You should have used en-tout-cas.

FAITH

'En-tout-cas'? If I could spell it, I'd use it.

GEORGE

Tennis courts are tricky things, you can't just rush into them. If you're going to build one, you might as well build it right.

FAITH

Frank and I are doing fine, thank you.

GEORGE

I'll bet you are. How much is he sticking you?

A moment.

FAITH

You mean what's the price? Frank is very reasonable.

GEORGE

Glad to hear it. Because I'm not paying a nickel for that piece of shit you call a tennis court --

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: (2)

93

FAITH
Who's asking you to? Oh, George,
I have to go, okay? Frank's beer
is getting warm.

She goes, he watches her.

CUT TO:

94 FAITH AND FRANK

94

Faith giving Frank his lunch.

GEORGE
(from the driveway)
Hey, bud-dee!

Frank looks around.

GEORGE
It looks like shit! You couldn't
play horseshoes on that volcano!

Frank can't quite hear.

FRANK
What?!

FAITH
Ignore him, please don't pay any
attention to him.

FRANK
But what'd he say?

GEORGE
I said FUCK YOU!

George jumps in his car, screeches out, burning rubber like
a teenager.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. GEORGE AND FAITH'S HOUSE

95

The night black, the lights of the house squares of light
cutting through the darkness. PAN OFF the house to a car
pulling up at the end of the driveway. The driver gets
out quietly, reaches into the seat beside him, pulls out a
black case. The door to the car is closed quietly.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: 95

It is George. His footsteps crunch through the gravel towards the house.

CUT TO:

96 CLOSEUP - BOLT 96

The bolt is snapped open by a hand. The door swings wide.

97 REVERSE ANGLE 97

George, standing with the typewriter at the front door, Faith facing him.

Silence for a moment.

FAITH

Hello, George.

GEORGE

Hi. I brought Sherry her typewriter.

FAITH

Now? Tonight? It's late, George. Look, it's really no use. She really doesn't want to see you.

GEORGE

But it's her birthday.

Silence.

FAITH

Why don't you just leave it?

GEORGE

No. I want to give it to her myself.

FAITH

But if she doesn't want you to --

GEORGE

I want to give my kid her birthday present.

CUT TO:

SHERRY - UPSTAIRS

SHERRY

Your kid doesn't want her birthday present!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sherry's door closes mid-sentence.

GEORGE

Five minutes, that's all?

FAITH

She's very angry, George.

GEORGE

I'm angry.

FAITH

About what?

GEORGE

You roundheeling it on a tennis court with some overage redneck hippie.

A moment.

FAITH

I think you better go.

GEORGE

I'm going to give my child her birthday present.

CUT TO:

SHERRY - UPSTAIRS

SHERRY

Your 'child' does not want her birthday present!

Sherry's door SLAMS again upstairs. Now Faith tries to close the front door where George is standing.

FAITH

Please go, George.

GEORGE

No. This is my house and this is my kid -- you're in violation of our separation agreement -- my lawyer says --

FAITH

I don't want to hear it -- stop, George -- will you please stop...?

FAITH

Fuck your lawyer!

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

Faith slams the front door shut and bolts it. George kicks at the door.

GEORGE
I'M GIVING MY CHILD HER BIRTHDAY
PRESENT!

George pitches the typewriter through a mullion, the glass smashes, George snakes his arm past a shard of glass, flips the bolt. Faith starts to run, but George grabs her, steers her out the door and slams it. Bolts the door.

Faith screams, starts hitting on the door. The glass is jagged, she tries to reach through, scratches her arm. Tries again, the glass too sharp and narrow to get through.

CUT TO:

98 UPSTAIRS

98

The children pressed against the windows, the windows all fogged up. Sherry yells down at George.

SHERRY
Get out of here!

99 ON FAITH

99

&
99A

pounding now on the front door, but George props a chair up against it. Faith starts to reach in once more past the broken glass, George props another chair.

&
99A

GEORGE
(through the broken
window)
How do you like it?! How do you
like getting locked out of your
own house?!

Now George runs upstairs.

100 ON FAITH

100

&
100A

at the door, screaming now. Suddenly Molly appears, framed by the chairs braced against the door.

&
100A

FAITH
Open the door! Open the door, Molly!!

But Molly can't get anywhere, the pair of bentwood chairs are wedged tight against the knob.

(CONTINUED)

- 100 CONTINUED: 100
& 100A MOLLY & 100A
It's stuck -- it's stuck!
- Faith takes off, running around the house, trying doors.
All are locked.
- 101 STAIRWAY 101
George runs up the stairs, sees Sherry panicked in the
hallway.
- CUT TO:
- 102 OUTSIDE THE HOUSE 102
Faith running around frantically, pounding at windows,
trying to get in.
- FAITH
George! For God's sakes, George!
- CUT TO:
- 103 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY 103
Sherry has locked her door. George crashes right through
the door. As he bursts in, Sherry throws a radio at him,
then a hanger, he dives for her, forces her over and whips
her with the hanger. She fights back, screaming. She begins
to claw at him.
- SHERRY
Fucker! Bastard!
- Sherry twists away from George and hurls a lamp at him. It
crashes, the bulbs flying. Screams from the other children
converging now on the doorway. George dives for Sherry now,
and tackles her to the bed, and begins slapping her again,
this time with his hand.
- SHERRY
(screaming)
Bastard! Fucker!
- 104 DOWNSTAIRS - ON FAITH 104
Shrieking, racing around the house, kicking at the walls,
her screams drowned out by the mayhem upstairs.
- 105 INT. BEDROOM 105
George has Sherry down on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

Marianne runs and jumps on him, tries to pull him off, he flips her away and then Sherry, taking the moment, grabs a pair of scissors and holds them to George. George freezes.

SHERRY

Fucker! Bastard! I hate you --

Sherry keeps the scissors on George -- no one moves. Sherry trembles, then suddenly throws the scissors to the floor, wanders into the hallway. George stands frozen. Now he takes a step towards Sherry.

