MRS. WINTERBOURNE

Screenplay by
Lisa-Maria Radano and Phoef Sutton

Revisions by Phoef Sutton

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

SHOOTING SCRIPT:
05/05/95 (WHITE)
05/22/95 (BLUE)
05/26/95 (PINK)
05/29/95 (YELLOW)
06/02/95 (GREEN)
06/08/95 (GOLDENROD)
06/14/95 (BUFF)
06/28/95 (SALMON)
07/20/95 (CHERRY)
08/02/95 (TAN)
08/05/95 (WHITE)

Kristine Andersen
10349 Caribou Lane
Los Angeles, CA 90077
FADE IN:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NEW YORK - DAY

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

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NEW YORK - DAY

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

COP

On your feet.

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

CONNIE

Do I still have feet?

BACK TO SCENE

COP

Move along.

CONNIE

What time is it?

COP

Four o'clock.

CONNIE

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

COP

Let's go.

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

CONNIE (O.S.)

Most pregnant women bring out the best in men ... then there's me.

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

CONNIE (O.S.)

I'm Constance Doyle. I'm nineteen years old, pregnant, single and homeless. How's your day going?
There's an empty can of Pabst Blue Ribbon in her path - she gives it a kick. Kicks it again, playing a little game with herself.

CONNIE (O.S.)
Hey, don't pity me. I don't need your pity. And I don't need your help. I help myself.

3  EXT. CENTRAL PARK - THE POND - NEW YORK - DAY
ON CONNIE - As she walks into frame and stares at the water - DISSOLVE to an old photo of Connie's mother.

4  INT. YOUNG CONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY
A scissors cuts out the mother's face, then the photo is placed carefully in a small locket on a leather thong.

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

5  INT. YOUNG CONNIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY
Connie at 12. In front of her mirror, wearing an ungainly dress and putting on too much make-up ...

CONNIE (O.S.)
How to use a tampon ...

6  INT. YOUNG CONNIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY
Connie at 13. The floor is littered with tampons. A confused Connie pushes another one through the tubes and watches it hit the floor.

CONNIE (O.S.)
How to deal with Dad ...

7  INT. YOUNG CONNIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY
MOS - Connie at 14, arguing with her father, a fat man in a T-shirt, holding a beer can in one hand. He yells at her. She yells back. He raises a hand to strike her. She puts her hands over her face to protect herself.

8  INT. YOUNG CONNIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY
CLOSE ON CONNIE
Her hands in front of her face. She slowly brings her hands down. She's now 18. She grabs her locket and runs out of the room.
EXT. YOUNG CONNIE'S SHABBY HOUSE - DAY

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

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

INT. NEW YORK DINER - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

She looks up at him, amused.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

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

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

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

CONNIE
Wow. For who?

STEVE
I'm not at liberty to say. Professional ethics. How old are you?
Eighteen. Today's my birthday.

(STEVE)

You shittin' me? You seem so mature.

Connie smiles, flattered. Steve smiles back.

(STEVE (cont'd)

We oughta celebrate.

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

(CONNIE (O.S.)

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

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

(CONNIE (O.S.)

It was okay, for a while. Maybe he didn't give me flowers, but I sure had my pick of stolen car radios. The important thing was, he took care of me.

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

(CONNIE (O.S.)

And he didn't ask for too much in return.

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

Connie holds a pregnancy test up to the light. She can read a little '+' sign ... positive. She grins like a little kid.
CONNIE (O.S.)
Things were finally starting to look up. I had this life inside me and it gave me hope. And to give you an idea of how stupid I still was, I couldn't wait to tell him.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - DAY

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

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

CONNIE
O'course it is, who else ... 

STEVE
Don't gimme that shit.

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

STEVE (cont'd)
You screwed Connie, didn't you?

The pal looks up, scared.

PAL
No, man, never.

Steve grabs him by the collar and screams at him.

STEVE
I said, 'Did you screw Connie'!!

PAL
(quickly)
Sure, I did, yeah, lots!

He tosses the pal aside and dismisses Connie.

STEVE
Slut.

But she moves into him.

CONNIE
What are you -

STEVE
(coldly)
Get rid of it.
CONNIE
I'm not gettin' rid of it.

Steve raises a hand to strike her.

17 INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

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

18 EXT. STEVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

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

CONNIE (O.S.)
So ends my brief history with men.

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

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

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

20 EXT. CITY STREET - NEW YORK - DAY

Connie walks along the busy sidewalk.

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

21 EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

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

22 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

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

22A CONNIE - in her uniform - apron, cowbell and angel wings.
22B CONNIE - steals a bite of food when the cook isn't looking - he turns around and slaps her hand.

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

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

23 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Connie carrying a heavy tray of food through the restaurant.

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

An IDIOT CUSTOMER grins at her as she passes.

IDIOT CUSTOMER (loudly)
Mooo!

CONNIE
You're the roast beef?

IDIOT CUSTOMER
Huh?

CONNIE
You are now!

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

24 EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

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

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

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

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

25A EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NEW YORK - DAY

Connie comes up the steps, leaving the park. She crosses traffic at 60th Street and 5th Avenue.
CONNIE (O.S.)
... so here I am, gettin' ready to spend my first night on the streets, which means I'm going to turn into one of those raggedy old ladies that sleep in cardboard boxes and yell at their shoes all night, which is, you know, what I always wanted to be when I grew up. But now I got this kid to think about, so I just can't let that happen.
EXT. STEVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DOORWAY - NIGHT

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

STEVE (O.S.)

Yeah?

CONNIE

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

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

WOMAN (O.S.)

Steve's out at the moment.

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

EXT. STEVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

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

CONNIE

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

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

FAT MAN

Why do I have to hear this?!

CONNIE

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

Steve throws open his window and calls out.

STEVE

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

CONNIE

You owe me!

STEVE

(a threat)

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

CONNIE

(threatening him back)

Oh, I want you to come down here!
'Cause I'm telling you, I'll come down there!

CONNIE
Come on down here!

STEVE
I'm not coming down there!

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

Steve flips her a quarter.

STEVE
Here.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Steve just smiles.

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

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

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NIGHT

The rain is heavy now and the wind is whipping it with brutal force. Connie, looking like a drowned cat, struggles toward the terminal for safety.
INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DOORWAY - NIGHT

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

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

CONNIE
Get that cup outta my face.

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

CONNIE (cont'd)
Get your hands offa me! Don't touch me. Nobody touches me!

MAN
(re: her pregnancy)
Somebody touched you.

Connie struggles past him.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

MAN
You hoping for a boy or a girl?

CONNIE
What, you gonna knit me some booties?

She hurries off through the crowds and chaos.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

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

CONNIE (cont'd)
You again? Look, I've never begged before, but wouldn't you be better off buggin' people who have - oh I don't know - money?
MAN
Just trying to be nice.

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

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

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

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

Connie doesn't answer.

MAN (cont'd)
Here.

He reaches into his pocket.

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

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

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

CONNIE
(touched)
Uhm. Gee.

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

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

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

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

CONNIE
Thanks.
INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - AT THE SCHEDULE BOARD - NIGHT

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

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

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

WOMAN
That's us! LET'S MOVE OUT!

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

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Connie and the crowd surge past.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - LANDING - NIGHT

Connie and the crowd surge past again.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - TUBE - NIGHT

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

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT

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

CONNIE
Wait a second. This ain't the subway.

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

EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT

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

INT. TRAIN - CAR #1 - MOVING - NIGHT

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

CONNIE
Where's this train go?
WOMAN #2
Boston.

Connie is silent for a moment, then:

CONNIE
It's gotta be better than here.

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

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

CLOSE ON CONNIE and her look of panic.
INT. TRAIN - CAR #2 - MOVING - NIGHT

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

CONDUCTOR #2
Tiiii-ckuuuuts!

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

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

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

INT. TRAIN - CLUB CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

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

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

CONDUCTOR #2
Ticket!?

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

HUGH
I have our tickets, sir.

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

CONNIE
Told you I had a husband, asshole.

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

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

CONDUCTOR #2
No, sir. Sorry, sir.

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

CONNIE

Thanks.

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

HUGH
(with a laugh)

Soda?

She laughs - a soda would save her life.

41  EXT. TRAIN - MOVING - NIGHT

As it zooms along.

42  INT. TRAIN - CORRIDOR - MOVING - NIGHT

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

CONNIE

I'm telling you, you'll never find
a seat!

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

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

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

CONNIE
This is yours?

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

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

CONNIE

It wasn't enough. If it was all the
money in the world, it wasn't enough.
HUGH
I had no idea it would be this crowded, but I forgot Spring Break.
Boy, those college days seem a million miles away.

CONNIE
Don't they ever?

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

PATRICIA
Hugh, is there something I should know?

Hugh smiles at her warmly and introduces Connie.

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

She smiles and offers her hand to Connie.

PATRICIA
He has a thing for us.

Connie laughs. Patricia turns to Hugh.

PATRICIA (cont'd)
Did you get my drink?

CONNIE
(lifting her glass)
He gave it to the pregnant lady.

HUGH
(explaining)
I like her better than you.

Patricia sits down, sighing.

PATRICIA
Would you get me another one?

HUGH
Why not? Maybe I'll get lucky again.

He's out the door.

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

Connie smiles at Patricia nervously. Patricia is completely at
ease, with the quiet confidence of the privileged. Connie feels
like a pregnant water buffalo under her elegant gaze. She clutches her beaded purse in her lap, finding the silence between them uncomfortable - she knows she ought to say something, so she leans forward to introduce herself.

CONNIE
My name's Connie -

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

CONNIE (cont'd)
I'm sorry.

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

CONNIE (cont'd)
I'm such a spazz. I should leave you guys alone.

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

PATRICIA
How far along are you?

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

Patricia laughs and this loosens Connie up a little.

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

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

Patricia laughs.

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

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

PATRICIA
You're funny. So, is your husband with you?
CONNIE
(feeling caught)
No, he's, uh, Steve is a little... dead.

PATRICIA
My God. I'm sorry.

CONNIE
He deserved it.
(quickly)
I mean, it was a long illness and in the end it - it seemed like a mercy.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT
The train zooms along.

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

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

CONNIE
I only met his dad once. It was a Super Bowl party and he came on to me.
(checking out a sweater)
You know, Patricia, if you're looking to get rid of any of this stuff...

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

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

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

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

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

Okay.

PATRICIA

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

CONNIE

Oh.

PATRICIA

You've heard of them?

