

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR

Final Draft Screenplay

by

BERNARD SLADE



- PLEASE NOTE -

THIS MATERIAL IS THE PROPERTY OF UNIVERSAL  
STUDIOS AND THE MIRISCH CORPORATION, AND IS  
INTENDED SOLELY FOR USE BY STUDIO PERSONNEL.  
DISTRIBUTION TO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS IS  
PROHIBITED.

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR

FADE IN

- 1 OMITTED 1
- 1-A EXT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA COASTLINE - SUNSET 1-A

Pounding surf. Rocky cliffs. Twisted cypress. The horizon is ablaze with reds and golds. A small cottage stands in silhouette against the falling sun. The front door opens. A man exits. We will come to know him as George. He is pulling on a sport jacket, lifting the collar up against the ocean breeze. He walks up a rolling lawn toward a large barn-like building surrounded by tall pine and eucalyptus and a cluster of cottages. Lights are on and smoke drifts out of chimneys.

- 2 OMITTED 2
- 2-A EXT. COAST ROAD AND INN SIGN - SUNSET 2-A

A 1948 Kaiser approaches. Headlights on. It passes the sign then backs up and turns into the entrance. The sign reads: SEA SHADOWS INN - NORTHERN CALIFORNIA'S OLDEST - EST. 1844.

- 3 thru 6 OMITTED 3 thru 6

- 7 EXT. SEA SHADOWS INN - SUNSET 7

The Kaiser pulls into the small parking area joining several other cars that are mostly late-forties models sprinkled with one or two 1950's and 51's. A young woman gets out of the Kaiser. We will come to know her as Doris. She is dressed in a simple suit worn over crinolines and topped by a pert straw hat.

As she straightens her skirt and reaches into the car for her bag and gloves, George turns the corner and heads for the Inn's front door. The entrance lamps are on. Doris follows, buttoning her coat against the chill.

- 8 INT. INN - FOYER - SUNSET 8

George enters holding the door for Doris. She steps in, a smile and a nod say thanks. George closes the door and moves past her. She stands there uncertain.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

Chalmers, a man about fifty, is behind the desk. He greets George with a wave. George waves back. As he heads toward the dining room, he pauses at a magazine rack, flips through several, picks a Saturday Evening Post. He is wearing a wedding ring.

8-A ANOTHER ANGLE - DORIS

8-A

She rubs her hands together. She is wearing a wedding ring. She goes to the desk. Chalmers looks up. Doris asks a question and he indicates a door off the foyer. Doris again smiles her thanks and enters the powder room.

9  
thru  
11 OMITTED9  
thru  
11

12 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

12

George is seated alone and is the only one in the room. A few people are having cocktails in the bar beyond. A fireplace glows in the adjoining reading room. It is all quiet, sedate.

George is restlessly turning pages and toying with his shrimp cocktail. As he glances at his watch, something catches his eye.

12-A HIS POINT OF VIEW - DORIS

12-A

She is standing at the entrance to the dining room peering in, tentative and uncertain. Chalmers comes to her and places her at a corner table. A waiter delivers a menu. She studies it intently, removing her gloves.

12-B ANGLE - GEORGE

12-B

His steak is delivered and he seems to concentrate on it. Salt. Pepper. Butter for the baked potato. Again -- he looks.

12-C ANGLE - DORIS

12-C

She is still reading the menu. The waiter stands, pad and pencil waiting. She closes the menu. Orders coffee. The waiter leaves.

12-D ANGLE - GEORGE - NIGHT

12-D

He goes back to his meal, slicing the steak. It is all meticulous, a special routine, full of nervous energy. Again -- a look.

12-E ANGLE - DORIS - NIGHT

12-E

She picks up the menu again. We get the feeling she is dealing with the prices, and it is confirmed when she checks the money in her purse. She drops it suddenly as the waiter returns and pours her coffee. She catches George watching her and turns away.

12-F ANOTHER ANGLE - GEORGE AND DORIS - NIGHT

12-F

Embarrassed, he looks away. She studies menu again, looks up, catches him again. This time she offers him a shy, tentative smile. The waiter returns to her table ready to take her order. She indicates all she wants is coffee and hands him the menu. As the waiter moves away, George, on an impulse, calls him over, whispers something in his ear. The waiter looks surprised, glances over his shoulder at Doris, looks back at George. George nods, and then, afraid he will change his mind, quickly buries himself in his magazine.

13 ANGLE ON KITCHEN DOOR

13

The waiter enters carrying a plate containing a sizzling steak, French fries, etc., moves to Doris, places it before her. Surprised, she looks at food, protests. The waiter indicates George. By now some other diners have entered the restaurant and Doris has to look past a couple who are seated between she and George. George raises his fork with a piece of steak on it in the form of a toast. Doris starts to giggle.

14 ANOTHER ANGLE - MONTAGE SHOT

14

George is now seated at Doris' table. Their attitudes are rather formal, overly polite. They listen to one another too attentively in the manner of strangers. The restaurant has acquired some more diners and is now perhaps half-filled.

15 ANOTHER ANGLE - MONTAGE SHOT

15

George has made Doris laugh and she touches him in an impulsive, unselfconscious gesture. The restaurant has started to empty and there are only a few diners left. The candle on the table is half-burned down.

16 ANOTHER ANGLE - MONTAGE SHOT 16

George and Doris are alone in the restaurant. We see a feeling of intimacy between them as they listen and talk, totally wrapped up in each other. The candle is burned down.

17 INT. READING ROOM - INN - NIGHT 17

Doris is seated on a two-seater sofa across from George, who (X) is sitting opposite her. A small table between them holds their coffee. He loosens his tie as he talks. In the b.g. the fire burns brightly.

18 ANOTHER ANGLE - MONTAGE SHOT 18

George is now seated on the corner of the coffee table talking intimately to Doris, who has her shoes off and has her feet curled up under her on the sofa. In the b.g. the fire has half-burned down.

19 ANOTHER ANGLE - MONTAGE SHOT 19

George is now seated beside Doris on the sofa, his shoes off, his arm resting on the back of the sofa, almost encircling Doris. The fire has burned down to embers. They are not talking any more, simply gazing at one another.

20 EXT. SEA SHADOWS INN - NIGHT 20

George is slowly walking Doris to her car. He opens the door for her, she gets in, but he doesn't close the door. They talk, reluctant to part. Finally, she starts the ignition. He closes the door. They look at one another.

CUT TO

21 INT. COTTAGE - DAY - ANGLE - GEORGE 21

in bed as he slowly wakes up. He senses something is -- well, "different." It is at this point he notices the female arm across his chest. He is instantly wide awake.

As the angle widens we see that Doris is asleep in bed beside him. Very carefully he removes her arm and gets out of bed. He is wearing boxer shorts.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

The camera stays with him as he moves away from the bed and stops as he takes the clothes strewn all over the room. They include the rest of his clothes, and her blouse, skirt, stockings, bra, girdle and shoes. He shuts his eyes and mutters a silent "Jesus Christ." He then picks up one sock, puts it on, then puts on his sports jacket.

22 ANOTHER ANGLE - DORIS

22

She is sitting up in bed, watching him. She speaks with a forced gaiety.

DORIS

That's a real sharp-looking outfit.

He whirls to look at her.

GEORGE

(finally)

Uh -- hello.

Doris reaches for her petticoat which is on the dressing table stool beside the bed. She pulls it under the sheet and puts the sheet over her head while she wriggles into her slip. Meanwhile, George has found his trousers and quickly puts them on.

DORIS

What time is it?

GEORGE

My watch is on the bedside table.

She picks up watch, looks at it.

DORIS

(surprised)

Ten to twelve!

GEORGE

No, it's twenty-five after eight.  
The stem is broken. It's three  
hours and twenty-five minutes fast.

CONTINUED

DORIS

Why don't you get it fixed?

GEORGE

I was going to but I got used to it.

DORIS

Doesn't it mix you up?

GEORGE

No, I'm very quick with figures.

He has been staring at her.

DORIS

Why are you looking at me like that?

GEORGE

(anguished)

Why do you have to look so luminous!

She doesn't understand. He paces away.

GEORGE

I mean it would make everything so much easier if you woke up with puffy eyes and blotchy skin like everyone else.

DORIS

(cheerfully)

I guess God figured, chubby thighs were enough.

He fixes her with an earnest look.

GEORGE

Look, this thing is not just going to go away. We've got to talk about it.

DORIS

Okay.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED - 2

22

She gets out of bed and with the sheet around her starts for the bathroom.

GEORGE

Where are you going?

DORIS

I thought I'd brush my teeth first.

GEORGE

Dorothy, sit down.

She opens her mouth to speak.

GEORGE

Please -- sit.

She moves to a chair, sits with the sheet wrapped around her. He paces for a moment, gathering his thoughts before he turns to face her. When he speaks it is with great sincerity.

GEORGE

Dorothy, first of all, I want you to know last night was the most beautiful, wonderful, crazy thing that's ever happened to me and I'll never forget it -- or you.

DORIS

Doris.

GEORGE

(thrown)

What?

DORIS

My name is Doris.

GEORGE

Your name is Doris? I've been calling you Dorothy all night. Why didn't you tell me earlier?

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED - 3

22

DORIS

I didn't expect us to end up --  
you know --

(she trails off)

Then when I did try to tell you --  
you weren't listening.

GEORGE

When?

DORIS

It was -- you know -- in the middle  
of -- everything.

He fixes her with a burning look.

GEORGE

(intensely)

It was incredible, wasn't it?

DORIS

It was -- nice.

(sensing he expects  
something more)

Especially the last time.

GEORGE

(anguished)

I know -- I'm an animal!

He throws the shoe he is holding into the sofa, moves  
away to look out of window. She takes this opportunity  
to gather up some of her clothing.

GEORGE

I don't know what got into me.  
I just -- what was the matter  
with the first two times?

DORIS

What? Oh -- well the first time  
was kinda fast and the second --  
look, I feel funny talking about  
this.

GEORGE

(earnestly)

It was a very beautiful thing,  
Doris. There was nothing disgust-  
ing or dirty in what we did.

CONTINUED

DORIS

Then how come you look so down in the dumps?

GEORGE

Because my wife is going to kill me!

DORIS

How is she going to find out?

GEORGE

She knows already.

DORIS

(puzzled)

You said she was in New Jersey.

GEORGE

(gloomily)

It doesn't matter. She knows.

DORIS

How?

He chooses not to answer this, fixes her with his intense stare.

GEORGE

Was it as incredible for you as it was for me?

DORIS

(curiously)

Do all men like to talk about it a lot afterwards?

GEORGE

(defensively)

Why? You think I'm some sort of pervert or something?

DORIS

No, I just wondered.

She gets her blouse during the following:

DORIS

See, I was a virgin when I got married. At least -- sort of.

CONTINUED

GEORGE  
(puzzled)  
Sort of?

DORIS  
Well, I was pregnant but I don't  
count that.

He thinks this out.

GEORGE  
Doris, that counts.

DORIS  
I mean it was by the man I married.

GEORGE  
Oh, I'm sorry.

She gets skirt during following while he puts on his shoes.

DORIS  
That's okay. Harry and me  
would've gotten married anyway.  
It just speeded things up a bit.  
(brightly)  
Turns out I get pregnant if we  
drink from the same cup.

He turns to look at her, pales a little.

DORIS  
What's the matter?

GEORGE  
(quickly)  
It's okay. Trojans are very  
reliable.

DORIS  
(puzzled)  
Who are?

GEORGE  
Never mind.  
(he stares  
at her)  
I'm in a lot of trouble, Doris.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED - 6

22

DORIS

Why?

GEORGE

I think I love you.

She doesn't really want to hear this at this moment so she gives him an uncertain smile and, her clothes in her arms, exits into the bathroom. Caught up in his own thoughts, without realizing what he is doing, George follows her.

23 INT. BATHROOM - INN - DAY

23

Fairly small, old-fashioned, no shower.

GEORGE

It's crazy! It's really crazy!  
I mean I don't even know if you've  
read 'Catcher in the Rye!'

She is looking around for somewhere to put her clothes.

DORIS

I never even finished high school.

GEORGE

(wildly)

You see? I don't even care! And  
I'm really a snob about education!

She is putting her clothes in a pile on the floor. He sits disconsolately on the side of the tub.

GEORGE (Cont'd)

Of course I should have known this  
would happen. When it comes to  
life I have a brown thumb. Nothing  
I do ever turns out right.

DORIS

How do you mean?

GEORGE

The first time I had sex, I was  
eighteen years old. We were in the  
back seat of a parked 1938 Dodge  
sedan. Right in the middle of it  
we were rear-ended.

DORIS

(sympathetically)

Oh, that's terrible. Did you have  
insurance?

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

She leans over to turn the water on in the tub. He stands to give her room.

GEORGE

And take last night. You know what the radio was playing while we were making love?

She shakes her head.

GEORGE

'If I Knew You Were Coming I'd Have Baked A Cake!'

DORIS

(puzzled)

So?

GEORGE

So that's going to be 'our song.' Other people would get 'Be My Love' or 'Some Enchanted Evening.' Me -- I get 'If I Knew You Were Coming I'd Have Baked A Cake!'

She is staring at him.

GEORGE

What is it?

DORIS

I -- uh -- want to take a bath, George.

GEORGE

(realizes where is he; embarrassed)

Oh, I'm terribly sorry!

He quickly exits. She looks in mirror, gives a small, incredulous shake of her head.

24 INT. COTTAGE - INN - DAY - ANGLE ON BATHROOM DOOR

24

as Doris, now dressed, enters. We and she don't see George for a moment.

GEORGE

We're in a lot of trouble, Doris.

Startled, she turns.

25 ANOTHER ANGLE

25

George, now more or less dressed, is sitting on a chair against the wall behind the bathroom door.

GEORGE (Cont'd)

I really think I've fallen in love with you, Doris.

He gets up, moves away.

GEORGE

Now you want to hear the luck I have? I'm happily married!

DORIS

(curiously)

Are you Jewish?

GEORGE

(thrown)

No.

DORIS

Then how come you feel so guilty?

GEORGE

Don't you feel guilty?

DORIS

Are you kidding? Half my high school became nuns.

GEORGE

Yeah, I guess Catholics have rules about this sort of thing.

She takes makeup from purse, sits at dressing table and applies it during following:

DORIS

They have rules about everything. That's what's so great about being Catholic. You know where you stand and all.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

He shakes his head, starts to pace again.

GEORGE  
I tell you, Doris, I feel like  
slitting my wrists.

DORIS  
Are you Italian? [Irish?]

GEORGE  
(thrown again)  
What's with you and nationalities?

DORIS  
You're so emotional.

GEORGE  
I happen to be a C.P.A.

She looks at him.

GEORGE  
I mean I can be as logical as the  
next person.

DORIS  
You don't strike me as an accountant  
type.

GEORGE  
(putting on  
jacket)  
It's very simple. My whole life  
has been a mess. Figures always  
come out right. What are you?

DORIS  
Italian. [Irish.]

GEORGE  
(surprised)  
Then why aren't you more emotional?

DORIS  
When you grow up in a large Italian  
[Irish] family it's enough to turn  
you off emotion for life, you know?

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED - 2

25

GEORGE

I wondered why you weren't crying  
or yelling or anything.

DORIS

I got up this morning and did all  
that in the bathroom.

GEORGE

Crying?

DORIS

Yelling.

GEORGE

I didn't hear you.

DORIS

I stuffed a towel in my mouth.

GEORGE

I'm sorry.

DORIS

That's okay. There's no use crying  
over spilt milk.

GEORGE

You're right.

