

A NEW LEAF

BY

ELAINE MAY

FADE IN:

1. CLOSE SHOT A MAN IN A WHITE COAT 1.

The tip of a stethoscope fits in either ear and around his head there is a black band with a lightbulb projecting from it. The man's eyes are fastened on something below the frame, and he works over it with grim concentration. A low, rumbling SOUND pulses rhythmically, and somewhat ominously, over the shot....otherwise there is silence.

THE ANGLE WIDENS slightly to include a second man dressed similarly to the first. His attention, too, is riveted below the frame. After a few seconds he slowly shakes his head....and then both men look up and exchange meaningful glances. The First Man turns and says gently to someone off-camera

FIRST MAN

Would you like to step out and have a cigarette, Mr. Graham? We'll call you the moment we know.

2. CLOSE SHOT HENRY GRAHAM 2.

He shakes his head, wardlessly.

3. CLOSE SHOT THE TWO MEN 3.

The first man smiles compassionately at Henry and says softly, "I understand." Then both men lower their eyes and return once more to their nameless task on the object below the frame. Suddenly, the ominous, rumbling SOUND softens into a low steady hum. The First Man looks up ... and then slowly removes the stethoscope from his ears. There is a quick CUT TO

4. CLOSE SHOT HENRY 4.

His face is creased in an agonizing question.

5. ORIGINAL ANGLE THE FIRST MAN 5.

FIRST MAN

(to Henry)

She'll be alright now, Mr. Graham.

There is a quick CUT TO

He closes his eyes in relief and whispers, "Thank God."

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the three men standing over a custom built Ferrari, it's hood open, it's motor throbbing. Henry Graham is clutching a helmet and goggles. The two mechanics hold tools.

FIRST MAN

Ever have trouble with it before, Mr. Graham?

HENRY

(Putting on his helmet)
Well, I have to take it in two or three times a week, which is somewhat inconvenient but the car is well worth it.

FIRST MAN

Two or three times a week? How often do you drive it?

HENRY

Two or three times a week. I have to take it in every time I drive it. And then it usually needs a tune-up every few days. So actually I don't get to drive it much.

FIRST MAN

You have a real problem, Mr. Graham.

HENRY

Yes. My own mechanic has not been very helpful. Is there anything you can recommend?

FIRST MAN

Well, you don't live out here on the island so I wouldn't be able to check her regularly enough to get a real picture. All I can advise is not to drive her over 150 miles an hour for the next week...or under seventy-five miles an hour ever. There was a lot of sludge in the valves.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED

6

HENRY

(Pulling down his goggles)
Yes, there always is. Well, thank
you for the recommendation.

The First Mechanic slows down the hood of the
Ferrari while the Second Mechanic closes the door.
There is the roar of an engine and the Ferrari
zooms out of the garage.

FIRST MECHANIC

"It usually needs a tune-up
every few days." I wonder
what he does to her, that
bastard.

7 EXT. FULL SHOT LOW ANGLE A NARROW CURVING ROAD 7

The Ferrari roars along the road.
THE CAMERA PULLS UP AND BACK into a HIGH ANGLE
LONG SHOT including the Ferrari, a portion of the
road it is traveling on, and the broad expanse of
the road it is about to enter; the Long Island
Expressway at the height of the Sunday rush hour.

8 EXT. FULL SHOT - A LARGE APARTMENT BUILDING AND GARAGE - EVENING 8

A tow truck drives up to the garage pulling the
Ferrari behind it. Behind the wheel, Henry sits
in helmet and goggles, his chin resting on his hand.
An attendant rushes out of the garage as the tow
truck disappears into it and then turns and rushes
back in after it. A moment later Henry, still in
helmet and goggles, emerges from the garage and
calls "Attendant!" The attendant rushes out
again.

ATTENDANT:

Oh, Mr. Graham..your attorney,
Mr. Beckett, has been trying to
reach you. He's been calling
the garage all week.

HENRY

If he calls again tell him I no
longer live in the garage..and
have my mechanic pick up the car
in the usual place.

ATTENDANT

Broke down again, did it?

HENRY

I don't care to discuss it.