CONNIE

Well, I've heard of God.

PATRICIA

(laughing)

You're teasing me.

(she prattles on)

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

CONNIE

Oh, those.

PATRICIA

(rolling her eyes)

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

CONNIE

(looking up, touched)

I'm sorry.

PATRICIA

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

CONNIE

Hey, I swear by it.

PATRICIA

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

PATRICIA
Yeah, so happy ending, right?

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

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

47 EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

A shot of our train, lurching ahead.

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

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

PATRICIA
Just as big as.

CONNIE
See, my feet are bigger than yours.

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

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

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

49 INT. TRAIN - CORRIDOR - MOVING - NIGHT

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

HUGH
(as if writing a letter)
'Dear Penthouse...' It was a very thin line.

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

They look up, embarrassed.

HUGH
There's a table in the club car, let's move!
PATRICIA
Be right there!

Hugh is gone - she turns to Connie.

PATRICIA (cont'd)
He'll kill me if I lose it.

CONNIE
I got it.
(re: ring)
God, it's beautiful.

CLOSE ON THE RING

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

PATRICIA
Go ahead. Try it on.

CONNIE
Isn't that bad luck?

PATRICIA
Oh, I couldn't have bad luck.

Connie puts it on and admires it longingly.

PATRICIA (cont'd)
We better go.

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

PATRICIA (cont'd)
Here you go...

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

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

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

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

The floor rises up before her. The door is gone - hopelessly out of reach ... The emergency lights flash off and on, flickering on Connie's fearful eyes. As she is propelled backwards, her eyes flutter closed and we fade out ...
CONNIE (cont'd)
There you are!

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

CONNIE (cont'd)
Oh, God. It's so sweet - just like a little cookie.

The nurse tries to help her.

NURSE
Let me.

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

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

CONNIE (cont'd)
Mommy doesn't really know what she's doing, she was lying to nursie.

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

CONNIE (cont'd)
Two legs, two arms, hands, toes, one, two, three... eleven? No, no, ten - ten toes. Fingers.
(checking in his diaper)
Oh, you're my little boy. You be careful with that, will you, Cookie? Those things can do a lot of damage.

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

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

CONNIE (cont'd)
Nice digs.

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

CONNIE (cont'd)
Shit.

CLOSE ON THE BABY'S NAME TAG - INSERT

It reads "Baby Boy Winterbourne."
INT. HOSPITAL - CONNIE'S ROOM - DAY

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

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

CONNIE
My baby! My baby!

NURSE
Careful, honey.

CONNIE
My baby! Where's my baby?

NURSE
Your baby's fine.

Connie stops struggling and looks up at the nurse.

CONNIE
What?

NURSE
Your baby's fine.

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

Nurse tries to tuck her back in.

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

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

INT. HOSPITAL - CONNIE'S ROOM - DAY

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

CONNIE
Jesus.

She hauls herself up in bed and reaches for the kid, tube in the back of her hand and all.
INT. HOSPITAL - CONNIE'S ROOM - DAY

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

CONNIE (cont'd)
You brought me the wrong goddam baby!
(to the kid)
Too bad. You're a nice one.

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

CLOSE ON CONNIE'S NAME TAG - INSERT

It reads, "Winterbourne, Patricia."

INT. HOSPITAL - CONNIE'S ROOM - DAY

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

DR. HOPLEY
Mrs. Winterbourne?

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

CONNIE
What?

Connie looks frightened and disoriented.

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

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

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

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

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

DR. HOPLEY
You've been in and out of consciousness for about eight days.
CONNIE
Holy crap. Where's here?

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

Connie pulls at him.

CONNIE
No ... there was another lady on the train. Another pregnant lady ...
Dr. Hopley looks uncomfortable.

DR. HOPLEY
Did you know her?

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

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

DR. HOPLEY
Mrs. Winterbourne -

CONNIE
Stop calling me that!

The nurse comes back in, brandishing a hypodermic needle.

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

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

NURSE
Something to help you relax.

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

Dr. Hopley starts to wheel the baby away.

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

But the drug hits her suddenly.

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

She falls back on the bed.

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

She passes out.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONNIE'S ROOM - DAY

Nurse Allmeyer enters the room carrying a floral arrangement and a teddy bear. She opens the window curtains, letting in the light of the new day, which falls on Connie's sleeping face. The nurse leaves. Connie's eyes flicker open. Groggy, she rolls over in bed.
She looks at her wrist tag - shit, it wasn't a dream. She sits up a little more. We see the bed is surrounded by a massive display of flowers. Connie looks at a card poking out of one of the bouquets and reads it.

CLOSE ON THE FLOWER CARD - INSERT

"To our darling Patricia."

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Through a display window, CLOSE ON a group of newborns in bassinets. CLOSE ON CONNIE'S FACE - a look of serene amazement.

Nurse Allmeyer approaches her.

NURSE
Did Dr. Hopley say we could go for walks?

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

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

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

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

NURSE
Is that so?

CONNIE
Yes, it's so!...
(controlling herself)
Look, I gotta talk to Hugh...

The nurse looks away, uncomfortable.

CONNIE (cont'd)
Oh, not him too!? God!
They have reached the nurse's station. Nurse Allmeyer reaches for a needle.

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

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

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

The nurse leads her back to her room.

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

Connie tries to sound casual.

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

NURSE
Your family.

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

NURSE
Your husband's family.

CONNIE
I don't have a husband!

NURSE
I'm so sorry.

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

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

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

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

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

CONNIE
I know. My mom died in one.

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

NURSE
So what was it you wanted to tell me?

Connie is lost in thought.

CONNIE
When can we check out of here?

NURSE
Well ... maybe as early as tomorrow.

CONNIE
Maybe I'll tell you tomorrow.

DISSOLVE TO:

62 EXT. STEVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

3 INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

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

POLICEMAN
We found this card with your address.

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

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

POLICEMAN
Any idea how she got your card?

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

POLICEMAN
I'll remember that.

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

RENEE
Who's Connie?

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

They watch TV for a beat.

RENEE
Dead?

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

Another pause.

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

They sit watching the show.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - CONNIE'S ROOM - MORNING

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

NURSE
Look who's visiting Mommy!

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

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

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

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

* She starts to pick up the baby - then she hears Nurse Allmeyer's footsteps in the hallway, approaching.
NURSE (O.S.)
Is everything okay, Mrs. Winterbourne?

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

NURSE (cont'd)
Aren't you going to answer your phone?

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

She laughs and picks up the phone.

CONNIE (cont'd)
Hello?

Nurse Allmeyer leaves.
REVISED - PINK - May 26, 1995

GRACE (V.O.)
Hello, this is Mrs. Winterbourne.

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

CONNIE

What?

GRACE (V.O.)
I'm Hugh's mother. Is this Patricia?

CONNIE
Oh, God. I feel so awful about this -

INTERCUT WITH:

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

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

GRACE
We all do.

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

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

CONNIE
Mrs. -

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

GRACE
You don't have to talk now. I just want to say, I know you don't have any family in America and I want you to consider the Winterbourne house your home.
CONNIE
Oh, man, that's nice, but -

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

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

CONNIE
Well...

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

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

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

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

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

Grace hangs up before Connie can object.

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

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

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

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

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

SOPHIE
But Mrs.--

GRACE
Oh, go somewhere and clean something.

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

SOPHIE
Dr. Tabackin!
GRACE
(picking out some hose)
Traitor.

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

DR. TABACKIN
Mrs. Winterbourne!

GRACE
Will you leave me alone? I can take care of myself. If I need oxygen, I just shove this thing on my face.
DR. TABACKIN
Mrs. Winterbourne, fighting it won't help. This is a hereditary heart disorder. You know what happened to your mother ... * 

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

DR. TABACKIN
Now, Mrs. -- * 

GRACE
Don't look at me like I'm an invalid! You make me sick by making me feel sick. (then, defiant) 
Dr. Tabackin, I've just lost my son. Of course, I feel terrible. But his wife and my grandson are coming and I am going to welcome them and I am going to give them some comfort. Now are you going to try to stop me? * 

DR. TABACKIN
(giving up) Just take it easy. * 

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

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

66 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY 66

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

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

PACO
Mrs. Winterbourne? 

CONNIE
No.
PACO
(looking at tag on her wrist)
That's what it says.

CONNIE
Don't believe everything you read.

Paco takes charge of her, like a totalitarian mother hen - sweeping her into a wheelchair and bundling her and the baby in a blanket.
PACO
(irritated)
What you doin' walkin' outta here?
You supposed to ride outta here,
don't you know nothin'? Walkin'!
Come on, we're goin' home.

He softens when he tucks the baby into her arms.

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

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

67 EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS - DAY

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

CONNIE
What's this?

PACO
It's a Rolls Royce.

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

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

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

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

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

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

He shuts the door.
The Rolls pulls away.

The Rolls on the Expressway, driving past. WE PASS a sign reading, 'BOSTON 70 MILES.'

Emerging from the tunnel, Boston is revealed.

The Rolls is the only car around.

Connie eyes Paco watching her in the mirror. In this car, he's a long way off.

CONNIE
What are you starin' at?

PACO
You.

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

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

CONNIE
Well, he got tired of those.
(thinks for a moment)
So, he never sent any pictures of me, huh?

PACO
You know Hugh, he didn't like cameras. You gotta save the film, develop it, remember to pick it up, too much responsibility. (laughs - then sadly)
Tha's Hugh. Poor boy.

CONNIE
Yeah.

She looks at the baby, lost in thought.
The Rolls crosses the Causeway.

The Rolls drives through as the gates swing open. We see a big "W" on the ornate, wrought-iron gates.

A huge Marblehead estate - a vast house at the end of a long drive.

The limo pulls up the long drive. A Cadillac STS is parked off to the side. A GARDENER is working on the hedges. A MAN washes the windows. They all stop to see if they can get a glimpse of the new Mrs. Winterbourne.

Connie just stares out at this massive structure from within the recesses of the limo ... she moves back into the shadows a little further, her eyes wide with awe.

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

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

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

PACO
You crazy?

CONNIE
Come on, be a pal.

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

Connie stands, holding the baby and her breath, as Paco opens the front door and we FOLLOW THEM INTO:

Marble floor, huge central staircase, chandelier. Old money at its oldest and most grand. Connie stumbles a little as she steps in.

Grace comes down the stairs, looking regal in a lovely dress. She moves to Connie and the baby with a bittersweet smile.

GRACE
Hello, Patricia.
CONNIE
Hi ... Look, something terrible has happened.