DORIS

Then how come we feel so terrible?

He looks at her for a moment.

GEORGE

(soberly)

Because we're two decent honest  
people and this thing is tearing us  
apart. I mean I know it wasn't our  
fault but I keep seeing the faces  
of my children and the look of be-  
trayal in their eyes. I keep think-  
ing of our marriage vows, the trust  
my wife has placed in me, the ex-  
periences we've shared together.  
And you know the worst part of it  
all? While I'm thinking all this,  
I have this fantastic hard on.

There is a pause.

CONTINUED

DORIS

I wish you hadn't said that.

GEORGE

I'm sorry. I just feel we should be totally honest with each other.

DORIS

No, It's not that. I have to go to confession tomorrow.

He looks at her for a second, breaks into a rather forced, incredulous laugh, moves away, turns to her, chuckles.

GEORGE

We're both crazy, you know that? I mean this sort of thing happens to millions of people every day ...You don't use actual names in confession, do you?

DORIS

No.

He is relieved.

GEORGE

May I ask you something?

DORIS

Sure.

GEORGE

Would you go to bed with me again?

He moves quickly to her, starts to take her in his arms.

DORIS

George, we can't!

GEORGE

(trying to kiss her)

Why not?

DORIS

We'll feel worse afterwards!

GEORGE

No, I'm over that now -- I just remembered something!

CONTINUED

DORIS

What?

GEORGE

The Russians have the bomb! We  
could all be dead tomorrow!

DORIS

George, you're clutching at straws.

He takes her by the shoulders, looks deep in her eyes, speaks  
with intense calm.

GEORGE

Don't you understand? We're both  
grown up people who have absolutely  
nothing to be ashamed or afraid of.

There is a knock at the door. Both freeze, their eyes reflect-  
ing total panic.

GEORGE

(calling)

Just a second!

They go into frantic action as they both dive for the clothes  
on the floor, bumping into each other in the process. He  
rolls sheet up, stuffs it under the bed as she grabs her hat,  
jacket and purse and starts for the bathroom.

GEORGE

(panic-stricken;  
in a desperate  
hiss)

Don't go into the bathroom!

DORIS

Why not?

GEORGE

It's the first place they look!  
(calling to  
front door)

Just a second! I'm coming!

She heads for the French doors and exits onto the deck. On  
his way to the front door he spots her girdle, grabs it,  
stuffs it part way into the side pocket of his jacket.

(X)

25-A EXT. DECK OF COTTAGE - DAY 25-A

Doris scrambles off the deck and around to the side of the cottage in an attempt to hide. She struggles to get into her jacket and straighten her hat. She peers around the corner and sees Mr. Chalmers and George talking. George is holding a breakfast tray. Chalmers leaves and George enters the cottage. The door closes. (X)  
(X)

26 OMITTED 26

27 INT. COTTAGE - DAY - GEORGE 27

holding tray, looks around for Doris, moves to bathroom.

GEORGE

Doris?

He bends down to look under bed.

GEORGE

Doris?

Puzzled, still holding tray, he moves through French doors out onto deck.

28 EXT. COTTAGE DECK - DAY 28

Fairly large, furnished with two garden chairs, a small table, a couple of chaise lounges and decorated with flower pots. Although it has a marvelous view of the grounds and coastline, it also has a secluded feeling due to the trellis overhang and shrubbery.

As George peers down over the edge of the deck, the angle lets us see Doris come through the front door of the cottage, move through the room and out onto the deck behind George.

DORIS

(in a deep  
voice)

You have a woman in here?

Startled, he turns to face her. When he has recovered he puts tray down.

GEORGE

It's okay, it was old Mr. Chalmers with my breakfast. I was very calm. He didn't suspect a thing.

DORIS

He didn't ask about your girdle?

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

GEORGE

What?

He looks where she is pointing, sees girdle, pulls it out of pocket.

GEORGE

Oh great! Now he probably thinks I'm a homo!

DORIS

What do you care?

GEORGE

I stay here every year.

DORIS

How come?

GEORGE

I have a friend who went into the wine business near here. I fly out the same weekend every year to do his books.

DORIS

From New Jersey?

GEORGE

He was my first client. It's kind of a sentimental thing.

DORIS

Oh.

She reaches out her hand and takes the girdle from him. He watches her as she puts it into her purse.

GEORGE

Doris, there's something I want to tell you.

DORIS

What?

GEORGE

Well, you probably think I do this sort of thing all the time. I mean I know I must appear very smooth and glib -- sexually. Well, I want you to know that since I've been married this is the very first time I've done this.

CONTINUED

28

CONTINUED - 2

DORIS

Don't worry, I could tell. Hey,  
you mind if I have some of your  
breakfast?

GEORGE

Oh sure -- help yourself. I'm not  
hungry.

She sits, pours coffee, eats through following. He moves to  
edge of deck, looks out.

GEORGE

It's funny, even when I was single  
I was no good at quick, superficial  
affairs. I had to really like the  
person before --

(turns to look  
at her)

What do you mean -- you could tell?  
In what way could you tell?

DORIS

What?

(an affection-  
ate twinkle in  
her eyes)

Oh -- I don't know -- the way you  
tried to get your pants off over  
your shoes and then tripped and  
hit your head on the coffee table.  
Little things like that.

They smile affectionately at each other.

GEORGE

It's great to be totally honest  
with another person, isn't it?

DORIS

It sure is.

GEORGE

Doris, I haven't been totally honest  
with you.

DORIS

No?

CONTINUED

28

CONTINUED - 3

GEORGE

No.

(takes a deep  
breath)

I told you I was a married man with  
two children.

DORIS

You're not?

GEORGE

No. I'm a married man with three  
children.

DORIS

I don't get it.

GEORGE

I thought it would make me seem  
less married.

Under her puzzled gaze he becomes agitated, starts to pace.

GEORGE

Look, I just didn't think it  
through! Anyway, it's been like  
a lead weight inside me all morn-  
ing. I mean denying little Debbie  
like that. I'm sorry. I was under  
a certain stress or I wouldn't  
have done it. You understand?

DORIS

Sure. We all do dopey things some-  
times.

He smiles in relief, watches her as she eats toast.

DORIS

How come your wife doesn't travel  
with you?

GEORGE

Phyliss won't get on a plane.

She looks up, notices him staring at her.

DORIS

Why are you looking at me like that?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 4

GEORGE

I just love the way you eat.

She grins, holds up cup.

GEORGE

No thank you.

(sits beside  
her; intensely)

Doris, do you believe that two perfect strangers can look at each other across a crowded room and suddenly want to possess each other in every conceivable way possible?

She thinks for a second.

DORIS

No.

GEORGE

(bewildered)

Than how did this whole thing start?

DORIS

It started when you sent me over that steak in the restaurant.

GEORGE

They didn't serve drinks. They're known for their steaks.

DORIS

What made you do it?

GEORGE

Impulse. Usually I never do that sort of thing. I have this -- this friend who says that life is saying 'yes.'

(a slight  
shrug)

The most I can generally manage is 'maybe.'

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED - 5

28

DORIS.

So why'd you do it?

GEORGE

I was lonely. And you looked so --  
vulnerable.

(romantically)

You had a run in your stocking and  
your lipstick was smeared.

DORIS

You thought I looked cheap?

GEORGE

(quickly)

No -- beautiful.

They smile tenderly at one another. Sensing that they are  
getting involved again, Doris stands.

DORIS

I really should be going. The  
nuns will be wondering where I  
am.

She exits into the cottage. The camera stays on George as he  
tries to absorb this last piece of information. He rises,  
moves to French doors.

29 INT. COTTAGE - DAY

29

GEORGE

Nuns?

Doris turns from mirror, where she is combing her hair,  
putting on hat.

DORIS

Yeah. It didn't seem right to  
bring it up last night but -- well,  
I was on my way to retreat.

GEORGE

Retreat?

DORIS

It's right near here. I go every  
year at this time when Harry  
takes the kids to Bakersfield.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

GEORGE  
What's in Bakersfield?

DORIS  
His mother. It's her birthday.

GEORGE  
She doesn't mind you not going?

DORIS  
No, she hates me because I got pregnant.

GEORGE  
(puzzled)  
Her son had something to do with that too.

Doris moves to sofa, collects her things during following:

DORIS  
She blocks that out of her mind. Oh, I don't blame her. You see, Harry was in his first year of dental college and he had to quit and take a job selling waterless cooking. And so now every year on her birthday I go on retreat.

GEORGE  
To think about God?

She turns to look at him.

DORIS  
Well, Him too, sure. But more about -- well, myself.

He waits, she sits.

DORIS  
(awkwardly)  
See, I got pregnant when I was just eighteen so I never really had any time to -- well -- find out what I think about -- things. Oh, I don't know what I'm trying to say.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED - 2

29

DORIS (Cont'd)

(shakes her  
head, gives a  
little laugh)  
Sometimes I think I'm crazy.

GEORGE

Why?

DORIS

Well, look at my life. I live in  
a two-bedroom duplex in downtown  
Oakland, we have a 1948 Kaiser,  
a blonde three-piece dinette  
set, a Motorola TV, and we go  
bowling at least once a week.  
I mean, what else could anyone  
ask for?

(a beat; troubled)

But sometimes things get me down,  
you know? It's dumb.

GEORGE

I don't think it's dumb.

DORIS

You don't?

He shakes his head.

DORIS

Boy, I can really talk to you.  
I mean I find myself saying  
things to you I didn't even  
know I thought. I noticed that  
right after we met in the  
restaurant.

GEORGE

(eagerly)

We had instant rapport. Did you  
notice that too?

DORIS

No, but I know we really hit it  
off. Harry's not much of a  
talker.

His expression changes slightly.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED - 3

29

DORIS

How about your wife. Do you two talk a lot?

He looks at her for a moment, moves away.

GEORGE

Look, Doris, naturally we're both curious about each other's husband and wife. But rather than dwelling on it and lettting it spoil everything, why don't we do this? I'll tell you two stories -- one showing the best side of my wife and the other showing the worst. Then you do the same about your husband and then let's forget that. Okay?

DORIS

Okay.

GEORGE

I'll go first. I'll start with the worst side of her.

(grimly)

Phyliss knows about us.

DORIS

You said that before. How could she know?

GEORGE

She has this thing in her head.

DORIS

You mean like a plate?

This throws him; he stares at her.

GEORGE

Plate?

DORIS

My uncle has one of those. He was wounded in the war and they put this steel plate in his head and now he says he can always tell when it's going to rain.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED - 4

29

He stares at her for a moment.

GEORGE  
I'm in a lot of trouble.

DORIS  
Why?

GEORGE  
Because I find everything you say  
absolutely fascinating!

DORIS  
Tell me about your wife's steel  
plate.

GEORGE  
What? No, it's not a plate --  
it's more like a bell.  
(becoming agitated)  
I could be a million miles away,  
but whenever I even look at  
another woman it goes off like  
a fire alarm. Last night at  
1:22 I just know she sat bolt  
upright in bed with her head  
going ding, ding, ding, ding!

DORIS  
How'd you know it was 1:22?

GEORGE  
I have peripheral vision and I  
noticed my watch said 4:47.

DORIS  
Tell me something nice about her.

GEORGE  
What? Oh -- well, she made me  
believe in myself.  
(looks at her;  
seriously)  
It's probably hard for you to  
imagine but I used to be very  
insecure.

DORIS  
How did she do that? Make you  
believe in yourself?

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED - 5

29

GEORGE

She married me.

DORIS

Yes, that was very nice of her.

He looks at her.

DORIS

I mean bolstering you up and all.

He sits beside her.

GEORGE

Okay, your turn. Tell me the  
worst story first.

DORIS

Okay.  
(she thinks)  
It's hard.

GEORGE

To pick one?

DORIS

No, to think of one. Harry's  
the salt of the earth --  
everyone says so.

GEORGE

Look, you owe me at least one  
rotten story.

DORIS

Okay. This is not really rotten  
but -- well....

She gets up, moves to fire, looks into ashes for a moment.

DORIS

On our fourth anniversary we were  
having kind of a rough time.  
The kids were getting us down  
and -- well, we'd gotten in over  
our heads financially but we  
decided to have some friends over  
anyway.

She moves to look out of window.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED - 6

29

DORIS

Now Harry doesn't drink much, but that night he had a few beers and after the Gillette fights he and some of the guys started to talk and I overheard him say his time in the army were the best years of his life.

GEORGE

(puzzled)

What's wrong with that? A lot of guys feel that way about the service.

She turns to face him.

DORIS

Harry was in the army four years. Three of those years were spent in a Japanese prison camp!

(a beat)

And he said this on our anniversary. Oh, I know he didn't mean to hurt me -- Harry would never hurt anyone -- but, well, it -- hurt, you know?

(a beat)

You're the only person I've ever told.

There is a moment of contact between them.

DORIS

Now, you wanta hear a story about the good side of him?

GEORGE

Not really.

DORIS

But you have to! I don't want you to get the wrong impression about him.

GEORGE

Okay, if you insist.

She sits beside him.

DORIS

Well, Harry's a real big, kind of heavy-set sort of guy, you know?

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED - 7

29

GEORGE

I wish you hadn't told me that.

DORIS

Oh no, he's as gentle as -- as a puppy. Anyway, this one Saturday last winter he gets the idea to take Tony, our four-year old, out to the park to fly this big kite. Well, there's no wind so they have trouble getting the kite to take off.

(starts to smile)

About an hour later I come by on my way home from the laundromat and I see Tony fast asleep in the car and Harry, all red in the face and out of breath, pounding up and down, all alone in the park, with this kite dragging along behind him on the ground.

(smile fades)

I don't know -- somehow it really got to me.

He is looking at her, touched more by her reaction than by the story itself.

GEORGE

Yeah, I know. Helen has some nice qualities too.

DORIS

Who's Helen?

GEORGE

(puzzled)

My wife, of course.

DORIS

You said her name was Phyliss.

Caught; a split moment of panic.

GEORGE

I know -- I lied.

She stares at him, bewildered. Agitated, he gets up, paces around.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED - 8

29

GEORGE

Phyliss -- Helen -- what's the difference? I'm married! Look, I'm sorry. I was nervous and I didn't want to leave any clues! I mean I was scared you'd try to look me up or something!

DORIS

Is your name really George?

GEORGE

Of course. You think I'd lie about my own name?

DORIS

Yes.

GEORGE

That'd be crazy.

DORIS

(gently)

You're crazy.

They smile at one another tenderly.

GEORGE

It's funny, isn't it? Here we are in a hotel room, gazing into each other's eyes, and we're both married with six kids between us.

DORIS

You got pictures?

GEORGE

(thrown)

What?

DORIS

Pictures of your kids.

GEORGE

(uncomfortably)

Well, sure, but I don't think this is the time or place to ---

She is moving to get her purse.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED - 9

29

DORIS

I'll show you mine if you show me yours.

(extracting snapshots from purse)

I keep them in a special folder we got free from Kodak.

(she moves to him, gives him snaps)

Here. Where are yours?

Still somewhat off-balance, he extracts wallet from back pocket, hands it to her.

GEORGE

Uh -- you have to take the whole wallet.

They sit side by side on the sofa looking at each other's snapshots.

DORIS

Oh, they're cute! Is the one in the glasses and baggy tights the oldest?

GEORGE

(looking over her shoulder)

Yes, that's Michael. Funny-looking kid, isn't he?

DORIS

He wants to be Superman?

GEORGE

Peter Pan. Sometimes it worries me.

(looks at snap in his hand)

Why is this one's face all scrunched up?

DORIS

Oh, that's Paul -- it was taken on a roller coaster. Isn't it natural-looking? Right after that he threw up.

