

RICHARD GERE DIANE LANE

UNFAITHFUL

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1 EXT. A QUIET MORNING (DAWN) - ARDSLEY, NEW YORK 1 *

March in a quiet commuter suburb. Early spring colors, gray air. There is no breeze, but then one starts. It grows stronger, rustling the leaves as we pass through town until we reach:

2 THE COMFORTABLE HOME OF EDWARD AND CONNIE SUMNER 2 *

The wind grows stronger. It blows a child's BICYCLE over. Kid's toys skitter around the yard. *

3 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING 3

CHARLIE, 8, is lying on his back under the kitchen table playing Game Boy. He holds it in the air. *

His mother, CONNIE, attractive, intelligent, 30s, makes his school lunch. It's a typical morning: pure chaos. But Connie is used to being under siege. She gazes out at the trees bending in the wind. *

CONNIE *

Really blowing out there.

Ignoring her, Charlie plays Game Boy. He makes wet-sounding shooting and exploding noises. Nearby, POPPY, the dog, eats from its bowl. On the kitchen TV, a financial channel reports on the NASDAQ futures.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

(about the Game Boy)

That better not be the one where you blow people up.

CHARLIE

(still making blowing-people-up noises)

It's not, Mom.

CONNIE

Yeah, right. Get up here and finish your breakfast.

Wearily, as though shouldering life's heaviest burden, Charlie picks himself up and shuffles to the kitchen table. But he doesn't sit down. He stares at his now-soggy cereal.

EDWARD, late 40s, good-looking, enters, almost dressed for work. Sleepily, he is buttoning his pants. He holds a belt and the New York Times. On his entrance, Charlie lights up. He jumps up, sticks one hand under his armpit and pumps the other arm, making little squeaky-farty noises.

5

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Dad! Look what I can do!

Pfft, pfft, pfft goes his armpit.

EDWARD

(buttoning his pants)

That's spectacular, kiddo.

Connie looks up at him and smiles. She points at Edward's pants, then at his jacket. *

EDWARD (CONT'D)

What?

CONNIE

Navy. Black.

Edward peers down at his mismatched pants and jacket. Surprised. *

EDWARD

Right. I knew that. Doesn't work for you? *

CHARLIE

Dad! Watch! *

Charlie grabs a Kleenex, holds it over his face, then sticks his tongue through, so it comes shooting out the tissue. Edward laughs. Charlie laughs. Connie tries not to laugh. *

CONNIE

I can't believe you taught him that. *

Charlie is picking pieces of tissue off his tongue and examining his lunch. *

CHARLIE

You gave me those weird cookies again!

The dog is rattling the bowl, pushing it around the floor to get the last bits of food. Without missing a beat, Connie sticks out her foot to stop the bowl.

CONNIE

No sugar snacks, honey. School rules. We go through this every day.

CHARLIE

I want to go to a different school. *

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

Edward is staring at the financial report on the TV. Out of habit, he reaches out for the over-twisted phone cord and starts uncoiling it, straightening it out. Almost without even realizing he's doing it.

EDWARD

Look at this, Con.

CONNIE

(to Charlie)

Did you brush your teeth?

CHARLIE

Yes.

CONNIE

(warningly)

Charlie...

She looks down at him.

CHARLIE

I brushed them.

He bares his teeth.

CONNIE

Let's go, Charlie. I'm serious.

She marches him to the bathroom.

CHARLIE

You're driving me bonkers, Mom!

Edward stares at the TV and continues untangling the phone cord.

EDWARD

Con, do you remember when we were going to buy Navatel, and you said no? Remember what the stock price was then?

CONNIE

150?

EDWARD

(sighing)

Close. It was 61.

Charlie and Connie hover over the sink. Connie puts toothpaste on Charlie's brush.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
I'll do it, Mom.

CONNIE
No, I'll do it. You had two cavities last time. People don't even get cavities any more.

She grabs his head in a viselike grip and begins brushing his teeth.

EDWARD
Con, do you know what it is now?
(It's a routine they've performed many times--Connie less enthusiastically than he)

Charlie tries to protest as she brushes, but his words are incomprehensible.

CONNIE
65?

EDWARD
More.

CONNIE
69?

EDWARD
More.

CONNIE
(to Charlie)
Say "eeee."

He says "eeee," which lets her get at the front teeth.

EDWARD
Guess, Con.

CONNIE
Edward, I don't know. All right?

EDWARD
Seventy-four!

He replaces the handset on the cradle, the cord all tidied up.

3 CONTINUED: (4)

3

CONNIE
 (to Charlie)
 Now spit. And go pee.

She leaves the bathroom. Charlie dribbles spit down the edge of the sink.

EDWARD
 Seventy-four. Jesus! We should have bought them.

He peels off toward the bedroom to change his pants.

CONNIE
 (on his exit)
 So buy some.
 (to Charlie in the bathroom)
 Lift the toilet seat, honey!

Thonk. We hear it go up. There's a tinkling sound.

EDWARD (O.S.)
 (as he goes upstairs)
 Too late, Con. Too late.

CONNIE
 Don't forget to put it down...

Thonk. We hear the toilet seat go down.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
 (too late)
 ...when you finish.

4 INT. ENTRY HALL - MOMENTS LATER

4

Charlie pulls an enormous backpack onto his back as Connie pulls gloves onto his reluctant hands. He looks like an astronaut.

CONNIE
 (re. the backpack)
 Do you really need all that stuff?

CHARLIE
 I hate gloves. They choke your hands.

CONNIE
 It's windy and cold out there.

She pulls a distinctly uncool woolly watch cap over his head.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

CHARLIE

No one wears these dorky hats.

CONNIE

You do. And you're not a dork.

Briefcase in hand, Edward appears. He models his suit again.

EDWARD

You like?

CONNIE

Black. And black. Very Lou Reed.

She kisses him.

EDWARD

What would I be without you?

She smiles at him.

CONNIE

Mismatched.

He starts to open the door, and the wind catches it, blowing it wide open.

EDWARD

Whoa.

He shoves it closed.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Maybe you shouldn't go in.

CONNIE

I have to. I have auction stuff to do.
And someone has a birthday coming up.

CHARLIE

Latrell Sprewell jersey, Mom. Don't forget.

CONNIE

He's on the Yankees, right?

CHARLIE

(walking away)
Mom!! You're driving me bonkers!

Edward and Connie share a look over Charlie's new pet phrase, then Edward bundles Charlie up.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

He and Charlie head out into the wind. Connie watches through the window as he struggles against the wind to get the car door open and Charlie inside.

5 INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

5

Connie comes back in. The financial news is still on the TV.

CONNIE
(to the TV)
Shut up!

She slams the off button. The TV goes dead. The silence is deafening. She begins clearing the dishes and loading the dishwasher. Clank. Clank.

6 EXT. ARDSLEY-ON-HUDSON STATION/INT. CONNIE'S TOYOTA - LATER THAT NIGHT 6 *

Connie pulls into the parking lot in her car. As usual, she's late for the train, and, as usual, there's no place to park. A shopping cart, blown by the wind, rolls in front of her. Other travelers lean into the wind.

She cruises up one row and down another. There's one space, but it's too small, so she pulls into a yellow-lined space.

Holding her hair against the wind, she jumps out and runs for the station as the train pulls in.

7 INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - DAY

7

A sea of newspapers held up by her fellow passengers greets Connie. She finds a seat as the train pulls away.

8 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

8

Still incredibly windy. Everything is in the air -- hats, loose paper, the early leaf buds of March. Everything is up for grabs.

9 INT. GOURMET STORE - DAY

9

Crowded. Connie is doing some slightly flirty, good-natured badgering with the owner, a barrel-chested Italian man.

CONNIE
Two baskets? You can do better than that. Look how well you're doing here -- it's packed. You're rich.

(CONTINUED)

OWNER

Signora, everybody comes to me, asks me for a basket -- this charity, that charity --

CONNIE

But this is for a school. What's more important than kids and education?

(he wavers. new tactic)

Besides, if you add up what I spend in here every year --

OWNER

Fine, five baskets.

(Connie smiles big)

For a school in Westchester. I should hire you to sell for me, I could live there.

CONNIE

You're that much closer to Heaven, Mr. Cavallari.

10 EXT. CORTLAND ALLEY - DAY

10

Connie struggles down the alley in the wind. Metal shutters are clanging. Paper and debris spiral around her in little eddies.

11 EXT. PARTY STORE - AFTERNOON

11

Outside the store, blow-up dinosaurs, zebras, Big Birds, and elephants thrash crazily in the wind. Through the window, we see Connie at the register, paying. She exits, carrying sacks of party favors. Struggling to keep her balance in the wind, she tries to hail a taxi.

12 ANGLE ON MERCER STREET CORNER

12

Connie appears, still looking for a cab. As she rounds the corner, a burst of wind grabs her and whips her around. She loses control. Twisting, turning, fighting to hold on to something, she tries to slow down, losing her balance, regaining it, losing it again...

ON PAUL MARTEL, 30-ish. He is in the middle of the sidewalk, his arms piled with books, his chin holding them precariously in place. He watches Connie's teetering progress with a kind of horror. The wind hurtles her toward him like a missile. He dances one way, then another, trying to get out of her path, but it's all happening too quickly.

(CONTINUED)

Finally, inevitably, she CRASHES into him. His books fly, and so do her bags, blasting party favors in every direction.

Paul and Connie lie in a heap, her slightly on top of him. Paul lets loose a torrent of French and English curses. *

CONNIE
(twisting to get a look at him)
I'm sorry. Your books...

He starts to collect them, then notices her party favors are scattering down the street. *

PAUL
Stay there. I'll...

He gets up painfully--more painfully than he expected. *

PAUL (CONT'D)
Ow, shit, what did you do to me? *

CONNIE
I'm really sorry.

He GRABS HIS NOSE, winces, then hobbles out into the street and begins chasing down her party favors. *

CONNIE (CONT'D)
(feebly)
Please don't. Really...

Paul is grasping at party favors as they blow by, but he's obviously in pain and he keeps cursing to himself. *

PAUL
It's all right. I'll get you a cab.
(quietly, to himself)
Fuck -- *

He tries to hail a cab, but it whooshes by him. He hops on one leg. A GARBAGE CAN LID rolls past him in the wind, and he tries to KICK it. Misses it. Smiles at her.

ON CONNIE: taking it in.

Another taxi whooshes by.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Bad day for taxis. *

His arms are full of party favors now. She tries to get up, but she's more hurt than she expected. Her knee collapses. It's really bleeding.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE
Shit. Shit. Shit.

He hobbles to her side, hands her the party favors, and begins picking up books. *

PAUL
You shot down there like a bullet. If you'd flapped your arms, you'd be home by now. *

CONNIE
(receiving party favors,
watching him in motion)
I'll remember that next time.

PAUL
(re. her knee)
That's not good.
(points up)
Listen, that's me up there. The flower pot. *

She looks up and sees a flower pot with a dead plant in it sitting on the window ledge.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I'll get you a Band-Aid. Hold onto something. Don't blow away. *

He starts hobbling up the stoop, carrying his books; then reconsiders.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Or you can come on up and clean it off. *

Connie sits on the stoop, the wind howling in her ears. The look on her face: is she really going to follow him up to his place?

CONNIE
Um ...

She looks down at her knee, which is bleeding down her shin. He stands in the doorway, holding the door open for her. *

PAUL
Come on. I promise I'm not an axe murderer. *

She smiles back, gets up and follows him in. As she does, an EMPTY TAXI drives by. She watches it go. *

13 INT. PAUL'S BUILDING - FOYER - DAY 13 *

Paul and Connie enter. A hand-lettered "Out of Order" sign hangs on the elevator. *

They continue up the stairs. Connie's trailing behind Paul. *

CONNIE

You didn't tell me about the stairs.

PAUL

Don't bleed on them. I've got a mean landlady. *

She smiles as she reaches a landing. She looks up warily at the next flight and sees him leaning over the stairway.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(with a smile)

One more. You can make it. *

She smiles and continues upwards.

14 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON 14 *

A cavernous loft, very bohemian. It is, almost literally, a MAZE OF BOOKS. Books are stacked in twisting lines--WALLS AND PASSAGEWAYS OF BOOKS. Paul enters, leaving the door open. He puts down his new acquisitions and turns to see Connie arriving at the landing. *

PAUL

Pardon the mess. *

CONNIE

(entering)

Are you a writer? *

PAUL

No. I collect books. *

They enter a small living-room area and he points toward the rear. She hesitates.

PAUL (CONT'D)

The bathroom's down there. You can sneak a peek at my prescriptions. *

She can't help laughing as she goes toward the bathroom.

15 INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

15

She goes in and locks the door. She looks in the mirror, winces. Her knee really does hurt.

She examines it. Not too deep a wound, but very messy and still bleeding. She takes off her shoes. One has a bloodstain on it. She wets a washcloth.

Feeling slightly illicit, she does sneak a peek in the medicine cabinet, which is over the toilet. As she opens it, a bottle of aspirin tumbles out noisily and splashes into the toilet. Perfect. She stares at it, then fishes it out, dumps it in the sink, washes her hands, dries it off, and carefully puts it back in the crowded medicine cabinet.

She finds his Band-Aids, dabs the blood from her knee, and shimmies out of her ripped and bloodstained panty-hose. She puts on her shoes, limps to the side of the tub, sits, wipes away the new blood, and covers the cut with a few Band-Aids.

Then she stands and looks at her watch. She sees a mug on the sink. She rinses it out, fills it with water, and drinks. Then a look at herself in the mirror. What a mess. She fixes her hair. She takes a deep breath and opens the door. *

16 INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

16

She comes out. But he's nowhere to be seen. Just the maze of books.

CONNIE

Hello?

She makes her way through the maze of books, looking for him. She sees a picture on the wall -- Paul surrounded by a bunch of African Tuareg children, wearing a traditional blue Tuareg scarf. As she looks at it, he appears in front of her, holding two mugs. She starts -- *

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Oh --

PAUL

Tea. *

CONNIE

Oh. Thank you.

She steps out into the open room. It's full of more books. In one corner, there's a collection of sculptor's tools -- a pedestal, crusts of clay on the floor, sculpting knives. *

(CONTINUED)

A punching bag hangs in the middle of the room. There are boxing trophies on a shelf and gloves on a chair. *

CONNIE (CONT'D) *

Do you box? *

PAUL *

I used to. *

He makes a little sparring gesture at her. She laughs. Then takes in the apartment. *

CONNIE *

It's a nice place. *

PAUL *

It's not mine. The owner is a sculptor, a friend of mine. He's in Paris. So we stay here. Me and my books. [beat] Here, look at these. *

He goes to the refrigerator and opens it. The top shelf is full of wax models of hands. Connie makes a face, a little grossed-out. *

PAUL (CONT'D) *

It keeps them from melting, I guess. *

He takes one out. It has the index finger extended. He looks at it a moment, then, smiling, uses the extended wax finger to give her a playful little poke. It's slightly awkward. *

CONNIE *

I should call home. *

PAUL *

Sure. There's a phone by the... *

CONNIE *

I see it. *

She sits on one end of the couch and dials. *

CONNIE (CONT'D) *

(on the phone)

Hello? Lupe? How's everything...? Good. I'm going to be a little late. Is Charlie...? Hi, honey...How was school?...I missed my train, can you believe it? *

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly she feels something on her knee. She whips her head around. Paul is kneeling at her feet, putting a washcloth full of ice on her bad knee. He puts her hand on it. *

PAUL
(almost a whisper)
Ice. *

She holds the ice against her knee, very uncomfortable with the intimacy of the situation--especially now, on the phone with her son.

CONNIE
(on the phone, a little fazed)
About an hour. Start your homework.
Daddy'll help you. Okay?...I'll tell you
about it when I get home. Okay? Love you.
Bye. *

She hangs up. Paul is at the window, looking out. *

CONNIE (CONT'D)
My son, Charlie. He's seven. He'll be
eight next week. *

PAUL
I'm Paul Martel. I'll be 28 in July. *

CONNIE
I'm Constance.
(beat)
And I'm late. I have to go. *

She limps toward where she thinks the door was. She's uncertain. He comes near her.

PAUL
Before you go. Take a book. *

CONNIE
No, I couldn't.

PAUL
Sure you can. Keepsake. Go down that
aisle. *

He points down an aisle of books. She looks at him, then, hesitantly, walks down it.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Go on. Now left. No, left. Now the first
right. *

(CONTINUED)

We can only see the top of her head. She stands on her tiptoes and peeks over the top of the stacks, looking for him, but she can't see him.

PAUL (CONT'D) *
Now take the fourth one from the top.

CONNIE *
Under these?

PAUL *
Yes. Got it?

She pulls out a book that has elaborate Arabic designs on the cover. *

CONNIE *
Yes.

PAUL *
Want me to tell you what it is? *

She looks up again, but she still can't see him. *

CONNIE *
You can't.

PAUL *
Omar Khayyam. The Ruba'iyat. *

CONNIE *
That's amazing.

PAUL *
Now open to page 63. *

She does. We see a hand-written English translation beside the French text. She reads. She hears his footsteps getting closer. *

CONNIE *
"Drink wine, this is life eternal/ This, *
all that youth will give you./ It is the *
season for wine, roses and drunken *
friends ..."

And then he's right there, beside her, looking at her. He finishes the verse for her, from memory. *

PAUL *
"... Be happy for this moment -- this *
moment is your life."

16 CONTINUED: (4)

They look at each other for a moment.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(smiling)
It's really better in French.

CONNIE
I've gotta go. [re. the book:] Thank you.

PAUL
Can you find your way out?

CONNIE
Hope so.

She heads toward a door.

PAUL
That's my bedroom.

CONNIE
Oh.

She blushes, then remembers where the door is and heads toward it. She has to brush by him to get to it. As she does:

PAUL
It was nice meeting you, Constance.

She pauses. A loaded moment. Then she heads purposefully toward the exit.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Come back if you need more books. Or medical attention.

17 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - AFTERNOON 17

Connie limps across the main hall toward the gate.

18 INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - AFTERNOON 18

Moving away from the city. Connie studies her reflection in the window, lost in thought. A middle-aged BUSINESSMAN, searching for a seat, sits next to her. He settles in, then opens his briefcase to work. Connie goes to her purse and takes out her Filofax. She sees the book, then takes it out and opens it.

CONDUCTOR
Tickets!

19. EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON 19

She pulls a parking ticket off her windshield.