GRACE
I know.

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

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

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

CONNIE
Would you like to hold ...

GRACE
My grandson.

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

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

CONNIE
(following her)
You're doin' fine.

Grace looks at the baby's face.

GRACE
What have you named him?

CONNIE
'Cookie.'

GRACE
Pardon?

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

GRACE
Have you thought about 'Hugh'? He looks so much like him.
CONNIE
Okay, sure ... fine. Hugh it is.

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

GRACE
I miss him so much.

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

80 INT. MANSION - FOYER/STAIRCASE - DAY

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

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

GRACE

What's the matter?

CONNIE

(babbling)

I got - I got - there's this - thing

I gotta do.

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

GRACE

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

CONNIE

(trying to recover)

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

GRACE

Oh, that must have been such a shock.

CONNIE

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

Grace shoots an annoyed look at Bill.

GRACE

Anyone with half a brain would be sensitive to that.

BILL

Thank you, Mother.

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

BILL (cont'd)

I'm Bill.

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

BILL (cont'd)

I only wish we could have met under more pleasant circumstances.
CONNIE
(looking around)
No, this is okay.

BILL
I meant, before the accident.

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

The idea obviously makes him uncomfortable.

BILL
Well, I'd really ...

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

GRACE
Isn't he a lovely child, Bill?

He knows he must say the right thing.

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

Connie swallows, uncomfortably.

GRACE
Oh, Bill.

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

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

INT. MANSION - CONNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

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

Grace enters, carrying a couple of photo albums, again decorated with the Winterbourne crest.
Connie immediately wheels to her feet, one hand on the crib, looking as poised as she can and speaking in her idea of 'rich people talk.'

CONNIE (cont'd)
Hello, Mother Winterbourne.

Grace smiles at Connie's attempt.

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

CONNIE
What did you end up calling her?

GRACE
Mother Winterbourne. She was cold and distant.

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

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

She closes the books, with a sigh.

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

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

GRACE (cont'd)
Call me Grace.

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

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

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

GRACE (cont'd)
Thanks for keeping this one safe.
Grace quietly walks out of the room. Connie looks down at the baby.

CONNIE
(to baby)
Can Mommy go to prison for this,
Cookie? Can you say, 'five to ten'?

81A EXT. MANSION - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

82 INT. MANSION - CONNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

CONNIE
(very proper)
Hello.
(not quite - she tries again)
Hello... Hello!... Hello...

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

CONNIE (cont'd)
(her old self)
What!?

Paco opens the door and enters.

PACO
Dinner will be served promptly at eight.

She composes herself - speaks very properly.

CONNIE
Thank you ... Hey, Paco?

He stops.

CONNIE (cont'd)
Grace. Is she okay?

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

He gestures to his heart. Connie volunteers.

CONNIE
Heart attack?

PACO
Myocardial infarction. We think maybe we lose her. But she a strong woman. She bounce right back. Then this terrible thing happen ... everybody afraid she (MORE)
might get sick again. But she say, 'no,' she want to stay alive, see that baby.

Connie swallows, taking this in.

CONNIE

Oh ...

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

Paco

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

He pulls himself together.

Paco (cont'd)

We dress for dinner.

Connie gives him a big thumbs-up.

CONNIE

Me too!

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

Connie (cont'd)

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

INT. MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

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

BILL

She screamed the moment she saw me.

GRACE

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

BILL

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

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

GRACE
That's not good enough. Make an effort. She's a member of the family, after all.

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

GRACE
She was good enough for Hugh.

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

GRACE
(not liking his attitude)
What do you mean?

BILL
Well, she's hardly in his...

Class?

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

Grace looks at him, eyes narrowed.

GRACE
How did I ever raise such a snob?

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

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

GRACE
Calling after him)
William, I demand that you at least give her a chance.
85 INT. MANSION - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Connie walks down the hallway.

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

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

86 INT. MANSION - BILLIARD ROOM - NIGHT

As Connie enters, she finds a HUGE snooker table.

CONNIE
Cool.

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

CONNIE
(to the baby)
Keep watchin'. Mamma's gonna show
you a thing or two.

The balls are already racked - she breaks expertly.

CONNIE (cont'd)
Right corner, bank shot. She makes the shot and sinks the ball, perfectly. The baby gurgles.

CONNIE (cont'd)
Hang on, you'll get your chance.

Paco enters, she looks up at him.

CONNIE (cont'd)
I figured it out. It was Colonel
Mustard, in here, with the lead
pipe.

Paco doesn't laugh.

CONNIE (cont'd)
Want to play some pool?

PACO
Snooker.

CONNIE
(offended)
What did you call me?
PACO
(taking the pool cue)
It's a snooker table. That's a
gentleman's game.

CONNIE
(subdued)
Oh.

PACO
The dining room is this way.

Connie picks up the baby.

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

PACO
Hurry up, they're all waiting for you.
Paco leads the way, Connie follows, carrying the baby.

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

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

CONNIE
(trying too hard)
Great, I've been dying to meet Hugh's father. He never stopped talking about him.

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

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

Connie looks at him, her face blank.

CONNIE
Oh, right!

Paco shakes his head, sadly.

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

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

CONNIE
Sorry to keep you waiting. I got lost.

FATHER BRIAN
If the truth be known, I've been coming here for years and I still get lost.
GRACE
Patricia, this is Father Brian Kirrane.

She extends her hand.

FATHER BRIAN
Pleased to meet you.
A SERVANT places a bowl of soup on Connie's plate. Then Grace, then Bill, then Father Brian are served.

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

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

CONNIE
Well, it made a big impression.

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

CONNIE
Thank you.
(to Grace)
And thank you for so generously welcoming me into your home.

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

CONNIE (cont'd)
Hey, what's with the hands!?

SOPHIE
(confused)
Dinner is served, may I take the baby?

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

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

CONNIE
Sorry Father, 'Breasts.'

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

FATHER BRIAN
(trying to be game)
Oh, yes, 'tits' ... 'tits' are fine.

CLOSE ON three pills being placed in a small silver dish, which is in turn placed on a silver tray along with a glass of water. Pull
back to reveal the COOK and the servant and Paco in the kitchen. We follow Paco as he carries the tray from the kitchen through the pantry, through the breakfast room and into the dining room.
The dinner continues. The baby is now sleeping in its carrier right by her side. They are finishing their soup. Connie tilts her soup bowl the wrong way to spoon out the remaining liquid. She looks at Grace, realizes she's doing it the wrong way and corrects herself. Paco moves unobtrusively to Grace's side with the silver tray.

PACO
Your pills, Missus.

GRACE
(irritated)
I took them.

PACO
When?

GRACE
Before.

PACO
Take your pills.

Grace grabs the pills, resentfully.

GRACE
Who works for who here?

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

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

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

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

BILL
Height?

Grace clears her throat angrily in Bill's direction.

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

CONNIE
You weren't rude.
BILL
Just unfriendly, then? Good, that gives us something to build on.

GRACE
Forgive Bill, he never learned rudimentary conversational skills.

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

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

CONNIE
At the mall.

BILL
The mall?

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

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

CONNIE (cont'd)
Thank you.

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

CONNIE (cont'd)
Want some?

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

CONNIE (cont'd)
You with the hands again?

Sophie takes the serving dish and speaks firmly.

SOPHIE
That's my job, Ma'am.

Connie sits down quickly, recognizing her faux pas.

CONNIE
('rich voice')
The dining ritual is so different in Hong Kong. We just use chopsticks.
BILL
(dryly)
And you eat out of those white paper boxes.

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

GRACE
Paris must have been an ideal place for a wedding.

CONNIE
Oh, yes ... So French.

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

BILL
Tell us about the wedding.

CONNIE
Well, it was beautiful.

BILL
... Could you elaborate?

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

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

CONNIE
Well, it was kind of spur of the moment.

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

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

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

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

Connie wants to say something to cheer him up.

CONNIE
You know, he used to talk about you all the time. He used to say, 'We look just alike, that's why we have to act so different.'

Grace looks up sharply. Bill stares at Connie intently.

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

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

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

GRACE
Of course it did. We understand.

BILL
(not letting up)
But why lie about it?

Grace shoots him an angry look.

CONNIE
It was just ... the house ... and all you ... I was so confused ... I ...
She starts to cry, not pretending - the pressure is really making her crumble. She knows she has to get out before she confesses everything.

CONNIE (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I have to lie down. I'm going to my room.

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

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

BILL
Her answers weren't consistent.

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

Bill, undeterred, turns to Father Brian.

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

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

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

GRACE & FATHER BRIAN
'Ass' is fine.

BILL
She's hiding something.

Grace moves close to Bill, speaking with quiet intensity.

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

BILL

Paco?
PACO
My money's on her.

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

CONNIE
Where the hell is my room?!

89 EXT. BOSTON CATHEDRAL - DAY

A sunny day.

90 INT. CATHEDRAL - MAIN CHAPEL - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

but from her sounds more like:

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

The congregation continues as Connie attempts to keep up:

ALL
'I believe in one Holy and Apostolic Church ...'
CONNIE
'I bleeb in wonmolee and aaplectic
crub ...'

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

FATHER BRIAN
Name this child.

CONNIE
Hugh.

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

GRACE
(helps out, her voice breaking
with emotion)
Hugh Donald Arthur Winterbourne the
Second.

CONNIE
Yeah.

She looks uneasy.
CONNIE'S POV - THE CRUCIFIX

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

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

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

Grace and Connie are both blinking back tears.

91 EXT. CATHEDRAL - FRONT STEPS - DAY

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

SOCIETY PHOTOGRAPHER
Could I get a quick shot of all of you?

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

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

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

(he stares at her blankly)
I'm not talking about me. This is for a friend. Long story. Boy, the scrapes she gets into. She'll work it out.

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

GRACE
Let's take Hughie home.

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

CONNIE
'Hughie?' Do I have to name your brothers 'Dewey' and 'Louie'?
INT. MANSION - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

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

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

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

BILL
Ready for the party?

He starts walking toward the living room. Connie follows.

CONNIE
Party?

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

CONNIE
I guess I can handle a few people.

EXT. MANSION - BACK LAWN - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

Grace leads her into the throng. Bill stands aside watching her go, a look of concern on his face.
ANOTHER ANGLE - A LITTLE LATER

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

CHRISTINE
So that's Patricia?

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

Christine and Bill are looking.

CHRISTINE (cont'd)
Not who I pictured for Hugh.

BILL
No.