GEORGE

Yeah, he's really -- something. I guess he looks like Harry, huh?

DORIS

Both of us really.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED - 10

29

DORIS (Cont'd)

(looking  
at snap)

What's your little girl's name?

GEORGE

Debbie. That was taken on her  
second birthday. We were trying  
to get her to blow out the candles.

DORIS

She has her hand in the cake.

GEORGE

Yeah, neat is not her strong suit.

They look at one another.

DORIS

You have great-looking kids, George.

GEORGE

Thank you. So do you.

DORIS

Thank you.

They hand back the photos and each replaces them where they  
came from.Their heads come up, their eyes make contact, they gaze at  
one another for a moment before he gently kisses her. The  
kiss becomes more passionate. They pull apart, look at one  
another. She reaches up to remove her hat.

DORIS

Okay, but this is the last time.

He is following her to the bed as we

DISSOLVE TO

30 A MONTAGE

30

of film clips, still photos, advertising posters, record  
album covers, book jackets, magazine covers, bumper stickers,  
buttons and paintings that captures the years in the United  
States between 1951 to 1956 blending news events, fads,  
fashions, music, T.V., shows, movies, entertainers, political  
and sports figures. Fast moving, kaleidoscopic, possibly  
using a combination of single and multiple screens.

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

30

Some suggestions: Bobby Thompson hitting the home run that won the Giants the pennant with announcer's commentary, Milton Berle's Texaco Hour, Nixon's "Checkers" speech ("Pat doesn't have a fur coat. She has a good Republican cloth coat"), Kay Starr -- "Wheel of Fortune," Teresa Brewer -- "Music, Music, Music," Rosemary Clooney -- "Come on a My House," Patti Page -- "Tennessee Waltz," Book jackets: From Here To Eternity, The Silver Chalice, The Caine Mutiny, The Search For Bridey Murphy, Marjorie Morningstar, The McCarthy hearings -- Joseph Welch ("Have you no decency, sir" speech), "Dagnet," "I Remember Mama," "Arthur Godfrey," "Your Show of Shows," President Eisenhower, Bill Haley singing "Rock Around The Clock."

31 EXT. SEA SHADOWS INN - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

31

32 INT. COTTAGE - DAY

32

A day in February 1956.

Angle on a homemade sign reading "Happy Fifth Anniversary, Darling."

As the angle widens we see that George, wearing a charcoal suit and pink shirt of the period, is pinning up the sign on the inside of the front door. He has put on a few pounds, his hair has just started to thin, and at thirty-two he gives the impression of more substance. It is just an impression. Although his manner is more subdued than five years ago and his insecurities flash through less frequently, it is only because he has learned a degree of his mercurial moods. He moves to check some champagne that has been set up on the piano, and then to the coffee table, where he proceeds to light five candles set in a small iced cake.

GEORGE

Be sure and let me know when you're coming out.

DORIS (o.s.)

Right now.

GEORGE

Wait a minute!

He quickly moves to the piano, sits.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

32

GEORGE

Okay -- now!

As Doris enters he sings and plays, "If I Knew You Were Coming I'd Have Baked A Cake." She is dressed in a strapless black cocktail dress that was considered chic in the suburbs in the fifties; is slimmer than before and more carefully put together. The most striking physical change in her is her very blonde hair, shaped in a Gina Lollobrigida cut. She has acquired some of the social graces of middle class suburbia, is more articulate than before, and has developed a wry, deprecating wit that doesn't hide a certain tenseness of manner. She does a little jitterbug step to the music; he stops playing, embraces her.

GEORGE

Happy anniversary, darling.

He indicates the cake.

GEORGE

Cut the cake and make a wish.

He moves to pour two glasses of champagne as she sits on the sofa, blows out the candles, cuts cake. He moves to sofa, hands her champagne, sits beside her.

GEORGE

What did you wish?

DORIS

I have only one wish.

GEORGE

What?

DORIS

That you keep showing up every year.

They kiss tenderly. She serves cake through following:

GEORGE

That was one of the best ideas you ever had.

DORIS

What? That we meet here every year? I don't think either of us can take credit for that.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED - 2

32

DORIS (Cont'd)

It was just something we stumbled into five years ago. Matter of fact, that first year I didn't think you'd show up at all.

GEORGE

I was sure you wouldn't. Of course in those days I had less confidence in my personal magnetism.

He moves to get champagne bottle.

DORIS

Where'd you get the champagne?

GEORGE

(refilling her glass)

Old Chalmers brought it while you were changing.

DORIS

Bit risky, isn't it?

GEORGE

Oh, I'm sure by now old Chalmers knows the score.

DORIS

I really think he does. Every time I go past the front desk he winks at me.

GEORGE

That's not a wink. He has a tic in his eye.

DORIS

Chalmers has a tic?

(he nods)

Why didn't you tell me that? For five years I've been winking back!

He laughs, gazes at her affectionately.

DORIS

What's the matter? You hate my hair, don't you?

GEORGE

I've already told you -- I'm crazy about your hair.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED - 3

32

She moves away to check her hair in the mirror.

DORIS

I don't know, next time maybe I should go into the city to have it done.

GEORGE

How are the suburbs?

DORIS

Muddy mostly. Right now everyone's very excited. Next week they're going to connect the sewers.

(shrugs)

Well, it's not exactly the life of Scott and Zelda, but we're surviving.

GEORGE

(surprised)

You started reading!

DORIS

Oh, you don't know the half of it. I joined the Book of the Month Club.

GEORGE

Good for you.

DORIS

(kidding herself)

Listen, sometimes I even take the alternate selections.

33 INT. ENTRANCE FOYER - INN - NIGHT

33

Chalmers, five years older, is working behind the small reception desk. His radio is softly playing Nelson Riddle's recording of "Lisbon Antigua." Doris and George enter from the outside, move through foyer on their way to the dining room.

DORIS

How about you? You still in New Jersey?

GEORGE

No, we moved to Connecticut. We bought an old barn and converted it.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

33

DORIS

What's it like?

GEORGE

Drafty.

34 INT. DINING ROOM - INN - NIGHT

34

Sparsely populated. George and Doris move to a table, sit, and smile their thanks at the waiter Charlie, now beginning to gray a little, who hands them a menu and withdraws.

GEORGE

Right now Helen's got the decorating bug.

He looks up from menu.

GEORGE

I have this mental picture of her at my funeral just as they're closing the lid on my coffin, throwing in two fabric swatches and yelling out 'Which one do you like?'

He smiles at her amusement.

GEORGE

That's the bad story about her.

DORIS

What else is new?

GEORGE

We had a baby girl.

DORIS

Oh George, that's marvelous! You have pictures?

GEORGE

(grins)  
I knew you'd ask.

He takes out pictures, hands them to her. She puts them closer to table candle so she can see better.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED

34

DORIS

Oh, she's adorable.

(pensively)

It's funny, I still like to look at babies but I don't want to own one any more. You think that's a sign of maturity?

GEORGE

Could be.

(takes out a  
cigar, hands  
it to her)

Here, I even kept one of these for you to give to Harry. It's from Havana.

She looks at cigar.

DORIS

Harry still thinks I go on retreat. What should I tell him? I got it from a Cuban nun?

He grins, takes cigar back, puts it into pocket.

DORIS

How are the rest of the kids?  
How's Michael?

GEORGE

Oh, crazy as ever. He had this homework assignment to write what he did on his summer vacation. Trouble is, he chose to write what he actually did.

DORIS

What was that?

GEORGE

Tried to get laid. He wrote in great comic detail about his unfortunate tendency to get an erection on all forms of public transportation.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED - 2

34

DORIS  
You're crazy about him, aren't  
you?

GEORGE  
He's a very weird kid, Doris.

DORIS  
And he really gets to you. Come  
on -- admit it.

He looks at her.

GEORGE  
Okay, I admit it. He's a nice kid.

DORIS  
(gently)  
See? Was that so hard?

He looks at her for a moment and then, impulsively leans  
across the table and kisses her.

DORIS  
What was that for?

GEORGE  
Everything. This. One beauti-  
ful weekend every year with no  
cares, no ties, and no respon-  
sibilities. Thank you, Doris.

They gaze at one another, oblivious to everyone else in the  
room.

GEORGE  
Doris?

His request is left unspoken but his meaning is very clear.

DORIS  
(somewhat  
breathlessly)  
Gee, I just got all dressed up.

CUT TO

35 INT. COTTAGE - INN - NIGHT

35

George and Doris are in a passionate, clumsy embrace on top  
of the bed. In their hurry to reach the bed they have only

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

35

paused to divest themselves of some of their clothes. The lights are still on. The phone beside the bed rings.

DORIS

Someone has a rotten sense of timing.

George, still on top of her, continues to smother her with kisses.

GEORGE

Damn.

Without changing his position he reaches out and takes the phone.

GEORGE

(into phone)

Hello.

(his expression  
changes)

Yes, this is Daddy. Is there  
anything wrong?

He rolls off Doris and assumes a tense position on the edge of the bed.

GEORGE

(into phone)

Funny? Well, that's probably  
because Daddy was just -- uh --  
I had a frog in my throat, sweetheart.

He is now sitting with the phone in his hand, bent over, almost as if he has a stomach ache. Doris moves off the bed, unobtrusively straightens her clothes and hair as she drifts toward French doors.

GEORGE

(into phone)

It came out, huh? Of course the  
tooth fairy will come, sweetheart.  
Why, tonight of course. Well,  
I wish I could be there to find  
it for you, honey, but Daddy's --  
working. Honey, does Mommy know  
you're calling.

Doris steps out onto deck.

36 EXT. COTTAGE - DECK - NIGHT

36

Doris lights a cigarette, looks out over grounds. In the b.g., inside the cottage, we see George still talking on the phone but can no longer hear what he is saying. Vaguely troubled, Doris hugs herself in protection against the chill night air. After a moment or so she moves back into the cottage.

37 INT. COTTAGE - INN - NIGHT

37

GEORGE

(into phone)

Well, I'll try. Yes, I love you too, sweetheart. Yes, very much.

He hangs up and puts his head in his hands.

GEORGE

Oh God, I feel so guilty!

DORIS

Debbie?

He rises, starts to pace.

GEORGE

Her tooth came out. She can't find it and she's worried the tooth fairy won't know. Oh, God, that thin, reedy little voice. Do you know what that does to me?

DORIS

Sure, your cheerful expression doesn't fool me for a minute.

GEORGE

You think this is funny?

DORIS

Honey, I understand how you feel but I really don't think it's going to help going on and on about it.

GEORGE

(agitated)

Doris, my little girl said 'I love you, Daddy' and I answered her in a voice still hoarse with passion!

CONTINUED

37

CONTINUED

37

DORIS

I think I've got the picture, George.

Her tone jolts him slightly. He looks at her curiously.

GEORGE

Don't you ever feel guilty?

DORIS

Sometimes.

GEORGE

You've never said anything.

DORIS

I just deal with it in a different way.

GEORGE

How?

DORIS

Privately.

Still agitated, he starts pacing the room again.

GEORGE

I don't know -- maybe men are more sensitive than women.

DORIS

Have a drink, George.

GEORGE

I mean women are more pragmatic than men.

DORIS

What's that mean?

GEORGE

They adjust to rottenness quicker.  
(off-handedly)  
Anyway, you have the church.

DORIS

The church?

GEORGE

Well, you're Catholic, aren't you?  
You can get rid of all your guilt  
at one sitting. I have to live  
with mine.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED - 2

37

DORIS

I think I'll have a drink.

She moves to pour herself a healthy slug from the bar set up on the piano. George is still very much concerned with himself.

GEORGE

Boy, something like that really brings you up short!

(holds out  
trembling hands)

I mean look at me! I tell you, Doris -- when she started talking about the tooth fairy -- well, it affected me in a very profound manner.

(a beat)

On top of that I have indigestion you can't believe. It hit me that hard, you know?

DORIS

George, I have three children too.

GEORGE

What do you want me to do, Doris?

DORIS

I think it might be a terrific idea if you stopped talking about it. It's only making you feel worse.

GEORGE

I can't feel worse. That pure little voice saying ---

He sees her expression, stops, tries to shake it off with a jerk of his head.

GEORGE

No, you're right. Forget it. Talk about something else. Tell me the good story about Harry.

During the following, George tries to concentrate but is obviously distracted and nervous.

DORIS

Okay. He went bankrupt.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED - 3

37

This momentarily jolts him out of his problem.

GEORGE

How can anyone go bankrupt  
selling TV sets?

DORIS

Harry has this one weakness as a  
salesman. It's a compulsion to  
talk people out of things they  
can't afford. He lacks the killer  
instinct.

(reflectively)

It's one of the things I like best  
about him. Anyway, he went into  
real estate. Your turn.

GEORGE

What?

DORIS

Tell me your story about Helen.

GEORGE

I already did.

DORIS

You just told me the bad one.  
Why do you always tell that one  
first?

GEORGE

It's the one I look forward to  
telling the most.

DORIS

Tell me the good story about her.

He moves around the room during following.

GEORGE

Chris, our middle one, gashed his  
knee badly on a lawn sprinkler.  
Helen drove both of us to the  
hospital.

DORIS

Both of you?

GEORGE

I fainted.

She looks at him.

GEORGE

The nice part was that she never  
told anybody.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED - 4

37

DORIS

You faint often?

GEORGE

Only in emergencies.

DORIS

Is it the sight of blood that ---

GEORGE

Please, Doris. My stomach's  
squeamish enough already. Maybe  
I will have that drink.

He moves to pour liquor, speaks over-casually.

GEORGE

Oh listen, something just  
occurred to me. Instead of my  
leaving at my usual time, would  
you mind if I left a little  
earlier?

DORIS

(puzzled)

When did you have in mind?

GEORGE

Well, there's a plane in half an  
hour.

DORIS

(astounded)

You want to leave twenty-three  
hours early?

He moves to get suitcase, puts it on bed and proceeds to  
pack during following as she watches with unbelieving eyes.

GEORGE

There's a connecting flight in San  
Francisco in ninety minutes.

He glances up, sees her expression.

GEORGE

Look, I know how you feel -- I  
really do -- and I wouldn't ever  
suggest it if you weren't a  
mother and didn't understand the  
situation. I mean I wouldn't ever  
think of it if this crisis hadn't  
come up. Oh, it's not just the

CONTINUED

GEORGE (Cont'd)  
tooth fairy -- she could have  
swallowed the tooth. It could  
be lodged God knows where!

(looking around)

Uh -- have you seen my hairbrush?  
Anyway, I'm probably doing you a  
favor. If I did stay I wouldn't  
be very good company and ---

Without a word, Doris throws the hairbrush at him. It sails  
past his head and crashes against the wall. He turns to  
look at her. There is a pause.

GEORGE

You feel somewhat rejected, right?  
Well, I can understand that but I  
want you to know my leaving has  
nothing to do with you and me!

She just stares at him.

GEORGE

Doris, this is an emergency! I  
have a sick child at home!

DORIS

(exploding)

Oh, will you stop! It's got  
nothing to do with the goddamn  
tooth fairy! You're consumed  
with guilt and the only way you  
can deal with it is by getting  
as far away from me as possible!

GEORGE

Okay, I feel guilty! Is that so  
strange? Doris, we're cheating.  
Once a year we lie to our families  
and sneak off to a hotel in  
California and commit adultery!

(he holds up  
his hands)

Not that I want to stop doing it!  
But yes, I feel guilt. I admit  
it.

DORIS

(incredulous)

You admit it? You take out ads!