EXT. A TRAIL IN CENTRAL PARK HENRY AND MEL
ON HORSEBACK - DAY

MEL is a large man with a stern, almost military bearing, riding a Morgan. Henry rides beside him on a white Arabian. They post in perfect unison. Far in the distance a lone horse and rider can be seen galloping ever closer as the scene goes on.

HENRY

..and then he told me there was sludge in the valves, which was no news to me because there is always sludge in the valves. My own mechanic picked the car up yesterday and then returned it this afternoon with the news that there was sludge in the valves. I asked him why the car broke down so frequently and he said it was probably because sludge got in the valves.

MEL

I told you a Ferrari would be useless in the city. Buy yourself a Bently and stop carrying on.

HENRY

How dare you.

A VOICE FROM BEHIND

Mr. Graham... Mr. Graham...

Henry and Mel rein in their horses and turn as the lone rider approaches. He is breathless and disheveled, his horse covered with sweat.

THE RIDER

Mr. Graham.. A Mr. Beckett..is on the phone..he says he's your attorney..urgent message..says.. he'll wait...

The horse sinks quietly to the ground.

9 CONTINUED

9

HENRY
Tell him I'm out.

10 EXT. LONG SHOT - LOW ANGLE A SMALL TWO ENGINE PLANE CIRCLING AN AIRFIELD.

10

11 INT. MED. SHOT COCKPIT HENRY AND FRANK

11

FRANK sits in the pilot's seat, a handsome, aristocratic looking man, about Henry's age. Henry sits beside him, surrounded by charts and maps. Through the windshield several other planes are visible circling the field at different altitudes. The radio is on and we HEAR the intermittent voice of the control tower operator giving instructions for landings and take-offs.

FRANK
(Above the roar of the engines)
I don't have much chance to actually take her out and open her up. Half the time is spent taking off and the other half is spent landing. And then she needs a lot of upkeep. Every-time I bring her down she has to have repairs.

HENRY
What seems to be the trouble?

FRANK
My mechanic says it's sludge in the valves.

12 INT. FULL SHOT CONTROL TOWER

12

The operator sits in his glass-enclosed room talking into a microphone.

OPERATOR
Control tower calling Scarlet Pimpernel C5RJ28. Please acknowledge. Over.

13 INT. COCKPIT OF PLANE FRANK, HENRY ORIGINAL ANGLE

13

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Scarlet Pimpernel to control tower. Repeat. Scarlet Pimpernel C5RJ78 to control tower. Over.

OPERATOR (Over the shot)

There is an emergency phone call for Mr. Henry Graham from his attorney, Mr. Beckett. We're breaking the pattern to bring you in. You may make an immediate approach to landing strip number one. Over and out.

FRANK

Roger and out.

HENRY

Do you have a parachute? I am not taking that call.

14 INT. FULL SHOT A LARGE CLUBROOM

14

It is paneled in oak and carpeted with old persians. Comfortable leather armchairs and round oak tables stand everywhere and a single waiter moves discreetly about serving drinks. A portly, distinguished looking man in tweeds approaches the waiter. His name is MR. VAN RENSSELLER.

MR. VAN RENSSELLER

Has Mr. Graham come in yet?

WAITER

Yes, Mr. Van Rensaeller. He's over by the window with Mr. Beaumont.

15 INT. MED. SHOT HENRY, BO

15

They sit in front of a large window holding drinks. BO is a pudgy, balding man who looks somehow unformed.

BO

Have I told you that my apple trees had Crown Gall?

HENRY

Frequently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BO

Well, then you can relax. They don't anymore. I sprayed and the Crown Gall is gone.

Mr. Van Rensaeller ENTERS THE SHOT and goes over to Henry.

BO

Oh, hello Van. I was just telling Henry that my apple trees had Crown Gall but that I sprayed and the Crown Gall is gone.

VAN

Would you mind if I interrupted for a few moments, Bo? I have to speak to Henry very briefly.

(To Henry)

Would it inconvenience you to come to my office, Henry?

(To Bo)

I'll bring him right back, I promise.

Henry, looking somewhat puzzled, begins to rise.

16 INT. OFFICE OF CLUB
CLOSE SHOT A CHECK

16

It is made out for six thousand dollars. The words "Insufficient Funds" are stamped on the top and bottom.

HENRY (Over the shot)

Those idiots!

