SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR

Final Draft Screenplay

by

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THE MIRISCH CORPORATION

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FADE IN

1
OMITTED

1-A
EXT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA COASTLINE - SUNSET

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

2
OMITTED

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

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

3 thru
OMITTED

6

7
EXT. SEA SHADOWS INN - SUNSET

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

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

8
INT. INN - FOYER - SUNSET

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

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

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

ANOTHER ANGLE - DORIS

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

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

HIS POINT OF VIEW - DORIS

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

ANGLE - GEORGE

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

ANGLE - DORIS

She is still reading the menu. The waiter stands, pad and pencil waiting. She closes the menu. Orders coffee. The waiter leaves.
He goes back to his meal, slicing the steak. It is all meticulous, a special routine, full of nervous energy. Again -- a look.

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

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

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

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

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

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

17 INT. READING ROOM - INN - NIGHT

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

18 ANOTHER ANGLE - MONTAGE SHOT

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

19 ANOTHER ANGLE - MONTAGE SHOT

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

20 EXT. SEA SHADOWS INN - NIGHT

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

CUT TO

21 INT. COTTAGE - DAY - ANGLE - GEORGE

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

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

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

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

ANOTHER ANGLE - DORIS

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

DORIS
That's a real sharp-looking outfit.

He whirls to look at her.

GEORGE
(finally)
Uh -- hello.

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

DORIS
What time is it?

GEORGE
My watch is on the bedside table.

She picks up watch, looks at it.

DORIS
(surprised)
Ten to twelve!

GEORGE
No, it's twenty-five after eight. The stem is broken. It's three hours and twenty-five minutes fast.
DORIS
Why don't you get it fixed?

GEORGE
I was going to but I got used to it.

DORIS
Doesn't it mix you up?

GEORGE
No, I'm very quick with figures.

He has been staring at her.

DORIS
Why are you looking at me like that?

GEORGE
(anguished)
Why do you have to look so luminous!

She doesn't understand. He paces away.

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

DORIS
(cheerfully)
I guess God figured, chubby thighs were enough.

He fixes her with an earnest look.

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

DORIS
Okay.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 2

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

    GEORGE
    Where are you going?

    DORIS
    I thought I'd brush my teeth first.

    GEORGE
    Dorothy, sit down.

She opens her mouth to speak.

    GEORGE
    Please -- sit.

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

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

    DORIS
    Doris.

    GEORGE
    (thrown)
    What?

    DORIS
    My name is Doris.

    GEORGE
    Your name is Doris? I've been calling you Dorothy all night. Why didn't you tell me earlier?
DORIS
I didn't expect us to end up --
you know --
(she trails off)
Then when I did try to tell you --
you weren't listening.

GEORGE
When?

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

He fixes her with a burning look.

GEORGE
(intensely)
It was incredible, wasn't it?

DORIS
It was -- nice.
(sensing he expects
something more)
Especially the last time.

GEORGE
(anguished)
I know -- I'm an animal!

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

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

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

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

CONTINUED
DORIS
Then how come you look so down in
the dumps?

GEORGE
Because my wife is going to kill
me!

DORIS
How is she going to find out?

GEORGE
She knows already.

DORIS
(puzzled)
You said she was in New Jersey.

GEORGE
(gloomily)
It doesn't matter. She knows.

DORIS
How?

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

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

DORIS
(curiously)
Do all men like to talk about it
a lot afterwards?

GEORGE
(defensively)
Why? You think I'm some sort of
pervert or something?

DORIS
No, I just wondered.

She gets her blouse during the following:

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

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 5

GEORGE
(puzzled)
Sort of?

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

He thinks this out.

GEORGE
Doris, that counts.

DORIS
I mean it was by the man I married.

GEORGE
Oh, I'm sorry.

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

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

He turns to look at her, pales a little.

DORIS
What's the matter?

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

DORIS
(puzzled)
Who are?

GEORGE
Never mind.
(he stares at her)
I'm in a lot of trouble, Doris.
CONTINUED - 6

DORIS

Why?

GEORGE

I think I love you.

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

INT. BATHROOM - INN - DAY

Fairly small, old-fashioned, no shower.

GEORGE

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

She is looking around for somewhere to put her clothes.

DORIS

I never even finished high school.

GEORGE

(wildly)

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

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

GEORGE (Cont'd)

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

DORIS

How do you mean?

GEORGE

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

DORIS

(sympathetically)

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

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

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

She shakes her head.

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

DORIS
(puzzled)
So?

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

She is staring at him.

GEORGE
What is it?

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

GEORGE
(realizes where is he, embarrassed)
Oh, I'm terribly sorry!

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

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

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

GEORGE
We're in a lot of trouble, Doris.

Startled, she turns.
25 ANOTHER ANGLE

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

GEORGE (Cont'd)
I really think I've fallen in love with you, Doris.

He gets up, moves away.

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

DORIS (curiously)
Are you Jewish?

GEORGE (thrown)
No.

DORIS
Then how come you feel so guilty?

GEORGE
Don't you feel guilty?

DORIS
Are you kidding? Half my high school became nuns.

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

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

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

CONTINUED
He shakes his head, starts to pace again.

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

DORIS
Are you Italian? [Irish?]

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

DORIS
You're so emotional.

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

She looks at him.

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

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

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

DORIS
Italian. [Irish.]

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

DORIS
When you grow up in a large Italian [Irish] family it's enough to turn you off emotion for life, you know?
GEORGE
I wondered why you weren't crying or yelling or anything.

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

Crying?

Yelling.

DORIS
I didn't hear you.

I stuffed a towel in my mouth.

GEORGE
I'm sorry.

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

GEORGE
You're right.

DORIS
Then how come we feel so terrible?

He looks at her for a moment.

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

There is a pause.
DORIS
I wish you hadn't said that.

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

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

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

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

DORIS
No.

He is relieved.

GEORGE
May I ask you something?

DORIS
Sure.

GEORGE
Would you go to bed with me again?

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

DORIS
George, we can't!

GEORGE
(trying to kiss her)
Why not?

DORIS
We'll feel worse afterwards!

GEORGE
No, I'm over that now -- I just remembered something!
CONTINUED - 4

DORIS

What?

GEORGE

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

DORIS

George, you're clutching at straws.