She moves closer to him, speaking softly, privately.

CHRISTINE
I was surprised you didn't call.

BILL
When?

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

BILL
About what?

CHRISTINE
Your feelings. Your grief. Your emotions.

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

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

He toasts her and moves off into the crowd.
Sophie comes from the house carrying baby Hugh, just awakened from his nap. He is wearing a cute little outfit. Grace, talking to some guests, almost pounces on him.

GRACE

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

The guests gather around to coo over the baby.
EXT. MANSION - BACK LAWN - DAY

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

GRACE
There you are! Come on.

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

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

Connie blanches when she sees the two sophisticated young women.

CONNIE
Oh, I'll bet.

They walk up to them.

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

CONNIE
How ya doin'?

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


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

CONNIE
You don't know.

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

CHRISTINE
Well, we want you to know that if you ever have any questions, if you ever need anything, you can always call on us. Promise?
Connie turns to Christine, caviar spilling out of her mouth.

CONNIE  
(mouth full)

Thank you.

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

CHRISTINE

There goes the luckiest little tramp on the planet.

95 OMIT

96 OMIT

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

A LITTLE LATER -

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

- M. Gordon
CONNIE
Great earrings!

Christine and Susan approach and corner Connie.

CHRISTINE
Patricia! There you are.

CONNIE
Oh, good, you found me.

CHRISTINE
You have a beautiful son.

CONNIE
Thanks. He's a handful.

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

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

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

CONNIE
Yeah, well ...

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

Connie's about to blow up.

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

SUSAN
Oh, listen.

CONNIE
What?

Christine and Susan look at her in mild surprise.

CHRISTINE
It's Hugh's favorite song.

SUSAN
He was always whistling it.
CONNIE
Yeah, we used to sing it all the time.

CHRISTINE
Did you?

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

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

CONNIE
Oh, that's so sweet!

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

CHRISTINE
You really ought to let Patricia sing too.

SUSAN
Yes. I hear she has a wonderful voice.

Grace smiles, glad to hear this.

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

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

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

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

98 EXT. MANSION - BACK LAWN - BANDSTAND - DAY

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

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

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

ON THE CROWD - as they all turn to watch. Bill looking slightly embarrassed at his mother's desire to show off.
GRACE
(sweetly)
"Walked with no one and talked with no one,
And I had nothing but shadows.
Then one morning you passed
And I brightened at last.
Now I greet the day and complete the day
With the sun in my heart. All my worry blew away
When you taught me how to say:"

The band kicks into the chorus and the tempo brightens.

GRACE
"Grab your coat and get your hat -"

Grace gives a Connie a "you take it" gesture. Connie's eyes widen in shock.
CONNIE
(trying to fake it)
"... put it on and go outside!"

Grace gives her a puzzled look.

ON BILL - a worried look on his face.

ON CHRISTINE - with a smug smile.

BACK TO THE BANDSTAND

GRACE
"Just direct your feet."

Grace looks to Connie again.

GRACE (cont'd)
"To the Sunny Side of the Street."

CONNIE
Street!

Back to Grace.

GRACE
"Can you hear a pitter-pat?"

Back to Connie.

CONNIE
I can hear it, Mama!

Back to Grace.

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

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

CONNIE
"On the Sunny Side of the Street!"

GRACE
"I used to walk in the shade."

CONNIE
Did you, Mama?
GRACE
"With those blues on parade."

CONNIE
Sing them blues!

GRACE
"But I'm not afraid."

CONNIE
You tell 'em!

Grace laughs, getting into the call and response.

GRACE
"This Rover crossed over."

CONNIE
Come on over!

GRACE
"If I never have a cent"

CONNIE
I wouldn't worry!

GRACE
"I'll be rich as Rockefeller."

CONNIE
You're damn close!

GRACE
"Gold dust at my feet."

GRACE & CONNIE
"On the Sunny Side of the Street."

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

GRACE
"Leave your worries on the doorstep."

CONNIE
"Just direct your feet."

CONNIE & GRACE
"To the Sunny ..."

GRACE
"You're my little honey."

CONNIE
You've got lots of money!  GRACE
We've got lots of money!
Grace is delighted. They go for the big finish.

CONNIE & GRACE
"On the Sunny Side of the Street!"

The CROWD APPLAUDS. Grace beams. Connie tries to get off stage as quickly as possible, taking the baby with her.
As she steps off the bandstand, Christine and Susan are there, smirking.

CHRISTINE
What a singular interpretation.

CONNIE
Oh, fuck off!


GRACE
You heard her. Fuck off.

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

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

BILL
She didn't know the song, Mother.

Grace fixes her eyes on him.

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

BILL
(taken aback)
Scares me?

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

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

GRACE
How could you two be so different? I know you were twins, but is it possible one of you was switched at birth?
BILL
Sorry Mother, you're stuck with me.

Grace looks at him, her face softening.

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

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

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

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

GRACE
Such as?

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

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

BILL (cont'd)
Unpleasant?

100 INT. MANSION - CONNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Grace walks in. Connie is changing the baby.

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

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

CHRISTINE
What a singular interpretation.

CONNIE
Oh, fuck off!


GRACE
You heard her. Fuck off.

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

EXT. MANSION - OUTSIDE STEPS - DAY

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

BILL
She didn't know the song, Mother.

Grace fixes her eyes on him.

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

BILL
(taken aback)
Scares me?

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

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

GRACE
How could you two be so different? I know you were twins, but is it possible one of you was switched at birth?
Sorry Mother, you're stuck with me.

Grace looks at him, her face softening.

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

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

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

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

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

Such as?

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

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

BILL (cont'd)
Unpleasant?

Grace walks in. Connie is changing the baby.

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

GRACE
Patricia...
CONNIE
I didn't know the song, OK?

GRACE
So what? I loved your ... what do you call it? ... rap.
CONNIE
Everyone expected me to know it.

GRACE
Why do you care what everyone thinks?

Connie laughs.

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

GRACE
I am looking at you. You look fine.

Connie flips at her hair.

CONNIE
This is fine?

GRACE
Of course.

Connie smiles, feeling a little better.

GRACE (cont'd)
Okay, maybe you could use a little help with your hair. And your make-up. And your clothes and your shoes and those nails...

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

GRACE (catching herself)
Forgive me, I never had a daughter.

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

They embrace.

101 OMIT

102 EXT. CITY STREET - NEW YORK - NIGHT

A late model Cadillac is parked on this secluded street. Steve nonchalantly walks by. He looks around. He pulls from his pants a long unlocking tool and deftly breaks into the car. The alarm goes off. It's New York City - nobody pays attention. Steve quickly gets into the car.
Steve lies on his back on the floor. He puts a pen light in his mouth and disconnects the radio. Something catches his eyes on the floor.

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

BACK TO SCENE - Steve stares at the photo.

STEVE

Holy shit!
FADE UP MUSIC FOR VISUAL SEQUENCE:

105 EXT. CAUSEWAY - AERIAL - DAY

Grace, Paco and Connie drive to Boston in the Rolls.

106 EXT. LOUIS' SALON - DAY

The Rolls pulls to a stop in front of an imposing two-story brick building - Louis' Boston. Grace and Connie climb out of the car. Paco waits by the car while Grace and Connie enter the salon.

107 INT. LOUIS' SALON - DAY

Grace delivers instructions for Connie's transformation to three BEAUTICIANS and one MALE HAIRDRESSER. Then Grace exits, leaving Connie looking like a lab animal about to be experimented on.

108 OMIT

109 OMIT

110 OMIT

111 OMIT

112 OMIT

112A OMIT

112B OMIT
112BEDMIT

112BBB

112C INT. LOUIS' SALON - DAY

Scissors snip Connie's hair at the same time her nails are manicured.

112D OMIT

112E INT. LOUIS' SALON - DAY

Nail polish is being applied to Connie's fingernails. Make-up and eye shadow and lipstick are applied to her face.

112F OMIT

112G OMIT

112H OMIT

112HEXT. LOUIS' SALON - DAY

Grace and Paco exit the Rolls carrying clothing and shoe boxes.

112I INT. LOUIS' SALON - DAY

Grace and Paco enter Louis' carrying numerous clothing and shoe boxes. Connie's eyes widen as she sees them.

113 EXT. BILL'S OFFICE BUILDING - BOSTON - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

Side view of a colonial brick exterior, moving in on a third story bay window.

BILL (V.O.)
And finally, I want you to get in touch with any banking contacts we have in Hong Kong ...

114 INT. BILL'S OFFICE - BOSTON - DAY

An old money, immaculate wood and leather office. Bill is at his desk. His secretary, VERA, is seated opposite him.

BILL (cont'd)
Find out everything they can about Patricia -

The door opens and Grace enters. She immediately walks to the bay window, opens a laquered box and takes out a cigarette. She picks up a lighter off the table.
BILL (cont'd)
Find out everything they can about
Patricia -

The door opens and Grace enters. She immediately walks to the bay window, opens a lacquered box and takes out a cigarette. She picks up a lighter off the table.
VERA
Mrs. Winterbourne! So nice to see you.

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

BILL
Mother, what brings you here?

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

Connie enters nervously. She stands in the doorway.

CONNIE
Hello, Bill.

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

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

CONNIE
Gee, thanks.

GRACE
Are you free for lunch?

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

GRACE (cont'd)
Well, now you're not. Take Patricia
somewhere nice.

CONNIE
Maybe I should go home with you.

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

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

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

CONNIE
I grew.

They smile.
CONNIE (cont'd)
Look, if you don't want to do this, I can catch a cab home.

BILL
I'd never hear the end of it.

CONNIE
It's great to see a grown man still afraid of his mommy.
Bill and Connie are walking. In the background is the gold dome of the Massachusetts State House. Along the path is a red painted stripe, the "Freedom Trail."

CONNIE
This is a really beautiful city.

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

CONNIE
Can we go to the 'Cheers' bar?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CONNIE
You miss him, don't you?

BILL
He was a delightful guy. He was the kind of guy who didn't have problems because he didn't want to have problems. It was that easy for him.
CONNIE
So what happened between you two?

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

CONNIE
And?

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

CONNIE
Sounds like you're still mad at him.

BILL
He didn't know how to take responsibility.

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

Bill thinks about this. His old suspicions momentarily rekindle.

BILL
That woman would be ... you.

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

BILL
I am supposed to buy you lunch.

They turn to a hot dog vendor behind them.
Connie and Bill walk along the bridge, finishing their hot dogs.