20 EXT. HER TOWN (ARDSLEY) - HER STREET - LATE AFTERNOON 20 *

The Toyota pulls into the driveway. *

21. INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON 21 *

Connie enters from the garage with all her packages. Charlie is watching TV. He hops up when he sees her and shuts it off.

CONNIE

That wouldn't be the TV on, would it?

CHARLIE

I was just turning it off.

She smiles at the fib, then plops herself on a kitchen chair and puts her packages on the table. Charlie sees her knee -- the blood has seeped through the Band-Aids -- and approaches it with rapt fascination.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Wow! Gross! Were you in a fight?

CONNIE

I fell down.

LUPE, the cleaning lady, puts down the dishes she's doing and moves to the freezer. *

LUPE

I'll get you some ice. *

CONNIE

(having fun, to Charlie)

Check this out. It gets better. *

Connie slowly peels off the Band-Aid, revealing her raw, skinned knee.

CHARLIE

Excellent!

He runs from the room.

CONNIE

Where are you going?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

CHARLIE
To get the camera!

Connie smiles at this. Lupe hands her the ice pack.

CONNIE
Thank you, Lupe.

She gently lays the ice pack on her knee. Charlie runs back in with the camera.

CHARLIE
It's for school. We're doing blood and stuff.
(lifts camera)
Okay, now look like it really hurts.

Connie makes an agonized face. Flash! goes the Polaroid. Out whirs the developing photo.

22 INT. CONNIE'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

22

Fully developed now, the photo of Connie's knee is in Edward's hand as he appears at the door with Charlie at his side. Connie is holding the icepack on her knee.

EDWARD
So he's a war photographer now.
(holding the photo)
What's this?

CHARLIE
The wind blew her down. She couldn't stop. She bled and everything. Everybody's hats blew off.

Edward heads into the bathroom.

EDWARD
(to Connie)
God, were you out in that wind today? It was amazing.

Edward lifts the seat and starts peeing.

CONNIE
It was unbelievable. Took me down like an old lady.

CHARLIE
Look at the picture, Dad.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD

(to Connie)

Thank God we've got the evidence. Anyone we can sue?

CONNIE

(laughing)

No. There was this nice guy who helped me.

Charlie begins running and spinning around the room.

CHARLIE

It was like this, Dad! It was a twister! Dad! Look! It was a twister!

Edward looks over his shoulder at Charlie.

CONNIE

He lived around there, so he brought me a band-aid and put me in a taxi.

Edward flushes, zips up.

EDWARD

(joking around)

Was he good-looking?

CHARLIE

(spinning, falling, spinning)

Dad! Look!

EDWARD

Go do your homework, Charlie.

CHARLIE

I can't. I don't know how to do it.

EDWARD

Come on. I'll help you. Then you can help me with mine.

Edward follows Charlie out of the room.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

(to Connie)

Did you get his name, the guy? We could send him a bottle of wine...

(over his shoulder, smiling)

Cheap wine.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

CONNIE

It was all so fast. Anyway, I'm fine. I survived.

And they leave.

23 INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

23

Charlie's in bed. Connie is sitting on his bed. This is a nightly routine.

CONNIE

What was the best part of today?

CHARLIE

Um... taking a picture of your knee.
What was your best part?

CONNIE

Hm, I hadn't thought about it yet. Let's see.

(thinks)

I saw a man's toupee fly off in the wind.
That was pretty great.

CHARLIE

What's a toupee?

CONNIE

Fake hair.

Charlie makes an eew face. Connie makes one back, concurring. Then she pulls the covers up around him.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Night, sweetie.

As she leans over and kisses him, she feels something under the covers. Pulls it out. His baseball mitt.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Ah-hah!

He smiles guiltily as she takes the mitt from him. She kisses him again, and limps out.

CHARLIE

Leave the light on!

She smiles at him. Then she flicks the light off and on.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Mom!

It's a game they play.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Ten minutes.

CONNIE

Five.

She blows him another kiss.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Sweet dreams.

24 INT. CONNIE'S DRESSING ROOM - A BOOKSHELF - NIGHT 24

CLOSE ON A ROW OF BOOKS. Then we see Connie, now in a night slip, standing at the bookshelf, holding the book Paul gave her. She looks at it a moment, smiles a little, then places it on the shelf, pushing it back a little DEEPER than the other books. *

25 INT. SUMNER BEDROOM - NIGHT 25 *

Edward is lying in bed, with all the parts of a brand new digital camera and the manual, spread out before him. He's concentrating hard. Connie enters and stands by him. He feels her there.

EDWARD

(more to himself than her)
What I can't figure out is how you go
from ... stay there for a sec, okay?

He turns the camera on and points it at her. Looking at the little screen, he fiddles with the zoom. Zooms in on her, zooms out. He's focused on the hardware, not the subject.

Connie moves toward the bed ...

EDWARD (CONT'D)

No, wait, stay still --

... and climbs on top of him, straddling him ...

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Con, wait, I just want to figure out this
one --

(CONTINUED)

... then, while he's still looking at the viewfinder, she hikes up her slip a little bit, pulls the covers down, so there's nothing between them but his shorts, and presses into him a bit. Edward looks up, pleased -- a little surprised. This is clearly not the normal bedtime routine.

CONNIE

What's the matter?

EDWARD

(happily shifting gears)

Nothing. Nothing at all.

He clears the camera stuff onto the floor. She slides the slip off one shoulder. He still has the camera on her.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Jesus, look how beautiful you are.

She leans in and starts kissing him. While they kiss, he moves the camera around her body, so when he looks at the little screen, he can see bits of her blurry back, her feet, her ass ...

Just as they're really starting to enjoy themselves, there's a THUD from another room. They stop, look at each other.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Shit. [beat] I got it.

He gets up. On his way out of the room:

EDWARD (CONT'D)

(it's happened in the past)

Don't fall asleep.

26 INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

26

Edward enters to find Charlie and a heap of bedclothes tangled on the floor. He kneels down and picks up the still sleeping boy. He looks down at the boy in his arms.

EDWARD

(softly, lovingly)

You're driving me bonkers.

He puts him back in the bed, then straightens the bedclothes and covers his son back up.

27 INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - DAY

27

Connie is on her way back from New York bags piled on the seat beside her, a painting propped against them. She sits by herself, looking through her Filofax. Crosses things off her to-do list: Latrell jersey, gift baskets, Spinelli Gallery.

She can see into the window of the car ahead of her. The train goes around a bend, and suddenly, through that window, she sees Paul. Could it be? She stares, but he doesn't see her. The train pulls out of the turn. She can't see him any more.

She cranes her head to see whether she can catch sight of him, but just as she does the train turns again, and there he is. She waves, trying to get his attention. He looks up--and breaks into a grin.

Hoisting one leg in the air, he points to it and makes a questioning face: How's the knee? She smiles, with a nod and a gesture: Not bad. Then she points questioningly to her nose, asking how's his. He wiggles his nose, gives a nod: It's working okay. For a moment they smile at each other, not sure where this is going. And then the train straightens out and he vanishes.

But then he leans back into view and mimes "Call me", as people are getting up around him to get off the train. He waves and goes with them.

She sits, thinking, a smile playing on the corners of her mouth.

CUT TO:

28 INT. SUMNER HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

28

Connie moves through the living room, carrying paper birthday plates with cake residue on them. From OUTSIDE, she hears kids laughing. She looks out the window and sees Charlie (now wearing his Latrell Sprewell jersey) and a bunch of boys tearing around the balloon-festooned lawn, chasing after Edward, squirting him with aerosol silly string. He's dodging and weaving to avoid them. They finally catch up to him, tackle him, and climb all over him in a giant pig-pile.

Connie watches. Behind her, a COLLECTION OF SNOW GLOBES.

29 INT. SUMNER BEDROOM - MORNING

29 *

Connie getting dressed, in peace and quiet. Jeans and bra. As she pulls on one shoe, Charlie comes in, bundled up in his coat. He is chewing something.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
(theatrically)
Mom, are you crazy? You forgot my lunch!

CONNIE
I didn't forget it. It's in the...here.

She steers him toward the laundry room, bobbing up and down in the one shoe. As they move through the house:

CONNIE (CONT'D)
What are you chewing?

CHARLIE
Nothing.

She holds out her hand for him to spit into it, and he does. It's a glob of gooey, sticky candy. And now it's stuck to the palm of her hand. She stares at it.

CONNIE
Lovely.

CHARLIE
Mom...

They enter the laundry room. She whisks the lunchpail off the washing machine and hands it to him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I don't want to be a dumb bunny.

As they head back toward the door...

CONNIE
Honey, it's a play. There'll be lots of bunnies. It'll be cool to be a bunny.

CHARLIE
You're bonkers, Mom.

CONNIE
So you tell me.
(kisses him, shoos him out door)
I love you.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

She sends him off and heads up the stairs.

30 INT. SUMNER BEDROOM - DAY

30

*

She passes by the window, watching as Charlie hops into the car. Edward FLAPS HIS TIE at her for approval. She waggles her hand a little -- uh, so-so. He laughs.

31 INT. CONNIE'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

31

Connie enters, looking for a shirt to wear. She pauses when she sees her books, and PAUL'S BOOK pushed deep into the shelf. She pulls it out. A CARD falls out of it. She contemplates the glop in her hand, then pops Charlie's candy into her mouth to free up her other hand and picks the card up off the floor. It has Paul'S NAME AND PHONE NUMBER on it.

*

*

CUT TO:

32 INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY

32

CU of Connie's hand, punching numbers on a pay phone. But as we pull back, she stops herself and hangs up the phone.

The quarter drops with a clang. She takes it out.

For a moment the quarter burns a hole in her hand. She stares at her paper cup of coffee cooling by the phone.

She drops the quarter in the phone again and punches the number. Two rings. And then:

PAUL'S VOICE

You've got Paul Martel. Leave a message,
I'll call you back.

*

*

Beep.

CONNIE

Uh--

She moves to hang up the phone, but just as it's about to hit the cradle, she hears his voice.

PAUL'S VOICE

Hello?...Hello?

*

A tiny hesitation. She puts the phone to her ear.

*

CONNIE

Oh. You're there. This is Connie Sumner.
I'm the one, on that really windy day...

*

(CONTINUED)

PAUL'S VOICE

(teasing)
Oh, that one.
(then:)
How's the knee? Did you ice it?

CONNIE

I iced it, elevated it, you name it, I did it. It's a lot better. I just wanted to call and thank you. And ask for your address. I was going to send you a--

INTERCUT:

33 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY

33

Paul roaming, sorting books, cradling the phone.

PAUL

Where are you?

CONNIE

(caught off guard)
What?

PAUL

Where are you?

CONNIE

Grand Central. It's hard to hear.

PAUL

Come on down.

CONNIE

What?

PAUL

Take a break. I'll make you some coffee.

CONNIE

Coffee...

She stares at her paper coffee cup, conflicted.

34 EXT. PAUL'S BUILDING - DAY

34

Establishing. The flower pot in the window.

ANGLE DOWN on Connie looking up at Paul's apartment.

35 EXT. DOOR - INTERCOM - DAY 35

Hesitantly, she rings him. Almost immediately we HEAR the BUZZER. Loud and long. She pushes open the door.

36 INT. PAUL'S BUILDING - STAIRCASE - DAY 36 *

As she huffs and puffs up the staircase to his landing, Paul is standing barefoot in his open doorway, waiting with a welcoming grin. *

She walks down his hallway as he considers her openly, making her self-conscious.

PAUL
(re: her knee)
No permanent damage, I see. *

She bounces a little on the injured leg to show how she's healed. He extends his arm to usher her in.

PAUL (CONT'D) *
We take Medicaid, Blue Cross -- *

CONNIE
Sorry. I'm uninsured.

PAUL *
Oh God, another charity case.

He shuts the door in her face. She stands there a moment, thrown. Then the door reopens and he's standing there, grinning. He steps aside, letting her in.

37 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY 37 *

Books are everywhere. Paul picks one up. It's in a clear, plastic cover. *

PAUL *
Look at this. Antoine de Saint-Exupery. *
First edition of "Le Petit Prince" in *
English. In the original dust jacket. I *
got it for a buck fifty. *

CONNIE
It's worth more?

PAUL *
About two thousand times more. *

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE
You're kidding.

PAUL
I found it at an estate sale in White
Plains. Oh--that day I saw you on the
train.

CONNIE
Yeah. That was ...

PAUL
Yeah.

Connie picks up a book from one of the stacks.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Those are all in French. Do you read
French?

CONNIE
I took it in school.

PAUL
Tu veut enlever ton manteau?

CONNIE
Do I want to take off...something?

PAUL
Would you like to take off your coat?

CONNIE
Oh. My coat. Yes, I will. For a little
while. I can't stay long.

He helps her off with the coat. She is very aware of him, of
his nearness.

PAUL
I'll get the coffee.

He goes into the kitchen.

PAUL (CONT'D)
How was the birthday party?

CONNIE
No casualties. And I didn't cry. [beat] I
usually cry on his birthday.

(CONTINUED)

It's as if she's said too much. An awkward silence. Paul brings them cups of coffee.

PAUL

Let me show you something -- I just found this the other day.

He puts down his mug, digs a big, heavy book out of a box and opens it up. The pages are white, with bumps.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(pronouncing it in French)

It's in Braille.

CONNIE

In what?

(realizing)

Oh, Braille.

PAUL

No, Braille - he was French. [beat] Close your eyes.

She hesitates. He takes her cup from her, puts it down on the table.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Close them.

She does. He takes her hand and puts it on the page, then sets her index finger on the first line of Braille. As she starts to run her finger across the tiny bumps:

PAUL (CONT'D)

(quoting)

"When he thought of her, he thought of caramel..."

She continues moving her hand along the page as he recites the text. He sets his hand down on the right side of the page, so that her hand, moving across the bumps, will hit it.

PAUL (CONT'D)

"... and the delicious way it had of lingering in the cracks of his teeth. That's how it was with her. Still there, even days after she'd left."

When her fingers to meet his, she stops. Opens her eyes. But doesn't pull her hand away.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE
You read Braille.

With a smile, he flips the cover over, so she can see the title. "The Joy of Cooking." Connie laughs.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
You made that up.

PAUL
I did.

Their fingers are still touching on the page.

CONNIE
(hesitatingly)
I'd better go.

But he keeps moving his fingers on hers, intertwining them more, exploring the crevices between her fingers. She lets him continue for a moment. And then --

CONNIE (CONT'D)
(turning toward the door)
I'd better go.

She withdraws her hand. He opens the door for her. She manages a half-smile.

PAUL
Take care. Don't fall.

CONNIE
Thanks for the coffee.

She heads out the door.

PAUL
You didn't drink it.

But he is talking to an empty hallway. She's gone.

38 EXT. PAUL'S BUILDING - DAY

38

Connie stands on the steps, feeling the unfamiliar excitement in her bones. She pulls up her collar, then re-joins the real world.

CONNIE
Taxi!

39 EXT. EDWARD'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 39

A cab pulls up. As the mechanized voice of Judge Judy reminds her to take her belongings, Connie gets out of the cab and goes into the building. *

40 OMIT 40 *

41 INT. HALLWAY - LEADS TO EDWARD'S OFFICE - DAY 41

She walks past smaller offices with frosted windows. Edward's business is old-economy, established, unglamorous but substantial, and the offices reflect all that. Along the walls are black-and-white photographs of SUMNER ARMORED TRUCKS, from the early twentieth century to the present. Pictures of Edward's grandfather and father, who ran the business before Edward did. *

42 INT. EDWARD'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY 42

Lindsay, Edward's attractive late-20's assistant, is working at her desk when Connie enters. *

LINDSAY *

Connie!

CONNIE *

Hi, Lindsay.

LINDSAY *

Let me buzz him.

(picks up the phone)

Your wife is here.

(she gets up, on the way to the door)

You look great. Did you cut your hair?

Connie's hand goes to her hair.

CONNIE *

Not lately...But thanks.

43 INT. EDWARD'S OFFICE - DAY 43

Edward is halfway to the door. BILL STONE, an employee, is ready to leave. *

EDWARD *

Hey -- what a nice surprise.

BILL *

Hi, Connie.

(CONTINUED)

Bill walks over, gives her a hug and a kiss on the cheek. *

CONNIE
Hi, Bill. I'm interrupting. *

BILL
No, I'm just leaving. *
(to Edward)
I'll get back to you. *

He exits.

LINDSAY
Coffee? *

CONNIE
No, thanks.

Lindsay leaves. Connie goes to Edward, gives him a hug and a kiss. She holds onto him as if for dear life. *

EDWARD
Mmm. That's nice. I didn't know you
were coming in. You could've driven in
with me. You're freezing.

CONNIE
I was around the corner. I brought you a
present.

EDWARD
Wow. What's the occasion?

CONNIE
(smiling, a little
uncomfortable)
I don't know...Nothing. [beat] It's a
medium. But they run large.

He unfolds a cashmere sweater.

EDWARD
I'll try it on.

CONNIE
You don't have to try it on now.

EDWARD
(smiling)
Why not? I'm the boss.

Takes his jacket off, puts on the sweater. He models it. *

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD (CONT'D)
What do you think?

The PHONE buzzes. He picks it up.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Yes?...All right. And then hold my calls.

CONNIE
(uneasy)
You're busy. I'll go.

He motions for her to stay.

EDWARD
(into phone, eyes on Connie as
he speaks. He is strong,
controlled)
Hello, Henry. What's this I-54 problem?
Why wasn't I told?

He continues talking as WE FAVOR Connie, who plays nervously with her earring. She looks at the various framed photographs of the family on his desk: at play, their wedding, baby Charlie, Charlie playing soccer.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
(forceful)
Never received it....Well, get it to me.
No, that's not all right....Then let's
set a time, and I want Frank Birnbaum
there.

Connie gets up and moves to the window, looks out. She seems UNEASY.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Cause I have a bad feeling about him.
When I tell someone I want them to do
something, I want it done. Yes, I'm sure
you will.
(hangs up, smiles at Connie)
How did I do? Mean enough?

Connie smiles a little nervously.

CONNIE
Trouble in Chicago?

EDWARD
Trouble everywhere. Anyway. What else you
been up to?

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE
Just the auction stuff.

EDWARD
Who'd you hit on?

CONNIE
Oh, you know. The usual suspects. Bob
Gaylord --

Connie notices a tag hanging from the sweater collar. She picks up scissors from Edward's desk and comes nearer to him.

EDWARD
If you get a pledge out of Bob, they
should send you to the Middle East.