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED - 6

37

DORIS (Cont'd)

You probably stop strangers in the street. You've probably got a scarlet 'A' embroidered on your jockey shorts. You wander around like an open nerve saying, 'I'm cheating but look how guilty I feel so I must really be a nice guy!' And to top it all, you have the incredible arrogance to think you're the only one in the world with a conscience. Well, that doesn't make you a nice guy. You know what that makes you? A horse's ass!

(X)

There is a pause.

GEORGE

(finally)

You know something? I liked you better before you joined the Book of the Month Club.

DORIS

That's not why you're leaving, George.

GEORGE

Well, maybe we can talk about that in the car.

She looks at him in some surprise.

GEORGE

I really hate to ask you, Doris, but I need a lift to the airport.

She just stares at him.

38  
and  
39

OMITTED

38  
and  
39  
(X)  
40

40

EXT. LOCAL AIRPORT - TERMINAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Small, unimposing, not much more than a wooden shack. Doris' car pulls up in front of the terminal. George gets out and runs through the rain towards the entrance. Halfway there, he stops, turns and signals to her and disappears into the terminal. Grim faced, Doris gets out of the car, gets George's suitcase, follows him into terminal.

41 EXT. LOCAL AIRPORT - TARMAC - NIGHT

41

A small twin-engine commercial airplane (circa 1955) is warming up its engines in the f.g. In the b.g. we see Doris looking out at the plane through the rain-splattered window of the terminal.

42 INT. LOCAL TERMINAL - NIGHT

42

Small -- the bare necessities, the only decorations are some mid-fifties advertising posters. A few passengers, mostly holiday fishermen, are waiting. George, ticket in hand, moves to Doris, looks at her, decides to try a cheerful approach.

GEORGE

Cheer up, Doris -- it's not the end of the world. I'm not leaving you permanently.

(a beat)

I'll see you next year.

DORIS

(quietly)

No, I don't think you will.

GEORGE

(incredulous)

Just because I have to leave early one year, you're willing to throw away a lifetime of weekends?

He remembers where he is as the passengers file by him on the way to the plane and lowers his voice.

GEORGE

How can you be so casual?

DORIS

I don't see any point in going on.

He shakes head, moves to get suitcase.

GEORGE

Oh no. Don't do that to me, Doris. Don't try to manipulate me. I get enough of that at home.

DORIS

George, what's the point of meeting in guilt and remorse? What joy is there in that?

Frustrated, he looks out at plane.

GEORGE

Doris, I have a commitment there.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

42

DORIS

(quietly)

And you don't have one here?

GEORGE

(bewildered)

Here? I thought our only commitment was to show up every year.

DORIS

Nice and tidy, huh? Just two friendly sex partners who meet once a year, touch, and let go.

GEORGE

Okay -- so maybe I was kidding myself. I'm human.

DORIS

Well, so am I.

GEORGE

(sincerely)

But you're different. Stronger. You always seem able to -- cope.

She moves away, her back to him. She speaks slowly, deliberately unemotional.

DORIS

During the past year I picked up the phone and started to call you ten times. I couldn't seem to stop thinking about you. You kept slipping over into my 'real' life and it scared hell out of me. More to the point, I felt guilty. So I decided to stop seeing you.

(she turns to  
face him)

At first I wasn't going to show up at all, but then I thought I at least owed you an explanation. So I came.

(a beat)

When you walked in the door of the cottage, I knew I couldn't do it. That no matter what the price, I was willing to pay it.

A pause.

GEORGE

(fianlly;  
anguished)

Oh, God, I feel so guilty!

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED - 2

42

DORIS  
(quietly, flatly)  
You'd better go home, George.

She turns on her heel and exits. George stands there for a moment before the luggage attendant approaches him and takes his suitcase. George reluctantly follows him onto the tarmac.

43 EXT. LOCAL AIRPORT - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

43

Doris gets into her car.

44 INT. DORIS' CAR - NIGHT

44

She doesn't turn on ignition but just sits behind the wheel, a blank expression on her face.

She looks up as she hears the sound of the airplane taking off and roaring over the car. As it recedes, George's face appears in open passenger window. They look at one another for a moment.

GEORGE

I love you, Doris.

(a beat)

I'm an idiot, I suspect I'm  
deeply neurotic, and I'm no  
bargain -- but I do love you.  
Will you let me stay?

She opens passenger door, he gets in and they embrace.  
They break and gaze at one another.

GEORGE

Doris, what are we going to do?

She takes his hands in hers.

DORIS

Touch and hold on very tight.  
Until tomorrow.

They embrace.

45 EXT. LOCAL AIRPORT - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

45

The motor is started, and the car moves off as we

DISSOLVE TO

## 46 MONTAGE #2 (1956-61)

46

Some suggestions: Ed Sullivan introducing Elvis Presley singing "Hound Dog," Democratic Convention -- Adlai Stevenson's acceptance speech. "Pogo" comic strip, Broadway show posters -- "My Fair Lady," "West Side Story," "Music Man," etc, Charles Van Doren -- \$64,000 Question, Fashions -- The Sack Look, Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Mort Sahl, Shelley Berman (one line each), The Kingston Trio in concert, Harry Belafonte, Your Hit Parade TV show, Dinah Shore, (the kiss), Edward R. Murrow, Jackie Gleason ("Away We Go"), Jack Paar ("I kid you not"), President Kennedy's Inaugural Speech, Hula Hoop craze, Chubby Checkers singing "Let's Twist Again."

## 47 EXT. COAST ROAD, NORTHERN CALIFORNIA - DAY

47

A day in February 1961. Doris, her hair back to her normal color and her face looking a little softer, is driving a 1959 model American station wagon up the coast road.

## 48 INT. COTTAGE - INN - DAY

48

George, still wearing his raincoat and hat, is talking on the phone. His unpacked suitcase is in the middle of the bed and it is apparent that he has just arrived. As he talks he takes off raincoat and hat, revealing that his hairline has receded somewhat.

GEORGE

(into phone;  
irritably)

No, of course I haven't left Helen. I'm on a business trip. I come out here every year -- I am not running away from the problem!

(becoming  
angrier)

Of course I know it's serious. I still don't think it's any reason to phone me long distance and ---

He gives an exasperated sigh and, forced to listen, telephone in hand with cord trailing behind him, he moves to French windows, casually looks out.

## 49 HIS POINT OF VIEW

49

On the grounds, we see Chalmers, now about sixty and wearing glasses, working with a gardener who is now gray-haired, working on the grounds.

(X)

50 ANOTHER ANGLE - GEORGE

50

in room.

GEORGE

(into phone)

Yes, I saw a doctor. He said it's no big deal, that every man has this problem at one time or another and -- Look, if we have to discuss this you may as well learn to pronounce it correctly. It's impotence, not impotence --

(incredulous)

What do you mean, did I catch it in time? It's a slight reflex problem, not a terminal illness!

(frustrated)

It's not something you have to 'nip in the bud.'

(exasperated again)

Yes, of course I'm trying to do something about it. Look, will you let me deal with this in my own way. I'm going to be okay. Soon. I just know, that's all.

(flaring)

I just feel it, okay? I'm seeing someone out here who's an expert.

51 EXT. INN - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

51

Doris' station wagon pulls in and comes to a stop. When she gets out we see that she is obviously very, very pregnant. Perspiring slightly, she gets her bag and starts off towards the cottage.

52 INT. COTTAGE - INN - DAY

52

George is still on the phone, his patience exhausted.

GEORGE

(into phone)

Look, I don't think we should even be discussing this! I'm sorry. I'm going to hang up now. Good-bye. Mother.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

52

He hangs up firmly. He then opens suitcase, takes out some clothing and a shaving kit from case and exits into the bathroom. The camera pans to the front door as Doris enters. She looks around room, puts suitcase down, moves to bathroom door.

DORIS  
(calling)  
George!

GEORGE (o.s.)  
(from  
bathroom)  
Be right out, darling.

Doris, holding her back, moves to fireplace, carefully kneels, lights fire. She now has great difficulty getting up. She finally makes it, warms her hands with her back to the bathroom door. George, now dressed for seduction in a robe and pajamas, enters from bathroom, stops, smiles at her tenderly, and speaks in a husky, sexy voice.

GEORGE  
How are you, lover?

She turns to face him, revealing her eight months pregnant stomach. His smile fades and his expression becomes frozen. He just stares, unable to speak.

DORIS  
Guess what?

He turns on his heel, moves as if he's going to exit back into the bathroom but stops and peers at her unbelievably.

GEORGE  
(in a strangled  
voice)  
My God, what have you done to  
yourself?

DORIS  
Well, I can't take all the credit.

(X)

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED - 2

52

He continues to stare at her.

DORIS

Honey, when you haven't seen an old friend for a year isn't it customary to kiss them hello?

GEORGE

(still  
stunned)

What? Oh, sure.

He moves to her, gives her a rather perfunctory kiss.

DORIS

Are you okay, pal?

GEORGE

I'm fine. I'm just a little -- surprised.

DORIS

You're surprised. I insisted on visiting the dead rabbit's grave.

(looks at him;  
puzzled)

How come you're wearing your pajamas and robe in the middle of the afternoon?

GEORGE

(somewhat  
irritably)

I'm rehearsing a Noel Coward play.

(X)

He sits, she looks at him.

DORIS

George, is there something on your mind?

GEORGE

Not any more.

He attempts to hide his displeasure with an incredulous, small half-laugh.

GEORGE

You must be eight months pregnant.

DORIS

Exactly.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED - 3

52

DORIS (Cont'd)

(seeing his  
expression)

Honey, it's not that tragic. We'll  
just have to find some other way  
to communicate.

He watches as she lowers herself onto the sofa.

GEORGE

Great! You have any ideas?

DORIS

Well, we could talk.

GEORGE

Talk I can get at home.

DORIS

Well, sex I can get at home.

(grins)

And as you can see, that ain't  
just talk.

GEORGE

Oh really? And what is that sup-  
posed to make me?

She looks at him curiously.

DORIS

George, what is the matter with  
you?

GEORGE

What was that crack about sex at  
home? Is that supposed to reflect  
on me? You don't think I have nor-  
mal desires and sex drives?

DORIS

Of course I do. You're very normal.  
I just meant I look forward to see-  
ing you for a lot of reasons besides  
sex. Do you think we would have  
lasted for ten years if that's all  
we had in common?

He looks at her, relaxes somewhat.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED - 4

52

GEORGE

Of course not.

(sincerely)

I'm sorry, Doris. You drive all the way up here in your condition and then I behave like a ridiculous idiot. You should have thrown something at me. I'm sorry.

DORIS

Is something else bothering you?

He moves to get a bottle of Cutty Sark scotch from his suitcase.

GEORGE

No. It's just that I was looking forward to an -- intimate weekend.

He moves to piano to pour drink through the following. He holds up bottle; she shakes head.

DORIS

You think we can only be intimate through sex?

GEORGE

I think it sure helps.

DORIS

Oh, maybe at the beginning.

GEORGE

The beginning?

DORIS

Well, every year we meet it's a bit strange and awkward at first, but we usually solve that with a lot of heavy breathing in between the sheets.

GEORGE

Honey, if we're not going to do it, would you mind not talking about it?

DORIS

I just meant maybe we need something else to break the ice.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED - 5

52

GEORGE  
(pouring himself  
another drink)  
I'm wide open to suggestions.

DORIS  
How about this? Supposing I tell  
you some secret about myself I've  
never told anyone before in my  
life?

GEORGE  
I think I've had enough surprises  
for one day.

He moves to fireplace.

DORIS  
You'll like this one. I've been  
having these sex dreams about you.

He turns to face her.

GEORGE  
When?

DORIS  
Just lately. Almost every night.

GEORGE  
What sort of dreams?

DORIS  
That's what's so strange. They're  
always the same. We're making  
love but always underwater. In  
caves, grottos, swimming pools --  
but always underwater. Isn't that  
weird?

(she shrugs)  
Probably something to do with me  
being pregnant.

GEORGE  
Underwater, huh?

She nods.

DORIS  
Now you tell me some deep, dark  
secret about yourself.

GEORGE  
I can't swim.

She laughs. This causes him to grin back.

(X)

53 OMITTED  
and  
54

53  
and  
54  
(X)  
55

55 EXT. PART OF GROUNDS - INN - DAY - ANGLE ON REFLECTION  
of Doris and Geroge in water of duck pond.

GEORGE

Hey, I'm really sorry about before.  
I'm really glad to see you anyway.

DORIS

You want to tell me what it was all  
about?

56 ANOTHER ANGLE

56

We see that Doris and George are leaning on the rail of a  
wooden bridge that spans a duck pond. George looks at Doris (X)  
for a moment.

GEORGE

Okay, I may as well get it out into  
the open. I mean it's nothing to  
be ashamed of.

(a beat)

It's my -- my sex life. Lately,  
Helen hasn't been able to satisfy  
me.

DORIS

(surprised)

She lost her interest in sex?

GEORGE

Oh, she tries -- God knows. But I  
can tell she's just going through  
the motions.

DORIS

Do you have any idea why this is?

GEORGE

Well, Helen's always had a lot of  
hang-ups about sex. She always  
thought of it as just a healthy,  
normal, pleasant function. Don't  
you think that's a bit twisted?

DORIS

Only if you're Catholic.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED

56

GEORGE

(earnestly)

You're joking, but there's a lot to be said for guilt and shame. I mean if you don't feel a certain amount of guilt, I think you're missing half the fun. To Helen -- sex has always been good, clean -- entertainment. No wonder she grew tired of it.

He finds Doris' gaze somewhat disconcerting.

GEORGE

Anyway, for some reason, my sex drive has increased while hers has decreased.

DORIS

That's odd. Usually it's the other way around.

GEORGE

(defensively)

Are you accusing me of lying?

DORIS

Of course not. Why are you so edgy?

GEORGE

Because -- well, naturally I feel funny talking about this when she's not here to defend herself.

Doris straightens up, puts hand on her back, awkwardly stretches to relieve a muscle cramp.

DORIS

Boy, I'll tell you something. That Ethel Kennedy must really like kids.

57 ANOTHER ANGLE

57

as they slowly move up the path that leads towards the inn.

DORIS

Would you like to get to the more formal part of your presentation?

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED

57

GEORGE

About Helen?

She nods.

GEORGE

Okay, I'll start with the good story about her.

DORIS

You've never done that before. You must be mellowing.

GEORGE

Doris, do you mind? We went to London. We were checking into a hotel and there was a man in a formal coat and striped trousers standing at the front entrance. Helen handed him her suitcase and breezed on into the lobby. The man followed her and very politely pointed out that not only didn't he work at the hotel but that he was the Danish ambassador.

They stop at a large shade tree.

GEORGE

Without batting an eye, she said 'Well, that's marvelous. Maybe you can tell us the good places to eat in Copenhagen.'

(with an amazed look)

And he did. The point is that it doesn't bother her when she makes a total ass of herself. I really admire that.

Doris sits on a wooden bench that circles the trunk of the tree.

DORIS

And what is it that you don't admire?

GEORGE

It's that damned sense of humor of hers.

CONTINUED

DORIS

Oh good -- these are the stories I like the best.

George sits down on the grass near her feet. He speaks quietly.

GEORGE

We'd come home from a party and we'd had a few drinks and we went to bed and we started to make love. Well, nothing happened -- for me -- I couldn't -- well, you get the picture. It was no big deal. We laughed about it.

(a beat)

Then about half an hour later, just as I was about to fall asleep, she said 'It's funny, when I married a C.P.A., I always thought it would be his eyes that would go first.'