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

Connie notices a spot of mustard on his cheek.

CONNIE (cont'd)
Wait a sec.

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

BILL
Was I walking around with that on my face?

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

They laugh.

BILL
Must have looked silly.

CONNIE
You could use some silly.

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

CONNIE
You did that?

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

Connie laughs. Bill joins in.

CONNIE
Shouldn't you be getting back to the office?
Bill checks his watch.

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

CONNIE
No, I don't mind at all.

120 EXT. SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW JEWELERS - DAY

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

BILL

What?

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

CONNIE

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

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

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

BILL

May I?

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

CONNIE

It's nice, but it's so expensive.

BILL

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

CONNIE

I don't know ... I can afford it.

BILL

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

CONNIE

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

BILL

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

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

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

BACK TO SCENE - Connie snatches the check back up.
CONNIE
Oh ... darn it, I ... I put the wrong
date. Let me write another one.

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

122 INT. MANSION - UPPER HALLWAY - DUSK

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

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

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

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

CONNIE
(to the baby)
Mommy screwed up big time. She
almost gave the whole game away.
Now Mommy’s forging checks. Isn’t
that a Federal crime? Mommy’s
moving up in the world.

124 INT. BILL’S OFFICE - DUSK

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

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

125 CLOSE ON THE PAPER - INSERT

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

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

126 INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grace is talking with Ty Winthrop.

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

TY
I know, but a change this radical,
adding two new heirs to your will -
Grace moves in on him.

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

Bill strides into the room.

BILL
Mother, I need to talk to you. (notices Ty)
Ty, what brings you here?

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

BILL
Mother, you can't.

GRACE
(sharply)
Billy. Don't you start.
Bill, pulls her aside, speaking confidentially.

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

GRACE  
(appalled)  
Have you been investigating her?

BILL  
(pained)  
Mother -

Sophie leads Connie in.

CONNIE  
Hi, you wanted to see me?

Grace hisses to Bill, under her breath.

GRACE  
We'll discuss this another time.

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

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

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

He laughs. No one else does.

Grace begins to sign a number of documents.

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

Connie is stunned.

CONNIE  
I don't want you to do that. I don't want to be included.
ON BILL - as he watches this. He is shocked. This was the last reaction he'd ever expected.

GRACE

Why not?

CONNIE

It's not right.

GRACE

But you're family.

Connie stands, angry.

CONNIE

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

BILL

(intrigued)

Mother, you're crazy.

Grace upset, but trying to speak reason.

GRACE

But what about your boy?

Connie tries to speak reasonably.

CONNIE

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

(she looks to Grace)

I'm here because of you.

(to Bill)

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

Grace looks up at her, shocked and touched.

GRACE

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

(turning to the others)

Does anyone think that?

Bill and Ty both look deeply guilty.

CONNIE

(sincerely)

Please, maybe it sounds crazy, but I don't want you to sign it.
GRACE
Well, it's my money and I want to
sign it.
(smiles at her fondly)
In fact, I feel more like signing
it now than I did before.

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

GRACE (cont'd)
You had something you wanted to tell
me, Bill?

Bill laughs, bewildered but happy.

BILL
Evidently not.

Sophie is in the doorway.

SOPHIE
Mrs. Winterbourne?

GRACE & CONNIE
Yes?

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

BILL
(sighs)
Again?

SOPHIE
I'm afraid so, sir.

Bill hurries from the room. Connie follows.

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

PACO (O.S.)
Dum, dum dum da dee dee dum...

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

ON THE POOL - There's no water in it. The interior lights shine
down, illuminating it like a dance floor.
There in the deep end is Paco, dancing a tango by himself while he sings. There's an open bottle of Rum a few feet from him and he's obviously had a few, but still there is a beauty and grace to his movements as he glides across the white tile.

CONNIE
Let's get him out of there.

She starts down the ladder.

PACO
Rum dum dum du ...
   (he looks up, seeing her)
He a lousy plasterer, too! The tile come right off!

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

CONNIE
Want me to beat him up for you?

Paco hugs her.

PACO
No, he so sweet!

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

CONNIE
Give me a hand here?

128 INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

PACO
Dum, dum dum dum da dee dee...

CONNIE
What's he singin'?

Paco speaks up, his accent thicker from the drink.

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

129 INT. MANSION - PACO'S ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

BILL
I don't think -

PACO
Dance!

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

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

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

129A INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

PACO (cont'd O.S.)
That's my boy! I raised such good boys. Billy take such good care of
Hugh and Hugh alla time in trouble -

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

They're doing pretty damn well by now.

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

They break into a laugh as Bill pulls her upright ... but as he holds her in his arms, the move turns into an embrace. Bill holds her close and kisses her ...
It's a first kiss, awkward and tentative. It ends quickly and they look at one another in blank surprise.

CONNIE

Uh ... wow.

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

BILL

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

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

BILL (cont'd)
- good. And...I don't know what this is, so ... goodnight.

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

BILL (cont'd)

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

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

BILL (cont'd)

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

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

BILL

Wow.

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

BILL

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

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

CONNIE

(to herself)

I don't understand men.

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

PACO

You an' me both!
INT. MANSION - SIDE HALLWAY/FOYER - NIGHT

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

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

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

GRACE
I think she's terrific.

Bill is full of nervous energy, babbling.

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

GRACE
Happy?

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

Bill turns to Grace, settling a little.

BILL (cont'd)
Is it OK?

GRACE
You're worried about what Hugh would think?

BILL
Yeah.

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

Bill takes this in.

BILL
Okay.

He kisses her. She holds him.
GRACE
I always knew when you fell, you’d fall the hardest.

She goes upstairs and he goes out the front door.

130A EXT. MANSION - EARLY MORNING - ESTABLISHING

131 INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON AN ENVELOPE -

Plain, white, no return address, addressed to “Patricia Winterbourne.”

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

CONNIE
(behind her)
Morning!

Connie sniffs the air.

CONNIE (cont’d)
Has somebody been smoking in here?

Busted, Grace flips the cigarette out of her mouth.

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

Connie snatches the cigarette away from her.

CONNIE
You should know better.

GRACE
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

She goes on, with a knowing smile.

GRACE (cont’d)
So did you have a nice night?

CONNIE
(coversing)
Nothing special.

GRACE
(handing her the envelope)
Look, you finally got some mail. Maybe your old friends are getting in touch.

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

CONNIE
No ... just junk mail.

GRACE
Oh, too bad.

CONNIE
Excuse me.

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

132 INT. MANSION - FOYER - DAY

Alone, Connie looks at the note again.

CLOSE ON NOTE - It's an ordinary index card with a typewritten message on it: "WHO ARE YOU?" Connie turns the card over - typed on the back are the words: "AND WHOSE BABY IS THAT?"
BACK TO SCENE - Connie stares at the note, as if it were a death sentence. She leans against the wall in despair.

132A EXT. MANSION - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The house is still.

133 INT. MANSION - CONNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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

The baby quiets, making a burping or laughing sound.

CONNIE (cont'd)
Don't laugh. Mommy's in denial, it's all she's got.

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

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

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

CONNIE (cont'd)
Well, that's all my stuff. Let's change you and we'll get going.

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

CONNIE
Hi.

BILL
Are you going somewhere?

This is hard for her.

CONNIE
Look ... I'm taking off. I've worn out my welcome.
BILL
I don't think so. I think you're still welcome. Is this my fault? Is because of last night? The kiss? Did you think I was coming on to you? No, no, that was just a brother-in-law, sister-in-law kiss. (glances at the flowers in his hand) These? These are for Mom.

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

BILL (cont'd)
You can't go.

CONNIE
No, I got things I gotta take care of.

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

CONNIE
I don't.

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

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

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

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

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

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

BILL  
(quickly)  
Or off the list, I could take it  
right off the list.  
(then, re: Column B)  
So here we have love, home and  
security weighed against ...  
(re: Column A)  
Nothing. Whew, tough choice. I'm  
glad I'm not in your shoes. Want  
my advice?

CONNIE  
Did you ask me to marry you?

Bill swallows.

BILL  
Kind of.

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

CONNIE  
Shit.

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

* * *

He lifts her chin to look into her eyes.

BILL (cont'd)  
Don't answer now. Say yes tomorrow.

* * *

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

BILL (O.S. cont'd)  
They were really for you.

* * *

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

BILL  
You talk to her. She listens to  
you. Tell her you and I are going  
to have a great time together. I  
can take you to ball games and we  
can watch the Red Sox lose together.  
It'll be a bonding thing.
As if in answer, the baby shoots an arc of pee onto Bill's shirt. Bill straightens, looking at his wet shirt. Looks up at Connie.

BILL (CC: T'D)
Well, I think now you have to marry me.

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

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

134 INT. MANSION - STAIRCASE/FOYER - NIGHT

Connie is creeping down the stairs in the half-light filtering through the windows. She's carrying the baby on her chest, in the Snugli and the baby bag in her hand. Quietly, she shuts the glass-paneled door behind her.
Through the door, we see Grace in a bathrobe descending the stairs.

134A EXT. MANSION - PORTICO - NIGHT

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

134B EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Grace stands at an upper window looking out.

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

135 EXT. BEVERLY FARMS STATION - NIGHT

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

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

THE TRAIN SCREECHES IN. Everyone starts gathering their stuff.

We hear a voice.

PACO (V.O.)

What are you doing here?

Connie turns and sees Paco standing there.

CONNIE

Leave me alone.

PACO

Why you running away?

CONNIE

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

Paco grabs the bag of baby stuff from her.

PACO

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

CONNIE

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

PACO

You thin' you the only one with a past?
Paco starts walking off with the bag.

CONNIE
Bring that back!

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

Connie tugs at the bag, tearing up.

CONNIE
You don't under -

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

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

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

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

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

136 EXT. MANSION - FRONT OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

ON CONNIE - As the lights hit her face.

CONNIE
Shit.

137 INT. MANSION - FOYER/STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Connie rushes in the door, hands the baby to Paco and runs up the
stairs. Bill comes to meet her on the stairs, looking grief-
stricken. He embraces her. They continue up the stairs and walk
down the hall.
BILL
Jesus, we thought you'd gone!

137A INT. MANSION - UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

CONNIE
How is she?

BILL
She had another attack.

Connie heads to Grace's room.

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

DR. TABACKIN
She's been asking for you.

Connie hurries into the room.

138 INT. MANSION - GRACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

GRACE
Thank God you've come home.

Grace gives Connie a hug.

CONNIE
Are you all right?