17 MED. SHOT HENRY

17

He is still staring down at the check aghast.

VAN RENSAELLER (Over the shot)

Nothing to get upset about. I just thought you might want to straighten it out with the bank before you sign anymore checks.

HENRY

(Reflectively)

Would Beckett go this far to get me to call back?

18 INT. MR. BECKETT'S OFFICE -- DAY
CLOSE SHOT MR. BECKETT

18

BECKETT

Let me explain what is
happening in a nutshell, Mr.
Graham...

19 As he speaks THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE HENRY, 19
sitting on the other side of a desk.

BECKETT (Cont'd)

When our living expenses drasti-
cally exceed our income and,
rather than cut down on these
expenses, we continue to dip
into our capital--as you have
done...

As Beckett continues to speak Henry reaches into his
pocket for his cigarette case, thinks better of it,
and reaches for the cigarette box on top of the desk.
THE CAMERA FOLLOWS his hand and HOLDS on the desk
top as he lifts the lid of the box and discovers it
is empty. He slowly withdraws his hand FROM THE
FRAME. CAMERA CONTINUES TO HOLD on the desk top.

BECKETT (Over the shot)

...we soon discover that we have
reduced our income to such a
point that we are forced to live
almost entirely off of our
capital...

As he speaks, Mr. Beckett's hand comes INTO THE
FRAME, replaces the lid on the cigarette box and
then replaces the box itself in it's exact former
position. There is the SOUND of a lighter clicking
on. Mr. Beckett LEANS INTO THE SHOT and slides an
ashtray into position in front of Henry.
THE CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM UP as he straightens..and then
PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE BOTH MEN in a MED. SHOT.

BECKETT (cont'd)

..which leads, inevitably, to the
exhaustion of that capital, after
which, of course, we can no longer
continue to live off of it be-
cause, in fact, we have none.

HENRY

What are you trying, in your
own cursory style, to say Mr.
Beckett?

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT

I am saying that you have no capital, Mr. Graham. And therefore no income. You have, in a nutshell, nothing.

HENRY

Nothing? You mean I have no money at all?

BECKETT

That's right, Mr. Graham. None at all.

HENRY

But what of my stocks? My AT&T? My General Motors?

BECKETT

I sold them, several shares at a time, in order to cover the checks you kept writing.

HENRY

Who gave you the right to do that?

BECKETT

You did, Mr. Graham, when you told me fifteen years ago that you intended to live on two hundred thousand dollars a year despite the fact that the income from your trust fund was only ninety thousand, and that I was to sell, borrow, or steal whatever was necessary in order to provide you with the additional one hundred and ten thousand. Needless to say, I chose the first alternative.

HENRY

Well, why the hell did you listen to me? Why didn't you tell me? You know I know nothing about money. Do you realize that I'm in debt? ..That I've just had a check bounce for six thousand dollars? I mean "bounce" as though I were some indigent.

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT

You have had more than one check "bounce", Mr. Graham. I have covered three overdrafts with my own personal check to the amount of five hundred and fifty dollars. It is not a service, however, that I wish to continue on any permanent basis. As for my telling you, I have told you over and over again. Every year. But telling is not very effective if the other person does not want to hear. You are a very difficult person to reach, Mr. Graham, in every sense of the word.

HENRY

I can't believe it. But I owe everyone. I owe you five hundred and fifty dollars.

BECKETT

Don't think of it as a loan, Mr. Graham. I have as little hope of receiving it as you have of scraping it up.

HENRY

I see. Well, thank you, Mr. Beckett and may I say that if you expected even the smallest amount of gratitude you have wasted five hundred and fifty dollars of the excessive fee I pay you for the tiny services you render.

BECKETT

I expected no gratitude from you, Mr. Graham. I have given you five hundred and fifty dollars for only one reason. Disliking you as I do I wanted to make absolutely certain that when I looked back on your financial ruin I could absolve myself completely of any responsibility for it. I have worked harder for you than any other client because the temptation to let you squander every penny without lifting a finger to stop it was so strong that I

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT (cont'd)
had to take constant precautions in order to keep myself from succumbing to it. Five hundred and fifty dollars is a small price to pay for the satisfaction of knowing that you have reduced yourself to penury all on your own.

There is a brief pause.