She snips off the tag.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
So... come on. Tell me.

They are eyeball to eyeball.

CONNIE
(awkward, a little thrown)
About what?

EDWARD
The sweater. What do you think? Do I
match?

Connie looks at him with a smile.

44 INT. KITCHEN - THAT EVENING

44

After dinner. Cleaning up. Connie is at the sink, rinsing the dishes, preoccupied. The faucet's running on the plates.

Behind her, Edward is wiping off the counters. He brings a glass over to the sink. As he puts it in, he looks over at Connie and smiles. She feels his glance, but doesn't look back, as if she hasn't noticed him looking at her. He sets the glass down and walks away. Then, as he goes, Connie looks up, watches him walk away. Then she looks back at the sink, still deep in thought. As we move in on her face, we hear the sounds of FOOTSTEPS IN AN ECHO-Y HALLWAY.

45 INT. PAUL'S HALLWAY - DAY

45 *

She's at his door. He opens it.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Two.

He holds up two fingers, in mock innocence.

CONNIE

Really?

PAUL

Would I lie to you?

CONNIE

I don't know. Would you?

He gazes into her face.

PAUL

Your eyes are amazing, you know that?
You should never shut them. Not even at
night. You should learn to sleep with
your eyes open.

CONNIE

I'll work on that.

PAUL

Will you?

CONNIE

Sure.

Still holding the paper bag, she lets her hand very slowly go
up to his shoulder. The bag hangs down his back.

She's nervous--wanting this, and fearing it, too. He reaches
up and takes the bag out of her hand. He lets it drop to the
floor.

They dance, every now and then bumping the paper bag. They
don't notice.

Suddenly, the CD sticks. That electronic tic fills the room.
Paul steps away from her.

PAUL

Hang on --

He goes over to the CD player and turns it off. When he
turns back around to her, she's changed -- tightened up a
bit.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE

I think this is a mistake.

He moves slowly toward her.

PAUL

There's no such thing as a mistake.
There's what you do, and what you don't
do.

She can't meet his gaze. She heads for the door.

CONNIE

Well I can't do this.

Not looking back, she bolts out the door. For a moment, we
linger on the closed door. Paul turns off the music. He
stares at the muffin bag on the floor. *

The intercom buzzes. He pushes the button.

47 INT. PAUL'S HALLWAY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 47 *

He opens the door, holding the paper bag. She's standing
there.

CONNIE

Forgot my coat.

And just like that, she's drawn to him like a magnet. They
kiss. He struggles to close the door.

48 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS 48 *

They tear at each other's clothes, kissing, all but devouring
each other. His arms wrapped around her, he lifts her feet
just barely off the ground and, still kissing her, floats her
into

HIS BEDROOM

As he undresses her, he sees her hands are shaking. As are
her arms. In fact, her whole body is trembling in
anticipation.

49 NEW SHOT - She is close to an orgasm, but she shakes her 49
head, pushes him away. she's sweaty, flushed.

CONNIE

I'm sorry, I can't...

Paul looks at her. *

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
What's the matter?

He begins kissing her over and over as she talks. She can hardly get the words out.

CONNIE
I can't let go. I can't...You're not listening to me --

PAUL
(still kissing)
I am.
(looks at her)
Hit me.

She stares at him.

CONNIE
Why?

PAUL
Just do it.

She slaps his face half-heartedly.

PAUL (CONT'D)
No, really hit me.

She slaps him, hard. Then again. And again, a flurry of hits.

And, as he knew it would, hitting him RELEASES something in her. Suddenly she's kissing him and kissing him and he's inside her and she buries her mouth in him to muffle her scream.

50 INT. THE TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

50

Connie sits at the window, staring blankly out at the passing scenery. Until the thought of where she was and what she did hits her and her face transforms -- an embarrassed smile, followed by guilt and confusion.

She sees a woman come out of the bathroom. Picking up her bag and a small shopping bag, she gets up and heads into it.

51 INT. LADIES BATHROOM - DAY

51

She locks the door. Cramped quarters. She has to go through contortions as the train sways. Takes off pantyhose. Takes out new pantyhose from the shopping bag and starts to put them on, the train bumping her around.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

She changes her mind, takes some paper towels, wets them, covers them with liquid soap, washes herself. Whore's bath. Dries herself. Searches in her purse for perfume. Struggles to put on new pantyhose, shoes. Wraps the old hose in a ball.

Someone knocks on the door, turning the knob. She hurries, putting the old pantyhose beneath the paper towels in the wastebasket. She looks at herself. Washes her hands. Fluffs her hair. Exits. A WOMAN waiting to come in smiles politely.

52 EXT. TRAIN STATION, ARDSLEY-ON-HUDSON - TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY 52 *

Wide shot of the train platform. Connie gets off the train and disappears into the crowd. We linger on the train platform and DISSOLVE through to a different set of commuters streaming off another train, among them Edward. *

53 EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - DUSK 53 *

[During this scene we follow Edward and Bob up the stairs and end in the parking lot of the station.] *

Edward, still in his new sweater, as he runs into BOB GAYLORD. *

EDWARD

Bob. How's it going?

BOB

Ed. Any major armed robberies?

EDWARD

Not this week. Speaking of armed robberies, you better watch out for Connie. She'll have you signing over your mortgage.

Bob looks blank.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Didn't she try to collar you for a few bucks?

Bob's still blank.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Connie said she talked to you. About the school auction?

BOB

Not me. I've been out of town. Maybe she talked to Martha.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

EDWARD

Yeah. Yeah, I must have got it wrong.

Bob heads for his car.

BOB

Anyway. We owe you dinner, Ed.

We linger on Edward's face as he tries to make sense of this.

54 INT. SUMNER HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

54

*

TIGHT ON LEFTOVER BIRTHDAY CAKE as a knife slices through it. WIDEN to see Connie cutting it carefully in half and serving it onto two plates.

55 INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

55

Edward and Charlie are playing a PlayStation game, both making sound effects on their turns. Charlie's in pajamas and slippers. It's Edward's turn. While he plays, Charlie manipulates Edward's face with his hands, smooshing it this way and that. Connie enters with the two pieces of cake.

*

*

*

CONNIE

This is the last of it.

EDWARD

Here, split it with me.

*

He holds up a bite for her but she doesn't notice. She seems a million miles away. But then the PHONE RINGS. Connie picks it up.

*

*

CONNIE

Hello...? Oh, hi...

She moves out of the room with the phone. Edward watches her. Charlie goes back to smooshing his face around.

CHARLIE

Knock knock.

Edward turns back to the game...

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Dad -- knock knock.

EDWARD

Who's there?

(CONTINUED)

...but he's still trying to pay attention to Connie, whom we follow to:

THE HALLWAY

CONNIE
(on phone, tentative)
I'm not sure ...

BACK TO EDWARD - we can barely make out Connie's conversation. He gently pushes Charlie's hand away from his face, trying to hear.

CHARLIE
Boo.

EDWARD
Boo who?

CHARLIE
Don't cry, Dad. It's only a joke.

Edward smiling, distracted.

CONNIE (O.S.)
I can try...Right. You, too. Okay.
Thanks. Bye.

CHARLIE
Get it? Dad? Get it?

She comes back in.

EDWARD
(trying to be casual)
Who was that?

CHARLIE
Dad! Your turn!

CONNIE
Tracy. It's the school play. I've got to help make twenty bunny suits.

EDWARD
You're a brave mother.

CONNIE
Bedtime, sweetie.

CHARLIE
We're right in the middle!

EDWARD
Go on. We'll play again tomorrow.

She leads Charlie out. The dog trails behind them, leaving Edward alone.

56 INT. STUDY - NIGHT

56

Edward works at his desk under a cone of light from the desk lamp. Connie comes in.

CONNIE
He's out. Can I get you anything?

EDWARD
No, thanks. I'm fine.

He turns to her, studies her.

CONNIE
What?

EDWARD
Nothing. I'll be right up.

CONNIE
Good.

She kisses his head, then starts out of the room.

EDWARD
Con...
(she turns)
You love me?

CONNIE
Of course I love you. What a silly question.

EDWARD
I guess I'm feeling silly.
(smiles at her)
See you upstairs.

She looks at him a moment, then goes out of the room, leaving him there alone in the cone of light.

*
*

57 INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

57

Connie turns out the lights. She stops at the table with her Snow Globe Collection. She focuses on a Chicago globe. People being blown around.

57 CONTINUED:

57

Underneath them it says "The Windy City." She picks it up, looks at the little figures being tossed around in the wind.

58 INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - DAY

58

*

Hysterical laughter. Paul and Connie are smack in the middle of tumbling and hurling each other around on the bed, naked. She's wearing his boxing gloves. He's tickling her; she's howling, laughing. They're like kids.

*

*

CONNIE

(barely able to speak)

Stop it, I'm going to pee --

(he doesn't stop)

I mean it -- stop --

He stops tickling her, but pins her under his arms and leans over her. Gets a wicked smile.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

(knowing what he's thinking)

No --

He lets a small dangle of spit hang from his mouth, toward her face. She SCREAMS. He sucks up the spit, still laughing.

58A INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - LATER

58A

*

Quiet now. Paul and Connie lying in bed, looking at each other, while Paul slowly wraps Connie up in his Touareg scarf.

*

*

*

58B INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - LATER

58B

*

Connie's asleep now. Paul is drawing on her ribs, just under her breast -- a little doodle. She has no idea.

*

*

58C INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - LATER

58C

*

Paul is up out of bed, getting dressed. Connie's awake, watching him pull his pants over his bare ass. She pulls on one of his t-shirts ...

*

*

*

CONNIE

Oh, here --

*

*

... and gets out of bed. She slips her feet into his big boots, clomps over to her bag, and pulls out the SNOW GLOBE, wrapped in tissue paper.

*

*

CONNIE (CONT'D)

I brought you something.

(CONTINUED)

He comes over to her, smoking a cigarette. She gives him the "Windy City" Snow Globe.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

I collect them. This one made me think of you.

He takes the globe from her.

PAUL

Thank you.

He sticks his cigarette in her mouth so he can turn it over with both hands. While the snow swirls around, Connie takes a drag from the cigarette. Inhales, feels it swirling around. Exhales. Mmmmm.

CONNIE

God, I haven't smoked in years.

He puts the snow globe down on his table unceremoniously.

PAUL

When did you quit?

CONNIE

Seven years ago. When I got pregnant. We both did.

A little awkward moment, with the allusion to Edward.

PAUL

You're making me feel like a bad influence.

CONNIE

Little late in the day for that, don't you think?

She takes another drag. Drinks it in, luxuriating in it. She puts the cigarette in his mouth. He takes a big drag. Blows it out. Kisses her. She comes alive.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

(very quietly)

Oh God ...

59 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

59

Lunchtime. The restaurant is crowded. Connie and Paul are in a booth at the back. A waiter gives them menus. Connie looks around nervously.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE
What are we doing here?

PAUL
(studying the menu)
Having lunch.

CONNIE
I shouldn't be doing this.

He slips his finger inside the waistband of her pants.

PAUL
You shouldn't be having lunch?

CONNIE
Not with you, no. I think we should
leave.

PAUL
Listen. See those guys over there paying
the check?

She looks toward where he's indicating. Two BUSINESSMEN are
at a table, one facing Connie and one with his back turned.

CONNIE
Yes.

PAUL
If the guy on the left pays, we leave
right now, without ordering.

Connie looks dubious.

PAUL (CONT'D)
If the one on the right pays, we stay.
And I kiss you.

CONNIE
No ...

But already she's watching the two Businessmen as they each
grab the check from the other, arguing over who will pay.

The suspense is killing her, but it looks as if the GUY ON
THE LEFT is going to wind up footing the bill. Relieved,
Connie gets ready to leave.

But the GUY ON THE RIGHT finally grabs the check and gets up
to go, followed by his companion.

Shocked, Connie looks at Paul. Paul looks at Connie. Her face: Oh shit. Then he takes her in his arms and KISSES HER deeply. At first, she resists. Then she succumbs. *

Just before he goes out the door, the Guy On The Right, the one who paid the bill, catches sight of them. They're still kissing. He pauses for a moment. We REVEAL that it's Bill Stone, from Edward's office. Connie doesn't see Bill, but Bill's face registers his astonishment as he recognizes his boss's wife. *

60 INT. BEDROOM AND CONNIE'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

60

Edward is in the bedroom watching a financial report on television. We pan over and find Connie in her dressing room. She takes off her clothes and buries them deep in the hamper. She smells her arms, her shoulders--smelling Paul all over her. She puts her hands to her nose and breathes him in. *

61 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

61

She's in the tub, water running, beads of perspiration on her face. The African blues music is playing -- the same song we heard at Paul's. As she languidly sponges herself off, she comes across the doodle Paul drew on her rib -- it says "mine". She panics, scrubs at it. It doesn't come off. She rubs more soap on the washcloth, then scrubs again. This time the ink fades. Thank God. Just as it's almost completely gone ... *

... the light goes out. Startled, she looks up. Another, softer light: it's Edward, holding a CLINKING glass of vodka on the rocks in one hand and a lit candle in the other.

EDWARD

Can I get in?

CONNIE

Of course.

She watches as he takes off his pants and hangs them neatly on the clothes tree.

EDWARD

This music is nice. What is it?

CONNIE

African, I think. *

Off comes his underwear, his socks, and he climbs in the tub. They sit facing each other in the candlelight. He hands her the glass. She takes a sip.

(CONTINUED)

He smiles, then considers her body, lapped by bathwater. He takes her hand. Kisses the top of it, turns it over and kisses her palm.

He dips his hand into the water and moves it down to her leg. He's fondling her. She waits a beat, then leans closer, her cheek to his.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Let's go to bed.

EDWARD

Let's stay here while the water's warm.

CONNIE

Aren't you cold?

(bringing up his hand)

I'm cold. See you in bed.

She gets out of the tub.

62 INT. BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

62

Edward, dressed for work, gazes at Connie's image in the bathroom mirror through the half-open door. She's rubbing lotion on her calves, her thighs.

EDWARD

How about lunch today? I'll blow off my meetings. We can get a hotel room.

CONNIE

Wow. What's gotten into you?

He comes into the bathroom and leans in the doorway. She goes to wash her face. Throughout the scene, the CLOSE-UPS become increasingly tight as Edward watches her washing her face, rinsing her face.

EDWARD

You have.

CONNIE

I have all this fund-raising stuff, auction things to pick up...

EDWARD

(watching her closely)

Just lunch then. We'll meet at twelve.

CONNIE

Twelve.

(CONTINUED)

She grabs a towel, pats her face dry.

EDWARD

Mmm.

She looks at him over the towel, holding it in front of her like a shield.

CONNIE

(stalling)

Will I be hungry at twelve?

He sits down next to her. Very close.

EDWARD

We'll go in together. I'll wait for you.

CONNIE

I won't be ready for another hour.

EDWARD

That's okay.

CONNIE

(pretending to realize)

Oh, shit.

EDWARD

What?

CONNIE

I just remembered -- I have a facial at Georgianna at 12:30. I'd cancel, but it's a nightmare getting an appointment.

EDWARD

Ah, well. [a light joke] You gotta stay beautiful, right?

Connie smiles. He takes her chin and turns her face toward him, touches her cheek. Her eyes meet his.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Georgianna, huh? Waste of money.

He touches her cheek, kisses her, and walks out.

63 INT. EDWARD'S OFFICE - DAY

63

We notice Bill hovering in the doorway. He sees Edward on the phone, talking angrily. He hesitates, then leaves.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD

(on the phone)

That's not what we talked about...I didn't order the trucks from Marshall, I ordered them from you...Well, get back to me as soon as you can.

He hangs up as Lindsay enters. She puts papers on his desk, gives him a smile. *

LINDSAY

You have a meeting with Dick Houston at five, and these need your signature. *

EDWARD

Give me a few minutes. *

She nods, goes out and shuts the door. Edward picks up the phone, starts absently uncoiling the phone cord, thinking to himself. Then he dials, 4-1-1. Waits, still uncoiling the cord. *

EDWARD (CONT'D)

In Manhattan. A beauty salon called Georgina...Oh, right. It's Georgianna.

(writes it down)

Thank you.

(hangs up, dials)

I'm calling to confirm an appointment for today at twelve thirty. Connie Sumner... S-U-M-N-E-R ...Is she down for any other time?...Are you sure?...All right. Thank you. *

He hangs up, brooding. *

64 EXT. PAUL'S STREET - DAY

64 *

There's an entirely different look on Connie's face as she comes down the street--the preoccupied smile that lovers have when just the thought of meeting their lover can make the whole world go away.

Almost at the steps, we HEAR:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Con?...Connie!

As if in a trance, she almost bumps into two women, SALLY and TRACY, at the entrance of a cafe opposite Paul's building. *

(CONTINUED)

TRACY

Connie!

CONNIE

(caught)

Tracy. I was going to call you.

TRACY

That's what they all say when I call about bunny costumes. You know Sally-- from Planned Parenthood.

She doesn't. It's too big a shift of gears.

CONNIE

Right. Hi. It's been a while.

SALLY

Too long. You look...amazing.

TRACY

Where you headed?

CONNIE

I was just going to ...look for some window shades for the kitchen.

TRACY

Come on. We're going for coffee. We'll duck in here and catch up.

CONNIE

Oh, I can't. I'll be late.

TRACY

For window shades?

65 INT. CAFE - DAY

65

Sally, Tracy and Connie are being seated. Connie excuses herself.

66 INT. CAFE - BACK HALLWAY - DAY

66

Washrooms, a view of the kitchen, door to the alley. Connie dials the phone and glances over at Sally and Tracy, sitting at a window table.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

CONNIE

Hi, it's me. You won't believe this. Some friends ambushed me right across the street from you and dragged me into that cafe... I'm stuck here. Wait for me. Bye.

*
*

Hangs up. We follow her to the

67 FRONT TABLE

67

She sits.

CONNIE

I had to remind Lupe to pick up the cleaning when she gets Charlie.

*

Connie's eyes widen as she reacts to

67A HER POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

67A

Paul moving down his steps, heading across the street to the cafe. He looks in the window and smiles. He enters, moves to the small bar. He and the bartender exchange friendly hellos in French. He's a regular. He orders a beer, and lights a cigarette, then turns and shoots a glance at her. She at him. In a moment, he moves to the back hallway.

*
*

CONNIE

Would you excuse me again? Ladies room.

She goes toward the back.

TRACY

God, she looks good. Do you think she's had work?