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

GEORGE

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

There is a knock at the door. Both freeze, their eyes reflecting total panic.

GEORGE

(calling)

Just a second!

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

GEORGE

(panic-stricken; in a desperate hiss)

Don't go into the bathroom!

DORIS

Why not?

GEORGE

It's the first place they look!

(calling to front door)

Just a second! I'm coming!

She heads for the French doors and exits onto the dock. On his way to the front door he spots her girdle, grabs it, stuffs it part way into the side pocket of his jacket. (X)
25-A

EXT. DECK OF COTTAGE - DAY

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

26

OMITTED

27

INT. COTTAGE - DAY - GEORGE

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

GEORGE

Doris?

He bends down to look under bed.

GEORGE

Doris?

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

28

EXT. COTTAGE DECK - DAY

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

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

DORIS

(in a deep voice)

You have a woman in here?

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

GEORGE

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

DORIS

He didn't ask about your girdle?

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

GEORGE

What?

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

GEORGE

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

DORIS

What do you care?

GEORGE

I stay here every year.

DORIS

How come?

GEORGE

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

DORIS

From New Jersey?

GEORGE

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

DORIS

Oh.

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

GEORGE

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

DORIS

What?

GEORGE

Well, you probably think I do this
sort of thing all the time. I mean
I know I must appear very smooth
and glib -- sexually. Well, I want
you to know that since I've been
married this is the very first time
I've done this.
CONTINUED - 2

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

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

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

GEORGE
It's funny, even when I was single I was no good at quick, superficial affairs. I had to really like the person before --
(turns to look at her)
What do you mean -- you could tell? In what way could you tell?

DORIS
What?
(an affectionate twinkle in her eyes)
Oh -- I don't know -- the way you tried to get your pants off over your shoes and then tripped and hit your head on the coffee table. Little things like that.

They smile affectionately at each other.

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

It sure is.

DORIS

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

No?

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 3

GEORGE

No.
(takes a deep
breath)
I told you I was a married man with
two children.

DORIS

You're not?

GEORGE

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

DORIS

I don't get it.

GEORGE

I thought it would make me seem
less married.

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

GEORGE

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

DORIS

Sure. We all do dopey things some-
times.

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

DORIS

How come your wife doesn't travel
with you?

GEORGE

Phyliss won't get on a plane.

She looks up, notices him staring at her.

DORIS

Why are you looking at me like that?

CONTINUED
GEORGE
I just love the way you eat.

She grins, holds up cup.

GEORGE
No thank you.
(sits beside
her; intensely)
Doris, do you believe that two
perfect strangers can look at
each other across a crowded
room and suddenly want to possess each other in every conceivable
way possible?

She thinks for a second.

DORIS
No.

GEORGE
(bewildered)
Than how did this whole thing
start?

DORIS
It started when you sent me
over that steak in the restaur-
ant.

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

DORIS
What made you do it?

GEORGE
Impulse. Usually I never do
that sort of thing. I have this
-- this friend who says that life
is saying 'yes.'
(a slight
shrug)
The most I can generally manage is
'maybe.'
CONTINUED - 5

DORIS.
So why'd you do it?

GEORGE
I was lonely. And you looked so -- vulnerable.
(romantically)
You had a run in your stocking and your lipstick was smeared.

DORIS
You thought I looked cheap?

GEORGE
_quickly_
No -- beautiful.

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

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

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

29

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

GEORGE
Nuns?

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

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

GEORGE
Retreat?

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

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

GEORGE
What's in Bakersfield?

DORIS
His mother. It's her birthday.

GEORGE
She doesn't mind you not going?

DORIS
No, she hates me because I got pregnant.

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

Doris moves to sofa, collects her things during following:

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

GEORGE
To think about God?

She turns to look at him.

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

He waits, she sits.

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

CONTINUED
DORIS (Cont'd)

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

GEORGE

Why?

DORIS

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

(a beat; troubled)
But sometimes things get me down,
you know? It's dumb.

GEORGE

I don't think it's dumb.

You don't?

DORIS

He shakes his head.

DORIS

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

GEORGE

(eagerly)
We had instant rapport. Did you
notice that too?

DORIS

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

His expression changes slightly.

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

He looks at her for a moment, moves away.

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

DORIS
Okay.

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

(grimly)
Phyliss knows about us.

DORIS
You said that before. How could she know?

GEORGE
She has this thing in her head.

DORIS
You mean like a plate?

This throws him; he stares at her.

GEORGE
Plate?

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

GEORGE
I'm in a lot of trouble.

DORIS
Why?

GEORGE
Because I find everything you say absolutely fascinating!

DORIS
Tell me about your wife's steel plate.

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

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

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

DORIS
Tell me something nice about her.

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

DORIS
How did she do that? Make you believe in yourself?
CONTINUED - 5

GEORGE
She married me.

DORIS
Yes, that was very nice of her.

He looks at her.

DORIS
I mean bolstering you up and all.

He sits beside her.

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

DORIS
Okay.
(she thinks)
It's hard.

To pick one?

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

GEORGE
Look, you owe me at least one rotten story.

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

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

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

She moves to look out of window.
DORIS

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

GEORGE

(puzzled)

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

She turns to face him.

DORIS

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

(a beat)

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

(a beat)

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

There is a moment of contact between them.

DORIS

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

GEORGE

Not really.

DORIS

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

GEORGE

Okay, if you insist.

She sits beside him.

DORIS

Well, Harry's a real big, kind of heavy-set sort of guy, you know?
GEORGE
I wish you hadn't told me that.

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

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

(smile fades)
I don't know -- somehow it really got to me.

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

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

DORIS
Who's Helen?

GEORGE
(puzzled)
My wife, of course.

DORIS
You said her name was Phyliss.

Caught; a split moment of panic.

GEORGE
I know -- I lied.

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

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

DORIS

Is your name really George?

GEORGE

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

Yes.

DORIS

That'd be crazy.

GEORGE

(gently)

You're crazy.

They smile at one another tenderly.

GEORGE

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

DORIS

You got pictures?

GEORGE

(thrown)

What?

DORIS

Pictures of your kids.

GEORGE

(uncomfortably)

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

She is moving to get her purse.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 9

DORIS
I'll show you mine if you show me yours.
(extracting snapshots from purse)
I keep them in a special folder we got free from Kodak.
(she moves to him, gives him snaps)
Here. Where are yours?