HENRY

I don't suppose you would care to give me an additional six thousand dollars and insure yourself against guilt permanently?

BECKETT

(He stares at him.)

You are really..

HENRY

Unprincipled. Yes, but look how I'm going to suffer for it. Do you think my uncle would lend me some money?

BECKETT

No I do not.

HENRY

Are you sure?

BECKETT

I am positive. During the ten years in which your uncle served as your guardian he confided to me almost daily that he felt your father had placed him in that capacity as an act of spite. I do not think he will lend you a penny, Mr. Graham.. and with your gift for close, personal relationships, I doubt if anyone else will either.

HENRY

Well, thank you, Mr. Beckett.

He rises, takes out his cigarette case, extracts the cigarettes from it and then places them in Mr. Beckett's cigarette box.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY
(Pleasantly)

They're non-filtered. Smoke them in good health.

He turns and walks out of the office.

BECKETT
Cold-blooded little bastard.

20 EXT. SIDEWALK AND ENTRANCE TO BUILDING - DAY 20

Henry comes out of the building and moves down the street. His manner is changed now, almost dazed. THE CAMERA HOLDS in a LONG SHOT as he walks away from it unaware of being jostled or sworn at.

21 EXT. REVERSE ANGLE - DAY 21

Henry walks TOWARD CAMERA his lips moving as if in a dream. When he is close enough we can read the words he is saying over and over again. "I'm poor. I'm poor. I'm poor."

22 INT. CUSTOM BUILT FERRARI 500 - DAY 22

It's leather upholstery highlights the dark wood of the dashboard, which looks like the control panel of a small but complicated airplane. There is the SOUND of a car door opening and Henry slides behind the wheel.

VOICE (Over the shot)
Will you be bringing her back tonight, sir?

HENRY
I..don't know.

VOICE (Over the shot)
Right. Well, have a nice evening.

There is the SOUND of the door slamming shut. Henry turns on the key and listens to the motor. He touches, with wordless tenderness, the upholstery, the dashboard, the wood trim. Then he shifts into first.

23 EXT. SLOW MOVING TRAFFIC FERRARI - EVENING 23

The Ferrari stands waiting at a red light and then, as the light changes, swoops away with such speed that every other car is left behind. It stops for another red light on the next corner and then, once more, zooms off leaving every other car behind. It goes through the same procedure until it has traveled three blocks.

24 INT. FERRARI - HENRY

24

He shifts into first and shoots off, again leaving all the other cars behind.

HENRY

And that imbecile said it would be useless in the city.

25 EXT. PARK AVENUE FERRARI - MOVING - EVENING

25

The Ferrari moves slowly along the curb. Henry's head leans out of the window, his eyes taking in various buildings and their attendant doormen.

26 EXT. PARK AVENUE HENRY'S P.O.V.

26

1 CAMERA PANS SLOWLY over the row of elegant old buildings moving in an approximation of Henry's car.

27 INT. FERRARI - HENRY

27

There is a suggestion of moisture in his eyes.

HENRY

I'm poor.

28 EXT. ENTRANCE TO BUILDING

28

Over the door hangs the legend "Finch and Smithwick Tailors - By appointment to Her Majesty The Queen". Henry walks up to the door and opens it. The strains of "God Save The Queen" are HEARD over the shot.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO;

29 INT. OUTER ROOM OF TAILORS ESTABLISHMENT

It is a beautifully appointed room. There is a red velvet carpet on the floor and bolts of fabric are

(CONTINUED)

stacked along the wall on glass enclosed walnut shelves. A clerk hurries over as Henry enters.

CLERK

Ah, Mr. Graham. We have just received a bolt of the slubbed Thai raw silk in ecru that you ordered. And your suit will be ready for a first fitting on Tuesday. Did you want to see some other swatches?

HENRY

No. No, thank you. I just came to look..for someone. I.. see though that he's not here.

Henry turns and walks TOWARD CAMERA. His face is a mask of sorrow. His lips frame the words, "I'm poor."

30 EXT. TWENTY-ONE CLUB - NIGHT 30

Henry walks up to the entrance and opens the door.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

31 INT. TWENTY-ONE DINING ROOM 31

Henry walks in and stands looking around the room. A headwaiter hurries over to him. A second waiter lights the cigarette he slowly places between his lips.