SALLY

Why would she have work? She's still gorgeous.

TRACY

That's when they're having it now. Early, before it all goes to shit.

SALLY

This is terrible to say, but -- I think I'd like her better if she had. There's just something about how perfect her life is ...

68 BACK HALL

68

Paul is leaning against the wall, waiting. His sexy grin. She looks around, but moves directly into him. *

CONNIE

I'm sorry. Do I know you?

He smiles, kisses her, starts to unbutton her sweater.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

I have friends out there.

PAUL

They can wait. I can't. *

He opens the door to the alley, moving her outside with him.

69 INT. CAFE - FRONT TABLE - DAY

69

Tracy and Sally.

SALLY

(weary, envious)

... the gorgeous husband, the adorable kid, the house like Martha Stewart ... *

70 EXT. CAFE ALLEY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

70

No place Martha Stewart would be caught dead. Paul has Connie pressed up against a dirty wall and is kissing her. He presses her hand up against the wall, hard. It grazes her hand, scratching it. *

CONNIE

(whispering)

You take me to the best places.

The door opens. A kitchen worker carries out some garbage. They turn away, laugh, move back inside.

71 INT. CAFE - FRONT TABLE - DAY

71

TRACY

She's not like that. She's really nice...

SALLY

(smiling, knowing how bitter she sounds)

Of course she is. That only makes it worse.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

SALLY (CONT'D)

She's nice and sweet and her ass is exactly where it was when she was in college.

72 INT. CAFE HALLWAY - DAY

72

Her ass, pressed up against a wall, with his hand grabbing it. She backs into the door to the men's room and pulls him in.

73 INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

73

He sticks his cigarette in her mouth and lifts up her skirt.

74 INT. CAFE - FRONT TABLE - DAY

74

Tracy and Sally waiting. A moment later, Connie returns.

TRACY

There you are. I was about to worry.

CONNIE

I'm fine.

SALLY

(re: Paul)

I just figured you'd been abducted by the heartthrob. *

CONNIE

Which heartthrob? *

TRACY

You didn't see him at the counter? He was gorgeous. *

CONNIE

I miss everything.

TRACY

Your button's undone.

CONNIE

(quickly)

Oh?

In the background, Paul reappears and goes to the bar. He'll drink his beer. His back to the women. His reflection in the bar mirror. *

TRACY

That's him.

(CONTINUED)

Connie pretends to take a casual peek.

CONNIE

I guess I can see the appeal.

The women all try to watch him without looking like they're watching him.

SALLY

You guess? Please, if that guy looked at me twice, I'd be on my back in a second.

TRACY

You would not.

SALLY

Sure I would. Why not?

TRACY

A couple of reasons. Adam, for one. Your kids, for another.

SALLY

They wouldn't have to know. It would just be something I did on my own, for myself, to broaden my horizons. Kind of like taking a pottery class.

TRACY

Having an affair is nothing like taking a pottery class.

SALLY

It could be.

TRACY

No. Believe me. It would start out like that -- a casual thing that makes life exciting. But then something would happen -- someone finds out, or someone falls in love -- whatever -- and it would end disastrously. They always end disastrously.

Connie looks at Tracy questioningly -- how do you know?
Tracy meets her gaze. Guilty, honest. She knows because she did it herself.

SALLY

No.

CONNIE

When?

TRACY

(weary, sad)

A long time ago. And it's the one thing
in my life I would undo if I could.

Their coffee and pastries arrive. Connie looks across at
Paul, who gets up and heads out the door. *

SALLY

(to his departing back)

Next lifetime, sweet cheeks. You and me.

Connie tries not to watch him crossing the street and
entering his building. Connie pretends to have less interest
than either of them.

75 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - LATER

75 *

Connie enters, suddenly more complicated.

CONNIE

I had to walk five blocks with them. I
had to look at window shades. I hate
window shades.

PAUL

Me too. *

And he's on her again, hungry. She's reluctant.

CONNIE

Didn't you just fuck me across the
street?

PAUL

It works everywhere. *

She withdraws just a little. Looks at him.

CONNIE

We could end this now, you know. No one
would get hurt.

He moves closer to her again. Brushes a piece of hair out of
her face. Then starts touching her.

PAUL

If we ended this now, I'd get hurt. *

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE

So no matter what, someone gets hurt.

PAUL

Maybe not. Maybe we get tired of each other at exactly the same time.

CONNIE

Oh, God, I hope so.

He starts unbuttoning her sweater again. She doesn't stop him. She has zero resistance.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

You're the only thing on my mind when I wake up. Every morning. You're in my brain before I open my eyes.

He slips her sweater off of her. Touches her.

PAUL

What do you think of?

CONNIE

Depends. If it's a day when I don't know if I'm going to see you, I'm anxious. My mind is spinning, searching for excuses to come into the city and see you.

He keeps touching her. She starts to get heady with arousal. He undoes her skirt.

PAUL

And the days when you know we'll see each other?

He slides her skirt off. She lifts her ass to help him. Touches her in ways that dissolve any resistance she might have.

CONNIE

Those mornings, I'm calm.
(beat)
Calm, and hating myself.

They start to screw again.

Edward is talking to a man in a suit next to a technician welding a half-built armored truck.

Through the windshield, Edward sees Bill looking at him through an office doorway.

*
*

EDWARD
Thanks, Tim.
(re: the welding)
And you'll do the others, right?

*
*
*

TIM
Sure.

*
*

Edward nods and heads toward Bill.

*

77 INT. ARMORED TRUCK YARD BUILDING - DAY

77

*

As Edward enters, a ALARM SOUNDS. He can see Bill through the windows of the doors. He goes through another. ANOTHER ALARM SOUNDS.

*

BILL
What's up? Sounded important.

*

Edward heads over to a more private area. Bill follows. Edward faces him.

*

EDWARD
I've heard you're talking with Dunbar and Brinks. And a few other companies.

*

BILL
(nervous)
Where'd you hear that? I mean, I have some friends there...What do you mean?

*

As they talk, people go in and out of the nearby doors, sounding ALARMS every time.

BILL (CONT'D)
Well, they could be wooing me, I suppose, if that's what you mean.

*

EDWARD
Apparently a lot of people are wooing you these days. Or who's wooing who?

*

BILL
I don't know what you're talking about, Ed.

*

EDWARD
I'm letting you go, Bill...You're welcome to resign if you want.

*

BILL

What are you talking about? I've been talking to people. So what?

EDWARD

It's about loyalty, Bill. You'll have my recommendation if you need it.

BILL

I have a family, Ed.

Tight on Edward.

EDWARD

You had a family here.

He walks away, leaving Bill alone. But Bill yells back at him.

BILL

You're telling me about family? You don't know the first God damn thing about it!

Edward keeps walking.

BILL (CONT'D)

Look at your own fucking family, Ed! If you want to know about loyalty, take a God damn look at that!

Edward stops, turns. Bill storms through the doors, sounding the ALARM.

78 INT. EDWARD'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

78

The ALARM still ringing in his ears, Edward is in his office, thinking, disturbed. He decides, then flips through his Rolodex.

79 EXT. A LITTLE PARK - DAY - LATER

79

The park is on Bleecker Street, next to a playground where children are laughing and playing. Four or five benches sit behind iron railings. On one of them, we see a solitary figure from behind. The CAMERA tracks around to reveal FRANK WILSON, an elegant man in his mid-sixties. He wears wire-rim glasses and a well-tailored gray overcoat. Edward sits down on the bench next to him.

EDWARD

Thanks for coming on short notice.

(CONTINUED)

WILSON
Not a problem.

EDWARD
The information you dug up on Pearson
saved us a lot of time.

WILSON
Good.

EDWARD
We're prosecuting.

WILSON
You'll win.

A pause.

EDWARD
This is personal, not business. So think
about it. You might not want to take it
on. But I need someone I can trust. I
want you to follow somebody.
(hesitates, then with
difficulty)
I want you to follow my wife.

A long moment of silence.

WILSON
Tell me what you already know.

EDWARD
Only what my instincts tell me.

WILSON
You could be wrong.

EDWARD
I hope I am. I want to know what she does
when she comes to the city. Where she
goes. Whom she sees.

Wilson thinks a moment. Chooses his words carefully. *

WILSON
I've seen this before a lot. And I've
never seen anything good come from
knowing. You could let it play itself
out. *

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

EDWARD

No. I want to know.

WILSON

What if I tell you I found nothing?

Edward turns to him.

EDWARD

I want the truth.

A LONG SHOT of the two of them from behind.

80 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

80

Charlie sits on the kitchen island, breaking green beans and plopping them in a pot. As he works, Connie rushes back and forth, trying to throw a nice dinner together.

A large pot of pasta BOILS OVER.

CHARLIE

(solemn)

It's boiling, Mom.

CONNIE

(frantic)

Watch it!

She grabs the pot and pulls it off the fire. Then, her hands full of silverware, she shoves the dog out of her path with her foot. She throws forks and knives on the table.

On the stove, smoke starts to come from a pan.

CHARLIE

(solemn)

It's burning, Mom.

CONNIE

Shit!

Charlie's surprised by her language. She grabs the pan, throws it in the sink. It FIZZES on contact with the water.

81 INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

81

The family at dinner. The mood is tense. Silent. Then:

CONNIE

The chicken's a little dry. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD

It's fine. [beat] I have to go to Chicago tomorrow.

CONNIE

Why?

EDWARD

To meet with Mike Levy.

CONNIE

How long will you be gone?

EDWARD

Not long. Maybe a night.

CONNIE

Eat your carrots, Charlie.

CHARLIE

I can't swallow them.

EDWARD

Eat your vegetables, Charlie.

A beat.

CONNIE

Sarah Ewing's daughter's getting married to Janet Benaski's son. Did you see the announcement?

EDWARD

No.

CHARLIE

(sensing the tension)

I'm never getting married.

CONNIE

Why not?

CHARLIE

I hate girls.

CONNIE

Maybe you'll get to like them as you grow older. That happens sometimes.

CHARLIE

I won't.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD

I fired Bill Stone today.

CONNIE

Is that what's bothering you?

EDWARD

Nothing's bothering me.

CONNIE

Why'd you fire him?

EDWARD

He's not accountable. I can't trust him.

(beat)

Just in case you run into Dolly, you'll know.

CHARLIE

What's accountable? Is it like people who eat people?

CONNIE

(relieved at the break in the conversation)

That's cannibal, honey.

CHARLIE

(hurt)

Well, I didn't know.

CONNIE

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make fun of you.

CHARLIE

You laughed! How do I know what it means? I'm only seven!

He bursts into tears and runs from the room. A long silence. Then Connie starts to get up to go talk to him. But Edward gets up faster.

EDWARD

I'll go. He's mad at you.

He leaves the room. She waits a beat, then gets up and SCRAPES the dry chicken loudly into the dog's bowl.

82 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

82

Connie is helping Edward pack. His suitcase is on the bed. She folds shirts and puts them neatly in.

Edward watches her. She crosses back and forth in front of him. Her body language is tense and slightly awkward. She looks up at him. Smiles. *

CONNIE

What time's your plane?

EDWARD

Eight. Want to come?

CONNIE

I've got so much to do. Besides, you'll be working.

EDWARD

Come on -- Chicago. We can stay at that place again, next to the long thing. I'll blow off a meeting. We'll get bundled up, walk the Loop, then go back and warm each other up. What do you say? *

CONNIE

That sounds great. But maybe we should wait till after Easter. When things settle down. [beat] Okay?

She heads to the dresser. The drawer scrapes as she opens it. As she pulls out a scarf, she notices the SCRATCH ON HER HAND that she got in the alley with Paul. She pulls her cuff down, to cover it, so Edward can't see it. *

CONNIE (CONT'D)

You'll need this. Supposed to be cold. [beat] What time are you leaving? *

EDWARD

I told you. Eight.

CONNIE

Oh, right. I mean, do you need a ride?

EDWARD

No.

She passes by him, close.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD (CONT'D)
You smell like cigarettes.

CONNIE
The train was packed. I had to sit in
the bar car.

CLOSE ON Edward. Watching her. Connie looks up.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
What?

EDWARD
Nothing.

83 INT. BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING 83

Dressed to go, Edward puts his toothbrush in his Dopp kit.

84 INT. CONNIE'S DRESSING ROOM - EARLY MORNING 84

Edward walks through her dressing room on his way back to the bedroom. He stops, stares at Connie's dresser. He opens a drawer, looks through it. Her jewelry. He looks at it, not quite knowing what he's searching for. Opens another drawer. On top is some new LINGERIE with the tags still on it. For a long moment he stares at it. Then he shuts the drawer.

85 INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 85

Connie is asleep. Edward's packed bag is in the doorway. He leans down by the bed and kisses her. He looks at her for a long beat. Then he leaves. Her eyes flick open.

86 INT. CONNIE'S DRESSING ROOM - MORNING 86

She gets out of the shower. Drying off. Opens her drawer and takes out the new lingerie. Pulls off the sales tag.

87 INT. EDWARD'S CHICAGO HOTEL SUITE - DAY 87

Edward shaving.

INTERCUT BETWEEN:

Edward dressing and Connie dressing.

She preparing for an assignation, and he for a business meeting.

At times she seems to be finishing his movements, and he hers.

88 INT. HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING 88

Four BUSINESSMEN, including Edward, in a breakfast meeting. Coffee, muffins, etc. on a table. They all have their coats off. Edward seems distracted. Looks at his watch. In a moment, he stands up.

EDWARD

Excuse me. I have a call I have to make.

Walks to the bedroom.

89 INT. HOTEL SUITE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 89

Moves to the phone, considers it. Finally picks it up, dials.

90 INT. SUMNER KITCHEN - DAY 90 *

Phone rings. Lupe answers it. *

LUPE *

Hello? *

EDWARD *

Lupe, it's Edward. Is Connie there? *

LUPE *

She just left. Maybe I can catch her. *

You want me to try? *

EDWARD

Yes. Please.

LUPE *

Hold on. I'm carrying the phone. Here I go. You are already in Chicago?

She carries the phone, moving quickly through the kitchen into the

91 INT. GARAGE 91 *

Connie's car has backed out into the street.

LUPE *

Mrs. Connie! Mrs. Connie! *

92 INT. CONNIE'S CAR - DAY 92

Moving away from the house. She looks at her rear-view mirror. Sees Lupe in the driveway, waving the phone at her. *

She chooses to ignore it. Continues away. *

(CONTINUED)

BACK TO LUPE - INTERCUT WITH EDWARD

LUPE

Oooh, I'm sorry, Mr. Edward, I just missed her. I thought she saw me, but I guess not.

EDWARD

Did she say where she was going?

LUPE

I don't know. Maybe the city. She was dressed for the city.

93 INT. EDWARD'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 93

He hangs up. Ready to go back to the meeting. Changes his mind. Moves back to the phone again.

94 INT. CONNIE'S TOYOTA - DAY 94

She's on her carphone.

CONNIE

I'm on my way.

PAUL (O.S., ON THE PHONE)

What are you wearing?

She looks down at her knees.

CONNIE

My black skirt. You?

95 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY - INTERCUT WITH CONNIE 95

Paul sits at his desk, doing paperwork, fully dressed.

PAUL

I'm in the shower.

There's a beep on the phone. Call waiting.

CONNIE

Hold that thought. I've got a call.

She pushes the Flash button.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Hello?... Edward!

96 INT. CONNIE'S CAR/EDWARD'S HOTEL BEDROOM - INTERCUT-DAY 96

EDWARD

Yeah. It's me. You okay?

CONNIE

Yes. Yes. Is something wrong?

EDWARD

I was just looking at my schedule. That dinner, you know, with Josh and Tracy. If it's tomorrow night, I don't think I'll be back.

CONNIE

It's Saturday. I'm sure I told Lindsay that.

EDWARD

You probably did. I got my dates mixed up, that's all.

CONNIE

How is it there?

EDWARD

Freezing. Good you didn't come. How's Charlie?

CONNIE

Still worried about being a dumb bunny.

EDWARD

Aren't we all?

She laughs. He doesn't. She's approaching the train station parking lot.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

You're going in?

CONNIE

No, just errands around town -- Hello? Hello? I'm losing you. Can you hear me?

The connection is very crackly.

EDWARD

Barely.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE
I've still got some loose ends for the
auction. I might go in. Maybe I will.

EDWARD
Well, good. That's good.

CONNIE
Edward. You okay?

EDWARD
Yeah. [beat] Be careful, Con.

And the line goes dead. Edward looks at the phone. Then
hears HEARTY LAUGHTER from the other room.

97 A MOVIE SCREEN (IN A SMALL ART HOUSE) 97 *

We are watching a black-and-white French film -- "Mr. Hulot's
Holiday". French dialogue with subtitles. *

98 INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY 98 *

Paul's silhouette, with a bag of popcorn, fills the theater
entrance. *

Connie has an aisle seat. The theater is empty except for a
man a few rows behind her, fast asleep with his mouth open. *

Suddenly Paul is next to Connie. He looks at the empty row of
seats and indicates the seat next to her. *

PAUL
This seat taken? *

She looks up. Waits a moment. Then:

CONNIE
Yes, it is.

He likes that. Indicates a seat two away from her.

PAUL
That one? *

CONNIE
No.

He moves past her to the second seat. He sits. Watches the
film run a moment, extends his popcorn to her.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
No, thank you.

PAUL
Have you seen this film?

CONNIE
Six times.

PAUL
Six. What brings you back?

CONNIE
I like the little boat ride scene.

They watch a few moments. Then, slowly, he reaches for her knee. Touches it.

PAUL
I, too, like the boat ride.

She doesn't move. He glides to the seat next to her. They watch the film. Slowly, he slides her skirt above her knees. His hand moves up her leg. They both continue to stare at the screen. The movie's VOICES continue. She closes her eyes. He turns and looks around. No one there except the Sleeping Man far off to the right. His hand moves beneath her thighs. He lifts her leg over the arm of the seat.

He sits forward, takes off his jacket, folds it, puts it behind her to cushion her. Then, quite gracefully, he slides to the floor and onto his knees. He kisses her knee.

CONNIE
You're missing the best part.

PAUL
Mmmm.

He unzips his pants, lowers them, moves his head between her legs. She bites her lip. Then he moves up and over her. He kisses her mouth, her face. He pushes closer. Her eyes wide. He is in her now, not moving. She strokes his hair.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I love this movie.

CONNIE
Uh-huh ...

SHOT - The movie screen. Mr. Hulot's skiff splits in half.