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

GEORGE
Uh -- you have to take the whole wallet.

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

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

GEORGE
(looking over her shoulder)
Yes, that's Michael. Funny-looking kid, isn't he?

DORIS
He wants to be Superman?

GEORGE
Peter Pan. Sometimes it worries me.
(looks at snap in his hand)
Why is this one's face all scrunched up?

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

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

DORIS
Both of us really.
CONTINUED - 10

DORIS (Cont'd)

(looking at snap)
What's your little girl's name?

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

DORIS
She has her hand in the cake.

GEORGE
Yeah, neat is not her strong suit.

They look at one another.

DORIS
You have great-looking kids, George.

GEORGE
Thank you. So do you.

DORIS
Thank you.

They hand back the photos and each replaces them where they came from.

Their heads come up, their eyes make contact, they gaze at one another for a moment before he gently kisses her. The kiss becomes more passionate. They pull apart, look at one another. She reaches up to remove her hat.

DORIS
Okay, but this is the last time.

He is following her to the bed as we

DISSOLVE TO

A MONTAGE

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


EXT. SEA SHADOWS INN - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

A day in February 1956.

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

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

GEORGE

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

DORIS (o.s.)

Right now.

GEORGE

Wait a minute!

He quickly moves to the piano, sits.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

GEORGE

Okay -- now!

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

GEORGE

Happy anniversary, darling.

He indicates the cake.

GEORGE

Cut the cake and make a wish.

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

GEORGE

What did you wish?

DORIS

I have only one wish.

GEORGE

What?

DORIS

That you keep showing up every year.

They kiss tenderly. She serves cake through following:

GEORGE

That was one of the best ideas you ever had.

DORIS

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

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 2

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

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

He moves to get champagne bottle.

DORIS
Where'd you get the champagne?

GEORGE
(refilling her glass)
Old Chalmers brought it while you were changing.

DORIS
Bit risky, isn't it?

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

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

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

DORIS
Chalmers has a tic? (he nods)
Why didn't you tell me that? For five years I've been winking back!

He laughs, gazes at her affectionately.

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

GEORGE
I've already told you -- I'm crazy about your hair.
She moves away to check her hair in the mirror.

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

GEORGE
How are the suburbs?

DORIS
Muddy mostly. Right now everyone's very excited. Next week they're going to connect the sewers.
(shrugs)
Well, it's not exactly the life of Scott and Zelda, but we're surviving.

GEORGE
(surprised)
You started reading!

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

GEORGE
Good for you.

DORIS
(kidding herself)
Listen, sometimes I even take the alternate selections.

INT. ENTRANCE FOYER - INN - NIGHT

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

DORIS
How about you? You still in New Jersey?

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

DORIS

What's it like?

GEORGE

Drafty.

INT. DINING ROOM - INN - NIGHT

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

GEORGE

Right now Helen's got the decorating bug.

He looks up from menu.

GEORGE

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

He smiles at her amusement.

GEORGE

That's the bad story about her.

DORIS

What else is new?

GEORGE

We had a baby girl.

DORIS

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

GEORGE

(grins)

I knew you'd ask.

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

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

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

GEORGE
Could be.
(takes out a
cigar, hands
it to her)
Here, I even kept one of these
for you to give to Harry. It's
from Havana.

She looks at cigar.

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

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

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

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

DORIS
What was that?

GEORGE
 Tried to get laid. He wrote in
great comic detail about his
unfortunate tendency to get an
errection on all forms of public
transportation.
CONTINUED - 2

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

GEORGE
He's a very weird kid, Doris.

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

He looks at her.

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

DORIS
(gently)
See? Was that so hard?

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

DORIS
What was that for?

GEORGE
Everything. This. One beautiful weekend every year with no cares, no ties, and no responsibilities. Thank you, Doris.

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

GEORGE
Doris?

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

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

CUT TO

INT. COTTAGE - INN - NIGHT

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

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

DORIS
Someone has a rotten sense of timing.

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

GEORGE
Damn.

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

GEORGE
(into phone)
Hello.
(his expression changes)
Yes, this is Daddy. Is there anything wrong?

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

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

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

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

Doris steps out onto deck.
36 EXT. COTTAGE - DECK - NIGHT

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

37 INT. COTTAGE - INN - NIGHT

GEORGE
(into phone)
Well, I'll try. Yes, I love you too, sweetheart. Yes, very much.

He hangs up and puts his head in his hands.

GEORGE
Oh God, I feel so guilty!

DORIS
Debbie?

He rises, starts to pace.

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

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

GEORGE
You think this is funny?

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

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

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

DORIS
I think I've got the picture, George.

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

GEORGE
Don't you ever feel guilty?

DORIS
Sometimes.

GEORGE
You've never said anything.

DORIS
I just deal with it in a different way.

How?

GEORGE

DORIS
Privately.

Still agitated, he starts pacing the room again.

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

DORIS
Have a drink, George.

GEORGE
I mean women are more pragmatic than men.

DORIS
What's that mean?

GEORGE
They adjust to rottenness quicker.

(off-handedly)

Anyway, you have the church.

DORIS
The church?

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

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

GEORGE
Boy, something like that really brings you up short!
(holds out trembling hands)
I mean look at me! I tell you, Doris -- when she started talking about the tooth fairy -- well, it affected me in a very profound manner.

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

DORIS
George, I have three children too.

GEORGE
What do you want me to do, Doris?

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

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

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

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

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

DORIS
Okay. He went bankrupt.
This momentarily jolts him out of his problem.

GEORGE
How can anyone go bankrupt
selling TV sets?

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

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

GEORGE
What?

DORIS
Tell me your story about Helen.

GEORGE
I already did.

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

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

DORIS
Tell me the good story about her.

He moves around the room during following.

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

DORIS
Both of you?

GEORGE
I fainted.

She looks at him.

GEORGE
The nice part was that she never
told anybody.
CONTINUED - 4

DORIS
You faint often?

GEORGE
Only in emergencies.

DORIS
Is it the sight of blood that ---

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

He moves to pour liquor, speaks over-casually.

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

DORIS
(puzzled)
When did you have in mind?

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

DORIS
(astounded)
You want to leave twenty-three hours early?

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

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

He glances up, sees her expression.