HEADWAITER

Ah, Mr. Graham. If you wish a table no reservation will be necessary.

HENRY

No. No table thank you. I just wanted to see the room...once more.

He turns, smiling sadly, and walks out of the room.

32 EXT. NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB - NIGHT 32

Henry goes up to the door and opens it.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

33 INT. LOBBY OF ATHLETIC CLUB 33

Henry walks slowly through the lobby and up to the desk.

CLERK

(To a second man at the desk.)

I'm sorry Mr. Solomon. I know nothing more about your application.

MR. SOLOMON

I'll come back tomorrow and ask you again.

(He leaves)

CLERK

Yes, Mr. Graham. Were you expecting some mail?

HENRY

No. I just dropped in to.. to make sure I was still welcome.

CLERK

(Taken aback for a moment and then realizing that it is a joke.)

Oh, I see. Well, of course, you're always welcome Mr. Graham. Is there anything...

HENRY

No. Nothing.

He turns and walks out again leaving the clerk staring after him in bewilderment.

34

EXT. THE ARMORY - NIGHT

34

Henry goes up to the main entrance and opens the door.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO

35

INT. ARMORY

35

Henry walks down a long corridor then stops before a door marked "Polo Team". He opens the door and walks in.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

36

INT. POLO TEAM LOCKER ROOM

36

(CONTINUED)

Henry stands in front of his locker and slowly withdraws a helmet and mallet. He puts on the helmet and then takes a swing with his mallet, calling softly "goal"...as the scene FADES OUT.

It is an expensively but tastefully furnished room. Original paintings hang on the walls. Original sculpture stands on the tables. A white Peruvian fur rug covers a large portion of inlaid wood floor. There is the SOUND of a key in the lock. The door opens and Henry enters. He stands looking around until a valet (HAROLD) complete with livery hurries over and takes his coat.

HENRY

Harold, I want to ask you something.

HAROLD

Certainly sir.

HENRY

You have been with me now for many years, Harold.

HAROLD

Yes sir.

HENRY

What would you do if I told you I had lost all my money.

HAROLD

I would leave immediately, sir, upon giving notice.

HENRY

Thank you, Harold. I knew I could count on a straight answer from you.

He turns and goes out of the room. THE CAMERA HOLDS on Harold who looks after him with the inscrutableness of the English Valet so erroneously ascribed to the Chinese.

Henry sits on a black James chair, slowly untying his shoes. The bedroom is large, elegant and austere,

(CONTINUED)

with an obviously expensive collection of books on one wall. The Eames chair is the only modern piece of furniture in the room. Oriental rugs cover the floors.

THE CAMERA MOVES in quickly toward Henry..then TIGHTENS on his shoe and the hand unlacing it. For an instant THE PICTURE FREEZES and then in a series of STILL SHOTS the hand pivots around until it is facing the shoe, palm out..as though it belonged to another person. THE MOTION RESUMES as the last lace is undone and the shoe itself is pulled off. THE CAMERA ZOOMS UP with the shoe as Henry rises with it and walks OUT OF THE SHOT..revealing Mel seated in the Eames chair in b.g. with one foot shoeless.

MEL

Oh, Mr. Graham...

Henry re-appears IN THE FRAME.

MEL

See if you have those in brown, too..will you?

HENRY

Certainly sir.

A shoebox suddenly FOPS into the picture at Mel's feet. Henry looks down at it, then over to the left. THE ANGLE WIDENS to include another chair with a customer in it..and then WIDENS FURTHER to include another and another. The fifth one is Bo who is shouting.. "Henry Graham! What are you doing selling shoes." There is a quick CUT TO..

He is still sitting in the Eames chair clutching his shoe in his hand.

HENRY

No. Better death. Or murder.
If only I could think of someone
to kill.

He rises, FACING CAMERA, and begins to undress.. then suddenly FREEZES holding his jacket.

VOICE (O.S.)

You can't top Hart, Schaffner
and Marx.

His suit instantly changes into a different fabric and color. The trousers are slightly fuller. The lining of the jacket becomes ordinary.

A Salesman appears behind Henry.