106 INT. HALLWAY

106

MARIANNE

(crying)

Daddy, don't -- don't, Daddy --

George takes hold of Sherry.

GEORGE

Sherry --

SHERRY

No...

GEORGE

Honey, please --

SHERRY

Bastard.

GEORGE

Talk to me.

Silence. Now Jill comes to Sherry, strokes her hair.

Marianne puts her arms around George. He kisses her fingers as they reach around him.

MARIANNE

You cut yourself, Daddy.

GEORGE

(pleading to Sherry)

Honey, honey --

Sherry turns around, spent.

SHERRY

What is it -- ?

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

GEORGE

Forgive me.

CUT TO:

107 AT THE KITCHEN DOOR

107

&

&

107A Faith is screaming for Molly.

107A

FAITH

Open the kitchen door! Open it!

Open it!

Molly appears behind the door, strains for the bolt, can't reach it.

FAITH

Get a chair! Get a chair!

Molly grabs a kitchen chair, drags it to the door, stands on the chair, opens the bolt. Faith charges inside, Molly running after her.

CUT TO:

108 HALLWAY

108

George trying to touch Sherry.

GEORGE

Give me a chance --

JILL

You're coming over tomorrow, aren't you, Daddy -- to pick us up for the weekend...?

George swallows, blinks.

GEORGE

Sherry...

Sherry is unflinching.

GEORGE

(quietly)

Okay.

Faith appears, Sherry runs to her, Faith folds her into her arms, buries her nose into Sherry's hair. They hold tight, Faith's eyes never leave George.

CUT TO:

109 ON THE STAIR LANDING

109

JILL

(to George)

You want something to eat? I
could make you a hamburger with the
onions chopped in.

George checks Faith for an instant. Faith stares back at
him.

MARIANNE

Do you want a band-aid for your
arm, Daddy?

GEORGE

It's okay.

Now George edges to the top step. He freezes, turns
toward Faith again. He is helpless, vulnerable, overcome
all at once.

GEORGE

Faith...

FAITH

Get out.

George looks at Faith and the children, but they only stare
back at him.

George goes.

110 ANOTHER ANGLE - GEORGE

110

Coming down the stairs, he sees the smashed front door,
notices as if for the first time, the bentwood chairs pushed
up against it. He very carefully removes the chairs, puts
them back in their exact position in the hallway. He then
replaces the cushions, squaring them off.

George sees the typewriter. He picks it up, throws open
the bolt on the door, looks back up the stairs; Faith and
the children are watching him.

George leaves.

110A EXT. GEORGE AND FAITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

110A

George walks through the grass out into the gravel of the
driveway. George walks normally at first and then, in-
voluntarily, begins to run.

GO OUT on George sprinting towards his car.

CUT TO:

111 FAMILY COURT - DAY

111

JUDGE SCHULTZ, a tired woman in her fifties, presides. Sprinkled around the courtroom, Hispanics, Blacks, Public Defenders. On either side of the aisle, George and Faith, Howard beside Faith. Beside George, his lawyer, SPINELLI, a natty three-pieced type.

In front of the Judge, a Mexican WOMAN.

WOMAN

(Spanish)

He violates the children!

A MAN jumps to his feet, crumpling his old Panama hat in his hands.

MAN

(Spanish)

She sleeps with the boss!

A terrible babble of Spanish, silenced by Judge Schultz's gavel.

DISSOLVE TO:

112 FAITH AND GEORGE

112

in front of the bench now with their respective lawyers.

JUDGE

I thought we had a separation agreement, visitation rights --

HOWARD

But this incident --

SPINELLI

What incident -- no police report -- I would like to make a stipulation that we not be dragged into court every time it pleases Mrs. Dunlap or her attorney -- Stipulate one, Your Honor, that Mrs. Dunlap be restrained from --

Mixed in with the above montage of Spanish and English-speaking VOICES. "The children are remanded to the State Home..." "The husband being derelict in his payment is required to..."

The legalese winds down and for the first time, Schultz can be heard. Howard squeezes Faith's hand, retires to a seat behind her. Spinelli moves behind George, now George and Faith are left alone and side-by-side, standing in front of Judge Schultz. Faith takes a half-step away from George.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

JUDGE

Mr. Dunlap, your insistence on limiting Mrs. Dunlap's custody during vacations seems poorly timed. This Christmas the children will reside with their mother.

(to Faith)

As for you, Mrs. Dunlap, to deny the father the right to take the children to school three times a week seems an unnecessary hardship. If he so wishes, and he is the only father they have right now, why shouldn't he enjoy that privilege. Do you understand, Mrs. Dunlap?

FAITH

I do, I mean I will.

JUDGE

Mr. Dunlap?

GEORGE

I agree, Your Honor.

JUDGE

You'd better. I don't want to see either of you two in here again.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. COURTROOM

113

Faith walking rapidly, Howard running to keep up with her.

HOWARD

We bring in Sherry, we show the welts from the hanger, we expose the broad --

FAITH

What broad?

HOWARD

The one he's shackled up with, let me work him over --

Faith stops.

FAITH

Work him over?

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD

Right. Put him in Soledad with
the Beaners and the Schvugs.

Silence.

FAITH

No, Howard.

HOWARD

No? Why not?

FAITH

Just no.

HOWARD

You want your house? You want
your kids?

FAITH

Yes.

HOWARD

What do you think they're going
to do? That dago lawyer of his is
not known for his Christianity and
the Iron Maiden on the bench is no
bargain either. What do you say,
Faithie?

FAITH

I'll think about it.

HOWARD

You better -- here he comes now --

113A George and Spinelli block them on the courthouse steps.

113A

SPINELLI

(interrupting, ahead
of George)

Mr. Dunlap wants to pick up the
children tonight at seven instead
of six -- he has a late appointment
in San Francisco.

HOWARD

Under no circumstances --

FAITH

(tired)

It's all right, Howard, I won't
be home anyway.

(CONTINUED)

113A CONTINUED:

113A

GEORGE
 (overhearing, now
 joining)
 What do you mean you won't be
 there?

FAITH
 My father's sick.

George blinks, pulls at his coat.