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

CONTINUED
GEORGE (Cont'd)
tooth fairy -- she could have
swallowed the tooth. It could
be lodged God knows where!
(looking around)
Uh -- have you seen my hairbrush?
Anyway, I'm probably doing you a
favor. If I did stay I wouldn't
be very good company and ---

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

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

She just stares at him.

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

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

GEORGE
Okay, I feel guilty! Is that so
strange? Doris, we're cheating.
Once a year we lie to our families
and sneak off to a hotel in
California and commit adultery!
(he holds up his hands)
Not that I want to stop doing it!
But yes, I feel guilt. I admit it.

DORIS
(incredulous)
You admit it? You take out ads!

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 6

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

There is a pause.

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

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

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

She looks at him in some surprise.

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

She just stares at him.

OMITTED

EXT. LOCAL AIRPORT - TERMINAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

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

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

INT. LOCAL TERMINAL - NIGHT

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

GEORGE
Cheer up, Doris -- it's not the end of the world. I'm not leaving you permanently.
(a beat)
I'll see you next year.

DORIS
(quietly)
No, I don't think you will.

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

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

GEORGE
How can you be so casual?

DORIS
I don't see any point in going on.

He shakes head, moves to get suitcase.

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

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

Frustrated, he looks out at plane.

GEORGE
Doris, I have a commitment there.

CONTINUED
DORIS
(quietly)
And you don't have one here?

GEORGE
(bewildered)
Here? I thought our only commitment was to show up every year.

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

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

DORIS
Well, so am I.

GEORGE
(sincerely)
But you're different. Stronger. You always seem able to -- cope.

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

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

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

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

A pause.

GEORGE
(fianlly; anguished)
Oh, God, I feel so guilty!
CONTINUED - 2

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

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

EXT. LOCAL AIRPORT - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Doris gets into her car.

INT. DORIS' CAR - NIGHT

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

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

GEORGE
I love you, Doris.
(a beat)
I'm an idiot, I suspect I'm deeply neurotic, and I'm no bargain -- but I do love you.
Will you let me stay?

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

GEORGE
Doris, what are we going to do?

She takes his hands in hers.

DORIS
Touch and hold on very tight.
Until tomorrow.

They embrace.

EXT. LOCAL AIRPORT - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The motor is started, and the car moves off as we DISSOLVE TO
MONTAGE #2 (1956-61)


EXT. COAST ROAD, NORTHERN CALIFORNIA - DAY

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

INT. COTTAGE - INN - DAY

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

GEORGE

(into phone; irritably)
No, of course I haven't left Helen. I'm on a business trip. I come out here every year -- I am not running away from the problem!
(becoming angrier)
Of course I know it's serious. I still don't think it's any reason to phone me long distance and ---

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

HIS POINT OF VIEW

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

in room.

GEORGE

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. INN - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

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

INT. COTTAGE - INN - DAY

George is still on the phone, his patience exhausted.

GEORGE

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

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

DORIS
(calling)
George!

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

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

GEORGE
How are you, lover?

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

DORIS
Guess what?

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

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

DORIS
Well, I can't take all the credit.
CONTINUED - 2

He continues to stare at her.

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

GEORGE
(still stunned)
What? Oh, sure.

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

DORIS
Are you okay, pal?

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

DORIS
You're surprised. I insisted on visiting the dead rabbit's grave.
(looks at him; puzzled)
How come you're wearing your pajamas and robe in the middle of the afternoon?

GEORGE
(somewhat irritably)
I'm rehearsing a Noel Coward play. (X)

He sits, she looks at him.

DORIS
George, is there something on your mind?

GEORGE
Not any more.

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

GEORGE
You must be eight months pregnant.

DORIS
Exactly.

CONTINUED
DORIS (Cont'd)
(seeing his expression)
Honey, it's not that tragic. We'll just have to find some other way to communicate.

He watches as she lowers herself onto the sofa.

GEORGE
Great! You have any ideas?

DORIS
Well, we could talk.

GEORGE
Talk I can get at home.

DORIS
Well, sex I can get at home.
(grins)
And as you can see, that ain't just talk.

GEORGE
Oh really? And what is that supposed to make me?

She looks at him curiously.

DORIS
George, what is the matter with you?

GEORGE
What was that crack about sex at home? Is that supposed to reflect on me? You don't think I have normal desires and sex drives?

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

He looks at her, relaxes somewhat.
GEORGE

Of course not.
(sincerely)
I'm sorry, Doris. You drive all the way up here in your condition and then I behave like a ridiculous idiot. You should have thrown something at me. I'm sorry.

DORIS

Is something else bothering you?

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

GEORGE

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

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

DORIS

You think we can only be intimate through sex?

GEORGE

I think it sure helps.

DORIS

Oh, maybe at the beginning.

GEORGE

The beginning?

DORIS

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

GEORGE

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

DORIS

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

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

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

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

He moves to fireplace.

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

He turns to face her.

George
When?

Doris
Just lately. Almost every night.

George
What sort of dreams?

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

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

George
Underwater, huh?

She nods.

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

George
I can't swim.

She laughs. This causes him to grin back.
EXT. PART OF GROUNDS - INN - DAY - ANGLE ON REFLECTION

of Doris and George in water of duck pond.

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

DORIS
You want to tell me what it was all about?

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

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

(a beat)
It's my -- my sex life. Lately,
Helen hasn't been able to satisfy

me.

DORIS
(surprised)
She lost her interest in sex?

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

DORIS
Do you have any idea why this is?

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

DORIS
Only if you're Catholic.

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

He finds Doris' gaze somewhat disconcerting.

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

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

GEORGE
(defensively)
Are you accusing me of lying?

DORIS
Of course not. Why are you so edgy?

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

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

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

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

She nods.

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

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

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

They stop at a large shade tree.

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

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

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

And what is it that you don't admire?

It's that damned sense of humor of hers.

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

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

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

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

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

DORIS
(finally)
She was just trying to make you
feel better, George.

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

She doesn't say anything.

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

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

DORIS
(gently)
You're impotent?

GEORGE
Slightly.

CONTINUED
He turns to face her, shrugs.

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

DORIS
Who's the fifth?

GEORGE
Chet Huntley.
   (angrily pacing)
I'm sure her mother has given him the bulletin for the six o'clock news.