SALESMAN

It fits perfectly. It's the best suit you can find in ready-to-wear.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to include two men back to camera, in f.g., watching Henry and the salesman. The two backs also belong to Henry and the salesman. They are watching themselves in a mirror.

SALESMAN

Try on the jacket again.

The salesman slips the jacket quickly on Henry then steps back, OUT OF THE SHOT. Henry remains in f.g., back to camera, watching his reflection. The image in the mirror gradually CHANGES into a crowded dining room with Henry standing at the entrance in his Hart, Schaffner and Marx suit. A HOSTESS comes over to him.

HOSTESS

Table for one?

HENRY

Yes. I had a reservation.

HOSTESS

We don't take reservations at Stauffers. You have about a twenty minute wait for a table. Stand in back of the rope please.

Henry turns away from the mirror and faces INTO CAMERA. His expression is one of growing horror. Behind him the mirror goes blank, reflecting only his figure without background.

VOICE (O.S.)

I'm sorry, Mr. Graham. The New York Athletic Club does not keep those members on it's roster who are remiss in their dues.

The lobby of The New York Athletic Club suddenly MATERIALIZES in the mirror. Henry remains FACING CAMERA and speaking to an off-camera clerk in tones of paranoid conviction.

HENRY

That's not it! It's my suit, isn't it?

Mr. Solomon suddenly appears in the mirror behind Henry and walks up to the desk. He lays a hand on

(CONTINUED)

Henry's shoulder. Both Henry's re-act.

SOLOMON

Don't waste your time, Mr. Graham. Come with me to the Y.

HENRY

(Shrugging his hand off)
No, thank you. I will not, even in time of crisis, identify myself with a minority group.

THE ANGLE TIGHTENS to an EXTREME CLOSE-UP of Henry in f.g. His eyes are haughty. His lower lip trembles. There is the SOUND of traffic and horns blowing. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK slightly to reveal Henry at the wheel of a car. It is obviously a low budget car of American design. Through the side window of the car we see a Ferrari pull up. In it is Frank. He sees Henry, pulls down his window, and calls...

FRANK

Henry you're not...you're not driving a Chevrolet!

Henry turns quickly away. The red light that bathes the screen turns green..and the Ferrari zooms off leaving Henry behind with the rest of the cars. Henry closes his eyes. A tear trickles down his cheek. There is the SOUND of a knock on the door. Henry rises to answer it.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - DOORWAY

Harold stands outside holding a tray with a bottle of Napoleon Brandy and a glass.

HAROLD

I took the liberty, sir...

HENRY

Bring it in Harold. I was just about to ring for it.

Harold stands the tray on a small table by the Eames chair.

HENRY

Harold..I have..something to tell you.

HAROLD

About your money, sir?

HENRY

Yes. I've lost it, Harold. Or, more accurately, spent it. In any case, it's gone.

HAROLD

I'm sorry to hear that, sir. Have you considered borrowing from your uncle?

HENRY

It was my first thought. My attorney advised me that it would be an act of total idiocy ..and useless too.

(He pours the brandy)

You see the hell of it is, Harold..that I have no hope of ever repaying him..or anyone. I have no skills, no resources, no ambitions. All I am--or was --is wealthy. And that's all I ever wanted to be.

(He buries his face in his hands)

Oh..why! Why? Why did it happen? I was so happy. What will I do?

HAROLD

The same thing, sir, that any gentleman of similar breeding and temperament would do in your position.

HENRY

If you're going to suggest suicide, Harold, the answer is no. It would compromise my image.

HAROLD

I wasn't going to suggest suicide, sir. I was going to suggest marriage.

HENRY

Marriage?.. You mean..to a woman?

HAROLD

That is what I had in mind, sir, yes. It is the only way in which to acquire property without labor. There is, of course, inheritance. But I believe your uncle has already stated his intention of leaving everything he owns to Radio Free Europe.

HENRY

But I..can't. I couldn't, Harold. I..she'd be there. Going places with me, asking me where I'd been.. Talking. I.. wouldn't be able to bear it.

HAROLD

It's only a suggestion sir. But your alternatives are very limited..and unspeakably depressing.

HENRY

(Dully)

Yes. Life is very hard for an orphan.

HAROLD

Will that be all sir?

HENRY

Yes.

Harold goes quietly out leaving Henry alone.