GEORGE
 (tense)
 What's the matter with him?

FAITH
 I don't know. He went in for some
 tests. And they're keeping him
 there --

GEORGE
 So you're going up -- ?

FAITH
 I'll be back Monday. Mrs. McGovern
 is going to sit. You can pick them
 up whenever you want tonight.

GEORGE
 I'll bring the kids up to your
 parents.

There is a moment. Spinelli and Katz look at each other.

FAITH
 No, George.

GEORGE
 Yeah, I will. It's easy.

FAITH
 Please, George, don't. They're okay.

GEORGE
 Well give French my love -- tell him
 I'll be coming up.

Spinelli and Katz exchange more looks.

FAITH
 No --

GEORGE
 I want to.

(CONTINUED)

113A CONTINUED: (2)

113A

Silence.

Spinelli takes George's arm and starts off in one direction down the courthouse steps, Katz pulls Faith in the other.

CUT TO:

114 INT. HOSPITAL - NAPA - DAY

114

George walking down the corridor. Faith emerges from a bathroom off the corridor. They see each other, move down the hall together.

115 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

115

FRENCH, Faith's father, is in bed, a hulk of a man, fragile now, a breathing machine beside him, the tubes detached for the moment; green coils for breathing in, pink coils for breathing out, a balloon to register inhalation and exhalation, the whole operation monitored by an oxygen tank which looms over the bed.

An IV drips into French's arm. On the floor underneath the mattress, a drain bottle with a tube leading to a catheter. The room is a tangle of tubes, drips and drains, coils; but discernible behind all the rubber and hardware, a man is there -- French.

Faith and George freeze at the sight of French, shocked by his condition. Now Faith moves towards her father.

FAITH

Poppa.

FRENCH

Where's your mother?

FAITH

Outside.

FRENCH

How're you doin', honey?
(seeing George hanging
back)

You too, George.

George hurries over, leans in from the other side.

FRENCH

Good to see you two together.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Thanks, French.

FRENCH

You are together?

GEORGE

Sure.

FRENCH

'Sure'?

GEORGE

I mean we are.

FRENCH

(to George, a faint
smile)You wouldn't shit me, would you,
George?

GEORGE

(after a moment)

No, Poppa.

Silence, as French takes this in.

FRENCH

I miss that house -- how's that
house?

GEORGE

It needs some work.

FAITH

Terrific.

FRENCH

'Terrific.' 'It needs some work.'
You two better get together.

FAITH

George is right, Poppa, when you
get out, you'll bring your tools
-- one Sunday... like you always
do --

FRENCH

Cut it out, will you?
(drilling Faith and
George)

You're a couple of lousy liars.

George and Faith stand there with French. There is an
exchange through the silence among the three of them.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

FAITH
(speaking up)
You're right, Poppa. We've broken up.

Pause.

FAITH
Forgive me.

FRENCH
(taking her hand)
Not a chance.

Silence again.

FRENCH
George --

He motions him to move close. Faith releases French's hand, steps away.

FRENCH
What's going on?

GEORGE
I don't know.

French smiles.

FRENCH
(to George)
Did I ever tell you about the time
you went on your honeymoon, I
entered your father in the Bass
Derby -- he cheated, hooked that
smallmouth with live bait.
Sonofabitch -- your father couldn't
even tie a fly.

GEORGE
My father was an asshole and you
know it.

FRENCH
But he was the only asshole you
ever had.

GEORGE
No, French, you are.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

FRENCH

You going up to the Berryessa
this spring, George?

GEORGE

Sure.

FRENCH

Look out for the big rock. The
smallmouth like to lay around it...

GEORGE

What big rock?

FRENCH

You know --

GEORGE

You'll show me.

French leans up, sees Faith at the window, she is careful
to give George and French some room.

French motions to George to move close.

FRENCH

I ought to kick your ass around
the block --

GEORGE

(leaning in, intense)

Do it, French. What are you laying
around here for anyway?

FRENCH

They lassoed me.

GEORGE

Well fight it, goddamit.

FRENCH

I'm trying, George --

GEORGE

You're dying on me, for Chrissake.

CLOSEUP - FAITH

Watching, intent.

GEORGE

I need you.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (4)

115

FRENCH

Thanks.

French is failing badly, George kneels by French's bed.

GEORGE

I'm here, French, stay with me.

Faith's eyes riveted on George, who is shaking.

FRENCH

(reaching out, taking
George by the neck,
embracing him)

Okay, son.

George rests his head on French's chest. French starts to breathe hard, Faith runs for the hallway.

French is thrashing now, George trying to hold him down, CHARLOTTE, Faith's mother, comes rushing in, followed by a NURSE.

CHARLOTTE

(grabbing George)

Please, please, give her some room --

A Technician enters, he and the Nurse work fast and nervously to get the breathing machine tubes attached.

George moves closer to French.

NURSE

(to George)

Please, sir --

For an instant George is mangled in the tubes, French's breath becomes wildly irregular, Charlotte and Faith manage to pull George away.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. CEMETERY - NAPA - DAY

116

A damp Northern California day, the mourners walking from the grave to a row of cars with lights on. Charlotte is shepherding the proceedings.

CHARLOTTE

(closing a car door)

Yes, at the house -- a little lunch,
soup and salad, nothing much, do come --

She moves to another car. Behind Charlotte, Faith and Sherry are about to climb into cars.

(CONTINUED)

George appears, all dressed up in a nice topcoat and tie; he approaches the lead car but Charlotte blocks his path.

GEORGE

Hello, Charlotte. I'm sorry.

CHARLOTTE

Thank you.

GEORGE

Would you like me to ride with you and Faith?

Faith and Sherry have come over, they each take George's arm as he faces Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

There's no room.

GEORGE

No room or no place?

CHARLOTTE

No place.

FAITH

Maybe you can squeeze in the second car with the children?

SHERRY

Yeah, I'll go with Uncle Ned.

CHARLOTTE

Suit yourself.

Charlotte and Faith go.

GEORGE

(to Sherry)

I forgot to get a flower. You want to come with me to get a flower?