BACK TO CONNIE AND PAUL

98 CONTINUED: (2)

The popcorn SPILLS. From Connie we HEAR a sigh of pleasure. Then the passion we HEAR on the screen seems to explode, and they come together. They don't move. They can't. Connie opens her eyes. They stare at one another, then start to laugh, trying to muffle it.

99 EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY 99

Bundled up, they exit happily from the theater, like two young lovers. CLICK!!

100 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THEATER - DAY 100

Wilson is at the street corner. He's just taken their picture.

101 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON 101 *

Signs of a pizza eaten. Some half-empty glasses of wine on the kitchen table. Coats and scarves hanging over chairs. The CAMERA moves slowly through the apartment toward the

102 LIVING ROOM 102

Paul and Connie undressed, asleep on the sofa. She opens her eyes. Sits up. Looks at the clock. *

CONNIE

Oh my God!

She is up, dressing fast.

103 EXT. PAUL'S BUILDING - DAY 103 *

Ignoring the parking ticket sitting on her windshield, Connie jumps into the Toyota. A light mist is in the air.

104 EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - DAY 104

Frantic, she drives to get Charlie. Her windshield mists up. She turns on the wipers. Whish, whish. The parking ticket is smeared back and forth across her vision.

She opens the window, reaches, tries to catch it, can't.

105 EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY 105

The last car pulls out as Connie races in. Charlie sits under the awning on his backpack, all alone except for a very grumpy teacher.

The Toyota pulls up. Connie jumps out of the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE
(to the teacher, on the run)
I'm sorry. Traffic.

She grabs Charlie and holds him tight.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry, honey.

CHARLIE
(angry)
Okay, okay. I know.

CONNIE
(still hugging him)
You must have been so worried.

CHARLIE
Stop, Mom. People can see.

Connie lets go. He shuffles off, head down, toward the car.

106 INT. TOYOTA - MOMENTS LATER

106

As they drive, Charlie won't look at her.

CONNIE
How was school, honey?

CHARLIE
(sullen)
Fine.

CONNIE
(after a beat)
What was the best part? *

Charlie looks up at his mother, but then he notices something we haven't seen.

CHARLIE
Mom -- you have popcorn in your hair.

Connie is flustered. She tries to make light of it as she pulls it out.

CONNIE
How did that get there? Must have jumped
out of the bag!

Charlie pulls it out and eats it.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
Got any more?

CONNIE
Nope. How about a Big Mac?

107 INT. SUMNER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

107 *

CLOSE ON: the debris from a McDonald's dinner strewn across the kitchen table. Wrappers, Coke cups, a Happy Meal container with a toy and its wrapping.

Charlie's already gone to bed. Connie enters wearily, holding his baseball mitt. She sits down at the table, puts down the glove. Looks at her son's glove, at the Happy Meal.

She bursts into tears. A breakdown. The dog looks up from its bowl. She digs into her bag, finds a pack of cigarettes, and lights one.

Slowly, with the help of the cigarette, she comes out of it, remorse etched in her features. She stands, pulls the phone to the table, starts to punch a number. As she does, she starts to cry again. She is facing the wall. We don't see her face.

A sound.

CHARLIE
Mom...

We crash in on her as she whirls to see Charlie in the doorway in his floppy pajamas. Frantically, she stubs out the cigarette, hangs up the phone and tries to adjust herself, the look on her face, so that he can't see that she's been crying.

CONNIE
You're supposed to be asleep, honey.

CHARLIE
I couldn't sleep. You're crying, Mom.

CONNIE
No, honey. I'm just a little sad.

She goes to him.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Come on, sweetie. Let's go back to bed.

She takes his hand. As they exit...

107 CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
Don't be sad, Mom. Dad'll be back
tomorrow.

FADE OUT

108 EXT. THE SUMNER LIVING ROOM - DAY

108 *

On Edward, who has hooked his video camera up to the TV, and is filming Connie and Charlie. The image appears simultaneously on the TV screen. Charlie is on Connie's lap; she's helping him read a Treehouse Mystery Book: "Vacation under the Volcano"

CHARLIE
"Jack reached into his ..."

He stalls, stumped on a word.

CONNIE
(helping him out)
"drawer"

CHARLIE
"his drawer and took out his secret --"

CONNIE
(helping again)
"library"

CHARLIE
"library card."

The phone rings. A quarter-beat too fast:

CONNIE
I'll get it.

She half-thinks it's Paul. But Edward, hearing the tension in her voice, puts down the camera and goes into the hallway to get the phone before she can.

109 INT. SUMNER HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

109 *

Edward picks up the phone. He cannot see or be seen by Connie and Charlie, but he can see the TV. The way he put down the camera has left an oblique image of Connie and Charlie on the TV screen. He watches Connie's expression as he answers the phone.

EDWARD (O.S.)
Hello? Hello?

(CONTINUED)

No one there. Edward looks at the TV screen, at Connie's face. Charlie is still in her lap, trying to read, but instead of listening to him, she's looking nervously toward the hallway. We PUSH IN on her anxious expression on the TV screen and, at the same time, PUSH IN on Edward, heartbroken, watching her face as it confirms all his fears. Finally, after what feels like an eternity of deep sorrow:

EDWARD (CONT'D)

No one's there.

He hangs up the phone.

110 EXT. THE LITTLE PARK - DAY

110 *

The same SHOT as before, but this time there are no children in the playground. Again, we're looking at a man sitting on a bench, but as we come around this time, we discover that it's Edward.

Wilson sits down next to him and begins to talk.

WILSON

His name is Paul Martel. He lives at 433
Mercer Street, apartment 3. --

*
*

As Wilson hands Edward a manila ENVELOPE, a JACKHAMMER starts nearby, drowning out all conversation. As Wilson's mouth flaps away, Edward pulls out the photographs, looks at them.

*

WILSON (CONT'D)

(inaudible)

He buys and sells things. Books, mostly. Nights, he's out. Very busy guy. Seems to have money. Not sure where it comes from. She sees him during the day. Usually goes around lunchtime, stays about two hours, maybe three.

*
*
*

110A CONNIE GOING TOWARD PAUL'S BUILDING

110A *

110B CONNIE LEAVING THE BUILDING

110B

110C ANGLE FROM BELOW OF PAUL'S WINDOW AND FLOWER POT

110C *

The JACKHAMMER stops. There's quiet. Edward stares at the last photograph.

*

110D CONNIE AND PAUL CUDDLED TOGETHER, LEAVING THE MOVIE THEATER 110D *

EDWARD

They go to the movies?

(CONTINUED)

WILSON

They did that day. Otherwise they're in his apartment.

For a long beat, Edward does not speak. Then, in an effort to preserve his dignity, he stands, clears his throat.

EDWARD

I appreciate your doing this. What do I owe you?

Wilson opens his briefcase and takes out another envelope. He stands up, walks to Edward, and hands it to him.

WILSON

Here's my bill, my receipts. I also included the negatives.

Edward nods, looks at the bill. He takes out his wallet, counts out several hundred-dollar bills, and hands them to Wilson.

WILSON (CONT'D)

(with feeling)

I'm sorry.

He waits a beat, then turns and leaves. Edward sits back down, sagging. He stares out into the cold, empty park.

111 INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

111

Connie absently throws GROCERIES into a shopping cart. She starts to cry. The Muzak plays. She pushes her cart through the aisles, weeping. She heads for the checkout counter.

112 EXT. CONNIE'S TOYOTA - MOVING - DAY - RAIN

112

Her face through the windshield. The wipers going. The windshield misty with condensation. She looks ragged. She's heading home. She picks up her phone and dials. A BUSY SIGNAL.

Her POV: She sees the sign for the Sawmill Parkway onramp. Almost passes it. A spur-of-the-moment decision. She swerves crazily onto the ramp, over the plastic lane dividers. The lane dividers rat-a-tat against the underside of her car. ORANGES SPILL out of a bag of groceries and tumble onto the floor. She guns the Toyota down the freeway.

*
*
*

113 EXT./INT. CONNIE'S TOYOTA - MOVING - HIGHWAY - DAY - RAIN 113

Connie drives like a madman, swerving in and out of cars. She dials her phone again. *

CONNIE

Where are you? Pick up!

114 INT. EDWARD'S OFFICE - DAY 114

ANGLE PAST HIM as he stands at the window at his desk. It's pouring rain. Lindsay enters. *

LINDSAY *

Your wife asked me to remind you about Charlie's play tonight. Seven o'clock.

Deeply preoccupied, Edward barely registers the news.

LINDSAY (CONT'D) *

And Howard's office just called. He has to cancel today. I rescheduled him for Monday.

She comes into the office, to put some papers on his desk. Her hand lingers on his desk. He looks at it resting there. She notices him watching, likes the attention. Doesn't move her hand. *

LINDSAY (CONT'D) *

You want me to order you some lunch? *

EDWARD

Hm? Oh, yeah, that'd be -- well, maybe not. Maybe I'll take a walk.

He heads for his door.

LINDSAY *

Don't forget this.

She hands him his umbrella. He takes it and leaves.

115 EXT./INT. CONNIE'S TOYOTA - NEW YORK STREET - DAY - RAIN 115

Connie maneuvers the car down Paul's street, looking for a parking spot. And then she sees -- Paul! With his arm around a woman. They're huddled together with her under one rain poncho. They look cozy, intimate. As Connie stares, they disappear into a book store. *

(CONTINUED)

Mesmerized, Connie searches for a place to park. She sees a parking lot up ahead and swerves into it. She gets out of the car and heads right for the store.

LOT ATTENDANT

Hey, lady!

Connie hardly notices.

LOT ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

I need your keys!

She throws them to the attendant and rushes down the street to the bookstore.

116 INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

116

Connie enters, wet from the rain. She looks around. All she sees is rows and rows of old, dusty books. She heads down one aisle, almost stealthily. Turns up another.

Finally, she rounds the end of another aisle and sees them at the end of it. Paul is showing the woman a book. As Connie watches, Paul wipes a slip of wet hair from the woman's forehead. It's a small gesture, but it implies a greater intimacy. Connie's face goes dark. *

She barrels down the aisle toward them. They look up and see her coming -- *

PAUL

Connie? What are you -- *

And Connie lunges for him, flails at him. Paul tries to fend her off. *

CONNIE

Who is she? Who is she, Paul? *

WOMAN

Who am I? Jesus, who the hell are you?
What do you think you're --

Connie lunges for the woman, pulling her hair. The Woman shrieks. Paul tries to pull her off. *

117 EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY - RAIN

117

Edward, wearing his raincoat, walks downtown. He wanders, sad, lost, seemingly with no conscious destination. He stops in front of a GIANT VIDEO SCREEN.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

Silhouetted against the bright images, we see him reach into his pocket and pull out the photographs that Wilson had given him and the slip of paper with Paul's address. He stops for a moment, looking at Paul's address. The rain wets the paper.

118 INT. PAUL'S LOFT - HALLWAY - DAY

118

Connie and Paul are in the elevator, in the middle of an argument. She's pacing like a caged animal. Connie's wet from the rain.

CONNIE

How many are there? Five? Ten? ...

The elevator doors open. Paul steps off the elevator. She stays behind.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

... What am I, the Monday one? Did I get my day wrong?

PAUL

Connie, relax. She's just a friend, for Christ's sake.

He takes off his shirt and dries himself off.

CONNIE

You're a fucking liar.

He turns back to her, confronting her.

PAUL

Me? I'm the liar?

She stalls, then starts to fall apart.

CONNIE

Oh, God. What's wrong with me?
(more to herself than to him)
I can't do this any more. It's killing me.

She starts to push the big elevator door closed. But Paul reaches in and holds the door, so she can't shut it.

PAUL

Fine. Go back to Scarsdale ...

She tries to push the door closed; he forces it open.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (CONT'D) *
 ... take your tennis lessons and drive
 your car pool --

She gets out of the elevator and heads for the hallway, to
 leave by the stairs.

CONNIE
 Fuck you.

He follows her out into the hallway.

PAUL *
 -- that'll make you happy --

CONNIE
 Fuck you.

She hauls off and hits him. He grabs her arms. Kisses her.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
 No. Stop. It's over. It's over.

He's undressing her. She pulls away, fighting him. He is
 still kissing her, undoing her jeans. She's crying, tears of
 rage.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
 I hate you.

PAUL *
 I know.

He kisses her, hard. She moans, kisses him back. They are
 struggling, wrestling. Then he's inside her, against the
 wall.

119 EXT. PAUL'S BUILDING - WIDE SHOT - DAY - RAIN * 119

The following sequence (exterior only) is a SINGLE, WIDE,
 LOCKED-OFF SHOT.

Edward walks around a corner. He looks up at the street sign.
 It's Paul's street. He's at the corner where it all began. *

He looks toward Paul's building. Curious, he starts toward
 it. We know that Connie is still inside. *

For a long moment, he gazes up at the building, lost in
 thought, not sure what to do.

120 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY - SAME 120 *

Paul is carrying a glass of water out into the hallway where Connie is. As he passes the window, he glances out. A man he doesn't know (Edward) is looking up at his building. Paul hesitates, then moves toward the door. *

121 INT. THE HALLWAY - DAY - SAME 121

Connie sits on the top stair, her coat wrapped around her shoulders. Her clothes, including her SWEATER, are on the corridor floor nearby. From inside his apartment, Paul comes out and brings her the glass of water. *

PAUL *

You can drink it, pour it on me,
whatever.

She takes the water and glugs it down like a child. Paul sits down on the steps next to her. They sit there, side-by-side, saying nothing. *

122 EXT. PAUL'S BUILDING - WIDE SHOT - DAY 122 *

Edward stops gazing at the building. He walks pensively down the street and disappears around the corner. We linger for a moment on the empty street.

The front door of Paul's building opens, and Connie runs down the steps. She heads down the street, toward her car. Just as she disappears around the corner at one end of the block, Edward comes back around another corner. They almost overlap. Edward looks up at Paul's apartment again. *

123 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY - SAME 123 *

Wearing pants but no shirt, and nothing on his feet, Paul notices Connie's SWEATER on the floor. She's left it behind. He picks it up. Thinks about going after her, but realizes it's too late. He hangs it on a hook. *

124 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY - SAME 124

Connie is on the phone, watching anxiously as her car descends slowly from the upper level of a bi-level parking elevator.

CONNIE

Tracy, I'm running late. I'll be there soon....Yes, I'm okay. I'm fine...I'll be there.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

She hangs up and looks back to her car, trying to will it to descend faster. We stay on her troubled face.

125 EXT. PAUL'S BUILDING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

125

*

Edward stares up at the apartment again, at the window, at the flower pot. He edges closer to it, crossing the street, fascinated.

An OLDER MAN comes out, carrying a suitcase. He's having trouble with the door. Edward goes up the steps and helps him.

OLDER MAN

Thanks.

Edward nods, still holding the door, watching the Older Man go down the steps. Then he looks at the buzzers and sees:

MARTEL 3.

*

126 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

126

CLOSE ON the 3 on Paul's door. Edward stands in front of it for a long time. Then, making up his mind, he knocks. Silence. Finally the door opens to reveal Paul -- dressed but tousled and barefoot. The two strangers stare at each other.

*

*

PAUL

Yes?

*

Edward is taken aback by his youth.

EDWARD

You're Paul Martel?

*

PAUL

Yes.

*

Edward stares at this handsome youth before him.

EDWARD

How old are you?

PAUL

Who are you?

*

EDWARD

Edward Sumner.

*

Paul stares at him.

.S.S.S.S.S.

*

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Connie's husband.

PAUL
(stunned)
Oh....Shit.

Another awkward beat. They just stand there.

EDWARD
May I come in?

PAUL
Uh ... okay.

Edward walks past him, into the loft.

127 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY

127 *

Edward enters, looking around at the unusual space. Takes off his coat.

PAUL
Um ...

Paul reaches for Edward's coat. Edward gives it to him. Paul hangs it on a hook by the door. Connie's sweater is on the hook. Paul hangs the coat over it.

Edward walks quietly into the apartment, taking the place in. He doesn't say a word. His footsteps sound on the wooden floor. Paul follows uneasily, at a distance.

Edward picks up a BOOK, looks at it, puts it down. Paul watches him apprehensively. Finally,

PAUL (CONT'D)
Do you ... want to sit down?

EDWARD
No, thank you.

Edward stands in the middle of the sitting area -- occupies it.

PAUL
Would you like a drink? It's early,
but...I think this qualifies.

EDWARD
Why not?

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

PAUL
I have Scotch, vodka...

EDWARD
Oh, vodka. Is it cold?

PAUL
Yes. I keep it in the freezer.

EDWARD
So do I. At home.

Paul looks at him, then goes. Edward watches him.

128 INT. KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS 128

Paul takes vodka from the freezer and gets two glasses. He glances at a KITCHEN KNIFE on the counter.

129 INT. PAUL'S SITTING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 129

Paul returns and pours the vodka. His hands a bit unsteady. He holds up the glass to say, "Cheers," but then thinks better of it and takes a sip. Edward watches him.

Their conversation moves in fits and starts. Everything feels tense, off-balance. Anything could happen. When Edward speaks, it's with a forced casualness.

EDWARD
So tell me -- how did you meet my wife?

PAUL
Um...By accident. On the street. There was a windstorm. She hurt her knee.

EDWARD
Oh. You're him.

PAUL
She told you about that?

EDWARD
Yes.

A long, awkward beat.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
So. How's it going?

(CONTINUED)

The forthrightness of the question throws Paul. He's silent for a beat, stunned. Then, feeling he has to say something:

PAUL

Um ... fine. I mean -- okay.

Edward looks around the place -- the sofa, the chairs ...

EDWARD

This is where you meet?

PAUL

Yes.

EDWARD

(looking around)

She likes it here?

PAUL

I guess. She never complained.

Edward looks at him. Paul immediately regrets saying it. Edward looks out the window.

EDWARD

Do you stay in all the time? Or do you go out too?

PAUL

(to his back)

Sometimes, yeah, we go out.

EDWARD

And she likes that? She likes this neighborhood?

Paul doesn't like being subtly bullied like this. He responds, a little emboldened.

PAUL

Yeah. More exciting than the suburbs, I guess.

Edward hears the boldness rising in Paul's voice. He turns and looks Paul in the eye.

EDWARD

Did you know we've been married ten years? We have a son.

PAUL

Yes. She told me.

(CONTINUED)

An uncomfortable pause. Paul pours himself some more vodka. Then offers more to Edward. *

PAUL (CONT'D) *

More? *

EDWARD

Yes, please.