DORIS
   (sympathetically)
When did it happen, honey?

He turns to look at her.

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

DORIS
How's Helen reacting?

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

She doesn't smile.

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

Doris extends her hand.

GEORGE
(puzzled)
Doris, that statement hardly calls for congratulations.
DORIS
I need help getting up.

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

INT. COTTAGE - INN - NIGHT

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

DORIS
Is there anything I can say that will help?

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

(moves to turn off radio)

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

DORIS
Okay. What do you want to talk about?

He sits on arm of sofa.

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

She moves around to fire, thinks it out.

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

GEORGE
Your vocabulary's improving.

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

CONTINUED
GEORGE
(surprised)
How come?

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

GEORGE
(admiringly)
You're really something, you know that?

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

GEORGE
What?

DORIS
Well, I didn't graduate from high school the first time because I got pregnant. And now I did graduate from high school --
(grins, taps stomach.)
-- because I got pregnant. Appeals to my sense of order.

GEORGE
(teasing)
I didn't know you had a sense of order.

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

GEORGE
He still selling real estate?

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

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

GEORGE
Doris, are you comfortable in that position?

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

He takes her by arm, leads her to sofa.

GEORGE
Come on, sit over here.

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

DORIS
Thanks. How are the kids?

He takes her shoes off during the following:

GEORGE
(vaguely)
Oh -- fine. Michael got a job with the Associated Press.

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

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

DORIS
George, why are you looking at me like that?

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

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

GEORGE
(exploding)
It's obscene!

DORIS
(bewildered)
What is?

GEORGE
When I touched you I started to get excited!

Very agitated, he paces away from her.

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

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

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

GEORGE
It's not funny, Doris.

DORIS
Aren't you pleased?

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

DORIS
(puzzled)
But doesn't this solve your -- problem?

GEORGE
(frustrated)
The idea doesn't solve anything! It's the execution that counts!

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 4

DORIS
(happily)
I really got to you, huh?

GEORGE
(tightly)
Excuse me.

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

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

He continues to play until indicated.

GEORGE
How good do you think I am?

DORIS
Sensational.

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

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

GEORGE
It beats a cold shower.

DORIS
You play to release sexual tension?

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

She watches him as he vigorously pounds away.

DORIS
George, you'll be exhausted.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 5

GEORGE
That's the idea.

She looks at him for a moment.

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

He stops playing, looks at her, puzzled.

DORIS
Come on.

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

GEORGE
(doubtfully)

Doris ---

DORIS
It's okay. It'll be okay.

GEORGE
But you can't ---

I know that.

DORIS
Then how ---

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

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

GEORGE
(alarmed)

What is it?

She is too busy fighting off the pain to answer.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 6

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

She looks at him unbelievingly, not saying a word.

GEORGE
Doris, what the hell is the matter?

DORIS
(finally)
If -- if memory serves me correctly -- I just had a labor pain.

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

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

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

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

DORIS
Not for another month.

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

GEORGE
My God, what have I done?!

DORIS
What have you done?

GEORGE
I brought it on. My -- my selfishness.

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

Very upset, he paces away.
CONTINUED - 7

GEORGE
Don't treat me like a child, Doris!

DORIS
Will you stop getting so excited?

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

DORIS
George, will you ---

She stops as a new pain hits her. Breathlessly:

DORIS
I think I'd better lie down.

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

GEORGE
(anguished)
What kind of a man am I? What kind of man would do a thing like that?

DORIS
May I say something?

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

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

GEORGE
I know that.

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

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

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 8

GEORGE
Oh -- no. Oh, no!

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

GEORGE
(anxiously)
How do you feel?

DORIS
(a trifle weakly)
Like -- like I'm going to have a baby.

GEORGE
(desperately)
Maybe it's a false alarm. It has to be a false alarm.

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

GEORGE
Hospital? You want to go to a hospital?

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

GEORGE
But we're not married....

She just stares at him.

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

She gets up, heads for the bathroom.

DORIS
Get on the phone, George.

GEORGE
Where are you going?

DORIS
The bathroom.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 9

GEORGE

Why?

DORIS

No time to answer!

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

GEORGE

(into phone)

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

(with alarm)

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

He covers receiver with hand, calls out:

GEORGE

Are you okay, Doris?

(no answer)

Doris?

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

GEORGE (Cont'd)

Doris -- answer me!!

INT. BATHROOM - COTTAGE - INN - NIGHT

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

DORIS

I'm -- I'm busy!

INT. COTTAGE - INN - NIGHT

GEORGE

Oh Jesus!

He races back to phone, picks it up.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

GEORGE (Cont'd)
Yes, yes -- hello.

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

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

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

GEORGE
Doris, who's your doctor?

DORIS (o.s.)
Joseph Harrington. Oakland 555-7878.

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

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

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

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

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 2

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

The blood drains from his face.

GEORGE
Oh, my God.

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

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

This snaps him out of his sympathetic pains.

GEORGE
What if we can't?

She turns to look at him.

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

GEORGE
(in total shock)
Doris, I'm not a cab driver! I don't know how to deliver babies!

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

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

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

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

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

CONTINUED
DORIS

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

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

GEORGE

Hold on, Doris. You're going to be
okay. Everything --
(into phone)
Yes?

He stands up, very agitated.

GEORGE

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

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

GEORGE

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

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

GEORGE

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

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

GEORGE

What?!

DORIS

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

GEORGE

No!!!

He then proceeds to back away.

DORIS

George, I'm scared!

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

GEORGE

Lean back and -- relax.

DORIS

George, do something!

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

GEORGE

I'll be right back.

He quickly exits to bathroom.

DORIS

(screaming)

George, don't leave me!

GEORGE (o.s.)

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

DORIS

George!

He reappears with a pile of towels.

GEORGE

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

He starts to lay towels out on bed.

DORIS

What -- are those -- for?
CONTINUED - 5

GEORGE
Honey, we're going to have a baby.

DORIS
We?

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

He takes her hand, looks into her eyes.

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

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

DISSOLVE TO

MONTAGE #3 (1961-66)

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

EXT. INN PARKING AREA - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

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

INT. INN COTTAGE - DAY

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

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

DORIS
Hey, man -- what do ya say?

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

DORIS
So -- you wanna fuck?

He takes an astonished moment to absorb this.