Sherry shakes her head "no."

CUT TO:

117 LAKE BERRYESSA - LONG SHOT

117

MOVE IN on a massive rock, a dinghy floating beside it.

IN THE DINGHY - GEORGE

His Chesterfield still on, his hair nicely combed. A fishing rod lies untouched beside him.

CLOSEUP - GEORGE

Staring into the middle distance. Fish bite in curlicues around him; he doesn't respond. Now he reaches for the oars, sets them in the locks, rows into the darkness.

118 INT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA INN - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

118

An imitation French inn, wine bottles, stone, casement windows, candlelight. For the locals, an elderly woman at a Hammond organ playing old favorites.

ON GEORGE - AT A TABLE

Sitting alone, poking at a salad. From time to time, he looks up at the other guests, couples cozy at tables, lit by candles. He puts his fork down wearily, listens to the music, DOROTHY at the organ playing "Some Enchanted Evening."

She sings a little.

DOROTHY (V.O.)

"YOU WILL MEET A STRANGER
ACROSS A CROWDED ROOM..."

118A AT THE DOOR

118A

Faith appears. The Maitre d', STEVE, hurries to her.

FAITH

One, please, Steve.

STEVE

Oh, Mr. Dunlap's right over here.

Faith looks over to the table where George is sitting, now points elsewhere.

FAITH

I would like to have that table.

Steve blinks, looks over at George, now at Faith.

STEVE

Certainly. Right this way.

DOROTHY (V.O.)

"SOMEONE WILL BE LAUGHING
ACROSS A CROWDED ROOM..."

ON GEORGE

Seeing Steve show Faith to a separate table.

After a moment, George signals his WAITER, then gets up and crosses to Faith.

118B AT FAITH'S TABLE

118B

When George appears, Steve quickly lights a candle at the table, then hurries away.

(CONTINUED)

118B CONTINUED:

118B

GEORGE

(standing over Faith)

What are you doing here? I
thought you were staying with
your mother.

FAITH

I had enough of my mother. What
are you doing here?

GEORGE

I was up at the lake.

FAITH

All this time?

GEORGE

I like the lake.

FAITH

What were you doing up there?

GEORGE

Nothing. Watching the bass. Do
you mind if I sit down?

George sits.

GEORGE

What are your mother's plans?
What's she going to do? Is she
going away -- ?

The Waiter comes over, carrying plates.

WAITER

(to George)

Did you want your food served here,
sir?

GEORGE

Yes.

FAITH

No.

After a moment, the Waiter tentatively sets a plate of
Scandanavian salmon down in front of George.

FAITH

That's not enough dill for you.
George, I want to be alone.

(to the Waiter)

Bring him some more dill.

(CONTINUED)

WAITER

And for you, madam?

FAITH

Nothing. I'll eat some of his.

George swallows.

GEORGE

Why don't you order some dinner,
Faith?

FAITH

You mean you want me to get my
own?

GEORGE

No, I'm not hungry.

FAITH

Good. Neither am I.

The Waiter arrives with the extra sauce. George dabs at
it.

FAITH

Here, give it to me --

She fixes the plate for him, arranging the dill and the
sauce. George cuts a piece. He likes it better now.

GEORGE

I'm sorry. You want a bite?

FAITH

That piece in the center.

She reaches over and takes it. In a moment, the two of
them have devoured the salmon.

Dorothy continues to play. They sit in silence.

DOROTHY (V.O.)

"I'M GONNA WASH THAT MAN RIGHT
OUTA MY HAIR...
I'M GONNA WASH THAT MAN RIGHT
OUTA MY HAIR..."

The Waiter appears.

WAITER

Looks like we liked the Gravlax --

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

How about some dessert?

FAITH

I'm on a diet -- I'm trying to lose seven pounds.

GEORGE

You look fine to me.

FAITH

I'm not losing it for you.

The Waiter quickly disappears.

GEORGE

The waiter heard you --

FAITH

I don't care about the waiter.

GEORGE

Now, Faithie --

FAITH

Don't 'Faithie' me, George -- it's over. All that is over. Remember?

GEORGE

Just dismiss it?

FAITH

George, you left me.

GEORGE

You threw me out.

FAITH

You left because you were screwing Sandy and everybody knew it and finally I knew it and what were you doing spending nights in our house anyway?

GEORGE

I paid the bills, didn't I?

FAITH

We're very grateful.

GEORGE

Why are you putting me down? I've worked hard -- I've worked hard --

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

And I worked hard with you. You'd come off that train and I'd have the children in bed and the ice out and the scotch and the coq au vin and the pot au feu and Christ knows what else -- and listen to your office politics and advise you and coddle you and fuck you and be up at six to get the children off and out of your way.

GEORGE

Is that right? Well I'll tell you something --

From the next table, a couple looks over, the MAN in double-knits, the WIFE, her curly hair piled precariously high.

HAROLD (MAN)

Hey, pipe down, buddy, we're paying for our dinner, too --

GEORGE

(lowering his voice)

I'd come off the train and you'd always be so goddam nice and yes, you were a good cook, and yes, you were a good mother, and yes, you could lay it on for my old college friends, and yes, you were smart about elections, and you want to know something, I was in awe of you --

FAITH

In awe of me?! What the hell do you mean by that?

GEORGE

You, the children! Four children! You raised them with the back of your hand, you were so god-damned good at it.

FAITH

You raised them too, George --

GEORGE

Bullshit! I was never there -- I was a bystander, an onlooker in all this...

(CONTINUED)

George falters.

FAITH

All this what?

GEORGE

... Life! I was sitting with my thumb up my ass sharpening pencils and praying some dumb editor would give me a pat on the back for a profile on the fucking greenskeeper at Pebble Beach. You were changing diapers and scraping shit off the walls but you were creating lives! And what was I doing? I was studying the fucking Bermuda grass and counting the goddam dimples on a golfball.

(pauses)

Don't you understand? I worshipped you.