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

GRACE
Shit, shit, shit! This goddamn body! If it wasn't for this body, I'd live forever.
She leans back in bed, out of breath. Turns to Connie, getting down to business.

GRACE (cont'd)
Now what the hell do you have to say for yourself?

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

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

CONNIE
(looking)
You're kidding?

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

CONNIE
I don't know if I can do that.

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

(then)
Now ... why did you really leave?

CONNIE
Bill asked me to marry him.

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

CONNIE
I do. But ...

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

CONNIE
(without hesitation)
Yes.
GRACE
Then do it, Patricia.

Grace takes Connie's hand with a wicked smile.

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

They embrace.

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

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

139 CALLIGRAPHY - INSERT

A hand writing in fine calligraphy: "Grace Parmentier Winterbourne requests your presence at the wedding of ..."

140 INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Connie and Grace are meeting with a WEDDING GOWN DESIGNER, who sketches various ideas for dresses.

141 INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Grace and Connie meet with the FLORIST, who shows them books of floral arrangements and a few actual elaborate floral centerpieces.

142 INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Paco and a BAKER argue about the design of the wedding cake, while looking at pictures of various sample cakes.

MUSIC ENDS ...

143 EXT. YACHT CLUB - PATIO - NIGHT

The outdoor patio of an exclusive yacht club. In the distance, the yachts of the rich are moored. There is a sign by the door reading "WINTERBOURNE WEDDING REHEARSAL DINNER." Couples in elegant dress move from table to table, while others are out on the dance floor, dancing to music played by a twelve-piece band (including Christine and Susan with handsome young men).

CONNIE AND BILL are dancing to "Our Love is Here to Stay." Connie, radiant and beautiful in a lovely gown. Bill in an elegant tuxedo. Eyes fixed to one another.
The world swirls around them, blurring into a dream.

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

DR. TABACKIN
Grace! Mrs. Winterbourne -

Dr. Tabackin's wife dances him away.

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

CONNIE AND BILL continue to dance.

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

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

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

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

STEVE
You're a lucky man, Bill.

Bill is trying to place him.

BILL
Uh, thank you...

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

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

BILL
Yes ... Well, one dance, Steve, then I want her all to myself.

STEVE
(grinning)
You'll have to catch us first.
He sweeps her out onto the dance floor, whirling her about, a surprisingly good dancer. Connie hisses in his ear.

CONNIE
What the hell are you doing here?

STEVE
(pleasantly)
So we have met before?

He dances her further away from Bill.

ON BILL as he watches them dance off, looking a little puzzled.

ON GRACE AND PACO on another part of the dance floor. They too are watching Connie and this stranger... a look of concern on Paco's face, one of suspicion on Grace's.

144 EXT. YACHT CLUB - PATIO - NIGHT

Steve dances Connie toward where the boats are moored. There are a few people around. She pulls away from him.

CONNIE
(whispering)
Get away from me!

STEVE
(speaking up)
What's wrong, Connie. Is something bothering you, Connie? Huh, Connie?

People start to look at them. She yanks him further from the others.

CONNIE
What do you want?

Steve is the picture of innocence wronged.

STEVE
Why do I have to want something? You always thought the worst of me, didn't you? Maybe that's why you always brought it out.

CONNIE
Why are you here?

He looks up at her, doing his best hurt "How could you ask that question?" face.

STEVE
I thought you were dead. I thought my only child was dead. That does something to a man, Connie. I cried, I really did. I cried for you and for the kid and for how I'm pissing

(MORE)
my life away. I started making some real changes, you'd be proud. Then a few weeks later I'm stealing this car radio and I run across a People magazine and there's this picture of the Winterbourne family, and wouldn't you know it, their new daughter-in-law looks just like this tramp from Jersey I used to know. I had to see if it was true.

CONNIE
You sent me that note?

He smiles, all warmth.

STEVE
Well, just 'cause you didn't write, I didn't see any reason for me to be insensitive.

CONNIE
Okay, it worked, you got me scared. So what's next?

Steve laughs.

STEVE
You're so nervous! I just want to congratulate you on this great life you've, whaddya call it? ...'appropriated' for yourself. (over her objection)
Hey, why not? The dead chick wasn't gonna use it anymore. And, by the way, marrying the guy's brother? That is pure genius. I didn't know you had it in you. Good job.

CONNIE
(quiet)
And that's it?

STEVE
(shaking her hand)
Absolutely.

He starts away as if to leave, then turns back around.

STEVE (cont'd)
Well, there is one thing ...

Connie waits. He comes back to her.

STEVE (cont'd)
My son. What role do I, the boy's father, have in all this?
Connie lashes out.

CONNIE
I'll give you a goddamn role -

STEVE
If you're uncomfortable, I'd be just as happy to discuss this with your mother-in-law. How do you think her heart would take my news?

CONNIE
No more bullshit. What do you want?

Steve extends his hand to her face - does his old magic trick, pulling a matchbook out of thin air. The matchbook cover has the name and address of a motel on it.

STEVE
Come by my place tomorrow. And bring my boy. What'd you name him, 'Hugh,' after the dead rich guy?

CONNIE
You come near him, I'll kill you.

Steve shakes his head.

STEVE
You got no class, you know that? That's why I dumped you. They can dress you up, but -

CONNIE
(steely)
I'm not kidding.

Steve steps close to her, grabbing her by the hair - the smiling pretense is gone and his eyes burn with a cold cruelty. She flinches, fear in his eyes.

STEVE
Be there tomorrow. Or I'll mess up your life so bad, you'll never see that kid again.

He steps away from her - her hair is now falling in her face. He laughs at her.

\(\text{[\text{cont'd}]}\)
STEVE (cont'd)
That's a good look for you.

He walks off ...
EXT. YACHT CLUB - PATIO - NIGHT

Steve walks back into the throng, smiling.

Bill stands by the wall, watching him go.

GRACE AND PACO stand by the window, their eyes following Steve as he leaves, snatching an hors d'oeuvre and popping it into his mouth as he saunters out, the picture of arrogance. Paco turns to Grace.

PACO
I don't like that guy. Do we know who that is?

GRACE
No. But you're going to find out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - COURTYARD - DAY

A cloudy day, threatening rain.

One of those motels from the fifties, it hasn't been painted in a decade or two.

A yellow cab pulls up and Connie climbs out with the baby.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL - STEVE'S ROOM - DAY

Four dingy walls and an old bed.

Steve is trying to set up an old, stained playpen - he's standing in it, kicking at the bottom, trying to flatten it out. He steps out of it and tosses in some toys - a chewed up teddy bear and a couple of Leggos.

He looks up to see Connie in the window, looking in. He crosses to the door to let her in ... She enters, pushing the stroller, looking very out of place in her expensive coat.

Steve doesn't spare her a glance - he goes straight to the baby, lifting him out of the stroller.

STEVE
There's the guy! Big boy! Look at that, that's my chin, that's my goddam chin!

Connie walks in carefully, keeping her back to the wall as she circles him.

CONNIE
Hmm.

Steve carries Hugh to the playpen.
STEVE
Hey, Pal, look what I got for you here.

He plops the kid down in the middle of playpen and stands back - the baby starts howling.

STEVE (cont'd)
What's with him?

CONNIE
He's got taste.

Connie goes to Hugh - Steve steps in ahead of her and picks him up. - The baby quiets and looks up at him, curious.

STEVE
You know, this is a very emotional moment for me. Do you know how much it means to a man to know that his name is gonna be passed on? That's an awful lot you're asking me to give up. And for what? Have you offered me anything in return, even a kind word? No. You just look at me like I'm going to contaminate your precious baby - like you'd even have the little bastard if it wasn't for me.

He sits in the playpen, giving the kid a Leggo to chew on.

CONNIE
Did you wash that?

STEVE
Huh? Oh, sure.

Connie steps into the playpen and takes the Leggo away from him - Hugh starts bawling again. She roots through her purse for something else to give him.

CONNIE
So you got a plan, right? Let's hear it.

She hands the baby a pacifier. He sucks on it, happily.

STEVE
I tell you what I ought to do. I ought to tell the Winterbournes all about this nasty little con you're pulling on 'em. I mean, it's not right to let the kid grow up livin' a lie. I should let everybody know who he really is ... and sue for custody.
Connie looks back at him.

STEVE (cont'd)
And don't think I wouldn't get it.
Birth fathers are winning cases
like this every day. And look at
the character of the mother.

He starts tickling the baby.

STEVE (cont'd)
A slut con artist, exploiting a
grieving family to get their fortune.
(to the baby)
Mommy would never see you again.

The baby giggles. Steve leans back against the playpen.

STEVE (cont'd)
But the problem with that is, I
still get nothing and I wind up
stuck with a baby, and who needs
that?

Connie stands up and takes a check out of her purse.

CONNIE
It's all filled out. Just tell me
the amount.

STEVE
(picking a number out of the air)
50,000.

She hesitates... then crosses to the bureau and fills in the
amount and hands him the check.

STEVE (cont'd)
'Patricia Winterbourne.' Very nice.

He steps out of the crib and gets an envelope from the bed table. He
puts the check in and seals it. He slips the envelope in his pocket.

STEVE (cont'd)
Thanks, but that's nowhere near
enough. I have a better idea.
(off her reaction)
No, you'll like it. It's an idea
where everybody gets what they want.
And how many ideas like that do you
ever come up with? You want to hear
it?

CONNIE
Why're you asking me if I want to
hear it?
STEVE
(harder)
Do you want to hear it?

Connie walks back and forth, not looking at him.

CONNIE
(in a monotone)
Sure, I want to hear it, I'll die if I don't hear it.

STEVE
(pleased)
You take the kid out for a walk somewheres. I'll show up and kidnap him.

Connie stops and looks him dead in the face.

STEVE (cont'd)
Don't worry, I'll give you a good smack so it looks like you struggled. They'll cough up at least a million for him, right? I take that, drop off the baby and that way I get a fair return for sacrificing my paternal rights.

CONNIE
You're out of your friggin' mind. You go near that kid and I'm calling the police.

STEVE
Then I'll tell them it was your idea.

CONNIE
They wouldn't believe you.

STEVE
Why else would you pay me 50,000 dollars? With a forged check, by the way.

Connie begins pacing the room, looking for a way out.

CONNIE
I will not hurt those people.

STEVE
They're not gonna miss a pissant million!

CONNIE
What if I just clear out, run away?
STEVE
I'll find you. And I'll take the kid.