Paul pours. Another long pause. *

EDWARD (CONT'D)

He's the reason we moved out of the city. Connie thought it would be better for him.

PAUL *

She told me it was your idea.

EDWARD

You talk about me?

A long pause.

PAUL *

(squirming)

Not really.

Paul fiddles with his drink. Edward walks away from him, helping himself to a look around the place. He paces toward the stack of books that acts as a partition between the bed and the rest of the apartment. Paul follows him. *

EDWARD

A lot of books.

PAUL *

A lot of buying and selling. That's what I do.

As Edward goes around the books, the unmade bed comes into view. Edward sees it and stops, taken by surprise. Paul sees Edward see it. An excruciating moment. *

Then Edward's eye drifts to the Windy City snow globe sitting on the nightstand next to the bed. He deflates. He goes to it, picks it up. It starts to snow.

PAUL (CONT'D) *

(disparaging)

You like that?

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD
(shattered)
Where did you get this?

PAUL
It was a gift.

EDWARD
From her.

Of course it is, but it's too awkward to admit. So Paul doesn't answer. Almost by rote, Edward twists something on the bottom of the globe's base. It plays a tune.

PAUL
Oh, I didn't know it did that.

Edward sinks onto the bed, all the stuffing has been knocked out of him. The tune will continue, turning into score and becoming increasingly jarring as the scene goes on.

EDWARD
(quietly, to himself)
Why would she do that?

PAUL
I don't know, I guess she wanted to buy me something.

EDWARD
She didn't buy it for you. I gave it to her.

Edward sags.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
(almost to himself)
I can't do this.

PAUL
What?

EDWARD
I don't feel well.

Edward stands, woozy, still holding the snow globe. Concerned, Paul comes closer. He's now very close to him.

PAUL
You want some water?

(CONTINUED)

Edward stares at the snow globe in his hand. It continues to snow and play its tune.

EDWARD

No --

Suddenly, without warning, Edward turns and BRINGS THE GLOBE DOWN WITH GREAT FORCE on Paul's head. *

For one agonizing moment, nothing happens. The men stare at each other. There is a look of bewilderment on Paul's face. *

Then a curtain of blood descends from Paul's head. Paul looks down. Blood is dripping on his shoes, on the floor. Horrified, he puts his hand to his head, then looks into his palm. It is red. He looks back at Edward, then staggers and falls into a stack of books. The books topple, and Paul goes down with them. *

Blood seeps from his head across the floor, staining the books thrown there. Finally it soaks into the "Little Prince" first edition. The original dustjacket turns red. *

Edward looks at Paul lying there, motionless, with glazed, open eyes. Then at the snow globe. His hands shake. The music slows and stops in mid-phrase. A few last snowflakes fall. *

Edward backs up to a chair. He collapses into it, staring at Paul's lifeless body. It becomes unbearable to look at. He gets up, grabs a sheet from the wall (one of the sculptor's) and throws it over Paul. He steps back, sits back down. As he watches, to his horror, blood from Paul's face starts to seep through the sheet. Paul's features start to appear. Edward looks away. *

130 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

130

Edward turns on the faucet and washes the blood off the globe. He dries it with a hand towel, then moves, still holding the towel and the globe, to the

131 SCENE OF THE CRIME

131

He looks at the body. Checks for a pulse. Then he steps back to the sitting area and sits, facing the body. He notices his vodka, finishes it. *

CLOSE-UP - THE PHONE

Edward starts to dial. He pushes 9,1--and then has second thoughts. He hangs up the phone. *

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

He looks at the glass in his hand. Wipes it with the towel. He surveys the scene. Edward's POV: the toppled books, the body under the bloody sheet. *

Edward looks back at the body. Then, decisively, he goes to his raincoat, puts the snow globe in the pocket, and comes back to the body. He picks up the glasses of vodka and bottle and moves into the *

132 KITCHEN

132

Goes to the refrigerator. Opens it to put the vodka away. Then, remembering, closes the fridge, opens the freezer, wipes fingerprints off the vodka bottle and wedges it inside. He wipes the handles of the refrigerator and freezer.

He washes the glasses. Wipes off fingerprints. Washes his hands with a bar of soap, over and over, when suddenly--

CLANK!! His wedding ring slips off and clatters down the disposal. He reaches in, tries to get it. Can't. Rolls up his sleeves, reaches, reaches...uhhh...Got it.

Slowly, carefully, he brings it out. His hand, grazed, bleeds a little. He sucks at it for a moment. He wipes off the faucets with the towel, wraps the soap in a washcloth, puts it in his suitjacket pocket. Uses the towel to put everything away. Wipes the cabinet knobs, then returns to: *

133 SITTING ROOM

133

He looks at the body. He notices the light blinking on Paul's answering machine. He punches a button. *

ANSWERING MACHINE

You have two messages. Message one.

FEMALE VOICE

Paul, I've got the William Dean Howells, okay condition, a little stained. But it's a first first. So call me. Oh. This is Leslie. Call me. Bye. *

BEEP.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Message two.

MALE VOICE

Hi, Paul. This is Mike. *

Suddenly the phone RINGS! Edward stares at it.

(CONTINUED)

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

I'm coming in Tuesday, not Monday, so we can't have dinner Monday night....

The phone RINGS again! Edward's hands hover frantically above the answering machine. He almost pushes the REWIND button, then the ON-OFF. The phone RINGS again! Finally Edward hits the STOP button. There is a click. After an eternity, another click.

PAUL'S VOICE

You've got Paul Martel. Leave a message, I'll call you back.

*
*
*

BEEP

CONNIE (O.S.)

Hi, it's me. Listen...I don't like saying this to your machine, but...

Edward listens to his wife talking to her lover, listens as she tries to end the affair that has caused him to kill a man...

CONNIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...I have to end this.

She sobs for a moment. Edward is stunned.

CONNIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...I just -- I can't do it any more. I can't live like this. I'm so tired of lying. I hope ... I don't know what I hope. I'm sorry. [long beat] Bye.

*

She starts to cry, then hangs up.

Edward is stone still. Then he blinks. He looks down at Paul as the CAMERA tracks back away from him.

*

134 HALLWAY - LINEN CLOSET

134

Edward opens it with a towel. Takes out sheets. Goes back to:

135 SCENE OF THE CRIME

135

Covers the body with one sheet. Thinks. Starts to rip another sheet. Suddenly, there's a sharp KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

He's frozen with terror. He stares, riveted, at the door.

THREE LOUD KNOCKS.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

He doesn't dare to breathe. Then he creeps toward the door. Reaches for the chain. Very quietly, slips the chain onto its slot. Immediately, TWO MORE SHARP KNOCKS.

Edward stands very near the door, unable to breathe. Waiting.

Finally, a thin UPS envelope slides under the door, and he hears footsteps going back down the stairs. He stands very still for another moment. At last he breathes.

136 SITTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 136

The body is now lying on sheets. Edward picks up the BLOODIED BOOKS. He sticks two of them into the pockets of Paul's jacket. Then he pulls up Paul's sweater, and puts two more there. One of them is the bloodsoaked "Little Prince". He pulls down the sweater and tucks it into Paul's pants.

He closes up the sheets, then rolls the body to the edge of a small rug. He wraps the body in the rug and ties it with sheeting strips. He wipes up the wood floor. Stands. Thinks.

He bends down to see whether he can lift the rug. It's a struggle, but he can. He moves toward the door. Stops. There is blood on his shirt.

137 INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 137

Paul's closet door opens. Edward rummages through some shirts, picks one out. Shoves it in his pocket.

138 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER 138

Dressed again, he goes to Paul's desk. Always using the towel to wipe away prints, he finds a key ring. Puts on his raincoat. Doesn't notice Connie's sweater on the hook underneath. Goes out the door.

The door shuts. We hear Edward's footsteps on the stairs. Then only the drip, drip, drip of the faucet. Paul's body lies wrapped up on the floor.

139 INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY 139

Some straight pins in her mouth, Connie puts the finishing touches on Charlie's costume while Charlie stands there, deeply self-conscious. The room is full of other mothers doing more bunny costumes and tree costumes. In the b.g., some of the kids are practicing a song: "Inch by Inch" (the Garden Song).

140 EXT. PAUL'S BUILDING - DAY - RAIN 140 *

Still raining. Edward's car approaches. No parking place. He double parks. Puts on his hazard lights. Gets out. He opens his trunk. Inside we see the paraphernalia of a soccer coach - balls, orange cones to mark the goals, etc.

He looks around. Leaving the trunk open, he goes back to Paul's front door and enters the building. *

141 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY 141 *

Edward enters and shuts the door. He drags the body in the rug over to the freight elevator and shoves it in.

142 INT. PAUL'S ELEVATOR - DAY 142 *

He shuts the big metal doors, slides the inner gate closed, and moves the lever. The elevator starts its descent. But halfway down Paul's floor, there's a CLANK. And a SHUDDER. The elevator stops moving. Edward jimmies the lever back and forth. Nothing. The elevator's stuck. Shit. *

Edward looks at the elevator door -- halfway up is the floor to Paul's loft. He pulls open the gate, yanks himself up onto the ledge of the floor, and bangs on the big metal doors to the loft until one opens. Then he gets back down, struggles to force the body in the rug up and out of the elevator again. After a few deep breaths, he climbs out himself. *

143 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY 143 *

Exhausted now, Edward sits down next to the body (part of which still hangs into the elevator), breathing heavily. While he catches his breath, we SEE the elevator slowly start to descend again. Edward doesn't see it threatening to catch and wedge the end of the rug (and perhaps Paul's feet) in the elevator shaft. Finally, just as the elevator grazes the edge of the rug, Edward sees it moving. He jumps up, grabs the body and pulls it back out into the loft, just in time to keep it from getting lodged in the elevator. *

He takes a beat, then shuffles backwards with the body and heads for the door to the hallway.

144 INT. STAIRWAY - DAY 144

Straining, he backs down the stairs, dragging the rolled rug. It bumps on the steps as it goes. Edward sweats. It's a long stretch. He reaches the front door, gets it open.

145 EXT. PAUL'S BUILDING - DAY - RAIN

145 *

The street is deserted. With some difficulty, he hoists the rug over his shoulder. Steps out into the rain. Moves as quickly as he can to:

THE CAR'S OPEN TRUNK

Edward tries to stuff the rug into the trunk, but it won't fit. A PASSERBY stops and stares. Edward looks up. The Passerby is almost right next to him--uncomfortably near.

PASSERBY

Need a hand?

EDWARD

No--

Just then he notices that a BLOOD-STAINED BOOK has fallen out of the rug--right at the Passerby's feet. The rain mingles with the blood.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

(trying for calm)

...I'm fine. Thanks anyway.

PASSERBY

No problem.

The Passerby walks away. Edward watches him. Then, quickly, he bends down, grabs the book, and slides it into the rolled rug. Tries to close the trunk. It won't shut. He struggles, bends the rug--finally gets it all the way in. He slams the trunk. Sweating, out of breath.

He looks around. Starts back toward Paul's building. Then back to the car. LIGHTS STILL FLASHING, he opens the hood and leaves it propped open. Then back into Paul's building.

146 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY

146 *

Edward enters and closes the door. He grabs the towel again and climbs back into the elevator.

147 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

147 *

Edward wipes down all the surfaces of the elevator.

148 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY

148 *

Does a last check. Goes into the kitchen, stuffs the towel and his bloody shirt into a plastic bag, knots it, then stuffs the bag into his raincoat.

He buttons his coat up to his neck and heads for the door, checking, checking. On Paul's desk is a notepad with, among other notes to himself, "CONNIE: 914-555-0103", but Edward doesn't see it. The light is blinking on the answering machine. He hits the ERASE button.

Connie's sweater is still on the hook, but he doesn't see it as he leaves, shutting the door behind him.

149 INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

149

At the bottom, he stops dead in the doorway, staring outside.

150 EXT. PAUL'S BUILDING - DAY - RAIN

150 *

A cop is about to write a ticket on his double-parked car. Edward rushes out.

COP

This yours?

EDWARD

Sorry. I'll move it.

COP

(indicating the open hood)

Why don't I call you a tow?

He reaches for his walkie-talkie.

EDWARD

No. It just overheated. I put some water in it--it should be...

The cop stares at him.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

(talking too fast)

Why don't I start it up and see if it's okay?

He smashes the hood shut, gets in the car, and turns it over. He gives the cop a nod and zooms away, leaving the cop standing there.

- 151 SERIES OF SHOTS: THE MERCEDES MOVING THROUGH NEW YORK STREETS. 151 *
- 152 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY 152 *
- The Mercedes pulls in. *
- 153 INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY 153 *
- Edward enters, locks the door, throws off his coat, and yanks off his tie and shirt. There's a manic panic-stricken energy to what he does. He turns on the tap and douses his body with water, cleaning the blood off his chest that has seeped through his shirt. Water splashes onto the floor. He dries himself off with paper towels. *
- As he goes to throw them away, he notices the huge trash bin is chock full of paper towels. He starts yanking them out of the trash. They rain around him. A seemingly endless fountain of paper towels spills into the room. He grabs his shirt and the bloody evidence from his coat pocket and shoves it all into the trash bin, then forces the paper towels back in. His breath is coming in short bursts. *
- He takes Jack's shirt from his other pocket, puts it on, buttons it up. But the neck is too small. It barely closes. The top button pops off. He reties his tie. Pulls himself together. *
- He looks at himself in the mirror. Inspecting. As he pushes his hair back, he notices a small SPOT OF BLOOD on his forehead. He washes it off. When it's all clean, and the evidence is all gone, he looks at himself again. And suddenly, as if from nowhere, a wave of revulsion overtakes him and he vomits into the sink. *
- 154 EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - EVENING 154 *
- He finds a parking space. In the b.g., a FATHER leaves with a crying child dressed as a tree. *
- 155 INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - EVENING 155 *
- The play has just begun. Edward enters. Connie sees him, indicates she's saved him a seat. He makes his way down to her, stepping over a few other parents, muttering his apologies. He sits next to Connie.

CONNIE
(whispering)
Where have you been?

(CONTINUED)

Just then the audience LAUGHS, and Connie whips her head around to look at the stage. She joins in the laughter.

She takes Edward's hand. The hand that killed Paul. Absently, she begins softly rubbing the place where his hand is scratched. He steals a tense glance at her, looking for any sign of suspicion or questioning. But her mind is on the stage. He looks down at their hands, at this tender gesture of hers.

Edward is still sweating. With his other hand, he pulls out his handkerchief and mops his forehead. Connie looks over at him.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

You okay?

He nods. They both turn back to the play.

ON STAGE: About 25 first-graders in bunny costumes are performing a crudely choreographed number while singing "Dream Loud" and signing the lyrics in sign-language. On the lyrics, "catch a star from the sky," the children all shoot their hands in the air.

Charlie and ANOTHER BUNNY step forward from the group (soloists). The hood to Charlie's costume is too big; it's flopped down over his eyes, so he can't see, and the ears are drooping, horizontally.

In their seats, Connie squeezes Edward's hand. Shoots him a nervous-parent look.

OTHER CHILD

(singing)

What's the sense in dreaming if your
dreams are small?

CHARLIE

(singing)

What's the sense in walking if you don't
walk tall?

The rest of the kids chime in with them and continue the song. Connie beams as Charlie and the other child move back into the line of bunnies and trees.

The kids finish, then take clumsy bows to great laughter and applause. We go in CLOSE ON EDWARD.

156 EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

156

Edward, Connie, and Charlie stroll toward Edward's car. Other parents and kids in b.g.

CONNIE

(hugging Charlie)

Oh, sweetie, you were spectacular. Wasn't he, Edward?

EDWARD

You were great.

CONNIE

I've got to help clean up. I'll come kiss you goodnight when I get home.

(to Edward)

Glad you made it. Tough day?

Suddenly, the SOUND of a car being BUMPED hard. They turn to see:

A big Expedition has BACKED INTO EDWARD'S MERCEDES, denting the trunk. The DRIVER (JERRY) gets out. They gather at the trunk. *

JERRY

Sorry, Ed. Looks like I nailed you.

In fact, the trunk is partly popped up. But nothing inside can be seen.

EDWARD

It's fine, Jerry. It's nothing.

JERRY

Better check and see if it closes.

Jerry moves toward it. Edward tries to be as relaxed as he can. A few other parents join in.

CHARLIE

Can we call the cops, Dad? Can we call the cops?

EDWARD

I'll give you a call in the morning. We'll take care of it tomorrow.

CHARLIE

Did he dent you, Dad?

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

Sure you don't want to check the trunk?
It'll just take a second.

EDWARD

(abrupt)

No.

He's short. Jerry and Charlie are a little taken aback.
Connie tries to cover for him.

CONNIE

Just don't leave the country, Jerry.

157 INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

157 *

Edward starts the car.

CHARLIE

You gonna sue him, Dad?

158 EXT. SUMNER HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

158 *

We SEE one light on the second floor go out.

159 INT. SUMNER HOUSE STAIRCASE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

159 *

Edward is coming down the stairs. As he reaches the
downstairs landing, Charlie comes out of his room on the
second floor and stands at the railing. Neither of them can
see the other.

CHARLIE

Dad!

EDWARD

Yeah?

CHARLIE

Was me being the bunny the best part of
today?

EDWARD

Yeah, kiddo. The absolute best. Now get
back in bed. Mom'll come in when she
gets home.

Charlie pads back into his room. Edward waits a moment.
Then heads for the garage.

160 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

160

Edward stares at the trunk of his car. He takes out his keys and goes to open the trunk. It won't open. He jiggles the key. Nothing.

Suddenly the trunk goes up, just as--WHIRRR!!!--the garage door goes up!

Headlights from Connie's Toyota illuminate him. He quickly slams the trunk. It won't stay shut! The Toyota pulls in alongside him. Connie gets out. He finally gets the trunk closed.

CONNIE
(re: the trunk)
Is it bad?

EDWARD
Not really.
(ushering her in)
It's cold. Let's go in.

161 INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

161

Connie takes off her coat.

CONNIE
Wasn't he adorable? I just can't get
over how sweet he was ...

She's babbling as she gets some drinks. Edward hasn't said a word. She brings him a glass. Kisses his forehead.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
You're warm.

He manages a smile. He holds onto her hand, maybe a little too long. A bit nervously, she clicks her glass to his.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Cheers.