FAITH

Then for God's sake, why didn't you treat me that way? You were always yelling, George, you were always angry -- you have a terrible temper --

GEORGE

But you know I don't mean it --

FAITH

Tell that to the children --

GEORGE

I was afraid, don't you understand?

FAITH

Afraid of what?

GEORGE

I couldn't hack it. I felt like I was swimming the English Channel with a fifty-pound weight around my neck --

FAITH

That's my mother's line --

GEORGE

Your mother's done a lot of drowning.

FAITH

Leave her out of this --

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

I'd be glad to. Your mother was a lousy mother and a lousy wife.

The Waiter returns.

WAITER

Did we decide on dessert?

FAITH

Tell me about Sandy, does she fuck you morning, noon and night?

The Waiter disappears.

GEORGE

Forget about Sandy. What about him? The Redneck?

FAITH

The who?!

GEORGE

Sam Stud. The character with all the cotton in his crotch. Do you do it on the backhoe?

FAITH

Are you talking about Frank?

GEORGE

Frank! Yes, Frank! What a name! I had a counselor named Frank at sleepaway camp. Franks always love the outdoors.

FAITH

This Frank's not bad indoors.

GEORGE

Jesus Christ!

From the next table:

HAROLD

Hey, give us a break, will you?

George reaches for his water.

FAITH

You know what I love about Frank -- he's you, George -- you fifteen years ago --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (CONT'D)

-- He's what I thought you might become -- what the hell happened to you, George -- Did you have to turn into such a shitheel just because you became a success?

George puts the water down.

GEORGE

Don't you see any good in me?

FAITH

At home -- not a lot.

GEORGE

Why is it you're the only one I can't get along with? Everybody else loves me --

FAITH

Yeah, I know. Like eating ice cream.

Faith gets up.

GEORGE

Come back here! Faith, I said come back here!

From the next table:

JOANNE (WIFE)

Come on, give him a chance.

GEORGE

(to Joanne)

Butt out, Bubbles.

HAROLD

Watch it, fella.

GEORGE

You watch it.

Harold reaches for George, pushes him, George pushes Harold back.

FAITH

Stop it, George!

HAROLD

Yeah, stop it, George. She'd rather fuck Frank.

(CONTINUED)

118B CONTINUED: (8)

118B

Now Faith whirls on Harold.

FAITH

You asshole.

Joanne jumps to her feet.

JOANNE

Bitch!

Faith gives Joanne the finger. Harold pushes Faith.

HAROLD

Nobody gives Joanne the finger!

Now George has grabbed Harold, he is strangling him by the shirtfront, his fury is obsessive and frightening.

GEORGE

Apologize to the lady.

FAITH

(correcting)

Woman, George.

GEORGE

Apologize to the woman.

Harold tries to shrug him off, George yanks him closer, Harold is choking. Steve, the Maitre d', scurries over.

JOANNE

Go ahead, Harold -- apologize.

HAROLD

She gave you the finger --

GEORGE

(tightening more
on Harold)

You deserve it, you prick.

HAROLD

(choking)

Okay, okay -- I'm sorry...

George releases Harold.

STEVE

Please, Mr. Dunlap, this is a
restaurant, not a gymnasium.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Do you mind? I was just having a nice, quiet fight with my wife.

FAITH

Sit down, George, and shut up.

They all sit down, Harold and Joanne edge back to their table.

STEVE

How about a little brandy on the house?

FAITH

Two doubles.

STEVE

Mrs. Dunlap, would you like to order?

FAITH

A lobster.

STEVE

One or two pounds?

FAITH

Three.

GEORGE

And a little wine to go with it.

STEVE

We have a new Chardonnay in -- and of course the lovely, old Gewurtztraminer --

FAITH

Both.

Steve looks at George.

GEORGE

(beaming, righteous)
You heard her, both.

Steve goes off in a daze. George looks over at Harold, waggles his fingers provokingly. Faith giggles unconscionably. Harold and Joanne get up and leave ostentatiously.

George and Faith are served their brandies. George lifts his glass.

(CONTINUED)

118B CONTINUED: (10)

118B

GEORGE

I think we won.

Faith lifts her glass.

FAITH

Did we, George?

GO OUT on Faith's face as they touch glasses.

CUT TO:

119 INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - INN

119

Doors lining the hall.

GIGGLES from the far end of the hall, George and Faith making their way down; they are both a little drunk.

GEORGE

(whispering)

How do you feel about the Gewurtztraminer?

FAITH

The Gewurtztrawho?

GEORGE

The Gewurtztraminer.

FAITH

A trifle authoritarian.

GEORGE

And just the least bit Lufthansa.

After a moment:

GEORGE

(suddenly)

Where are the children?

Faith stops at a door.

FAITH

Next door.

George looks at the next door, now at this door.

GEORGE

Oh.

(after a moment)

Well....

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

Faith smiles gently.

FAITH
Good night, George.

GEORGE
Good night.

Faith hugs him. He tries to kiss her.

FAITH
Don't, George, please --

She tries to guide him away.

FAITH
Where's your room, George?

He starts searching in his pockets, tries them all, finally finds a key.

GEORGE
One-eleven.

FAITH
Okay, one-eleven.

Faith looks around at the doors, sees one-eleven.

FAITH
George, that's my room.

GEORGE
No, it's my room.

FAITH
What do you mean it's your room,
it's my room. One-eleven is my
room.

GEORGE
The clerk assigned me to one-eleven
when I checked in. There appears
to be some misunderstanding.

FAITH
Get yourself another room, George.

She opens the door, turns her back on George. George crowds right in behind her.

GEORGE
This is my room.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

FAITH

Well you're not sleeping in here.

GEORGE

Half of this room is mine.

He pushes right past her and falls through the door. She grabs him just in time, props him upright. He moves towards her, reaches for her and kisses her.

She responds gently. Now she pulls him to her.

CUT TO:

120 INT. BEDROOM

120

Two faces, George and Faith, side-by-side.

PULL BACK to see George and Faith in bed, Faith's face flushed and damp, George's hair tousled. Faith's hand is against her face, George reaches to touch her hand, she turns her face away.

FAITH

This was crazy.