GEORGE
(finally)
What?

DORIS
(grins)
You didn't understand the question?

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

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

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

GEORGE
I didn't fly. I drove.

DORIS
From Connecticut?

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

CONTINUED
How come?

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

DORIS
And you tell them?

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

GEORGE
I'm what they call a Business Manager.

DORIS
Things going okay?

GEORGE
I can't complain. Why?

DORIS
You look kinda shitty.

He looks at her.

DORIS
Are you all right?

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

DORIS
I went back to school. Berkeley.

GEORGE
(puzzled)

Why?
DORIS
(grins)
You mean what do I want to be when I grow up?

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

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

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

GEORGE
What made you do it?

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

GEORGE
Why?

She sits cross-legged on one of the chairs.

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

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

GEORGE
But why school?

She gets up, moves to look out of window.

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

GEORGE
What sort of answers?

DORIS
(shrugs)
To find out where it's really at.

GEORGE
Jesus.

DORIS
What's the matter?

GEORGE
That expression.

DORIS
Okay. To find out who the hell I am.

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

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

GEORGE
Protests against what?

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

GEORGE
(curly, turning away)
Demonstrations aren't going to stop the war.

DORIS
You have a better idea?

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

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

GEORGE
I think I'll try a librium.

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

INT. INN DINING ROOM - NIGHT

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

Doris studies George as he looks at check.

DORIS
George, why are you so uptight?

GEORGE
That's another expression I hate.

DORIS
Uptight?

CONTINUED
GEORGE
There's no such word.

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

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

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

DORIS
George, what's bugging you?

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

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

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

DORIS
That's a sign of age, George.

GEORGE
What is?

DORIS
Being worried about the declining morality of the young. (a slight shrug) Besides, there's nothing you can do about it.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 2

GEORGE
We could start by setting some examples.

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

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

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

DORIS
(affectonately)
No, it's been fifteen one-night stands.

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

DORIS
Remember? I think of it as our finest hour.

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

GEORGE
How is she?

She looks at him, grins.

DORIS
Oh, very healthy, very noisy, very spoiled.

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

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 3

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

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

EXT. COTTAGE - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

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

GEORGE
How does Harry feel about all this?

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

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

They reached the front entrance to the cottage.

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

He doesn't answer, but opens door.

DORIS
How's Helen?

He looks at her for a split second.

GEORGE
Helen's fine. Just fine.

They enter cottage.
INT. INN COTTAGE - NIGHT

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

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

Surprised, he turns to look at her.

GEORGE
That's not like you.

She shrugs, moves into room.

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

This finally gets a small smile from George.

GEORGE
(sitting)
Okay.

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

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

DORIS
By funny, I take it you mean peculiar?

GEORGE
Right. And it comes out at the most inappropriate times. I had signed this client -- very proper, very old money. Helen and I were invited out to his house for cocktails to get acquainted with him and his wife.
GEORGE (Cont'd)
Well, it was all pretty awkward but
we managed to get through the
drinks all right. Then as we went
to leave, instead of walking out
the front door, I walked into the
hall closet. Now that wasn't so
bad -- I mean, anybody can do that.
The mistake I made was I stayed in
there.

She looks at him for a moment, bewildered.

DORIS
You stayed in the closet?

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

DORIS
What?

GEORGE
She peed on the carpet.

She stares at him for a moment.

DORIS
She did what?

GEORGE
Oh, not right away. First, she
started to laugh. Her face was
all screwed up and she held her
sides and tears started to roll
down her face. Then she peed all
over their Persian carpet.
Doris, who has been having trouble keeping a straight face, now starts to bubble with laughter. He looks at her, unamused.

DORIS
(through her laughter)
What did you say?

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

DORIS
Did that help?

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

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

GEORGE
You think this is funny?

Doris manages to regain control.

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

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

She looks at him for a moment, gets up.

DORIS
George, when did you get so stuffy?

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

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

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 3

DORIS (Cont'd)
(she gestures at him)
Look at you. I mean -- you scream Establishment.

George gets up.

GEORGE
I am not a faddist.

He takes off jacket, moves to hang it up.

DORIS
What do you mean?

He moves to pour himself a drink.

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

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

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

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

He looks at her.

GEORGE
That's the last thing I am.

She is surprised by his admission.

DORIS
Oh?

GEORGE
I picked up one of Helen's magazines the other day and there was this
CONTINUED - 4

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

(he sits on
the edge of
the bed)

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

DORIS
The times they are a changing,
darling.

GEORGE
(troubled)
Too fast, too fast.
(almost to
himself)
I don't know, twenty-thirty years
ago we had standards -- all right,
maybe they were black and white,
but they were standards.

(he shakes head)
Today -- it's so confusing.

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

She moves to him, kisses him affectionately.

GEORGE
When did I suddenly become so
appealing?

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

GEORGE
You.

DORIS
Gee, I thought you'd never ask.

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

GEORGE
Doris -- you're not wearing a bra!

She giggles, throws herself on top of him.

DORIS
Oh George, you're so forties.

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

GEORGE
(becoming passionate)
I happen to be an old-fashioned man.

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

GEORGE
I did.

She raises her head to look at him.

DORIS
You're putting me on.

GEORGE
Of course not.

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

GEORGE
(bewildered)
What are you doing?

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

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

DORIS
(incredulous)
How could you vote for a man like that?
CONTINUED - 6

GEORGE
Could we discuss this later?

DORIS
No, we'll discuss it now! Why?

GEORGE
(frustrated)
Because I have a son who wants to be a rock musician!

DORIS
What kind of reason is that?

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

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

He stands up.

GEORGE
Okay, he was going to end the war!

DORIS
By destroying the whole country.

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

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

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

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

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

DORIS
Are you serious?
GEORGE
(quietly bitter)
Yes, I'm serious. Wipe the sons of bitches off the face of the earth.

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

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

GEORGE
Right now -- very frustrated.

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

GEORGE
(wearily)
That was years ago.

DORIS
What changed you? What happened to you?

GEORGE
I grew up.

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

He really doesn't want to talk about it.

GEORGE
(tightly)
Look, let's forget it, huh?

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

GEORGE
(flaring)
I am not a Fascist!
DORIS
You're advocating mass murder!

GEORGE
(trying to
control
himself)
Doris -- drop it, okay! Just --
drop it!