They drink.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
You're sweating. You're coming down with
something.
(takes his hand)
Come on. Bring your drink. I'll put you
to bed.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: 161

She leads him to the hallway. They start up the stairs.

162 EXT. SUMNER HOUSE - NIGHT 162 *

The lights going out.

163 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 163

ON CONNIE'S SLEEPING FACE. We pan up to find Edward. He is dressed in old clothes. He stares down at her.

164 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 164

Edward goes to the freezer, pulls out a bottle of vodka. Pours himself a drink. Downs it.

165 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT 165

Edward tries the trunk, but it won't open. He persists. It opens. And there it is, the WRAPPED CORPSE.

Edward takes a step back. Stares at it. He looks around the garage, finds a shovel hanging on the wall. He puts it in the trunk, closes it quietly. He unlocks the automatic garage door. Then he opens it, very quietly, by hand. He sweats with the exertion.

166 EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF SUMNER HOUSE - NIGHT 166 *

Edward's car backs out and drives away.

167 EXT./INT. EDWARD'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT 167

He is driving out of town. His face anxious.

168 EXT. COUNTY DUMP - NIGHT 168

The wind is blowing like crazy. Because of the whipping gusts, layers of trash are flattened into the chain-link fence surrounding the place. Through the mud, Edward's Mercedes approaches mounds of trash and garbage. It stops. Edward backs it up to a towering garbage heap. While the wind whips papers and trash around him, Edward gets out and goes to the trunk. It sticks, but he finally gets it open. He takes out the shovel and digs a space for the body. Uses his hands to pull away trash. Finally he pulls the corpse out of the trunk and lays it down in this strange grave. He begins to cover it. *

TIME CUT: *

(CONTINUED)

He's thrown pieces of furniture and metal over the makeshift grave, along with trash and garbage. His eye catches something that makes him pause: A CHILD'S DRAWING. It stares up at him, innocent. Almost accusing. He goes back to the trunk, pulls out a rag, wipes the shovel, and throws the rag into the heap. He closes the trunk and gets in the car. He starts it and puts it in gear. The wheels spin. More gas. An awful spinning. The car rocks. It's stuck.

*
*
*

ON CAR WHEELS: They spin in the mud, digging a trench.

TIME CUT:

Panicked, Edward dumps an armful of trash by the wheels and starts to wedge it in front of the tires.

ON CAR WHEELS: They spin again as the engine whines. The debris Edward packed in is sent flying.

TIME CUT:

Edward searches frantically through the dump. He violently rips a board off a broken wire fence.

*
*

169 INT. MERCEDES - MOMENTS LATER 169

Sweating, he puts the car in gear. Gives it a little gas.

170 EXT. COUNTY DUMP - NIGHT 170

The wheels spin, then catch on the boards Edward has wedged in front of them. Slowly the car pulls out.

171 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - LATER 171

Edward showering. He's washing himself over and over, trying to clean everything away.

172 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 172

Edward slips into bed with Connie. He lies there, eyes open.

We gradually LIGHTEN the room as morning approaches. Edward's eyes never close.

173 INT. KITCHEN - THAT MORNING 173

Edward enters, looking ashen and disheveled.

CONNIE
Oh, my God.

EDWARD

What?

CONNIE

Charlie, look at Daddy and tell me what's wrong.

Charlie looks him over. Edward is wearing one black shoe and one dark brown one.

CHARLIE

His shoes. They're different colors.

Almost sleepwalking, Edward gets himself some orange juice.

CONNIE

You look awful. Where did you go last night? I got up and looked for you.

EDWARD

Oh. Just...out to get some air.

CONNIE

You sure you're okay?

Edward manages a smile.

EDWARD

Do you like it here, Con?

CONNIE

What? Of course I like it here.

EDWARD

Because we don't have to live here. We could move back to the city.

She looks at him strangely.

CONNIE

What? What's got into you? Are you okay?

EDWARD

I'm fine. Fine. Are you okay?

CONNIE

I'm fine. We're all fine. And we're not moving anywhere. Here. Have some coffee.

She hands Edward a cup. He stares at it.

- 174 INT. CAR WASH - DAY 174
Edward's car goes through the wash. BEYOND IT, we see, through the wet window, Edward's smeary image, watching the mud run off his car.
- 175 EXT. CAR WASH - DAY 175
Edward watches from a distance as the CAR WASH ATTENDANT vacuums out the trunk.
- 176 INT. EDWARD'S OFFICE - DAY 176
Working at his desk, he glances at the clock. Nearly 1:00.
- 177 EXT. PAUL'S BUILDING - DAY 177 *
Connie approaches.
- 178 INT. PAUL'S HALLWAY - DAY 178 *
She knocks on his door. No answer. She tries again. She digs out her key.
- 179 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY 179 *
She enters. Looks around.
- CONNIE
(calls out)
Paul! *
- A beat. She listens. Nothing. She waits a moment, moves through the apartment.
- CONNIE (CONT'D)
Paul? *
- 180 INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - DAY 180 *
The bed is not made. She moves back to:
- 181 INT. PAUL'S SITTING ROOM - DAY 181 *
She notices the empty floor where the rug had been. Huh. Odd.
- 182 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 182
She sits at a table. Looks at the clock. 1:10. She takes an apple, bites into it. The chewing is loud in the empty apartment.

183 INT. EDWARD'S OFFICE - DAY 183

Edward is at his desk, unable to concentrate. Looks at the clock. It's 1:12. Lindsay brings in some lunch, puts it on his desk. He stares at it. *

184 INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY 184 *

Connie wanders off. She takes off her coat, hangs it on the hook.

185 KITCHEN 185

The clock reads 1:20. Connie she lays her key on the table, and writes Paul a note: *

Dear Paul,
Here's your key. I'm sorry you weren't here. I wanted to say good-bye.
I wish you the best.
Love,
C *

She goes to the door. Takes her coat from the hook and puts it back on. Then just as she's about to go, she notices her sweater on the hook. She takes it and leaves. *

186 INT. SUMNER DINING ROOM - EVENING 186 *

At dinner. Edward and Connie sit there in their own worlds -- both half-there, both playing with their food. The room is blanketed in an awkward formality, a stiffness.

EDWARD
How was your meeting?

CONNIE
Okay. The usual stuff.

EDWARD
Did you get some lunch?

CONNIE
I had an apple.

He looks at her.

CHARLIE
I can name all the states.

EDWARD
I can't. Can you, Con? *

(CONTINUED)

For a beat, she doesn't register the question.

CONNIE

Oh? Probably not.

CHARLIE

California, Florida...

EDWARD

Forty-eight to go.

CHARLIE

New York, New Jersey...New...New...

EDWARD

(hint)

Hamp...

CHARLIE

I know it! Don't tell me!

Edward looks at Connie. She's barely there.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

New Hampshire...Texas...

187 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

187

Edward shoots out of bed, eyes wide, breathing hard, almost grunting. He stands in the middle of the bedroom. Terrified.

Edward looks over at Connie, asleep in the bed. Tries to quiet his pounding heart.

188 INT. TRAIN STATION, ARDSLEY-ON-HUDSON - NEXT MORNING

188 *

It's drizzling. Edward and everyone else have their umbrellas up as the train pulls in.

All the umbrellas go down as the commuters stream on board.

189 INT. THE TRAIN - DAY

189

Edward staring out the window. Suddenly he FLASHES ON:

The SNOW GLOBE smashing Paul's head. Paul staring at him. The curtain of blood coming down his face. His staring eyes. *

BACK to the TRAIN. Edward, his face pale and clammy.

190 INT. CONNIE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY 190

Connie is hooking on some earrings. She spots the Omar Khayyam book on her bookshelf. Stares at it, a little scared of it. She takes it from the bookshelf and, with finality, throws it in her trash and goes back to putting on the earrings. But she sees the book staring up at her. She takes it out of the garbage and heads downstairs with it.

191 INT. SUMNER HOUSE - FRONT HALL - DAY 191

As she heads downstairs she HEARS a car door slam outside. She peers out the window.

HER POV - DRIVEWAY

An Ardsley Police car has escorted an unmarked car to the Sumners' house. TWO MEN have just gotten out of a the unmarked car and are walking toward the front door. We HEAR the CRACKLING and VOICES of a police radio. The dog begins to BARK.

As she continues downstairs, Charlie bursts in.

CHARLIE

Cops are here, Mom. What do they want?

CONNIE

I don't know. I'm sure it's nothing.

192 INT. STAIRS - DAY 192

Connie and Charlie going downstairs.

CHARLIE

NYPD, Mom.

Lupe is waiting at the bottom.

LUPE

Two gentlemen, Mrs. Connie.

CONNIE

I know, Lupe. Charlie, go in the kitchen. Lupe will get you something to eat.

Lupe takes Charlie's hand and they go off.

193 INT. SUMNER LIVING ROOM - DAY 193

Connie enters to find two Policemen--DEAN and MIROJNICK--waiting. Mirojnick studies the collection of snow globes.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Mrs. Sumner?

CONNIE
Yes. Can I help you?

DEAN
(displays his badge)
I'm Detective Dean and this is Detective
Mirojnick. New York City Police
Department.

CONNIE
What is it? Has something happened--?

DEAN
Do you know a Paul Martel?

CONNIE
(too quickly)
Yes....not very well. Why?

The book suddenly feels very large and obvious in her hand.

DEAN
Do you know where he is?

CONNIE
(squirming)
No. At home, I imagine.

MIROJNICK
Know where he lives?

CONNIE
Uhh...SoHo, isn't it?

DEAN
Your name and number were on his desk.

CONNIE
Oh...Has he done something wrong?

DEAN
We don't know. He's been reported missing
by his family. His wife doesn't know
where he is.

CONNIE
(thrown)
I didn't know he was married.

(CONTINUED)

BEHIND HER, Charlie peers around the corner, chewing on a piece of apple. He's fascinated by the police.

DEAN

Separated. When did you see him last?

CONNIE

(flustered)

I...I couldn't say. I can't remember.

(beat)

Really, I barely know him at all. He's a book dealer. I wanted to buy some books from him.

MIROJNICK

And did you?

CONNIE

No. Not yet.

A long beat. They wait.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Is he all right? Do you think something happened to him?

DEAN

It's hard to say at this point. We're working on it.

(stepping toward the door)

Nice place you got here.

CONNIE

Thank you.

MIROJNICK

I like these snow glass things. My kid has a few.

He picks one up, weighs it in his hand.

DEAN

(hands her his card)

If you hear from Mr. Martel, let us know. *

CONNIE

Yes, I will. Of course.

She manages a helpful smile.

194 HALLWAY 194

She sees them out the door. They say goodbye and leave. She closes the door. Stands still, then goes to the

195 KITCHEN 195

and buries the Omar Khayyam book in the garbage. *

196 INT. MARIO'S PIZZA - NIGHT 196

CLOSE ON A PIZZA making its way to the booth, where Connie, Edward, and Charlie are sitting. The WAITER sets it down and disappears. Edward starts cutting it with the slicer.

CHARLIE

Hey, Dad. Cops came to our house today.

Edward looks up sharply. His slicing pauses for a moment, then resumes, more tensely. The slicer SQUEAKS as it rolls back and forth.

EDWARD

Cops? What did they want?

Connie slips a slice onto Charlie's plate and starts cutting it up into bite-sized pieces.

CONNIE

Oh, somebody's missing. So they're, you know, checking everybody. [to Charlie] Sit up, sweetie.

EDWARD

Who was it?

CONNIE

(uneasily)
I don't think you know him. Sells books.
[beat] I forget where I met him.

BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN THEIR HANDS, which dance around edgily, playing out all their tension. Connie passes Charlie his pizza.

CHARLIE

Was it a bad guy, Mom?

EDWARD

(intense)
What was his name? Do you remember?

(CONTINUED)

She pauses. Then stirs her coffee quicker. The spoon CLANKS against the side of the cup.

CONNIE
Martel, I think.

EDWARD
Why did they want to talk to you?

CONNIE
I guess he had my name and number.
Charlie, don't chew with your mouth open.

EDWARD
I wonder why.

CONNIE
I think I bought a book from him once.

A long silence.

EDWARD
Did they say they were coming back?

CONNIE
I don't know why they would.

The CAMERA moves in on Edward, pensive, anxious.

197 EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON 197 *

As the Summer approach, GRANDMA is standing in the doorway of her Westchester house. A couple of young COUSINS come out to greet Charlie. *

198 INT. GRANDMA'S DINING ROOM - EASTER DINNER - AFTERNOON 198

Twelve FAMILY MEMBERS, including some we've seen from Charlie's birthday. Heads are bowed as Edward says grace.

EDWARD
Bless, oh Lord, this food to our use, and
our lives to thy service. And help us to
be ever mindful of the needs of others.
Amen.

A couple of kids muffle GIGGLES.

ALL
Amen

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

Edward stands up, picks up the carving knife and fork. With ceremony, he makes the first cut. Everyone APPLAUDS.

CLOSE ON the brown skin being cut.

INTERCUT: the Easter scene with shots of a BULLDOZER leveling out the landfill where Edward dumped Paul's body. We will gradually see the body revealed.

199 EXT. COUNTY DUMP - BULLDOZER - DAY 199

The Bulldozer digging up a load. In it is Paul's wrapped body.

200 INT. GRANDMA'S DINING ROOM - EASTER DINNER 200

A HOWL OF LAUGHTER as Grandma finishes her story.

GRANDMA

We backed up, and there was the turkey, lying in the middle of the road with a tire mark down it's middle. It fell out of the damn car!

More laughter.

201 EXT. COUNTY DUMP - BULLDOZER - DAY 201

We glimpse a foot in the debris. Something rolls around. Loosening sheets, the rug torn.

202 INT. GRANDMA'S DINING ROOM - EASTER DINNER 202

The family applauds something somebody said. Charlie is telling his cousins a story, and he's barking like a dog.

Edward twists a drumstick off the bird. The juices flow into a juice reservoir on the carving platter.

203 EXT. COUNTY DUMP - BULLDOZER - DAY 203

The Bulldozer backs away. The wrapped corpse spins off to the side. Paul's HAND extends from the rug.

204 EXT. SUMNER HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY 204

The spring thaw has hit. Leaves and sticks are neatly piled up around the front of the house. A police car pulls up. Dean and Mirojnick get out.

205 EXT. SUMNER HOUSE BACKYARD - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

205 *

Edward and Connie are gardening. Edward is raking out the flower beds around the house, while Connie plants annuals. Charlie is playing with Poppy. He's hitched Poppy up to his wagon, but Poppy is refusing to pull it.

Edward looks up to see the two detectives coming around the house. Connie follows his gaze.

DEAN

Hello, Mrs. Sumner. Sorry to bother you on a weekend.

(to Edward)

I'm Detective Dean. This is Detective Mirojnick. NYPD.

Edward shakes their hands. Then, to Charlie:

EDWARD

Charlie, we're going on the porch for a minute.

CHARLIE

Can I come?

CONNIE

Stay out here and play with Poppy, honey. We'll be right back.

We move with them toward the porch. During the scene, Charlie will continue to play in b.g., but he has his eye on his parents and the detectives.

DEAN

(as they walk)

I don't know if your wife mentioned, we were here about a week ago. About Paul Martel.

EDWARD

Yes, the man who was missing.

They reach the porch.

DEAN

Well, he's not missing any more. His body was discovered two days ago.

Edward and Connie both try to hide their strong reactions.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE
(shattered)
My God.

EDWARD
That's ... terrible.

MIROJNICK
Could you tell us, Mrs. Sumner, where you
met Mr. Martel? *

CONNIE
I told you.

MIROJNICK
No, ma'am, you didn't.

CONNIE
I'm sorry. I'm not sure. At a fundraiser,
I think.

MIROJNICK
Can you be more specific?

They're all watching her intently. She's struggling to stay
calm.

CONNIE
I don't know. I don't
remember....Juilliard?

DEAN
Juilliard.

CONNIE
The music school.

DEAN
Yes, I know what Juilliard is.

CONNIE
Of course you do. I'm sorry.

MIROJNICK
(to Edward)
Were you there, too?

EDWARD
Yes. I think I was.

DEAN
Maybe you met Mr. Martel. *

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD

No. Not that I remember.

DEAN

Maybe you'd recognize him.

He pulls out a photograph and hands it to Edward. Edward looks at it very briefly.

EDWARD

No. I've never seen him before.

DEAN

(showing it to Connie)

Is this him?

CONNIE

(too fast, struggling)

Yes. Yes.

MIROJNICK

(to Connie)

Did you ever go to his apartment?

CONNIE

No. I hardly knew him. I don't even know why he had my number.

DEAN

Maybe he...liked you.

EDWARD

(with a certain strength and resolve)

Listen, Detective--

MIROJNICK

(ignoring him, to Connie)

Did you ever have a key to his apartment?

CONNIE

Of course not!

MIROJNICK

We found a note in his apartment that was signed with a "C."

EDWARD

That doesn't mean it's from her.

MIROJNICK

No.

(CONTINUED)

DEAN
Have you ever been to his apartment?

CONNIE
No.

DEAN
How about the neighborhood? Hang out
down there?

CONNIE
No.

DEAN
No, not often? Or no, never?

CONNIE
Never. I can't remember the last time I
was in Soho.

DEAN
It was two and a half weeks ago,
actually.

CONNIE
What?

DEAN
You got a parking ticket right in front
of Martel's apartment, two and a half
weeks ago. *

Connie's flummoxed. It takes her a moment to recover.

CONNIE
Oh. That. Right, I had coffee with
friends, at a -- a little place -- I
forgot.
(to Edward)
Tracy and Sally.
(to the cops)
I didn't realize that was his -- where he
lives.

There's a painful silence as Connie's pathetic lie hangs in
the air between the four of them. Finally, Edward puts an
end to it.

EDWARD
Look, my wife has told you everything she
knows. And so have I.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

So if it's all right with you, we'd like to get back to our son.

DEAN

All right.

They all begin to move toward the front of the house. Dean turns to Connie, clearly not buying her line.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Why don't I leave you my card?

CONNIE

I have your card.

DEAN

Right. Enjoy your weekend.

Edward puts his arm around Connie as the cops get in their car and drive away. Then he drops his arm and goes in the house. She stands alone, looking out into the street.

On her: struggling with her emotions. Alone with her loss. Finally, she dissolves in tears. Shaking, sobbing.

We move past her, in on the window. From inside, Edward is watching her helplessly.

206 EXT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY

206

Carrying clothes over her arm and a ticket in her hand, Connie enters.