GEORGE

What was crazy?

FAITH

Me. Here. With you.

GEORGE

What's wrong with it?

FAITH

Everything.

GEORGE

It was wonderful.

FAITH

It's crazy.

GEORGE

Why?

FAITH

Because we're not together.

GEORGE

We're here, aren't we?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

I don't know. Call it a weak moment, call it anything you want --

GEORGE

What's wrong with it?

FAITH

My father died and then I wanted you -- and then I see tomorrow -- you playing one-on-one with Sandy's son -- you with Sandy, she with you --

GEORGE

Don't -- please stop --

FAITH

I was never right for you, George -- I sang all the music but I never knew the words --

GEORGE

You knew the words -- you were a good mother --

FAITH

... But I forgot how to be a good wife. Oh jee-zus I loved you, George, jee-zus God I loved you. I loved you because you could love. You made me feel loved when I was a girl and you helped me grow into a woman. And just now, for an instant there -- I don't know -- you made me laugh, George -- you were kind.

GEORGE

You're right, I'm not kind anymore.

FAITH

Me neither.

GEORGE

You're kind to strangers.

FAITH

Strangers are easy.

Silence.

A KNOCK at the door. George gets up, opens it.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: (2)

120

Sherry is there. She looks at Faith, then at George.
Faith sits up straight.

SHERRY

Molly threw up her eclair.

FAITH

I'll be right there. I think you
better leave, George.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - SHERRY

All confusion.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. FAITH'S HOUSE - TENNIS COURT - NIGHT

121

Lights strung up on the wire mesh fence surrounding the
completed court. The new clay surface reflects the light.
Added to that, torches burning in all corners.

A few locals: Rick, Frank's partner, plus other couples,
presentable and not-so-presentable; on the court, Marianne
and Molly and Jill lob balls to each other. At the open
end of the court, in the summer house, a barbecue pit,
Frank firing up some steaks.

A CASSETTE PLAYER is hooked up to a couple of speakers;
a few people dance desultorily.

122 ANOTHER ANGLE - SHERRY

122

All bubbly and smiling, watching Frank work. He salts the
steaks, puts them aside prior to firing them. Faith comes
out of the house carrying pitchers of beer.

SHERRY

(to Frank)

Would you like to dance, Frank?

FRANK

In a minute, Sherry. Let me just
get these steaks on.

Faith places the beer on a table, looking pleased.

FAITH

(to Frank)

Lots of salt -- I like them all
black and crusty.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

You got it, lady.

Frank spreads on the salt.

FAITH AND FRANK'S POV

The party ablaze with light, the court glistening, the summer house casting pleasant shadows, the PLOP of TENNIS BALLS mixing with slow DANCE MUSIC.

ON FAITH AND FRANK

Frank takes Frank's hand.

FRANK

Is this it?

FAITH

This is it exactly.

After a moment.

FAITH

You like to dance?

FRANK

Why not?

He turns to Sherry.

FRANK

Watch the steaks, will you, Sher?
Give them five minutes, then flip them.

He hands her a big fork.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ON FAITH AND FRANK

Dancing, not much space between them.

ON SHERRY

Watching. The CASSETTE finishes. In the silence, Sherry flips the steaks.

ON RICK

Pulling a guitar from a case. He strums. Frank and Faith return to Sherry to survey the steaks.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (2)

122

FRANK
Lookin' good, Sher.

Sherry hands Frank back the fork. Rick's guitar plays in the background.

FRANK
Rick's not bad, huh, Sher?

SHERRY
Not bad at all.

FAITH
Go get your guitar, Sherry. You and Rick could play together.

SHERRY
I'm not good enough.

Frank pokes her with the fork.

FRANK
Go ahead, Sher.

She starts back for the house. Frank and Faith move back to the tennis court, dancing close again.

ON SHERRY

Pausing in the doorway, looking back.

SHERRY'S POV

In the distance, Frank and Faith tied together, Frank's hands running over Faith.

123 INT. HOUSE - SHERRY'S ROOM

123

Sherry grabbing for her guitar. As she passes Faith's bedroom, she stops.

SHERRY'S POV

By Faith's bed, a big canvas bag. Spilling out, a man's jeans and T-shirts, work boots.

CLOSEUP

The bag.

CUT TO:

124 EXT. TENNIS COURT - LATER

124

Molly, Jill and Marianne have disappeared. Piles of plates and discarded steak bones. Couples paired off. Rick is still playing.

125 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAITH AND SHERRY AND FRANK

125

The three of them dancing together, arms wrapped around each other. They seem dreamy and happy.

SHERRY

Frank spending the night?

FAITH

Maybe.

FRANK

Tonight.

FAITH

Just tonight. He brought his toothbrush.

SHERRY

That's a big bag for a toothbrush.

Faith stops dancing.

FAITH

What do you mean, Sherry?

SHERRY

I mean I saw Frank's bag. It looks like he's going to stay awhile.

FRANK

Don't go jumping to any conclusions, Sherry.

SHERRY

(to Faith)

Am I jumping?

FAITH

It's none of your business --

SHERRY

You fuck Daddy last week. You fuck Frank this week. Who you going to fuck next week?

Faith slaps Sherry across the face, a terrible shot, her cheek flares, Sherry blinks her eye, she starts to waver.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

Silence. George pauses, listens attentively, goes to the French doors and opens them up.

GEORGE'S POV

Down at the pier beside the water, Sherry.

GEORGE
I'll be right back.

ON TIMMY AND SANDY

Watching George run down the steps toward the beach.

129 AT THE PIER

129

Sherry sitting, the light hitting the bay on this warm night, the water slapping, a dinghy bumping against the pilings.

SHERRY'S POV

George appears, typewriter in hand.

GEORGE
I thought it was you.

Silence.

GEORGE
What's the matter?

SHERRY
Nothing --

GEORGE
You took a walk?

SHERRY
By mistake.

She looks away.

GEORGE
I brought you your birthday present.

He hands her the typewriter. She looks at it suspiciously.

GEORGE
It has all the letters.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

Sherry opens it.