CONNIE
You don't even want him!

STEVE
(very calmly)
But he's mine.

He sits down next to the crib and picks up the teddy bear.

CONNIE
This'll kill Grace. Whatever happens, it'll kill her.

Playing peek-a-boo with the bear over the side of the crib.

STEVE
She's gotta die sometime.

The baby laughs. Connie steps in and picks him up.

STEVE (cont'd)
(hurt)
Hey, I had him laughing.

CONNIE
I have to go.

Steve stands and faces her.

STEVE
What do you say? You and the kid gonna be taking a walk in the Commons around one tomorrow?

CONNIE
I'm getting married tomorrow.

STEVE
So?

Connie stares right back at him.

148 INT. MANSION – STUDY – NIGHT

Connie is just leaving the room.

WE PAN SLOWLY TO THE WALL, to a framed case containing a gun collection. There is an empty spot where one of the guns is missing.

149 OMIT
A cab pulls up to the curb away from the motel. Connie gets out and starts walking.

Connie walks up to Steve's motel. Someone is walking toward her. She nods to the stranger as she passes - she can't make her out in the night, but she's a very pregnant blonde.

'Night.

The stranger just walks on ... Once she's gone, Connie hustles to find Steve's room... She stops in front of his door. She almost knocks, but then she decides to try the knob instead. She turns it, quietly, carefully and opens the door ...

... as the door opens and Connie peers in. One dim light by the bed is on. Steve is sitting up in bed in a t-shirt, watching a Tony Robbins infomercial. Connie steps in.
Hello, Steve. Your partner's here. I got a little change in the plan.

He doesn't look up. She walks to the foot of the bed, trying not to lose her nerve.

Instead of me taking the kid for a walk and you stealing him ...

She pulls the gun out and levels it on him. She speaks, her trembling voice bellying her attempt to sound tough.

... you get the hell out of my life or I blow your head off.

He doesn't even look up. She is thrown off by his apparent lack of interest.

Stop watchin' the damn TV.

She switches it off. Still no reaction from Steve. She goes to him to get a better look. You don't have to be a doctor to see that Steve is quite dead.

Holy shit!

The shock of seeing the body sends Connie reeling backwards. Accidentally, the gun goes off.

A LOUD KNOCKING is heard from the door, followed immediately by Bill bursting into the room.

Are you all right?

You got a helluva sense of timing, you know that?

Are you going to tell me what's going on, or -

He sees Steve lying on the bed. It takes a moment for it to register... Then a sick look washes over Bill's face as he realizes that's a dead man on the bed. He looks back at Connie - seeing the gun in her hand.

Holy shit ...
CONNIE
Look, I didn't do it, I just came here to scare him. I didn't even know this thing was loaded.

BILL
I mean, Jesus Christ -

CONNIE
It just went off. He was already dead.

BILL
If there was a problem we could have discussed it.

CONNIE
Believe me, he was dead when I got here.

BILL
(not believing her)
All right. All right, I believe you.

She thinks for a moment.

CONNIE
How did you know I was here?

BILL
I got here first. I saw you go in.

CONNIE
Why did you come here?

BILL
Paco followed the guy home last night. I could see that he scared you, I came here to ...

CONNIE
(suddenly frightened)
To do what? Bill, you didn't -

BILL
(pointing at the bed)
No, I didn't! Of course, not!

(beat)
All right, if neither of us did it, why don't we call the police?

They look at each other in silence.

CONNIE
Let's just get out of here.
She moves to the door, then stops, remembering:

CONNIE (cont'd)

Wait.

She looks around the room, opens the closet. There's the jacket he was wearing. She goes through the pockets. Pulls an envelope out of the pocket. The one Steve put the check in. But the damned thing is empty.

CONNIE (cont'd)

Shit.

BILL

What are you looking for?

CONNIE

Forget it, come on.

They hurry out the door.

155 EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - COURTYARD - NIGHT

They walk through the courtyard, trying to look normal. They move on. In the darkness nearby, unnoticed by them, sits the Winterbourne Rolls Royce.

156 INT. ROLLS ROYCE - EXT. MOTEL/BOSTON STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Grace and Paco are inside. Grace sits in the shadows of the back seat.

157 EXT. SIDE STREET - BOSTON - NIGHT

As Connie and Bill walk around the corner to Bill's Cadillac STS, they talk.

CONNIE

You don't believe I didn't kill him, do you?

Bill hesitates ... but he can't lie to her.

BILL

No.

CONNIE

(relieved)

That's good. Because if you don't believe I didn't do it, then you couldn't have done it. And since I don't believe you didn't do it, then you know I didn't do it.
They climb into the car.

158 INT. BILL'S CAR - EXT. BOSTON STREETS - MOVING - NIGHT

As Bill drives through the streets of Boston, Connie sits next to him. They both stare off through the windshield, not talking. Finally...

CONNIE
Dammit. Even when he's dead the bastard can't stop screwing up my life.

BILL
It's going to work out.

CONNIE
We'll never trust each other again.

BILL
I trust you.

Connie looks at him.

CONNIE
You shouldn't. I've been lying to you ever since we met.

With a sudden motion, Bill pulls the car over and brakes. He turns to face her.

BILL
You don't have to tell me.

CONNIE
Yeah, I do -

Bill speaks to her very gently - he knows he must make her feel safe or she might disappear from his life again.

BILL
Honestly, I don't care.

Connie bursts out in anger:

CONNIE
You don't even know who the hell I am!

Her anger seems to propel her from the car. She slams the door behind her.
She walks on in the beams of the headlight. Bill climbs out of the car. She stops and turns on him, finally letting it all pour out in one burst.

CONNIE
I'm not Patricia Winterbourne! I didn't even know your brother. I met him once. On the train. With his wife. Before the crash. And then the hospital screwed up, and I didn't have any place to go, so -

BILL
It's okay, Connie.

Connie explodes.

CONNIE
How can it be okay -

She stops dead when she realizes ... what was that name he just called her?

CONNIE (cont'd)
What?

Bill watches her in the light of the headlights.

BILL
It's okay ... Connie. I kind of ... knew all that.

Connie just stares at him, not able to take this in.

What?

CONNNIE

BILL
Not all the details, but ... 

You knew?

CONNIE

BILL
And it's okay.

Bill smiles at her warmly. Connie moves slowly to him, her face full of emotion. She walks right up to him; it feels like a romantic moment. She reaches up to his face - at the last second she grabs him by the lapels and yells furiously.

CONNIE
Why the hell didn't you tell me!
Bill squirms away.

BILL
What?

CONNIE
I been going out of my mind!
And now we got a dead guy in a
motel room.

She gestures to Bill, yelling to the heavens.

CONNIE (cont'd)
And Bill knew all the time!

BILL
Well, I didn't think you'd kill
him.

CONNIE
I didn't kill him!

Connie sits down on the shoulder, in the gravel, leaning back on
the hubcap of Bill's car, breathing heavily. Bill squats down next
to her, not sure what to say.

BILL
I ... I guess I should have been
more forthcoming.

CONNIE
Well, I'm not exactly Miss Honesty
in this relationship.

BILL
I was afraid to tell you because ...  
I thought it might scare you away. 
Besides, I fell in love with you. 
Not with your name.

He looks at her ... the relief in having this huge secret lifted from
them is beginning to settle in. It's as if they can both take a full
breath for the first time in weeks. Connie sighs a deep sigh, letting
it all go.

CONNIE
I wanted to tell you so many times! 
At first, I was just afraid. But
then, Grace ... if she found out
Hughie wasn't her grandson, it would...

(sighing)
So I committed this major fraud and
tried to marry you under false
pretenses ...

(she squints his way)
How do you feel about that?
BILL
Well, I think all couples have their little secrets.

Connie smiles - she loves that he can still joke at a time like this.

Bill helps her to her feet. She tries to throw the next question in as casually as she can.

CONNIE
So, did you kill Steve?

BILL
Nope.

He takes her by the arms and looks at her, dead serious.

BILL (cont'd)
But if I'd known he was trying to hurt you I might have.

He embraces her. A comforting embrace. She rubs her cheek against his, feeling safe for maybe the first time in her life.

CONNIE
So what the hell are you supposed to call me now?

BILL
I'll call you whatever you like.

She pulls back a little, to look at his face. She can say something now that she never thought she'd say.

CONNIE
I like Connie.

BILL
I like Connie too.

They kiss. There are no secrets separating them now and the kiss is warm and close and full of love.

DISSOLVE TO:

160 EXT. BOSTON CATHEDRAL - DAY

THE TOWER - FROM ABOVE. An ornate pseudo-Gothic affair.

We TILT down to see the huge cathedral - limos pulling up to the doors, people in formal wear walking up the steps - including Dr. Tabackin and his wife, Ty Winthrop, and Christine and Susan.

161 EXT. CATHEDRAL - FRONT STEPS - DAY

A flight of wide granite steps - the kind that seem to lead straight up to heaven.
Grace and Father Brian greet arriving guests.

INT. CATHEDRAL - GROOM'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Bill is in his morning coat, hunched over a table with the morning paper spread over it. He finds an article and focuses on it. Something catches his eye. Whatever he reads, it makes his day.

He snatches up the paper and runs down the circular staircase.

INT. CATHEDRAL - MAIN CHAPEL - DAY

FROM ABOVE - The wedding guests are settling into place.

Rainbow light from the stained glass windows fills the air, glittering on the cathedral and on all the fine guests - the cream of Boston society. The massive sound of an organ fills the air with wedding music.

Bill runs up the aisle, clutching the newspaper in one hand. He waves to the crowd with a giddy, broad smile.

BILL

Hey, guys!

He runs out a door to the left of the altar. The crowd mutters, curious.

INT. CATHEDRAL - BRIDE'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Connie stands before a mirror, in her wedding gown. Sunlight falls on her from the window, making the white dress gleam with an angelic radiance. She's a dream bride - and a million miles away from where she started.

Sophie pins Connie's veil in place. Paco stands by the door, holding the baby. Just then, Bill flings open the door, winded from running up the stairs. Connie twirls, startled.

Paco stands up, blocking his way.

PACO

Hey, you can't see her! It's bad luck!

Bill sidesteps him.

BILL

Oh, we couldn't have bad luck.

Connie feels a chill, remembering the last time she heard someone say that - Patricia on the train, right before the crash.

Bill walks up to her, slipping his arm around her with the easy comfort of love. He moves close to her, his breath warm and soft in her ear.
BILL (cont'd)
They found the body. It's in the paper. But it's okay. They think it was a robbery. We don't have anything to worry about.