207 INT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY

207

She lays the clothing on the counter and checks the pockets of Edward's suits and coats.

CONNIE

(to clerk)

Sumner.

As the Clerk makes out a slip for the clothes, Connie finds something in Edward's pocket. Pulls it out. THE PHOTOGRAPHS AND NEGATIVES from Wilson. She stares at them, stunned.

CLERK

(taking the clothes)

Thursday after five. [beat] Okay? Mrs?

She looks up. Can barely focus on what she's saying.

(CONTINUED)

CONNIE

Yes. Thank you.

He takes the other slip from her hand.

CLERK

I'll get these right away.

The Clerk turns on the track of clothes to find Connie's. As they CLATTER and MARCH ALONG overhead, Connie braves another look at the photos. She starts to hyperventilate.

VOICE (TRACY)

Connie!

She looks up, startled. Tracy is on her way into the dry cleaners.

CONNIE

Tracy --

Connie stuffs the photographs in her purse. Tracy watches her.

TRACY

I'm just picking up my dress for tonight.
I'm wearing the green, with the collar --

Connie looks up at the rack of clothes, still circling around, trying to will it to stop, so she can leave. Tracy's voice and the CLATTER of the rack get jumbled together in a cacophony roaring in Connie's ears.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I was thinking of just wearing the black,
but I always wear that.

CONNIE

Mm-hm.

TRACY

I know it's gorgeous, but I'm sick of it.
I'm going to give it to Goodwill. Let
someone else be gorgeous for a change.

She laughs. Connie can barely muster a smile. The rack finally stops moving. The CLERK reaches for Connie's clothes. Connie practically grabs them from him --

TRACY (CONT'D)

What should we bring? Aside from our
sparkling personalities?

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED: (2)

But Connie heads out the door without answering. Tracy watches her go.

208 INT. KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

208

Moving as if in a trance, Connie is making the hors d'oeuvres. Edward comes in the garage door with a case of wine.

EDWARD

How we doing? Need any help?

She looks at him as if at a stranger. He was aware of the affair. For how long?

CONNIE

No.

We lower the sound on his dialogue. The whole scene (which is from Connie's POV) feels almost surreal.

EDWARD

The white isn't cold. I'll stick it in the freezer. Remind me it's in there.

She looks at him, trying to read him. He looks back at her. A moment passes between them. Then she looks away.:

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I guess most people will want red anyway -

She can barely look at him now. She turns away, spots the dog on his hind legs, paws on the table, sniffing the hors d'oeuvres.

CONNIE

Down, Poppy.

209 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

209

Connie carries a tray of hors d'oeuvres into the living room for the dinner guests: Tracy and her husband, JOSH, and BETH and her husband, JEFF.

A drink in her hand, Tracy is looking at Connie's snow globe collection. Edward is nearby, quiet, watching. Tracy holds one up with Big Ben inside.

(CONTINUED)

TRACY

(re: snow globes)

I love these things. Is there any place you guys haven't been?

Connie smiles but barely looks over.

BETH

The Rosenthals got 795 for their place. In two days. They had six offers.

JEFF

Sealed bids. That's what everybody's doing now.

JOSH

What do you think this place is worth, Ed?

EDWARD

I don't know. But if you sell your house, where do you go?

BETH

At those prices, Tahiti.

JOSH

Bangkok.

TRACY

Forget it, Josh. Ten years he's been trying to send me to a fat farm while he goes to Bangkok with Jeff.

JOSH

It's the temples! It's the scenery!

They all laugh. Beth locks in on a snow globe.

BETH

Connie, where's this one from?

Connie looks over just as Beth lifts the tropical-themed globe she's asking about. The one behind it is revealed: IT'S THE WINDY CITY SNOW GLOBE.

Connie can hardly speak. Her words come in a near-whisper.

CONNIE

Fiji.

(CONTINUED)

She looks at Edward. Their eyes meet for a long moment as MUFFLED CONVERSATION from the others continues UNDER.

210 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

210

We FAVOR Edward and Connie as the dinner conversation continues. Connie has barely touched her food. From time to time, someone turns to her, but she can only smile and answer mechanically.

BETH

Seriously, Connie, what's your next dream vacation? [beat] Connie?

Connie struggles to snap out of it.

CONNIE

I'm sorry. What? Anyone need anything?

That stops the conversation for a moment. As it picks up again, Connie retreats into herself. Edward watches her. Neither of them hears the conversation that follows.

JOSH

Who caught the Stanford game? Ed? Old Alma Mater?

BETH

Ed didn't go to Stanford. He went to Northwestern.

JOSH

Really?

BETH

Connie and Ed both. It's where they met.

TRACY

Where did we meet, all of us?

JEFF

Knicks game, wasn't it?

BETH

Was it?

JOSH

Wasn't it at a drug bust?

TRACY

Very funny.

(to Connie)

It was one of our fundraisers, right?

She looks at Connie for confirmation but gets nothing back.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Con?

CONNIE

What?

Startled, she accidentally knocks over her glass of red wine. She lets out a strange sound as the wine spreads on the white tablecloth and down into her lap. Beth is up.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

I got it.

BETH

You all right?

CONNIE

It's nothing.

TRACY

It's on your blouse. You need vinegar.

BETH

(simultaneously)

You need baking soda.

JEFF

(points to the "blood")

You've been shot.

Beth fetches vinegar, paper towels, etc. Tracy pours salt on the tablecloth.

BETH

It's on the rug.

CONNIE

Please, everybody. Eat. I'll clean it up later.

She looks at Edward, who hasn't moved. He's watching her.

TRACY

Connie? You okay?

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED: (2)

CONNIE
I'm fine. Dessert anyone?

211 EXT. SUMNER HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT 211 *

The guests are leaving. Connie waves, tries to manage a smile. The door closes.

212 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 212

Edward is in the far corner, looking out the window. His back to her. Connie approaches him.

CONNIE
You went there?

Edward remains silent. She moves toward him.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
What happened? Edward?

He doesn't turn around. She moves still closer.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
What did you do?

He doesn't turn. Doesn't reply.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Did you hurt him, Edward?

An agonizing silence.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, Edward, what did you do to him? Did you hurt him? You did, didn't you --

He doesn't turn around. She moves still closer. His back to her.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Talk to me, God damn it, tell me what you did!

He spins around on her. His face is unrecognizable, full of rage. He's spitting venom.

EDWARD
No, you tell me what you did.

Connie is taken aback by his attack.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Tell me how you fucked him, over and over and over. How about that? Or maybe how it felt to lie to me, over and over and over --

CONNIE

Edward, I didn't --

EDWARD

Shut the fuck up. Don't talk to me. Don't you say one fucking word. I gave up everything for this family -- everything -- and what did you do? You pissed it all away, like it's nothing, for a screw with a -- Jesus, he was a fucking kid. You destroyed everything -- every fucking thing we ever had.

(he starts to break)

Christ, did you honestly think I wouldn't know? I was onto you from the first god damn day. Because I know you, Connie. I know you and I fucking hate you. I didn't want to kill him, I wanted to kill you.

That hangs in the air between them, awfully. They look at each other in this new, horrifying reality. Neither one moves, or looks away for the longest time.

Until finally, her voice practically a whisper:

CONNIE

It was you.

He doesn't answer. Which is an answer.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Oh, God, Edward. Oh my God.

She's horrified, repulsed. She recoils, in horror. Suddenly she turns and staggers for the bathroom. We stay on Edward's face as we hear the toilet seat go up. She begins to vomit. As he hears her, it all hits him -- the horror of what he did, the magnitude of what he's lost. He completely falls apart. He dissolves in tears.

213 INT. CONNIE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

213

Connie is getting dressed, when Edward enters.

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED:

213

She starts, and COVERS UP her body. As though he were a stranger. He looks at her, then turns and leaves.

214 INT. SUMNER DINING ROOM - NIGHT

214 *

Dinner. Connie, Edward, Charlie. Nobody talks. All we HEAR is the CLINK CLINK CLINK of scraping silverware on china.

215 INT. SUMNER DEN - NIGHT

215 *

Connie lies on the couch alone, staring at the fire. A blanket is over her. This is where she sleeps now. But she can't sleep at all.

A noise -- a snuffle. It's Charlie. His pajamas are soaking wet, clinging to him. Unnerved by the tension in the house, he's wet his bed. He's standing there, in that dead-tired half-sleep that children get.

CHARLIE

Look what I did.

Connie goes to him and hugs him tight.

CONNIE

It's okay, honey. It's okay.

She takes him by the hand and heads for the stairs.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, Mom.

CONNIE

It was an accident, sweetie. Accidents happen.

As they walk up the stairs:

CHARLIE

Why aren't you in bed?

CONNIE

I just like sleeping by the fire, sweetie. That's all.

She takes him upstairs.

216 INT. SUMNER HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

216 *

Connie comes out of Charlie's room, having put him back to bed. She sits on the top step, leaning against the banister. She senses someone behind her.

(CONTINUED)

216 CONTINUED:

216

She turns and sees Edward standing in the hallway, leaning against the wall. They look at each other for a moment. She doesn't leave, or send him away. So Edward comes closer. He sits on the floor behind her, his back against the wall. They both just sit there on the floor at the top of the stairs, in the dark.

217 EXT. SUMNER HOUSE - DAY

217 *

A beautiful spring day.

218 INT. SUMNER HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

218 *

CLOSE ON A STACK OF ONE-HOUR PHOTO PACKETS. Among them are stills of Connie and Charlie reading together from the videotape that Edward shot the day of the phone call. Connie is at her desk, with her back to the room, putting these and other photos into a family photo album.

Behind her, Edward is playing the piano softly, with his back to her. Between them on the floor, Charlie is racing Matchbox cars around a loop-the-loop track he's set up, vroom-vrooming to himself. *

OUTSIDE, A ARDSLEY POLICE CAR drives by the house. Edward sees it and stops playing. Connie hears him stop, looks out the window, and sees it too. While Charlie continues playing, they watch the car drive slowly past, then away. When the car is out of sight, Connie and Edward simultaneously turn around and look at each other. They share a glance -- of understanding, paranoia. And the knowledge that they're in this together. Then Edward goes back to playing the piano. And Connie goes back to sorting pictures. And Charlie continues playing. *

219 INT. SUMNER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

219 *

Connie sits down with a sigh. Her eyes drift to the snow globes. She takes the Windy City snow globe, sits down on the couch, looks at it.

Tears spring to her eyes, but she doesn't give way to them. Quickly, she wipes them off. She twists the key on the bottom. It plays its little tune.

Suddenly the tune stops -- but not in the usual way. It seems muffled, stuck.

She toys with the key. Something shifts. The globe's stand has separated slightly from the top. She never knew it opened like this. She twists the stand away from the top to reveal:

(CONTINUED)

A little envelope wedged into the stand, curled up at the edges. It had been interfering with the mechanism that plays the little tune.

She pulls out the envelope. Reads the writing on it:

Con,
If you find this,
Do not open until our 25th anniversary.
Edward
Chicago, 1993

She opens the envelope. Inside is a PHOTOGRAPH she'd long forgotten. Of her and Edward seven years earlier, with their newborn, Charlie, in her arms.

She turns over the picture. On the back, Edward has written: "My beautiful wife. The best part of every day."

She puts the picture back in the envelope. She starts to cry.

220 EXT. SUMNER BACK YARD - DAY

220 *

A brisk spring day. Connie walks down toward the POND at the bottom of their garden, holding the globe and carrying a manila envelope. She stands for a moment, looking out at the still pond. Then she takes something out of the manila envelope, lights a match, and sets it aflame. It's the photograph of Connie and Paul leaving the movie theater. CU of Paul's face curling and burning. *

She burns the other photographs and negatives. Watches them turn to ash. Then she takes the snow globe. Looks at it. And, decisively, throws it far out into the pond. *

It makes a plopping noise. She hears something behind her. She turns. Edward is standing there. They look at each other, both understanding what she has just done. He walks over to her. They stare out at the pond.

CONNIE
There's still the note.

EDWARD
It was from you?

CONNIE
Yes.

A long beat.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
We're horrible people, Edward.

He shakes with the terrible knowledge of what he's done.
Freshly horrified again.

EDWARD
I thought I knew myself -- what I was
capable of. I had no idea.

They stand there, forlornly looking out at the cold pond.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
How did all this happen? When did we
change?

CONNIE
I don't know. [beat] Can we go back?

EDWARD
I don't know.
(beat)
Did you love him?

CONNIE
I met him -- bumped into him, literally.
And all of a sudden, I was thinking about
things I'd never thought about. Then
after a while, I didn't just think them;
I wanted them. And then ... and then I
needed them. Like I needed air. Somehow
-- I don't know how -- I became this
person I never dreamed I'd be -- doing
something --

EDWARD
Doing something you never dreamed you'd
be able to do.

He's talking about himself. They've never understood each
other more.

CONNIE
Yeah.
(beat)
But no. I never loved him, Edward. Not
for a moment.
(she starts to cry)
I've always loved you.

(CONTINUED)

220 CONTINUED: (2)

220

He puts an arm around her. She folds into him. We PULL BACK to a wide shot of these two solitary figures, clinging together in the desolate landscape. *

221 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

221

KIDS are running around in the hall, chasing each other. One of them is Charlie. He runs past a door to

222 INT. HOTEL MEETING ROOM - DAY

222

where AN AUSTERE AUCTIONEER is presiding. Behind him is a banner that reads: Ardsley Country Day School Gymnasium Auction. In the crowd we see the people we've met--Tracy and Josh, Beth and Jeff. *

AUCTIONEER

...Going once, going twice...Sold to the lovely lady in the back. Thank you, ma'am.

The crowd applauds. In the back of the room, we see Edward and Connie standing, trying to participate and smile and applaud with the rest of them. Connie's cell phone rings. She answers it quietly. A DARK LOOK comes over her face. She takes the phone over to the doorway, to hear better.

Edward watches her talking. She nods a little, talks a little. He goes over to her as she hangs up. The kids run by them in the hallway.

As the auctioneer continues in the b.g.:

CONNIE

The detective. He wants me to come in Tuesday. They want my fingerprints, to compare with what they found on the note.

EDWARD

They think you did it.

(beat)

I should turn myself in, Con.

CONNIE

No.

Just then, Charlie looks at them from down the hall. Smiles. Waves at them. They smile back.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

No. We'll get up every day and see what happens.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED:

CONNIE (CONT'D)

We'll take it one day at a time. [beat]
We'll get through this, Edward. We will.

He looks at her. A long look.

EDWARD

You think so?

CONNIE

Yes. Nobody will ever know.

EDWARD

We do. We know.

223 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - AUCTION-NIGHT DANCE - NIGHT 223

A band is on the stage. Ardsley Auction banners are everywhere. Charlie sits at a round table with a few other parents and kids. Clutching a Coke, he is nodding off.

We find Connie and Edward dancing together, oblivious to everyone else. They look into each other's eyes. And then they kiss. A deep, loving soul kiss. It's the first time we've seen them really kiss each other. And it's kiss that lasts, that's full of sorrow and joy and hope and loss and anger and forgiveness and everything that gets piled into a love. It feels like it could last forever ...

224 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT - LATER 224

A cop is standing by Connie's Toyota, speaking into a walkie-talkie. In the b.g. Edward and Connie emerge from the hotel. Edward has Charlie asleep over his shoulder. They freeze, not knowing what to do. Slowly they walk forward toward the car. Connie TAKES EDWARD'S HAND and SQUEEZES IT.

And then the cop tears out a parking ticket and sticks it under the windshield wiper.

225 EXT./INT. CONNIE'S TOYOTA - MOVING - NIGHT 225

On CHARLIE asleep in the back seat.

226 INT. TOYOTA - INTERSECTION - NIGHT 226

The Toyota stops at a red light. Connie's hand unconsciously touches her knee.

CLOSE UP - Connie remembering.

227 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY - THE DAY SHE MET PAUL

227

*

We now watch a silent version of her original meeting with Paul.

Connie, packages in hand, challenges the wind on Mercer Street. Looking for a cab. Suddenly we are with her as she is caught up in the wind and pushed along. Twisting, turning, fighting to hold on to something.

ANGLE FROM THE CAFE - We see Connie brought down the street by the wind, stumbling into Paul. He gathers her party favors, they speak, he asks her to come up. She's not sure. Trying to decide. The taxi that passes her by. Finally her agreeing to go upstairs with him.

Now she is at the top of the steps. And, as in the beginning, an EMPTY TAXI approaches. Paul smiles at her. Come on.

CLOSER ANGLE - CONNIE AND PAUL

CONNIE

TAXI!

The taxi screeches to a stop. Connie turns to Paul. He hesitates, then hands her her packages.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

(limping toward the cab)

I have to go. I'll manage.

(she reaches the cab, turns to him)

Thank you. You've been great.

(opens door, gets in)

She looks out and smiles at him as the taxi drives away.

228 INT. TAXI - DAY

228

Connie sitting in the cab.

CLOSE UP - Her eyes.

Camera pulls back to show that she's back in:

229 INT. TOYOTA - NIGHT

229

She's with Edward, sitting in silence. The light changes. Another car moves on. The Toyota remains still.

CONNIE

We can disappear.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD
Disappear?

CONNIE
We'll raise some money. Sell everything.
We'll leave the country.

He looks at her.

EDWARD
Senorita?

CONNIE
Why not? Mexico. We'll find a little
house on the beach. Take another name.
People do it all the time.

EDWARD
What do we tell Charlie?

On CHARLIE in the rear-view mirror, asleep.

CONNIE
We'll tell him it's an adventure.

EDWARD
He'll be a little Mexican boy.

CONNIE
We'll fish all day, and learn to play the
guitar.

EDWARD
I can serenade you to sleep at night.

Tears come to her eyes.

CONNIE
We'll live the rest of our lives on that
beach. And when we die, we'll just push
out to sea.

Now they're both crying.

EDWARD
Sounds perfect.

They kiss. Tears mingle in it. They hold each other as the
signals change again.

230 EXT. TOYOTA - NIGHT - HIGH ANGLE

230

The Toyota remains still. The signal continues to change from red to green to the left and right turn arrows. As we watch, a WIND rises. The traffic light CREAKS back and forth. The wind grows stronger. The trees blow.

The CAMERA slowly rises, and as it gets higher, we see the entire scene, showing that immediately to the left is a POLICE STATION.

For the longest time nothing happens. Then finally Edward's door opens. He gets out and walks slowly toward the police station. He enters and we fade to black.

THE END

*
*
*
*