SHERRY

Is it electric? I hate electric.

She lifts the canvas cover, moonlight reflects off chrome and keys. Sherry stares at it.

SHERRY

It's not electric. Have you got any paper?

He starts to reach for his wallet.

SHERRY

Never mind.

Sherry pokes in her pocket, pulls out an old candy wrapper, rolls it into the typewriter.

GEORGE

You want to come inside?

Sherry makes a face. She stares back at the typewriter.

SHERRY

It's not dinky at all.

She plunks something out. George smiles. Sherry closes the case. Silence.

SHERRY

You slept with Mommy up at Grandpa's.

GEORGE

Yes.

SHERRY

You fuck Sandy and then you fuck Mommy.

GEORGE

Please --

SHERRY

Please, what?

GEORGE

I don't think I have to take that from you.

SHERRY

You haven't much choice.

GEORGE

Oh I don't? -- well I can just leave your little ass to freeze down here --

(CONTINUED)

SHERRY

Good.

George starts to leave.

GEORGE

(turning around)

Honey, please.

SHERRY

My 'little ass' has not frozen yet...

GEORGE

Please, I'm sorry.

SHERRY

You're always sorry. I just don't want to get zapped with a hanger again.

GEORGE

Never.

George leans over her.

GEORGE

Please, Sherry, please.

Now he sits next to her, puts his arms around her and sits quietly with her. They move close to each other, they rock for a moment.

Tears.

SHERRY

Why did you leave? Do you love her more than Mom?

GEORGE

Something happened between me and Mom --

SHERRY

What -- ?

GEORGE

I don't know, I've got to figure it out.

SHERRY

You've been staying at Sandy's for a month now and you haven't figured it out?

GEORGE

I like it at Sandy's.

(CONTINUED)

SHERRY

You mean you like sleeping with
her more than Mommy? She's so bony.

George doesn't answer.

SHERRY

What about what's-his-name -- Timmy?

GEORGE

Yes?

SHERRY

(a statement)

You love him more.

GEORGE

No.

SHERRY

Is he good at cards?

GEORGE

Fair.

SHERRY

What were you playing?

GEORGE

Hearts.

SHERRY

Did he 'shoot the moon'?

GEORGE

No, I did.

SHERRY

You're lying.

GEORGE

He shot it twice.

SHERRY

You going to take him on trips?

GEORGE

Remember the trip we took to Sea
World -- Mommy got the speeding
ticket -- ?

SHERRY

And you yelled at her.

GEORGE

And she told that cop off.

(CONTINUED)

SHERRY

Sandy wouldn't.

GEORGE

(lovingly)

Mommy's crazy.

SHERRY

(agreeing pleasantly)

Yeaaah.

George falls silent.

SHERRY

Do you hate her?

GEORGE

Oh, no.

SHERRY

You love her.

GEORGE

Yes -- I guess I do --

SHERRY

Why don't you tell her that?

GEORGE

I can't.

SHERRY

What went wrong?

GEORGE

I don't know. After a while, you just stop giving each other your best...

Sherry watches George, he seems far away for the moment.

GEORGE

... You get tired of each other, you blame each other, you never can get back what you had at first -- so you go to somebody else -- You want a clean slate -- no black marks against you. Someone who'll make you feel all new.

Sherry smiles slightly.

SHERRY

So why did you sleep with Mommy at the motel?

No answer from George.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (5)

129

Silence.

SHERRY

(after a moment)

Are you going to let Mommy get a divorce?

GEORGE

I think I'm going to have to.

SHERRY

What happens to me?

GEORGE

I'll love you more --

SHERRY

Why?

GEORGE

Because I'll have more time for you -- I'll be closer to you --

After a moment.

SHERRY

I think you'll be closer to Timmy.

CUT TO:

130 EXT. GEORGE AND FAITH'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

130

George coming into the driveway, he slows.

GEORGE'S POV

The lights still on full, campers and motorcycles added to the other vehicles beside the court now, the MUSIC going full blast.

ON FAITH AND FRANK

Kissing. Faith hears the CAR, she turns, sees George pull up, Sherry gets out of the car.

ON FAITH AND GEORGE AND SHERRY

Faith moves away from Frank, hurries to Sherry.

FAITH

You're all right, darling --

Sherry holds up her new typewriter.

(CONTINUED)

SHERRY

It's not an electric.

Faith hesitates, smiles. She is reassured.

FAITH

It's what you wanted?

SHERRY

Sort of.

Sherry sees Faith and George staring at each other, now she wanders off into the crowd.

George looks over the scene.

FAITH

(to George)

You don't like it?

GEORGE

Just the opposite.

FAITH

What do you mean?

GEORGE

You did it. You really did it.

FAITH

Did what?

GEORGE

The court. The tennis court.

Frank approaches.

FRANK

Hello.

GEORGE

How are you?

FAITH

(to George)

What do you think?

GEORGE

What do I think about what?

FAITH

The court, what do you think?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Oh, the court. The court looks good.

Frank beams.

FAITH

You really like it, George?

GEORGE

I do. It adds.

FRANK

That really pleases me. I was real anxious to know how you would feel.

GEORGE

I like it very much.

FRANK

Good. Can I get you a drink or something? We've got some real good tequila my partner brought back from Mexico.

GEORGE

No, thank you.

FRANK

You're sure?

GEORGE

I'm sure.

After a moment.

FRANK

Sure.

(to George)

If you change your mind, let me know.

Frank wanders off into the crowd, George watches him go.

FAITH

I can tell Sherry likes her typewriter.

GEORGE

You're certain -- ?

FAITH

Absolutely.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Good.

Silence. George looking over the gathering.

FAITH

We did the whole thing for three thousand dollars --

GEORGE

No kidding.

FAITH

The Bradleys paid five and theirs isn't half as good.

GEORGE

I've seen the Bradleys' -- you're right. you got yourself a good contractor.

FAITH

Frank does careful work. You'll come over and play sometime, won't you? Bring Sandy.

GEORGE

What do you mean?

FAITH

I mean -- we have to work this thing out -- be grown up about it, remember?