She looks at him sympathetically. He avoids her gaze, gets up, moves a few feet away, looks out towards the ocean, his back to her.

DORIS

(finally)

She was just trying to make you feel better, George.

GEORGE

Well, it didn't. Some things aren't funny.

She doesn't say anything.

GEORGE

I suppose what I'm trying to say is that the thing that bugs me the most about Helen is that she broke my pecker!

He picks up a stone, throws it angrily toward the ocean.

DORIS

(gently)

You're impotent?

GEORGE

Slightly.

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED - 3

57

He turns to face her, shrugs.

GEORGE

Okay, now five people know. Me, you, Helen and her mother.

DORIS

Who's the fifth?

GEORGE

Chet Huntley.

(angrily pacing)

I'm sure her mother has given him the bulletin for the six o'clock news.

DORIS

(sympathetically)

When did it happen, honey?

He turns to look at her.

GEORGE

Happen? Doris, we're not talking about a thruway accident! I mean you don't wake up one morning and say, 'Oh shoot, the old family jewels have gone on the blink.' It's a gradual thing.

DORIS

How's Helen reacting?

GEORGE

Oh, we haven't discussed it much, but I get the feeling she regards it as a lapse in one's social responsibility. You know, rather like letting your partner down in tennis by not holding your serve.

She doesn't smile.

GEORGE

Seriously, I'll be okay. The patient's not dead -- just resting.

Doris extends her hand.

GEORGE

(puzzled)

Doris, that statement hardly calls for congratulations.

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED - 4

57

DORIS

I need help getting up.

He takes her hand, pulls her to her feet. She puts her arm through his and they start to move towards the cottage.

58 INT. COTTAGE - INN - NIGHT

58

George, a drink nearby, is lying on the sofa, a February 1961 issue of "Time" on his chest. He is not reading the magazine but is contemplating the ceiling, a troubled look in his eyes. The radio is softly playing. Doris comes out of the bathroom, moves to sofa, looks down at him for a moment.

DORIS

Is there anything I can say that will help?

GEORGE

You can say anything you want except 'it's all in your head.' I mean I'm no doctor, but I have a great sense of direction.

(moves to turn  
off radio)

Look, to tell you the truth, I'm not too crazy about the whole subject. Let's forget it, huh?

DORIS

Okay. What do you want to talk about?

He sits on arm of sofa.

GEORGE

Anything but sex. How'd you feel about being pregnant?

She moves around to fire, thinks it out.

DORIS

Catatonic, incredulous, angry, pragmatic, and finally maternal. Pretty much in that order.

GEORGE

Your vocabulary's improving.

DORIS

Ah, you don't know. You're talking to a high school graduate.

CONTINUED

GEORGE

(surprised)

How come?

DORIS

Well, I was confined to bed for the first three months of my pregnancy, so rather than it being a total loss, I took a correspondence course.

GEORGE

(admiringly)

You're really something, you know that?

DORIS

There's kind of an ironic twist to all this.

GEORGE

What?

DORIS

Well, I didn't graduate from high school the first time because I got pregnant. And now I did graduate from high school --

(grins, taps stomach)

-- because I got pregnant. Appeals to my sense of order.

GEORGE

(teasing)

I didn't know you had a sense of order.

DORIS

That's unfair. I'm much better at housework now. Must be the nesting instinct. Anyway, the day my diploma came in the mail Harry bought me a corsage and took me out dancing. Well, we didn't really dance -- we lumbered. Afterwards we went to a malt shop and had a hot fudge sandae.

GEORGE

He still selling real estate?

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED - 2

58

DORIS

Insurance. He likes it. Gives him a chance to look up his old army buddies.

He regards her as she stands with her stomach thrust out and both hands pressed on either side of her back.

GEORGE

Doris, are you comfortable in that position?

DORIS

Honey, when you're in my condition you're not comfortable in any position.

He takes her by arm, leads her to sofa.

GEORGE

Come on, sit over here.

He plumps pillows, helps to lower her onto sofa, lifts her feet up.

DORIS

Thanks. How are the kids?

He takes her shoes off during the following:

GEORGE

(vaguely)

Oh -- fine. Michael got a job with the Associated Press.

DORIS

Oh, darling, that's marvelous! I'm so proud of him!

She notices that he is staring at her with an odd, fixed expression.

DORIS

George, why are you looking at me like that?

GEORGE

(quickly)

No reason. It -- it's nothing... Tell me the other story about Harry.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED - 3

58

DORIS

George, you're still doing it.  
What is it?

GEORGE

(exploding)

It's obscene!

DORIS

(bewildered)

What is?

GEORGE

When I touched you I started to  
get excited!

Very agitated, he paces away from her.

GEORGE

What kind of pervert am I? I'm  
staring at a two-hundred-pound  
pregnant woman and I'm getting hot!

She looks at him for a moment, amused and pleased.

DORIS

(finally)

Let me tell you something. That's  
the nicest thing anyone's said to  
me in months.

GEORGE

It's not funny, Doris.

DORIS

Aren't you pleased?

GEORGE

Pleased? I feel like I did on my  
seventh birthday. My uncle gave  
me fifty cents. I ran two miles  
and when I got there the candy  
store was closed!

DORIS

(puzzled)

But doesn't this solve your --  
problem?

GEORGE

(frustrated)

The idea doesn't solve anything!  
It's the execution that counts!

CONTINUED

DORIS

(happily)

I really got to you, huh?

GEORGE

(tightly)

Excuse me.

He marches to the piano, sits, and aggressively launches into Chopin's Revolutionary Etude No. 12. Surprisingly, he plays extremely well. Not quite concert hall material but close enough to fool a lot of people. Doris, absolutely astounded, finally recovers enough to stand up and move to the piano where she watches him with an incredulous expression.

DORIS

That's incredible! Are you as good as I think you are?

He continues to play until indicated.

GEORGE

How good do you think I am?

DORIS

Sensational.

GEORGE

I'm not as good as you think I am.

DORIS

(puzzled)

But that piano has been sitting there for ten years and you've hardly touched it. Why today?

GEORGE

It beats a cold shower.

DORIS

You play to release sexual tension?

GEORGE

You don't even get this good without a lot of practice.

She watches him as he vigorously pounds away.

DORIS

George, you'll be exhausted.

CONTINUED

GEORGE

That's the idea.

She looks at him for a moment.

DORIS

I have a better idea.  
(she holds  
out hand)

Come here.

He stops playing, looks at her, puzzled.

DORIS

Come on.

He gets up, Doris takes his hand, starts to lead him towards bed.

GEORGE

(doubtfully)

Doris ---

DORIS

It's okay. It'll be okay.

GEORGE

But you can't ---

DORIS

I know that.

GEORGE

Then how ---

DORIS

Don't worry, darling. We'll work something out.

They are standing by the bed. She kisses him tenderly. Gradually, he becomes more involved in the kiss until they are in a passionate embrace. Suddenly, she breaks, doubles over in surprise and pain.

GEORGE

(alarmed)

What is it?

She is too busy fighting off the pain to answer.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED - 6

58

GEORGE

Doris, for God's sake, what is it?

She looks at him unbelievably, not saying a word.

GEORGE

Doris, what the hell is the matter?

DORIS

(finally)

If -- if memory serves me correctly  
-- I just had a labor pain.

She sinks onto bed. He stands stock still, trying to absorb this, but not really taking it too seriously yet.

GEORGE

You -- you can't have! Maybe it's indigestion.

DORIS

No, there's a difference. Indigestion doesn't make your eyes bug out.

GEORGE

But you can't be in labor! When is the baby due?

DORIS

Not for another month.

He stares at her for a moment and then puts his hands to his head.

GEORGE

My God, what have I done?! 

DORIS

What have you done?

GEORGE

I brought it on. My -- my selfishness.

DORIS

George, don't be ridiculous. You had nothing to do with it.

Very upset, he paces away.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED - 7

58

GEORGE

Don't treat me like a child, Doris!

DORIS

Will you stop getting so excited?

GEORGE

Excited? I thought I had troubles with my sex life before. Can you imagine what this is going to do to it?

DORIS

George, will you ---

She stops as a new pain hits her. Breathlessly:

DORIS

I think I'd better lie down.

She lies back on bed, her top half propped up by pillows. George is too self-involved to notice her discomfort.

GEORGE

(anguished)

What kind of a man am I? What kind of man would do a thing like that?

DORIS

May I say something?

GEORGE

Look, I appreciate what you're trying to do but nothing you can say will make me feel any better.

DORIS

I'm not trying to make you feel any better. I'm going to have a baby.

GEORGE

I know that.

DORIS

I mean now. I have a history of short labor.

He looks at her for a moment and then shakes his head in a firmly negative gesture, indicated "no -- this is not going to happen to him," backs away to a far wall, trying to ward off the unthinkable.

CONTINUED

GEORGE

Oh -- no. Oh, no!

A new labor cramp hits her and he watches her, transfixed, as she tries to weather the pain.

GEORGE

(anxiously)

How do you feel?

DORIS

(a trifle weakly)

Like -- like I'm going to have a baby.

GEORGE

(desperately)

Maybe it's a false alarm. It has to be a false alarm.

DORIS

Honey, try and get a hold of yourself. Get on the phone and find out where the nearest hospital is.

GEORGE

Hospital? You want to go to a hospital?

DORIS

George, like it or not, I'm going to have a baby.

GEORGE

But we're not married....

She just stares at him.

GEORGE

I mean, it's going to look -- odd.

She gets up, heads for the bathroom.

DORIS

Get on the phone, George.

GEORGE

Where are you going?

DORIS

The bathroom.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED - 9

58

GEORGE

Why?

DORIS

No time to answer!

She exits to bathroom. He quickly moves to telephone, frantically jiggles receiver bar.

GEORGE

(into phone)

Hello, Mr. Chalmers? George. Can you tell me where the nearest hospital is? -- Well, it's my -- my wife. Something unexpected came up. She got pregnant and now she's going to have the baby.

(with alarm)

That far? Oh, my God! Get them on the phone for me, will you?

He covers receiver with hand, calls out:

GEORGE

Are you okay, Doris?

(no answer)

Doris?

Panicky, he puts phone down and, with trepidation, moves to outside the bathroom door.

GEORGE (Cont'd)

Doris -- answer me!!

59 INT. BATHROOM - COTTAGE - INN - NIGHT

59  
(X)

Mirror reflection. Doris half-bent over sink, beads of perspiration on her forehead, panic in her eyes, obviously in some pain. Note: Bathroom now has a shower.

DORIS

I'm -- I'm busy!

60 INT. COTTAGE - INN - NIGHT

60  
(X)

GEORGE

Oh Jesus!

He races back to phone, picks it up.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

GEORGE (Cont'd)

Yes, yes -- hello.

He gets a grip on himself, forces himself to speak in a well-modulated, too calm voice.

GEORGE

(into phone)

Hello, I'm staying at the Sea Shadows Inn just outside Mendocino. I was in my room and I heard this groaning sound from the next room. Well, I knocked on the door and found this lady -- whom I'd never seen before in my life -- in labor and -- Do you have to know that? -- Okay, George Peterson -- Well, I didn't time it exactly, but about three of four minutes apart, I think -- Hold on.

He puts hand over receiver and his voice changes as he calls out:

GEORGE

Doris, who's your doctor?

DORIS (o.s.)

Joseph Harrington. Oakland 555-7878.

GEORGE

(into phone)

Joseph Harrington, Oakland 555-7878 -- Yes, I have a car and I'd be happy to drive her there -- Right, right -- Uh, could you answer one question? Would -- uh -- erotic contact during the last stages of pregnancy be the cause of premature -- No reason, I just wondered -- Right, I'll get her there.

He hangs up, moves towards bathroom, somewhat more in control now.

GEORGE

They're phoning your doctor. He'll meet us there at the hospital.

Doris appears in the doorway of the bathroom, a strange look on her face. She has taken her skirt off and is now in her top and slip.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED - 2

60

DORIS

We're not going to make it to the hospital. My water just broke.

The blood drains from his face.

GEORGE

Oh, my God.

He slowly doubles over and clutches his stomach -- almost as if he is having labor pains. She moves towards the bed, half sits, half lies on it.

DORIS

We're going to have to find a doctor in the area.

This snaps him out of his sympathetic pains.

GEORGE

What if we can't?

She turns to look at him.

DORIS

You look awful. You're not going to faint are you?

GEORGE

(in total shock)

Doris, I'm not a cab driver! I don't know how to deliver babies!

DORIS

George, this is no time to start acting like Butterfly McQueen. Get the nearest doctor on the phone.

She climbs under the blankets as he races for the phone.

GEORGE

(into phone)

Mr. Chalmers? George. Who's the nearest doctor? Get him on the phone! Fast! This is an emergency!

Doris has gone into another labor spasm. Phone still in hand, he sits on bed and grabs her hand.

GEORGE

It's okay -- hold on. Hold on, Doris. Hold on. There -- there -- hold on. You okay?

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED - 3

60

DORIS

(weakly)

This'll teach you to fool around  
-- with a married woman.

In an automatic, reflex action he puts the receiver against his chest as if someone will overhear. Then as her knees come up under the bedcovers he waves his hands to get her to put them down again; panic-stricken that this will bring on the birth. She complies.

GEORGE

Hold on, Doris. You're going to be okay. Everything --

(into phone)

Yes?

He stands up, very agitated.

GEORGE

His answering service! You don't understand. She's in the last stages of labor!

He holds the receiver with both hands in vertical position in front of his face and yells slowly and distinctly into the phone:

GEORGE

Well, get in your car and drive down to the goddamn pier and get him! Just -- get -- him!!

(X)

He hangs up and moves unsteadily to sit on a hassock near the bed, holds his stomach, bends over and resumes his labor pains.

GEORGE

It's okay -- he's on his boat -- but it's just down the road. Chalmers is getting him.

(X)

Doris suddenly sits up, a look of total panic in her eyes and moans. He turns his head to look at her.

GEORGE

What?!

DORIS

I -- I -- can feel the baby!

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED - 4

60

George stares at her for a moment, then stands, moves over to her, points his finger in the general area of her pelvis, and speaks as if firmly commanding a dog.

GEORGE

No!!!

He then proceeds to back away.

DORIS

George, I'm scared!

On the other side of the room, he ineffectually waves both hands in a gesture to get her to lie back.

GEORGE

Lean back and -- relax.

DORIS

George, do something!

He stares at her, absorbs the situation, and we see a definite transformation takes place as he realizes he is going to have to rise to the occasion. He starts to roll up his sleeves.

GEORGE

I'll be right back.

He quickly exits to bathroom.

DORIS

(screaming)

George, don't leave me!

GEORGE (o.s.)

I'm here, I'm right here. Hold on, baby.

DORIS

George!

He reappears with a pile of towels.

GEORGE

It's okay. I'm here, honey.

He starts to lay towels out on bed.

DORIS

What -- are those -- for?

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED - 5

60

GEORGE

Honey, we're going to have a baby.

DORIS

We?

GEORGE

Right. But I'm going to need your help.

He takes her hand, looks into her eyes.

GEORGE

Give me your hand. Look into my eyes. You're going to be fine. There's nothing to worry about, we're together. You think I play the piano well? Wait 'til you see the way I deliver babies.

As he starts to minister to her, we ---

DISSOLVE TO

61 MONTAGE #3 (1961-66)

61

Some suggestions: Space Shot, Cuban Missile Crisis (President Kennedy speech), Academy Award acceptance speech, Martin Luther King -- "I have A Dream" speech -- March on Washington, Peanuts cartoon, Multiple screen of Mickey Mantle, Arnold Palmer, Rod Laver, Sandy Koufax, Perry Como -- "Dream Along With Me," President Kennedy's assassination, funeral, The Beatles.