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

GEORGE
Then maybe you're against the
wrong things!

DORIS
You used to believe in the same
things I do.

GEORGE
I changed!

DORIS
Why?

GEORGE
Because Michael was killed!

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

DORIS
(finally, almost
a whisper)
Oh -- dear God. How?

GEORGE
(quietly, calmly)
He was trying to get a wounded man
onto a Red Cross helicopter and a
sniper killed him.

He moves to look out of the windows.

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

There is a pause. He looks at her.

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

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

DISSOLVE TO

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

INT. INN COTTAGE - DAY

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

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

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

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

They exchange a contented look.

DORIS
Did I tell you I'm a grandmother?

GEORGE
(grins)
No, but I think you picked a weird time to announce it.
(he pats her hand)
Anyway, you're the youngest looking grandmother I've ever had a peak experience with.

She gets out of bed, moves to dressing table.

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

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

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

GEORGE
Didn't Harry like your old nose?

DORIS
Harry thinks this is my old nose.
CONTINUED - 2

GEORGE
He never noticed?

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

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

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

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

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

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

DORIS
(a slight shrug)
A woman starts feeling a little
insecure when she gets to be forty-
four.

GEORGE
Forty-five.

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

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

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

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

He grins, sits on bed.

GEORGE
Helen just laughed. She doesn't care.

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

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

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

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

She hangs up.

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

GEORGE
Does Harry know you're here?

She moves back to dressing table.

DORIS
No, he still thinks I go on retreat. Don't worry.
She continues to apply makeup during following.

GEORGE
I'm not worried.

DORIS
Then why are you frowning?

GEORGE
Because I'm getting bad vibes again.

DORIS
(looks at him)
Again?

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

DORIS
When did you go into analysis?

GEORGE
(surprised)
How did you know I was in analysis?

DORIS
(dryly)
Just a wild guess.

She moves to get some lounging pajamas from her suitcase.

DORIS
What made you start?

GEORGE
(shrugs)
My value system changed.

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

INT. INN COTTAGE BATHROOM - DAY

George leans against door frame watching Doris change.

GEORGE
One day I took a look at my $150,000 house, the three cars in the garage,
the swimming pool, and the gardeners and I thought -- 'Why?' I mean, did I want the whole status trip. So -- I decided to try and find out what I did want and who I was.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DORIS
I could have told you that twenty years ago.

She gives him an affectionate pat on the cheek, and moves into living room. He follows.
INT. INN COTTAGE - DAY

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

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

GEORGE
At first she tended to overreact.

He sits on piano bench.

DORIS
In what way?

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

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

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

DORIS
But how do you make a living?

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

DORIS
Like what?

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

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

DORIS
(into phone)
Hello -- Yes, Liz? -- No way. Tell him that's our final offer --

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

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

She hangs up.

DORIS
I'm buying another store.

He starts playing again.

Why?

DORIS
Money.

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

She moves back to sofa, resumes working.

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

C.R. groups?

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

GEORGE
Hey, I'm for any kind of liberation.

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

He stops playing, gets up.

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

(he sits)
You see what I mean?

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

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

She looks at him, incredulous.

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

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

(a slight shrug)
It's just that I'm not into the money thing any more.

She regards him for a moment.

DORIS
(lightly)
George, do you ever get the feeling we're drifting apart?

GEORGE
(sincerely)
No. In many ways I've never felt closer to you.
DORIS
I don't know, sometimes I think our lives are getting -- out of sync.

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

DORIS
Well, I'm working on it.

GEORGE
And you have everything you want?

DORIS
(too casually)
With one minor exception. Somewhere along the way, I seem to have lost my husband.

GEORGE
Lost him?

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

GEORGE
How do you feel about that?

She takes off her glasses, looks at him.

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

GEORGE
(unperturbed)
That's cool.

DORIS
What's cool?

CONTINUED
He gets up, moves towards her.

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

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

GEORGE
That's cool, too.

DORIS
Jesus.

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

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

GEORGE
I'm trying.

DORIS
Have you told her about us?

GEORGE
No, but I could. (seeing her disbelieving expression) Really, I think that today she's mature enough to handle it.

DORIS
George, you're full of shit.

He considers this for a long moment.

GEORGE
(soberly)
I can buy that -- (a pause as he thinks it out) -- if you're being totally honest.
CONTINUED - 5

DORIS
Believe me, I'm being honest!

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

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

DORIS
Okay, you have a point.

GEORGE
So how do you feel about all this?

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

He doesn't say anything.

DORIS
Okay, I think ---

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

DORIS
Like I've been kicked in the
stomach.

GEORGE
What else?

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

GEORGE
Why do you feel resentment?

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

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

GEORGE
Have you told him you still love him?

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

George speaks in his calm, reasonable voice.

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

DORIS
Right now -- it is, yes.

GEORGE
You want him back?

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

GEORGE
Why?

DORIS
(simply)
Tomorrow I won't have you.

CONTINUED
GEORGE
I'm always with you in spirit.

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

She gets up and moves to look out of window.

GEORGE
Is that a proposal, Doris?

She turns to look at him.

DORIS
You interested?

GEORGE
Are you?

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

GEORGE
You didn't answer the question.

DORIS
I was the one who proposed... (a pause)
Oh, don't look so panicky, George.
I'm only three quarters serious.

He continues to look at her.

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

DORIS
I bet you say that to all the girls.

GEORGE
No.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 8

DORIS
(gently)
Thanks.

GEORGE
And stop feeling so insecure.

She looks at him, questioningly.

GEORGE
You're as feminine as you always were.

She doesn't say anything for a moment.

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

She moves to embrace him.

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

GEORGE
None of us are.

They grin at one another.

DORIS
You hungry?

GEORGE
Yes.

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

GEORGE
How'd we swing that?

DORIS
The owner has a thing about you.

She moves to the front door.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 9

DORIS
It's all in the trunk of my car.

GEORGE
You need any help?

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

GEORGE
I'll try.

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

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

GEORGE
(into phone)
Hello -- No, she's not here right now. Who is this?

(his face freezes)
Harry? Uh, hold -- hold for a moment.

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

EXT. INN PARKING AREA - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

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

INT. INN COTTAGE - DAY

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

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

He takes about a three-second pause.
CONTINUED - 2

GEORGE

(into phone)

My name is Father Michael O'Herlihy.