GEORGE

Sure, yeah. Be grown up about it.

FAITH

Don't you want that?

GEORGE

Sure.

Silence.

FAITH

You want to meet some of Frank's friends?

GEORGE

Not right now. Maybe later.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: (4)

Faith smiles.

FAITH

Maybe later.

George smiles back.

FAITH

Why don't you try the tequila --
it'll put hair on your chest.

George laughs.

GEORGE

No, thanks. I've really got to go.

Faith smiles. Pecks him on the cheek.

FAITH

You'll see, it'll be okay --

GEORGE

Sure.

George starts back for his car. Faith watches him go. Frank appears. Faith smiles, they begin to dance again.

130A ON GEORGE

130A

making his way towards his car.

131 GEORGE'S POV - TENNIS COURT

131

The lights burning, the MUSIC blaring.

ON FAITH AND FRANK

Dancing slow.

132 ON GEORGE'S CAR

132

leaving the driveway.

133 HOUSE - BEDROOM

133

Molly, Marianne and Jill in bed, wearing tennis clothes,
watching "Saturday Night Live."

A sudden SCREECH.

134 ON FAITH AND FRANK

134

stop dancing.

(CONTINUED)

- 135 ON GEORGE'S CAR 135
 making a wide sweeping turn.
- 136 FAITH AND FRANK'S POV 136
 Seeing George cut through the campers and motorcycles, bounce off a rock, slam into a camper, back off it, now head straight for the court.
- FRANK
 Jee-zus.
- ANOTHER ANGLE - GEORGE'S CAR
 Coming full speed now.
- 137 AT THE BEDROOM WINDOW 137
 Jill and Molly and Marianne peering out.
- 138 ON SHERRY 138
 Mouth open.
- ON RICK
 diving underneath a camper.
- ON GEORGE
 hands clenching the wheel.
- ON GEORGE'S CAR
 Cutting through grass now, through an opening not wide enough, he smashes through the mesh surrounding the court.
- A LIGHT POLE
 Falling.
- ANOTHER ANGLE - GEORGE'S CAR
 Ripping right through the court, the soft surface opening up like ditches.
- SCREAMS.
- ON GEORGE
 throwing his car into another gear. Driving through another piece of fence. Another light pole falls.

(CONTINUED)

139 WIDE ANGLE

139

The place thrown into semi-darkness, only barbecue torches burning. Jill and Marianne and Molly sprinting down from the house towards the tennis court. Sherry running straight at George's car.

ON GEORGE

Swerving to avoid Sherry. Nothing can stop him now. He drives right through the net -- it snaps like a rubber band. George keeps driving back and forth across the court, ripping it to pieces, poles and fences falling now, the summer house topples.

140 ON FRANK

140

Leaping on top of George's car. He grabs a torch. Smashes it through the windshield. The car drives blindly into the rubble of the summer house, grinds to a halt; smoke and torn metal.

Frank rips open the door.

141 ON FAITH

141

She screams -- runs at the car.

142 ON FRANK AND GEORGE

142

At each other. George -- much smaller, fighting like a maniac.

Frank connects. George falls, Frank pulls him up, levels him again, Frank is merciless. Blood and hair and teeth everywhere.

ON THE KIDS

Shrieking, trying to pull Frank off -- now Faith jumps on Frank's back, he throws her off, and George is right at Frank's throat.

But finally Frank raps him again. George's ear flares with blood and he sinks to the ground.

Silence.

AROUND THE COURT

The guests stunned. Rick moves towards Frank. Frank ignores him. The SOUND of a motorcycle revving up. One leaves, then another. The guests drift quickly away.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

ON FRANK

looking over at Faith. She doesn't see him. She is watching George.

FRANK

Faith.

Frank waits for Faith but she doesn't move. Now Frank starts to leave, more motors start up, Frank climbs into his truck.

He takes one last look at Faith.

FAITH'S POV

She turns now, sees Frank's truck start off down the road.

Trance-like, Faith takes a step towards Frank's truck as it stops once, Frank leans out the window towards her -- but she still doesn't move, she is frozen -- Frank drives on.

The place has emptied now.

143 ON THE CHILDREN

143

Molly, Marianne and Jill grouped around the fallen George -- a crumpled heap.

ON SHERRY

takes a wary step towards George. But Faith is there before her.

ON FAITH

leaning over George. The children draw closer. Sherry kneels down next to her father.

GEORGE'S FACE

A pulp, an eye almost loose, blood running from his ear, his mouth misshapen. He tries to open his lips. A tooth falls out.

Faith reaches for him. She tries to lift him to his feet. He struggles with her.

GEORGE

I can't.

George settles down now on the court. Faith scrunching down beside him. She touches her shirt against his face, tamps the blood.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

Sherry is there now, too, lying down beside George; she licks his ear.

GEORGE'S POV

Through the gore and the tears, blurred figures coming at him. The other children.

ON GEORGE

He makes a motion to Sherry and Faith, and they both lift him slightly, making room for Molly; she lies down in George's lap, then Jill and Marianne come alongside. The children all find niches in George's battered body.

ON GEORGE

reaching out for Faith, pulling her close to him, Sherry in between, all the other children fighting for room. George groans, Faith makes space for the children -- blood and flesh and sweat everywhere, they are all packed together.

One huge, human ball.

144 ANOTHER ANGLE - TENNIS COURT

144

PULLING BACK now from the heap of bodies on the court, ruts everywhere, stanchions fallen, the summer house splintered.

Another terrible groan from George. Then, silence.

Faith? GEORGE

Yes? FAITH

You there? GEORGE

I'm here. FAITH

GEORGE
I wish I could come home.

George holds up his hand towards Faith. Faith reaches her hand down for George... she reaches past George. They do not make contact. Faith takes Molly's hand, straightens up.

FAITH
(gently)
One of the things about growing up,
George, is you stop wishing. Remember?

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

Faith goes with Molly.

A shaft of light from a fallen lamp catches the rest of the family huddled together in the center of the court and throws a long, solid, benign shadow over the woods.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END