62 EXT. INN PARKING AREA - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

62

George's Mercedes pulls into the parking area. He gets out, carrying a suitcase and enters the cottage. (X)

63 INT. INN COTTAGE - DAY

63

George is unpacking his Mark Cross suitcase. Thinner than the last time we was him, he is wearing an expensive, conservative suit, his hair is graying and is worn unfashionably short. A bald spot is beginning to make inroads on the crown of his head. His manner is more subdued than before and he looks and acts older than his years.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

63

He takes a bottle of Chivas Regal out of the case which he takes to the tray on the piano and pours himself a drink. Drink in hand, he crosses to the dressing table and takes his comb, keys and a prescription bottle of tranquilizers out of his pocket and places them on the table. The front door opens and Doris bursts into the room. She is wearing jeans, turtleneck sweater, Indian necklace, headband, long hair and sandals. She is carrying a decal-decorated duffel bag.

DORIS

Hey, man -- what do ya say?

George, taken aback by her appearance, watches as she throws her duffel bag in the corner, throws herself in his arms, gives him a lusty kiss. She then backs off, regards him for a moment.

DORIS

So -- you wanta fuck?

He takes an astonished moment to absorb this.

GEORGE

(finally)

What?

DORIS

(grins)

You didn't understand the question?

GEORGE

Of course I did. I just think it's a damned odd way to start a conversation.

She flops on the bed, watches him as he finishes unpacking through following.

DORIS

Yeah? I thought it would be a great little ice breaker. Aren't you horny after your long flight?

GEORGE

I didn't fly. I drove.

DORIS

From Connecticut?

GEORGE

From Los Angeles. We moved to Beverly Hills about six months ago.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED - 2

63

DORIS

How come?

GEORGE

Oh, a number of reasons.

(he shrugs)

I got fed up standing knee-deep in snow trying to scrape the ice off my windshield with a credit card. Besides, there are a lot of people out here with a lot of money who don't know what to do with it.

DORIS

And you tell them?

He manages to yank his eyes away from (to him) Doris' bizarre appearance and resumes hanging up his clothes.

GEORGE

I'm what they call a Business Manager.

DORIS

Things going okay?

GEORGE

I can't complain. Why?

DORIS

You look kinda shitty.

He looks at her.

DORIS

Are you all right?

GEORGE

When did you start dressing like an Indian? You look like a refugee from the Sunset Strip.

DORIS

I went back to school. Berkeley.

GEORGE

(puzzled)

Why?

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED - 3

63

DORIS

(grins)

You mean what do I want to be when I grow up?

GEORGE

Well, you have to admit, it's a bit odd becoming a school girl at your age.

DORIS

Listen, you think it's easy being the only one in the class with clear skin?

She gets off the bed, moves to get something from her duffel bag.

GEORGE

What made you do it?

DORIS

It was a dinner party that finally pushed me into it. Harry's boss invited us over for dinner and I just freaked.

GEORGE

Why?

She sits cross-legged on one of the chairs.

DORIS

I'd spent so much time with the kids I didn't know if I was capable of carrying on an intelligent conversation with anyone over the age of five. Anyway, I went and was seated next to the boss. Well, I surprised myself. He talked -- then I talked -- you know, just like a real conversation. Everything was cool until I noticed him looking at me in a weird way.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED - 4

63

DORIS (Cont'd)

I looked down at his plate and realized that all the time we'd been talking, I'd been cutting up his meat for him. That's when I decided I'd better get out of the house.

GEORGE

Put why school?

She gets up, moves to look out of window.

DORIS

It's hard to explain. I felt restless and undirected and I thought an education might give me some answers.

GEORGE

What sort of answers?

DORIS

(shrugs)

To find out where it's really at.

GEORGE

Jesus.

DORIS

What's the matter?

GEORGE

That expression.

DORIS

Okay. To find out who the hell I am.

GEORGE

You don't get those sorts of answers from the classroom.

DORIS

I'm not in the classroom all the time. The protests and demonstrations are a learning experience in themselves.

GEORGE

Protests against what?

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED - 5

63

DORIS

The war, of course. Didn't you hear about it? It was in all the papers.

GEORGE

(curtly,  
turning away)

Demonstrations aren't going to stop the war.

DORIS

You have a better idea?

GEORGE

Look, I didn't come up here to discuss politics.

DORIS

Well, so far you've turned down sex and politics. You want to try religion?

GEORGE

I think I'll try a librium.

She watches him with a worried expression as he takes out pill, downs it with a gulp of water.

64 INT. INN DINING ROOM - NIGHT

64

The room is much the same, but the complexion of the crowd has changed. For the first time, we see a couple of black families in the room. The dress code has been relaxed and we see men with open collars and long hair. A waiter leads us over to George and Doris, where he presents the check.

(X)

Doris studies George as he looks at check.

(X)

DORIS

George, why are you so uptight?

GEORGE

That's another expression I hate.

DORIS

Uptight?

CONTINUED

GEORGE

There's no such word.

DORIS

You remind me of when I was nine years old and I asked my mother what 'fuck' meant. Know what she said? 'There's no such word.'

He glances around to see if anyone has overhead her, looks back at her.

GEORGE

And now you've found out there is, you feel compelled to use it in every other sentence?

DORIS

George, what's bugging you?

GEORGE

Bugging me? I'll tell you what's 'bugging' me.

He leans forward, speaks in a low, intense voice.

GEORGE

The blacks are burning down the cities, there's a Harvard professor telling my kids the only way to happiness is to become doped up zombies, and I have a teen-age son with hair so long that from the back he looks exactly like Yvonne de Carlo.

DORIS

That's a sign of age, George.

GEORGE

What is?

DORIS

Being worried about the declining morality of the young.

(a slight shrug)

Besides, there's nothing you can do about it.

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED - 2

64

GEORGE

We could start by setting some examples.

She raises her eyebrows, gives him an amused look, but he misses the irony of his statement, signs check.

DORIS

(amused)

When you were younger I don't remember you as being exactly a monk about that sort of thing.

GEORGE

That was different. Our relationship was not based upon a casual one-night stand.

DORIS

(affectionately)

No, it's been fifteen one-night stands.

GEORGE

It's not the same. We've shared things. My God, I helped deliver your child, remember?

DORIS

Remember? I think of it as our finest hour.

She reaches across table, squeezes his hand. For a moment he is caught up in the tenderness of the moment. They get up, start to walk toward the foyer.

GEORGE

How is she?

She looks at him, grins.

DORIS

Oh, very healthy, very noisy, very spoiled.

GEORGE

You don't feel guilty about leaving her alone while you're at school?

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED - 3

64

DORIS

Harry's home a lot. The insurance  
business hasn't been too good lately.

They pass the front desk. Mr. Chalmers looks up as they  
exit.

65 EXT. COTTAGE - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

65

Doris and George are walking down the road that leads to  
the cottage.

GEORGE

How does Harry feel about all  
this?

DORIS

When I told him I wanted to go  
back to school because I wanted  
some identity, he said 'You want  
identity? Go build a bridge.  
Invent penicillin but get off  
my back!'

GEORGE

(seriously)

I always said Harry had a good  
head on his shoulders.

They reached the front entrance to the cottage.

DORIS

George, that was supposed to be  
the bad story about him!

He doesn't answer, but opens door.

DORIS

How's Helen?

He looks at her for a split second.

GEORGE

Helen's fine. Just fine.

They enter cottage.

66 INT. INN COTTAGE - NIGHT

He dumps book bag. She closes door, leans against it.

DORIS

Tell me a story that shows how  
really rotten she can be.

Surprised, he turns to look at her.

GEORGE

That's not like you.

She shrugs, moves into room.

DORIS

We seem to need something to bring  
us closer together. Maybe a really  
lousy story about Helen will make  
you appreciate me more.

This finally gets a small smile from George.

GEORGE

(sitting)

Okay.

She drops cross-legged to the floor near his feet, waits  
expectantly.

GEORGE

As you know, she has this funny  
sense of humor.

DORIS

By funny, I take it you mean  
peculiar?

GEORGE

Right. And it comes out at the  
most inappropriate times. I had  
signed this client -- very proper,  
very old money. Helen and I were  
invited out to his house for cock-  
tails to get acquainted with him  
and his wife.

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

66

GEORGE (Cont'd)

Well, it was all pretty awkward but we managed to get through the drinks all right. Then as we went to leave, instead of walking out the front door, I walked into the hall closet. Now that wasn't so bad -- I mean, anybody can do that. The mistake I made was I stayed in there.

She looks at him for a moment, bewildered.

DORIS

You stayed in the closet?

GEORGE

I wasn't sure if they'd seen me go in. I guess I figured I'd stay there until they'd gone away. Okay, I admit, I didn't think things through. I was in there for about a minute before I realized I'd -- well, misjudged the situation. When I came out, the three of them were just staring at me. All right, it was an embarrassing situation but I probably could have carried it off. Except for what Helen did. You know what she did?

DORIS

What?

GEORGE

She peed on the carpet.

She stares at him for a moment.

DORIS

She did what?

GEORGE

Oh, not right away. First, she started to laugh. Her face was all screwed up and she held her sides and tears started to roll down her face. Then she peed all over their Persian carpet.

CONTINUED

Doris, who has been having trouble keeping a straight face, now starts to bubble with laughter. He looks at her, unamused.

DORIS  
(through her  
laughter)  
What did you say?

GEORGE  
I said 'You'll have to excuse my wife. Ever since her last pregnancy, she's had a problem.' Then I offered to have the rug cleaned.

DORIS  
Did that help?

GEORGE  
They said it wasn't necessary.  
They had a maid.

He stares at Doris who, now helpless with laughter, is pounding the floor.

GEORGE  
You think this is funny?

Doris manages to regain control.

DORIS  
I've been meaning to tell you this for years -- I just love Helen.

GEORGE  
(irritated)  
Would she come off any worse if I told you I lost the account?

She looks at him for a moment, gets up.

DORIS  
George, when did you get so stuffy?

GEORGE  
Stuffy? Am I stuffy because I don't like my wife to urinate on my client's carpet?

DORIS  
I didn't mean just that, but -- well --

66 CONTINUED - 3

66

DORIS (Cont'd)  
(she gestures  
at him)

Look at you. I mean -- you scream  
Establishment.

George gets up.

GEORGE  
I am not a faddist.

He takes off jacket, moves to hang it up.

DORIS  
What do you mean?

He moves to pour himself a drink.

GEORGE  
I have no desire to be like those  
middle-aged idiots with bell bot-  
tom trousers and Prince Valiant  
haircuts who go around saying  
'Ciao.'

DORIS  
I wasn't talking about fashion. I  
was talking about your attitudes.

GEORGE  
My attitudes are the same as they  
always were. I haven't changed at  
all.

DORIS  
Yes, you have. You used to be  
crazy and -- and insecure and a  
terrible liar and -- human. Now  
you seem so sure of yourself.

He looks at her.

GEORGE  
That's the last thing I am.

She is surprised by his admission.

DORIS  
Oh?

GEORGE  
I picked up one of Helen's magazines  
the other day and there was this

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED - 4

66

GEORGE (Cont'd)  
article telling women what sort of  
orgasms they should have. It was  
called 'The Big O...'

(he sits on  
the edge of  
the bed)

You know what really got to me?  
This was a magazine my mother used  
to buy for its fruit cake recipes.

DORIS

The times they are a changing,  
darling.

GEORGE

(troubled)

Too fast, too fast.

(almost to  
himself)

I don't know, twenty-thirty years  
ago we had standards -- all right,  
maybe they were black and white,  
but they were standards.

(he shakes head)

Today -- it's so confusing.

DORIS

Well, at least that's a step in  
the right direction.

She moves to him, kisses him affectionately.

GEORGE

When did I suddenly become so  
appealing?

DORIS

When you went from pompous to con-  
fused...So what's your pleasure?  
A good book, a walk by the ocean  
or me?

GEORGE

You.

DORIS

Gee, I thought you'd never ask.

She whips her top off over her head and is now standing in  
front of him bare from the waist up. He stares at her.

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED - 5

66

DORIS

What is it?

GEORGE

Doris -- you're not wearing a bra!

She giggles, throws herself on top of him.

DORIS

Oh George, you're so forties.

He has fallen back on the bed and she is lying on top of him. She starts to nibble on his ear.

GEORGE

(becoming passionate)

I happen to be an old-fashioned man.

DORIS

The next thing you'll be telling me you voted for Goldwater.

GEORGE

I did.

She raises her head to look at him.

DORIS

You're putting me on.

GEORGE

Of course not.

Without another word, she gets up, picks up her top, marches to the other side of the room and starts to put it on.

GEORGE

(bewildered)

What are you doing?

DORIS

(furious)

If you think I'm going to bed with any son of a bitch who voted for Goldwater, you're crazy!

GEORGE

Doris, you can't do this to me! Not now!

DORIS

(incredulous)

How could you vote for a man like that?

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED - 6

66

GEORGE

Could we discuss this later?

DORIS

No, we'll discuss it now! Why?

GEORGE

(frustrated)

Because I have a son who wants to be a rock musician!

DORIS

What kind of reason is that?

GEORGE

The best reason I can come up with in my condition.

DORIS

Well, you're going to have to do a lot better.

He stands up.

GEORGE

Okay, he was going to end the war!

DORIS

By destroying the whole country.

GEORGE

He never said that. That's the trouble with you people. You never listen.

DORIS

It's a civil war. We have no right being there in the first place.

George has heard it all before. His attitude is now one of weary cynicism.

GEORGE

Oh, I'm sick of hearing all that liberal crap. We've got the bomb. Why don't we use it.

She stares at him, unable to believe her own ears.

DORIS

Are you serious?

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED - 7

66

GEORGE

(quietly bitter)

Yes, I'm serious. Wipe the sons  
of bitches off the face of the  
earth.

He moves to pour himself a drink. She is staring at him.

DORIS

My God, I don't know anything  
about you. What kind of man are  
you?

GEORGE

Right now -- very frustrated.

DORIS

All this time I thought I was  
going to bed with a liberal  
Democrat. You told me you worked  
for Stevenson.

GEORGE

(wearily)

That was years ago.

DORIS

What changed you? What happened  
to you?

GEORGE

I grew up.

DORIS

Yeah, well in my opinion, you  
didn't turn out too well.

He really doesn't want to talk about it.

GEORGE

(tightly)

Look, let's forget it, huh?

DORIS

Forget it? How can I forget it?  
I mean being stuffy and -- and  
old-fashioned is one thing, but  
being a Fascist is another.

GEORGE

(flaring)

I am not a Fascist!

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED - 8

66

DORIS

You're advocating mass murder!

GEORGE

(trying to  
control  
himself)

Doris -- drop it, okay! Just --  
drop it!

DORIS

How could you do this to me? Why,  
you stand for everything I'm  
against!

GEORGE

Then maybe you're against the  
wrong things!

DORIS

You used to believe in the same  
things I do.

GEORGE

I changed!

DORIS

Why?

GEORGE

Because Michael was killed!

There is a long pause as she stands, transfixed, trying to  
absorb this.

DORIS

(finally, almost  
a whisper)

Oh -- dear God. How?

GEORGE

(quietly, calmly)

He was trying to get a wounded man  
onto a Red Cross helicopter and a  
sniper killed him.

He moves to look out of the windows.

DORIS

(finally)

When?