MONTAGE #5 (1972-77)


EXT. GROUNDS - INN COTTAGE - DAY

A misty day in February, 1977.

LONG SHOT

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

INT. INN COTTAGE - DAY

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

GEORGE

You feel good.

CONTINUED
76 CONTINUED

DORIS

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

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

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

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

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

GEORGE
About the only thing that doesn't.

DORIS
I find that comforting.

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

She nods.

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

She smiles and moves to him.

DORIS
That I don't find comforting.

GEORGE
We were very young.

CONTINUED
They gaze at one another for a moment.

DORIS
Have we changed much?

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

DORIS
(nods)
I miss them.

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

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

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

She smiles, he puts his hands on her waist.

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

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

He grins, stands, and moves to fireplace.

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

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

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

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

DORIS
Music?

GEORGE
Accounting.

He stands, she hands him a cup of coffee.

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

DORIS
(surprised)
How did you know that?

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

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

GEORGE
But what do you do with yourself?

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

GEORGE
I thought you loved working.

DORIS
Well, there was another factor. Harry had a heart attack.
DORIS (Cont'd)
It turned out to be a mild one, but he needed me to look after him --
(she shrugs)
So... anyway, it's not as if I'm in permanent retirement. There's a local election coming up in a few months and I've been approached to run.

GEORGE
On what ticket?

DORIS
Independent.

GEORGE
Figures.
(he sits)
Harry's okay now?

DORIS
Runs four miles a day and has a body like Mark Spitz.
(drily)
Unfortunately, he still has a face like Ernest Borgnine's.

George gets up, moves to look out of window.

GEORGE
How are you and Harry -- emotionally?

DORIS
Comfortable.

GEORGE
Comfortable?

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

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

DORIS
Where's your luggage? Still in the car?

GEORGE
I didn't bring any. I -- I can't stay, Doris.
DORIS (puzzled)

Why?

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

She waits. He takes a breath.

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

DORIS (finally)
When did you find out?

GEORGE
Two months ago.

DORIS
She never confronted you with it before?

GEORGE
No.

She slowly sits.

DORIS
What made her tell you now?

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

Doris shakes her head.

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

CONTINUED
DORIS
Your wife's an amazing woman.

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

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

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

She nods, her back still to him.

GEORGE
You okay, honey?

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

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

DORIS
Are the kids okay?

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

DORIS
I wish you'd tried to reach me.

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

DORIS
I wish you'd spoken to me.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 7

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

She looks at him, very moved.

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

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

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

He pours cream.

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

(holding up sugar
cubes)
It's two sugar, right?

DORIS
No, one.

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

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

She gives him a small smile.

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

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

(he looks at her)

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

DORIS

(lightly)

Married? We shouldn't even be doing this.

GEORGE

I'm serious.

She studies him for a moment.

DORIS

You really are, aren't you.

GEORGE

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

She doesn't say anything.

GEORGE

A simple 'yes' will do.

DORIS

(gently)

There's no such thing, my love.

He notices her expression.

GEORGE

What is it?

DORIS

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

GEORGE

What did you say to me all those times?

DORIS

I always said 'yes.'
GEORGE
Then why are you hesitating now?
(a beat)
Do you realize I'm giving you the opportunity to marry a man who has known you for twenty-six years and can't walk by you without wanting to grab your ass?

DORIS
(affectionately)
You always were a sweet talker.

GEORGE
Will you marry me?

She looks at him for a moment, moves away.

DORIS
(finally)
I can't.

GEORGE
Why not?

DORIS
I'm already married.

GEORGE
You feel you have to stay because he needs you?

DORIS
No, it's a lot of things. Affection, respect, a sense of continuity. We share the same memories. It's --
(a slight shrug)
-- comfortable. Maybe that's what marriage is all about in the end --
I don't know.

There is a short pause.

GEORGE
Goddammit!
GEORGE (Cont'd)
(pacing up
and down)
I was the one who got you back
together six years ago! Why did
I do a stupid thing like that?
I mean why was I so damned
generous!

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

GEORGE
What's that got to do with
anything?!

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

He looks at her, manages a sheepish grin.

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

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

GEORGE
Well, I want you now.

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

He looks at her for a moment.

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

He continues to talk quickly without a break.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED - 11

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

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

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

DORIS
(finally; torn)
I -- I can't.

He moves away, turns to look at her.

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

DORIS
(shaky)
You know us Italians. [Irish] We never cry.

He makes a gesture of helplessness.

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

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

GEORGE
(puzzled)
Five fifty-five.

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

GEORGE
(puzzled)
How long have you been doing that?
CONTINUED - 12

DORIS
Twenty-odd years.

GEORGE
Why would anyone want to do a thing like that?

DORIS
Personal idiosyncrasy.

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

GEORGE
Yeah -- well ---

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

GEORGE
Who were your favorite movie stars?

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

GEORGE
You've come a long way.

DORIS
We both have.

He moves to door, opens it, turns.

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

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

GEORGE
I can't believe this is happening to us.

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

MEMORY FLASH

Brief, almost subliminal. The first morning. Doris in bed,
CONTINUED
George in his shorts.

BACK IN THE PRESENT
She moves to, touches the spot on the wall where the hairbrush she threw hit.

MEMORY FLASH
George turning to look at her after she has thrown the hairbrush.

BACK IN THE PRESENT
She moves slowly to look out of the French windows.

MEMORY FLASH
George and the very pregnant Doris standing on the bridge spanning the duck pond.

BACK IN THE PRESENT
She moves back into the room and gently touches the roses, still lost in her memories.

MEMORY FLASH
Her embracing George when he is weeping over the loss of his son.

BACK IN THE PRESENT
We see that Doris' eyes are filling with tears.

MEMORY FLASH
Doris and George in bed, reading the newspaper.

BACK IN THE PRESENT
We see that Doris is openly weeping.

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

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

GEORGE
Okay, I'm back, goddamnit!

He throws his suitcase on the floor.

DORIS
(astounded)
But -- But what about Connie?

GEORGE
Connie's eighty-seven years old!!

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

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

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

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

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

SLOWLY DISSOLVE

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

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

ANOTHER ANGLE

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

CONTINUED
CONTINUED

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

FADE OUT

THE END