Connie shuts her eyes in silent relief.

EXT. CATHEDRAL - FRONT STEPS - DAY

Father Brian and Grace are still conversing on the steps as a few last wedding guests come in.

FATHER BRIAN
Glorious day, isn't it?

But Grace isn't listening. Her attention is focused on a late model Ford, parked illegally in front of the church, and on the rather WEATHERED WOMAN IN HER MID-FORTIES, most definitely not in formal attire, who steps out of it and walks up the steps. She's joined by a nervous young man in an equally cheap suit. Together, they walk right up to Father Brian and Grace.

The woman pulls out a badge with a studied lack of flourish.

AMBROSE
Hello, Father. Lieutenant Ambrose, Boston P.D. We'd like to speak with Mrs. Winterbourne.

Father Brian gives his usual bewildered look. Grace takes focus, smiling graciously.

GRACE
That would be me.

AMBROSE
Patricia Winterbourne?

GRACE
That's my daughter-in-law. May I ask what this is regarding?

Ambrose shifts uneasily.

AMBROSE
We're investigating the murder of Stephen DeCunzo.

Grace nods, elegantly.

GRACE
Then you'll be wanting to speak with me.

AMBROSE
And why's that?
GRACE
(still smiling)
I'm the one who killed him. Shot
him to death in that cheap motel.

Ambrose and Father Brian just stare for a moment. Neither of them
expected these words to come out of this sweet old lady. She turns
to Father Brian, apologetically.

GRACE (cont'd)
Would you give us just a moment?
The Lieutenant and I need to chat.

Father Brian can only partially haul himself out of his confusion.

FATHER BRIAN
Oh? Certainly ... give you a moment
... personal matter ...

Father Brian wanders off, puzzled and muttering.

INT. CATHEDRAL - BRIDE'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Bill and Connie look up as Father Brian walks into the room. He
stops, mouth open. He seems to want to say something, but can't
quite figure out how to phrase it.

FATHER BRIAN
Uh, the ceremony may be delayed
slightly.

BILL
Is something wrong?

FATHER BRIAN
Your mother seems to be confessing
to a murder.

You could hear a pin drop in the room.

CONNIE
She must be crazy.

FATHER BRIAN
Actually she looked quite well.

INT. CATHEDRAL - HALLWAY OUTSIDE BRIDE'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Connie and Bill burst out of the room, brushing Father Brian aside,
and run down the stairs at full speed.

Just as Father Brian recovers from the near-miss, Paco hurries out,
handing the baby off to the priest as he goes by.
Bill and Connie tear down the stairs, Connie wadding up her train in her arms.

The guests sit about, getting impatient ... Suddenly, Connie and Bill come running down the aisle, going in the wrong direction. The ORGANIST sees them and launches into "The Wedding March." The guests come to their feet, uncertain.

CONNIE
False alarm!

BILL
As you were!

Grace speaks calmly to Lt. Ambrose, while the nervous young man with her takes notes.

GRACE
He was blackmailing me. I have a rather colorful past, if you must know. First I tried to pay him hush money, but in the end, offering him seemed more effective.

AMBROSE
Are you sure you don’t want a lawyer present? I think you should have a lawyer present.

Connie and Bill come around the corner, out of breath.

BILL
Mother, what the hell are you doing?

GRACE
Confessing to the murder of ...

AMBROSE
Stephen DeCunzo.

GRACE
Exactly.

CONNIE
Grace, you can’t do this!
(to the cop)
She’s just protecting me.

BILL
She doesn’t even have a lawyer!
AMBROSE
That's what I told her.

CONNIE
I'm the one who killed him.

Bill speaks up.

BILL
No, I killed him. He was a blackmailer. I went to pay him off.

Lt. Ambrose pulls out the check.

AMBROSE
With this check?

BILL
Yes.

AMBROSE
(re: Connie)
Which she signed.

BILL
That doesn't matter. I shot him.

CONNIE
He's lying. I shot him.

Paco runs into the scene.

PACO
Wait!

AMBROSE
I suppose you shot him, too.

PACO
Yes. I confess.

AMBROSE
Well, okay, those of you who shot him, how many times did you shoot him?

They all speak at once.

CONNIE
Once.

BILL
Twice.

GRACE
Three times.

PACO
I emptied the magazine.

There is an uncomfortable silence.

AMBROSE
Where did you shoot him?
Connie speaks first.

CONNIE
I was standing across the room and I shot him. And I'd do it again.

Ambrose decides it's time to cut through the crap.

AMBROSE
He was shot twice in the heart at close range. Now I don't know what the hell you all are talking about. I just came here to ask about this damned check. We know who killed him. We got the killer in the car.

The Winterbournes stand in silence for a moment. Then they stagger with giddy relief.

BILL
Jesus!

AMBROSE
I don't know what's going on, but if I ever commit a crime, I'm sure as hell gonna wish I was part of this family.

Connie finally finds her voice.

CONNIE
You're sure you got the killer?

AMBROSE
You want me to be wrong? We got the gun, we got fingerprints. We even got a confession, although there seems to be a fire sale on those today.

She starts to go.

CONNIE
Why did he do it?

AMBROSE
It's a she. Some lovers' thing. He knocked her up and tried to dump her. Same old story.

Connie takes this in.
Ambrose shrugs and points to the Ford parked at the curb. Connie runs down the steps to the car.

171 INT. UNMARKED CAR - EXT. CATHEDRAL FRONT STEPS - DAY

RENEE sits in the back of the squad car, sucking down a coffee in a paper cup. She is hugely pregnant. She yells at the uniformed cop behind the wheel.

RENEE
How long do we gotta sit here?

The Lieutenant opens the door - Connie looks in.

RENEE (cont'd)
What are you lookin' at? ... (gives her another look)
Do I know you?

CONNIE
Yeah.

RENEE
(laughs)
Oh, yeah! The bitch out in the rain. With the quarter. Didn't you die?

CONNIE
Yeah.

RENEE
(looking at Connie's gown)
Looks good on you.

CONNIE
(not what to say)
... I'm sorry.

Renee shrugs.

RENEE
Hey, one of us was bound to whack the bastard eventually. I was the lucky one.

Ambrose pushes by Connie and climbs into the car.

AMBROSE
You guys really got to learn to wait for lawyers.

She slams the door and the car pulls out.
EXT. CATHEDRAL - FRONT STEPS - DAY

Connie stands, watching the car go. Bill walks to her side.

CONNIE
I want to hire her a great lawyer.  
One that specializes in those 'sure-I-did-it-but-can-you-blame-me?' defenses.

BILL
Did you know her?

CONNIE
Yeah, I knew her real well.

Connie looks at the disappearing car, seeing this vision of her former self speed away. She turns and walks up the steps.

Grace is there, watching her. Father Brian is at her side now, holding little Hughie. Connie walks up to Grace ... there's so much to say to her and she can't think of how to begin. Grace turns to the others.

GRACE
I'd like to speak with Patricia for a moment.

BILL
Mother -

CONNIE
(taking the baby)

It's okay, Bill.

The others walk back into the church, leaving Connie and Grace and little Hugh together. Grace turns to Connie.

GRACE
Who was Stephen DeCunzo?

Connie looks up at Grace, knowing the time for the truth has come and dreading it.

CONNIE
The baby's father.

Grace's eyes stay on Connie ... and Connie dies a little inside.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
I was never married to Hugh. I barely knew him. I wish I had.
GRACE
What are you saying?

CONNIE
I've been lying to you, Grace. I should have told you the truth the minute we met, but with your heart and all...

GRACE
What truth?

CONNIE
We had no place to go. I didn't want my baby to grow up like that. This is the only home I've ever had. I fell in love with you all and I didn't want to leave you. I love Bill so much...
(hesitates, indicates baby Hugh)
I'm just... I'm just so sorry he's not really your grandson.

Grace takes this in... but she knows she loves this girl and that this girl loves her son. She takes Connie's hand.

GRACE
(quietly)
He will be. Let's go.

Grace leads Connie and the baby up the steps of the cathedral. Grace glances down at the baby, fondly.

GRACE (CON'T)
My heart could stand three or four more of these.

Connie looks at her expectantly.

CONNIE
Really?

Grace waits for Connie so they enter the cathedral together. Grace puts her arm around Connie, but not before swatting her on the behind.
INT. CATHEDRAL - MAIN CHAPEL - DAY

FROM ABOVE - The wedding. The music is filling the room.

Connie walks down the aisle, Paco on her arm, giving her away. Paco is weeping - he always cries at weddings.

Bill stands at the altar, watching her. Grace sits in the front row with little Hugh in her arms.

AT THE ALTAR - Bill and Connie stand before Father Brian.

FATHER BRIAN
Do you, William Hazard Winterbourne, take Patricia to be your wife? To love, honor and cherish for as long as you both shall live?

BILL
I do.

Father Brian turns to Connie, who seems lost in thought.

FATHER BRIAN
Do you, Patricia Winterbourne, take William to be your husband? To love, honor and cherish for as long as you both shall live?

She looks at him for a beat ...

CONNIE
No.

There is dead silence in the cathedral.

ON GRACE - she looks up - what now?

ON THE WEDDING PARTY - Father Brian doesn't seem to have noticed.

FATHER BRIAN
Do you have a ring to show -
(realizing)
Excuse me?

CONNIE
(taking a deep breath)
I, Constance Helen Doyle ... do all that.

The crowd murmurs. Christine and Susan exchange a look. Paco stands behind her, shaking her head - he'll never figure this woman out.
Father Brian looks around, confused.

Connie glances back to Grace. Grace mouths 'Who?' Connie gestures to herself, apologetically. Grace shrugs, 'whatever.' Connie smiles - Grace smiles back. Bill makes a 'wrap-it-up' gesture to Father Brian.

FATHER BRIAN
Do you have the ring to show as a symbol of your love?

Bill takes a ring from a pocket. The same ring from the train. The ring that started it all.

Connie and Bill look at the ring for a moment, thinking of how Hugh and Patricia's tragedy was what brought them together.

ON CONNIE'S HAND - As Bill slips the ring on her finger.

ON THE WEDDING PARTY - Bill takes Connie's hands.

FATHER BRIAN
I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride.

Bill lifts the veil off of Connie's face. The two of them smile at each other.

CONNIE
Mr. Winterbourne.

BILL
Mrs. Winterbourne.

They move together for a sweet, loving kiss, as we:

FADE TO BLACK