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED - 9

66

GEORGE

(dispassionately)

We heard at a July fourth party.  
Helen went completely to pieces.  
I thought I was in shock and it  
would hit me later. It never did...  
The only thing I've been able to  
feel is blind anger. I didn't  
shed a tear. Isn't that something?  
He was my son, I loved him, but --  
for the life of me -- I can't seem  
to cry over him.

There is a pause. He looks at her.

GEORGE

(finally)

Doris, I'm sorry about -- everything  
Lately I've been a bit on edge and --  
(starting to  
lose control)  
It just seems to be one damn thing  
-- after ---

He painfully starts to sob. Doris moves to him, cradles him  
in her arms and he buries his head in her chest. We hold on  
them for a long moment before we hear the music of "The Age  
of Aquarius," at first softly and then building in volume.

DISSOLVE TO

67 MONTAGE #4 (1966-72)

67

Some suggestions: Rock concert -- "Age of Aquarius," Vietnam  
War footage, Lyndon Johnson showing scar, Bob Hope -- Vietnam  
troop show, Anti War protests -- Berkeley, Robert Kennedy cam-  
paign speech, Haight Asbury, Detroit riots, Joan Baez, Eugene  
McCarthy -- New Hampshire primary, screen filled with political  
buttons, fast succession of bumper stickers, 1968 Democratic  
Convention -- inside and out, Laugh-In, Joe Namath -- super-  
bowl, Woodstock, Moon Walk, Tiny Tim, Simon and Garfunkel.

68 INT. INN COTTAGE - DAY

68

A day in February, 1972. Doris and George are sitting up  
in bed. She is wearing reading glasses and is doing the  
crossword puzzle. He is not wearing glasses but is having  
to hold his section of the newspaper away from him so that  
he can read.

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED

68

He is bare chested, his hair is much longer and grayer and his manner reflects a slightly self-conscious inner serenity. Possibly he is wearing a mustache or a short beard. Doris is wearing an attractive kimono but during the scene will don clothes and makeup that will project an image of expensive, good taste. After a moment or two she puts paper down, looks at him. He smiles back at her.

DORIS

It's amazing how good it can be after twenty-one years, isn't it?

GEORGE

Honey, if you add up all the times we've actually made it together, we're still on our honeymoon.

They exchange a contented look.

DORIS

Did I tell you I'm a grandmother?

GEORGE

(grins)

No, but I think you picked a weird time to announce it.

(he pats her hand)

Anyway, you're the youngest looking grandmother I've ever had a peak experience with.

She gets out of bed, moves to dressing table.

DORIS

My mother thanks you, my father thanks you, my hairdresser thanks you and my plastic surgeon thanks you.

She sits at dressing table, peers into mirror, starts to brush hair and apply makeup.

DORIS

When Harry says 'You're not the girl I married' he doesn't know how right he is.

GEORGE

Didn't Harry like your old nose?

DORIS

Harry thinks this is my old nose.

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED - 2

68

GEORGE

He never noticed?

DORIS

Pathetic, isn't it? A new dress  
I could understand -- but a whole  
nose?

George gets out of bed. He is wearing colored bikini briefs.  
He moves to get clothes.

GEORGE

Well, to be totally honest, I  
really can't see much of a differ-  
ence either.

She studies herself in mirror as he puts on blue denim jeans.  
We see there is a butterfly on the seat.

DORIS

I don't care. It's different from  
my side. Makes me feel more  
attractive.

GEORGE

Why do you feel you need a valida-  
tion of your attractiveness?

DORIS

(a slight shrug)

A woman starts feeling a little  
insecure when she gets to be forty-  
four.

GEORGE

Forty-five.

DORIS

See what I mean? Anyway, that's  
this year's bad story about Harry.  
Got one about Helen?

During the following, George completes putting on a neck  
pendant, denim work jacket and sandals.

GEORGE

There was a loud party next door.  
Helen couldn't sleep and she didn't  
want to take a sleeping pill  
because she had to get up at six  
the next morning.

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED - 3

68

GEORGE (Cont'd)

So she stuffed two pills in her ears. During the night they melted. The next morning as the doctor was digging the stuff out of her ears he said 'You know, these can be taken orally.'

He grins, sits on bed.

GEORGE

Helen just laughed. She doesn't care.

DORIS

If that's the worst story you can tell about your wife you must be a very happy man.

GEORGE

Well, let's say I've discovered the potential for happiness.

The phone rings. He watches as Doris quickly moves to answer it.

DORIS

(into phone)

Hello.

(just a hint of  
disappointment)

Oh, hi, Liz -- No, it's sixty -- not sixteen guests -- That's right, a brunch. We've catered a couple of parties for her before. No problem. She sets up tables around the pool and there's room for the buffet on the patio. Right. Oh Liz, did Harry call? Okay, I'll be at this number.

She hangs up.

DORIS

Sorry, busy weekend. I had to leave a number.

GEORGE

Does Harry know you're here?

She moves back to dressing table.

DORIS

No, he still thinks I go on retreat. Don't worry.

CONTINUED

68 CONTINUED - 4

68

She continues to apply makeup during following.

GEORGE

I'm not worried.

DORIS

Then why are you frowning?

GEORGE

Because I'm getting bad vibes again.

DORIS

(looks at him)

Again?

GEORGE

When you first walked in, I picked up on your high tension level. Then after we made love I sensed a certain anxiety reduction but now I'm getting a definite negative feedback.

DORIS

When did you go into analysis?

GEORGE

(surprised)

How did you know I was in analysis?

DORIS

(dryly)

Just a wild guess.

She moves to get some lounging pajamas from her suitcase.

DORIS

What made you start?

GEORGE

(shrugs)

My value system changed.

She exits with clothes to bathroom. He moves to bathroom door.

69 INT. INN COTTAGE BATHROOM - DAY

69

George leans against door frame watching Doris change.

GEORGE

One day I took a look at my \$150,000 house, the three cars in the garage,

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED

69

GEORGE (Cont'd)  
the swimming pool, and the garden-  
ers and I thought -- 'Why?' I mean,  
did I want the whole status trip.  
So -- I decided to try and find  
out what I did want and who I was.

DORIS  
So you went from alalysis to  
Esalen to Gestalt to Transactional  
to encounter groups to Nirvana.

GEORGE  
(reasonably)  
Doris, just because some people  
are trying to widen their emotional  
horizons doesn't make the experience  
any less valid. I've learned a lot.

DORIS  
I've noticed. For one thing, you  
learned to talk as if you're  
reasoning with someone about to  
jump off a high ledge.

She is now dressed in very chic lounging pajamas. She  
presents her back to be zipped up.

GEORGE  
Okay -- okay. I know I tend to  
overcompensate for my emotionalism  
and sometimes there's a certain  
loss of spontaneity. I'm working  
on that.

DORIS  
(teasing)  
I'm glad to hear it. What else  
have you learned?

GEORGE  
(simply)  
That behind the walls I've built  
around myself I'm a warm, caring,  
loving human being.

DORIS  
I could have told you that twenty  
years ago.

She gives him an affectionate pat on the cheek, and moves  
into living room. He follows.

70 INT. INN COTTAGE - DAY

70

Doris crosses to sofa, opens brief case, takes out a number of papers during following.

DORIS

Tell me, how's Helen reacting to your 'voyage of self-discovery.'

GEORGE

At first she tended to overreact.

He sits on piano bench.

DORIS

In what way?

GEORGE

She threw a grapefruit at me in the A and P.

He starts to softly play an old standard like "Keeping Out of Mischief Now" on the piano and continues until indicated.

GEORGE

It was natural that we'd have some interpersonal conflicts to work through but now it's cool. She's into pottery.

DORIS

But how do you make a living?

GEORGE

We live very simply, Doris -- we don't need much. What bread we do need I can provide by simple honest labor.

DORIS

Like what?

GEORGE

I play cocktail piano in a singles bar in the Valley.

She looks at him but before she can comment, the phone rings. She crosses to phone, looks at George, he stops playing, and she picks up the receiver.

DORIS

(into phone)

Hello -- Yes, Liz? -- No way.

Tell him that's our final offer --

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED

70

DORIS (Cont'd)

I don't care how good a location it is -- That's bull, Liz, he needs us more than we need him. If he doesn't like it he can shove it but don't worry -- he won't. Anything else? Okay, you know where to reach me.

She hangs up.

DORIS

I'm buying another store.

He starts playing again.

GEORGE

Why?

DORIS

Money.

GEORGE

Is that why you went into business? To make money?

She moves back to sofa, resumes working.

DORIS

No, I wanted power, too. And it finally penetrated my thick skull that attending C.R. groups with ten other frustrated housewives wasn't going to change anything.

GEORGE

C.R. groups?

DORIS

Consciousness raising. I take it you are for Women's Liberation?

GEORGE

Hey, I'm for any kind of liberation.

DORIS

That's a cop out and you know it. Women have always been exploited by men.

He stops playing, gets up.

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED - 2

70

GEORGE

We've all been shafted, Doris, and by the same things...Look, let me lay this on you. I go to a woman doctor. The first time she gave me a rectal examination she said 'Am I hurting you or are you tense?' I said 'I'm tense.' She said 'Are you tense because I'm a woman?' and I said 'No, I get tense when anybody does that to me...'

(he sits)

You see what I mean?

DORIS

I don't know but I do know that the only time a woman is taken seriously in this country is when she has the money to back up her mouth.

GEORGE

Listen, I think it's great to have a hobby.

She looks at him, incredulous.

DORIS

Hobby? We grossed over half a million dollars the first year.

GEORGE

Honey, don't misunderstand me. If that's what you want, I'm very happy for you.

(a slight shrug)

It's just that I'm not into the money thing any more.

She regards him for a moment.

DORIS

(lightly)

George, do you ever get the feeling we're drifting apart?

GEORGE

(sincerely)

No. In many ways I've never felt closer to you.

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED - 3

70

DORIS

I don't know, sometimes I think our lives are getting -- out of sync.

GEORGE

We all realize our potential in different ways at different times. The important thing is -- does what you're doing give you a sense of fulfillment.

DORIS

Well, I'm working on it.

GEORGE

And you have everything you want?

DORIS

(too casually)

With one minor exception. Somewhere along the way, I seem to have lost my husband.

GEORGE

Lost him?

DORIS

Well, I don't know if I've lost him or simply misplaced him. He walked out of the house four days ago and I haven't heard from him since.

GEORGE

How do you feel about that?

She takes off her glasses, looks at him.

DORIS

George, do me a favor -- stop talking as though you're leading a human potential group. It really pisses me off.

GEORGE

(unperturbed)

That's cool.

DORIS

What's cool?

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED - 4

70

He gets up, moves towards her.

GEORGE

For you to transfer your feelings of aggression and hostility from Harry to me. As long as you know that's what you're doing.

DORIS

You know something, George? You're beginning to get on my nerves.

GEORGE

That's cool, too.

DORIS

Jesus.

GEORGE

I mean it. At least it's honest. Total honesty is the key to everything.

DORIS

Oh really? And are you being totally honest with Helen?

GEORGE

I'm trying.

DORIS

Have you told her about us?

GEORGE

No, but I could.  
(seeing her  
disbelieving  
expression)

Really, I think that today she's mature enough to handle it.

DORIS

George, you're full of shit.

He considers this for a long moment.

GEORGE

(soberly)  
I can buy that --  
(a pause as he  
thinks it out)  
-- if you're being totally honest.

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED - 5

70

DORIS

Believe me, I'm being honest!

GEORGE

Well, at least it's a start.  
But what about that other  
garbage? 'I don't know if  
I lost him or simply misplaced  
him.' I mean, what sort of  
crap is that?

She looks at him for a moment, puts papers and glasses on  
coffee table.

DORIS

Okay, you have a point.

GEORGE

So how do you feel about all this?

DORIS

You're doing it again, George....

He doesn't say anything.

DORIS

Okay, I think ---

GEORGE

No, don't tell me how you think.  
Tell me how you feel.

DORIS

Like I've been kicked in the  
stomach.

GEORGE

What else?

DORIS

Angry, hurt, betrayed and --  
okay, a little guilty. But you  
know something? I resent the  
fact that he's making me feel  
guilty.

GEORGE

Why do you feel resentment?

DORIS

(angrily)

Look, I didn't marry Harry because  
he had a good head for business!

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED - 6

70

DORIS (Cont'd)

Okay, it so happens that I discovered I did. Or maybe I was just lucky -- I don't know. The point is, I don't love Harry any less because he's a failure as a provider. Why should he love me any less because I'm a success?

GEORGE

Have you told him you still love him?

DORIS

Love him? Why does he think I've been hanging around for twenty-seven years?

George speaks in his calm, reasonable voice.

(X)

GEORGE

Is it so hard for you to tell him you understand how he feels?

(X)

DORIS

Right now -- it is, yes.

GEORGE

You want him back?

DORIS

Right at this moment I'm not sure I do. Ask me tomorrow and I'll probably give you a different answer.

GEORGE

Why?

DORIS

(simply)  
Tomorrow I won't have you.

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED - 7

70

GEORGE

I'm always with you in spirit.

DORIS

It's not easy to put your cold feet on someone's spirit. Especially when they're four hundred miles away.

She gets up and moves to look out of window.

GEORGE

Is that a proposal, Doris?

She turns to look at him.

DORIS

You interested?

GEORGE

Are you?

DORIS

I've always thought we'd make a nice couple.

GEORGE

You didn't answer the question.

DORIS

I was the one who proposed...

(a pause)

Oh, don't look so panicky, George. I'm only three quarters serious.

He continues to look at her.

GEORGE

Well, when you're completely serious why don't you ask me again.

DORIS

I bet you say that to all the girls.

GEORGE

No.

CONTINUED

DORIS  
(gently)  
Thanks.

GEORGE  
And stop feeling so insecure.

She looks at him, questioningly.

GEORGE  
You're as feminine as you always  
were.

She doesn't say anything for a moment.

DORIS  
I know Gloria Steinem would hate  
me but I'm glad you said that.

She moves to embrace him.

DORIS  
I guess I'm not as emancipated  
as I thought I was.

GEORGE  
None of us are.

They grin at one another.

DORIS  
You hungry?

GEORGE  
Yes.

DORIS  
Well, you're a lucky man because  
tonight our dinner is being  
catered by the choicest most  
expensive French delicatessen  
in San Francisco.

GEORGE  
How'd we swing that?

DORIS  
The owner has a thing about you.

She moves to the front door.

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED - 9

70

DORIS

It's all in the trunk of my car.

GEORGE

You need any help?

DORIS

Yes. Set the table, light the candles, and when I come back make me laugh.

GEORGE

I'll try.

DORIS

That's okay. If you can't make me laugh, just hold my hand.

They look at one another tenderly for a moment and then she exits. George starts to clear up the room when the phone rings. He hesitates for a moment, then picks up the receiver.

GEORGE

(into phone)

Hello -- No, she's not here right now. Who is this?

(his face freezes)

Harry? Uh, hold -- hold for a moment.

He hesitates, looks at the receiver, trying to make up his mind about something.

71 EXT. INN PARKING AREA - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

71

Doris approaches the trunk of her 1970 Jaguar sedan, starts to unload a picnic basket.

72 INT. INN COTTAGE - DAY

72

George is still staring at the receiver. He comes to a decision. When he speaks, it is in a confident, calm, reasonable voice.

GEORGE

(into phone)

Hello -- Harry, we're two adult,

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED

72

GEORGE (Cont'd)

mature human beings and I've decided to be totally honest with you -- No, Doris is not here right now, but I'd like to talk to you -- because I know you and Doris have been having a rough time lately and -- We're very close friends. I've known Doris for twenty years and through her I feel as if I know you -- Well, we've been meeting this same weekend for twenty years -- The retreat? Well, we can get into that later, but first I want you to know something. She loves you -- I just know, Harry -- Look, maybe if I told you a story she just told me this morning it would help you understand. A few months ago Doris was supposed to act as a den mother for your ten-year-old daughter and her Indian guide group. Well, she got hung up at the store and was two hours late getting home. When she walked into the living room she looked into the living room and do you know what she saw? A rather overweight, balding, middle-aged man with a feather on his head sitting cross-legged on the floor very gravely and gently telling a circle of totally absorbed little girls what it was like to be in a World War II Japanese prison camp. She turned around, walked out, sat in her car and thanked God for being married to a man like you -- Are you still there, Harry? Well, sometimes married people get into an emotional straitjacket and find it difficult to express how they truly feel about each other. Total honesty is the key -- Yes, I've known Doris for twenty years and I'm not ashamed to admit that it's been one of the most intimate, satisfying experience of my life -- My name?

He takes about a three-second pause.

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED - 2

72

GEORGE

(into phone)

My name is Father Michael O'Herlihy.

73 MONTAGE #5 (1972-77)

73

Some suggestions: Muhamud Ali -- spouting poetry, Johnny Carson, "All in the Family," Watergate hearings -- John Dean, Helen Reddy -- "I Am Woman," Elton John, Rolling Stones, Carpenters, Nixon's speech about Haldeman -- Erlichman resignation ("Two of the finest public servants etc."), Billy Jean King, Jimmy Connors, Patty Hearst, Montreal Olympics, Carter (or Ford) inaugural speech.

74 EXT. GROUNDS - INN COTTAGE - DAY

74

A misty day in February, 1977.

75 LONG SHOT

75

We see Doris on the deck of the cottage, arranging some red roses in a vase. The vivid hue of the roses makes a small splash of color against the muted tones of the misty day. As the camera moves in closer on Doris, we see that she is well dressed but her clothes are softer, more traditionally feminine and less fashionable than the last time we saw her. She takes the vase and moves back into cottage. (X)

76 INT. INN COTTAGE - DAY

76

Doris puts vase of flowers on the piano, admires them for a moment, then checks her wristwatch. She has trouble seeing it and has to hold it at arm's length to find out the time. (X)

She takes her purse and two books from the piano and moves to the dressing table. She checks her face in the mirror and then steps back and critically surveys her figure. She presses her stomach in with her hands. She then sucks in her stomach, trying to hold it in a youthful posture. She gives up, exhales breath, lets stomach out. She turns as the front door opens and George enters. His hair has been trimmed to a "conservatively long" length and his raincoat covers his comfortably rumpled sports coat, pants and turtleneck sweater. They drink one another in for a moment before they meet in the center of the room and embrace affectionately. (X)

GEORGE

You feel good.

CONTINUED

DORIS

So do you.  
(looks at  
him concerned)  
But you look tired.

GEORGE

(grins)  
I've looked this way for years.  
You just haven't noticed.

He takes off raincoat and throws it over a chair, sits on arm of sofa.

GEORGE

Anyway, I feel better now I'm here.  
This room's always had that effect  
on me.

DORIS

I know what you mean. It never  
changes, does it?

GEORGE

About the only thing that doesn't.

DORIS

I find that comforting.

GEORGE

Even old Chalmers is the same. He  
must be seventy-five by now. Remem-  
ber when we first met how even then  
we called him 'Old Chalmers?...'

She nods.

GEORGE

He must have been the same age  
then that we are now.

She smiles and moves to him.

DORIS

That I don't find comforting.

GEORGE

We were very young.

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED - 2

76

They gaze at one another for a moment.

DORIS  
Have we changed much?

GEORGE  
Of course. I grew up with you.  
Remember the dumb lies I used  
to tell?

DORIS  
(nods)  
I miss them.

GEORGE  
I don't. It was no fun being  
that insecure.

DORIS  
And what about me? Have I grown  
up too?

GEORGE  
Oh, I have the feeling you were  
already grown up when I met you.

She smiles, he puts his hands on her waist.

GEORGE  
Why is it that every time I look  
at you I want to put my hands  
all over you?

DORIS  
(nuzzling him)  
That's another thing that hasn't  
changed. You always were a sex  
maniac.

He grins, stands, and moves to fireplace.

GEORGE  
Let's see if I can get a fire  
going.

She sits on sofa, pours coffee, as he lights fire.

GEORGE  
You know, I figured out with the  
cost of firewood today, it's  
cheaper to buy furniture, break  
it up, and burn it.

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED - 3

76

DORIS  
Things that tight?

GEORGE  
No, I'm okay. I've been doing  
some teaching at U.C.L.A.

DORIS  
Music?

GEORGE  
Accounting.

He stands, she hands him a cup of coffee.

GEORGE  
With everything that's been happening  
out there it seems figures are still  
the only things that don't lie.  
(as she pours  
herself coffee)  
Doris, why'd you sell your business?

DORIS  
(surprised)  
How did you know that?

GEORGE  
I'll tell you later. What made  
you do it?

DORIS  
I was bought out by a chain.  
(a slight shrug)  
It was the right offer at the  
right time.

GEORGE  
But what do you do with yourself?

DORIS  
Oh, read, watch TV, play a little  
golf, visit my grandchildren. You  
know, all the jet-set stuff.

GEORGE  
I thought you loved working.

DORIS  
Well, there was another factor.  
Harry had a heart attack.

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED - 4

76

DORIS (Cont'd)

It turned out to be a mild one, but  
he needed me to look after him --

(she shrugs)

So...anyway, it's not as if I'm  
in permanent retirement. There's  
a local election coming up in a  
few months and I've been approached  
to run.

GEORGE

On what ticket?

DORIS

Independent.

GEORGE

Figures.

(he sits)

Harry's okay now?

DORIS

Runs four miles a day and has a  
body like Mark Spitz.

(drily)

Unfortunately, he still has a face  
like Ernest Borgnine's.

George gets up, moves to look out of window.

GEORGE

How are you and Harry -- emotionally?

DORIS

Comfortable.

GEORGE

Comfortable?

DORIS

Oh, it's not such a bad state.  
The word's been given a bad  
reputation by the young.

She gets up, takes his raincoat, hangs it up.

DORIS

Where's your luggage? Still in  
the car?

GEORGE

I didn't bring any. I -- I can't  
stay, Doris.

CONTINUED

DORIS  
(puzzled)  
Why?

GEORGE  
Look, I have a lot to say and a  
short time to say it, so I'd  
better start now.

She waits. He takes a breath.

GEORGE  
First of all, Helen's known about  
us for ten years.

DORIS  
(finally)  
When did you find out?

GEORGE  
Two months ago.

DORIS  
She never confronted you with it  
before?

GEORGE  
No.

She slowly sits.

DORIS  
What made her tell you now?

GEORGE  
She didn't. We have a very close  
friend, Connie -- have I mentioned  
her before?

Doris shakes her head.

GEORGE  
Connie told me.  
(he shakes his head  
unbelievably)  
All those years and she never even  
hinted she knew.  
(a beat)  
I guess that's the nicest story I've  
ever told about her.

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED - 6

76

DORIS

Your wife's an amazing woman.

GEORGE

She passed away, Doris. I lost her six months ago. It -- it was all very fast.

She looks at him uncomprehendingly for a moment before she stands and moves away, her back to him.

GEORGE

I'm sorry to blurt it out like that. I just couldn't think of a -- a graceful way to tell you.

She nods, her back still to him.

GEORGE

You okay, honey?

DORIS

It's so strange. I never met Helen, but -- but I feel as if I've just lost my best friend. It's -- crazy.

She moves to him, puts her hand on his cheek.

DORIS

Are the kids okay?

GEORGE

They'll survive. I don't think I could have gotten through the whole thing without them.

DORIS

I wish you'd tried to reach me.

GEORGE

I did. That's when I found out you'd sold the stores. I called and they gave me your home number. I let the phone ring four times, then I hung up. But it made me feel better knowing you were there if I needed you.

DORIS

I wish you'd spoken to me.

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED - 7

76

GEORGE

I didn't want to intrude. I didn't feel I had the right.

She looks at him, very moved.

DORIS

My God, that's terrible. We should have been together.

He moves to sofa, pours them a second cup of coffee during following.

GEORGE

I've been thinking about us a lot lately. Everything we've been through together. The things we've shared. The times we've helped each other. Did you know we've made love a hundred and thirteen times? I figured it out on my Bomar calculator.

He pours cream.

GEORGE

It's a wonderful thing to know someone that well. You know, there is nothing about you I don't know.

(holding up sugar cubes)

It's two sugar, right?

DORIS

No, one.

GEORGE

Okay, so I don't know everything about you.

(thinks)

I don't know who your favorite movie stars are and I couldn't remember the name of your favorite perfume. I wracked my brain but I couldn't remember.

She gives him a small smile.

DORIS

That's funny. It's "My Sin."

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED - 8

76

GEORGE

But I do know that in twenty-six years I've never been out of love with you. I find that incredible.

(he looks at her)

So what do you say, Doris, you want to get married?

DORIS

(lightly)

Married? We shouldn't even be doing this.

GEORGE

I'm serious.

She studies him for a moment.

DORIS

You really are, aren't you.

GEORGE

What did you think I was -- just another summer romance?

She doesn't say anything.

GEORGE

A simple 'yes' will do.

DORIS

(gently)

There's no such thing, my love.

He notices her expression.

GEORGE

What is it?

DORIS

I was just thinking of how many times I've dreamed of you asking me this. It's pulled me through a lot of bad times. I want to thank you for that.

GEORGE

What did you say to me all those times?

DORIS

I always said 'yes.'

CONTINUED

GEORGE

Then why are you hesitating now?

(a beat)

Do you realize I'm giving you the opportunity to marry a man who has known you for twenty-six years and can't walk by you without wanting to grab your ass?

DORIS

(affectionately)

You always were a sweet talker.

GEORGE

Will you marry me?

(X)

She looks at him for a moment, moves away.

DORIS

(finally)

I can't.

GEORGE

Why not?

DORIS

I'm already married.

GEORGE

You feel you have to stay because he needs you?

DORIS

No, it's a lot of things. Affection, respect, a sense of continuity. We share the same memories. It's --

(a slight

shrug)

-- comfortable. Maybe that's what marriage is all about in the end -- I don't know.

There is a short pause.

GEORGE

Goddammit!

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED - 10

76

GEORGE (Cont'd)

(pacing up  
and down)

I was the one who got you back together six years ago! Why did I do a stupid thing like that? I mean why was I so damned generous!

DORIS

Because you felt the same way about Helen then as I do about Harry now.

GEORGE

What's that got to do with anything?!

DORIS

If I hadn't gone back to Harry, you might have been stuck with me permanently and you were terrified.

He looks at her, manages a sheepish grin.

GEORGE

You could always see through me, couldn't you?

DORIS

That's okay. I always liked what I saw.

GEORGE

Well, I want you now.

DORIS

You can still have me once a year. Same time, same place.

He looks at her for a moment.

GEORGE

(awkwardly, sincerely)

Doris, I need a wife. I'm just not the kind of man who can live alone. I want you to marry me, but when I came here I knew there was a chance you'd say 'no.'

He continues to talk quickly without a break.

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED - 11

76

GEORGE

What I'm trying to say is -- without you, I'll probably end up with Connie. She knows -- all about you. The point is, she's not the sort of woman who would accept the situation. I suppose what I'm saying is that we'll never see each other again.

He moves to take her hand, sees that she is trembling.

GEORGE

Doris, for God's sake -- marry me!

DORIS

(finally; torn)

I -- I can't.

He moves away, turns to look at her.

GEORGE

I wish I could think of something that would break your heart, make you burst into tears, and come away with me.

DORIS

(shaky)

You know us Italians. [Irish] We never cry.

He makes a gesture of helplessness.

GEORGE

Yeah -- well, I have to catch a plane. What time is it?

She looks at her wristwatch but due to the combination of misty eyes and bad eyesight, she can't read it. She holds out her arm. He moves to her, takes her wrist, looks at watch.

GEORGE

(puzzled)

Five fifty-five.

DORIS

No, it's only two-thirty. I always keep my watch three hours and twenty-five minutes fast.

GEORGE

(puzzled)

How long have you been doing that?

CONTINUED

DORIS

Twenty-odd years.

GEORGE

Why would anyone want to do a thing like that?

DORIS

Personal idiosyncrasy.

There is an awkward pause as they stare at one another.

GEORGE

Yeah -- well ---

They embrace, clumsily and awkwardly, almost like two strangers. They break and he moves halfway to the door, turns.

GEORGE

Who were your favorite movie stars?

DORIS

Lon McAllister, Cary Grant, Marlon Brando and Laurence Olivier.

GEORGE

You've come a long way.

DORIS

We both have.

He moves to door, opens it, turns.

GEORGE

Always keep your watch three hours and twenty-five minutes fast, huh.

She nods. He makes a half-formed gesture of bewilderment.

GEORGE

I can't believe this is happening to us.

He exits, shutting the door behind him. Doris stands for a moment, trying to absorb the shock of his departure. Then, trancelike, she gets her suitcase from the closet, puts it on the sofa and starts to pack, but stops to look lovingly around the room, drinking in the memories.

Brief, almost subliminal. The first morning. Doris in bed,

CONTINUED

- 77 CONTINUED 77  
George in his shorts.
- 78 BACK IN THE PRESENT 78  
She moves to, touches the spot on the wall where the hair-  
brush she threw hit.
- 79 MEMORY FLASH 79  
George turning to look at her after she has thrown the hair-  
brush.
- 80 BACK IN THE PRESENT 80  
She moves slowly to look out of the French windows.
- 81 MEMORY FLASH 81  
George and the very pregnant Doris standing on the bridge  
spanning the duck pond.
- 82 BACK IN THE PRESENT 82  
She moves back into the room and gently touches the roses,  
still lost in her memories.
- 83 MEMORY FLASH 83  
Her embracing George when he is weeping over the loss of  
his son.
- 84 BACK IN THE PRESENT 84  
We see that Doris' eyes are filling with tears.
- 85 MEMORY FLASH 85  
Doris and George in bed, reading the newspaper.
- 86 BACK IN THE PRESENT 86  
We see that Doris is openly weeping.

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED

86

She throws herself on the bed but turns and looks as the front door crashes open and George enters carrying his suitcase.

GEORGE

Okay, I'm back, goddamnit!

He throws his suitcase on the floor.

DORIS

(astounded)

But -- But what about Connie?

GEORGE

Connie's eighty-seven years old!!

She stares at him, speechless, as he throws his raincoat and hat down through following:

GEORGE

Look, I wanted you to marry me and I figured if you thought someone else wanted me, I might stand a better chance -- Okay, maybe I didn't think it through. I was desperate, okay?

She starts to laugh. He turns to look at her.

GEORGE

Look, for once in my life I wanted a happy ending. Listen, I don't want to talk about it any more! I'm back and I'm going to keep coming back every year until our bones are too brittle to risk contact!

She moves blindly into his arms and they cling to each other tightly for a few long moments as we:

SLOWLY DISSOLVE

87 EXT. DECK - COTTAGE - INN - DAY - MED. LONG SHOT

87

George and Doris, their arms around each other, come out onto the deck, take in the view for a moment before he helps her down the steps to the grounds.

88 ANOTHER ANGLE

88

As the camera pulls up and away until it takes in the grounds, the beach and the inn.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED

88

Finally, Doris and George are two small figures, her arm through his, as they move slowly through the grounds, chatting to each other like old, good friends and we slowly:

FADE OUT

THE END