HENRY

(After several moments of agonized contemplation)

No, no. Better death. Or murder.

(He suddenly sits up and snaps his fingers)

That's who I'll murder.

Nel stands stiffly holding the phone to his ear. His living room is a melange of pistols, maps, swords, military souvenirs, and West Point portraits. A row of portraits hang on the wall, each of an older man in full military dress who closely

resembles Mel. A gigantic American flag stands in one corner of the room.

MEL

Yes Henry. Of course, you can come. But we will still be water skiing, a sport that you once told me was equal in dullness only to the inner workings of the professional military mind. ..oh, was it?

(He laughs without changing expression)

I didn't know that at the time. Very amusing. Then I'll expect you at Orient Pointe on Friday. ..Goodbye.

He hangs up and puts on a green beret.

It is a very modern, obviously expensive, living room. A pretty woman in hostess pajamas sits on a enormous Zebra covered couch reading in b.g. ..while Frank sits on the edge of a Noguchi table talking on the phone.

FRANK

Well of course, Henry. You're welcome as hell. I didn't ask you because you said that discotheques reminded you of recess at a progressive school. ..Oh, really? Well, then by all means come. ..It's next Tuesday and the Callen's have taken over the whole room. ..Oh, the usual instrumental group. We've been trying to get the Fugs but they're booked for the Bradley girls' coming out party. ..Hello? ..Oh, yes Henry. Delighted to have you.

(He hangs up)

Through a large picture window in b.g. we see a

green lawn and row upon row of apple trees. On the walls are pictures of apple trees and blow-up color photographs of apples intermingled with ribbons and trophies, many in the shape of an apple. Bo stands talking on the phone. He wears dungarees and there is an enormous pair of pruning shears sticking out of one pocket.

BO

Well, of course, Henry--if you want to come. But it's an afternoon tea at Gloria Cunliffe's house and you know what you once said about afternoon teas. ...Oh, don't you know? That's odd. You said it to Gloria Cunliffe. ...At one of her afternoon teas. ...Don't remember at all, eh? Well, if Gloria Cunliffe doesn't remember either I'm sure you'll be welcome.

44

INT. HENRY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

44

Henry is just hanging up the phone. Harold stands unobtrusively behind him.

HENRY

I have begun, Harold. Now if I can only swindle enough money out of my uncle to continue.

45

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - DAY
CLOSE SHOT HENRY'S UNCLE

45

He is laughing, hysterically. He throws back his head and roars with laughter, slapping his knee and stamping his feet as he does so. When at last he recovers, he takes a handkerchief and wipes the tears from his eyes. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL HENRY AND HIS UNCLE seated in a Louis the 15th Living Room, complete with tapestries.

HENRY

Then I take it your answer is no.

UNCLE

You've been an ass, Henry. Just

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE (cont'd)

as your father was an ass. But you mustn't take that to mean that it runs in the family. I would no more think of lending you money than I would think of running for Premier of France on an Algerian Nationalist ticket. Although I might save Europe if I won.

HENRY

What if I ask for it not as a loan but as an investment..to be repaid in six weeks at which time you will receive the principal plus ten percent of the original sum as a dividend.

UNCLE

No.

HENRY

Why not? That's a better return than you'd get on any stock.

UNCLE

But Henry you are not a stock. You are an aging youth with no prospects, no skills, and no character. What could you possibly do in six weeks that would enable you to repay me?

HENRY

Get married.

There is a brief pause. Henry's uncle studies him, reflectively.

HENRY

You see, as far as marriage is concerned, I have prospects. I even have skills to the extent that I am reasonably well mannered, not physically disabled, and can engage in any romantic activity with an urbanity born of disinterest. As for character..that is something I usually require of servants in the form of a brief letter, written by someone like

(CONTINUED)

HENRY (cont'd)

myself, to the effect that the servant in question does not have the ingenuity to steal.

There is another pause. Henry's uncle is now staring meditatively into space. Henry crosses his legs casually. His forehead glistens with sweat.

HENRY

You can't ask for better credentials for marriage. Or a better return on your investment.

There is another brief pause. Several damp spots appear on Henry's jacket.

UNCLE

(Finally)

What is my collateral in the event that you fail?

HENRY

My wardrobe and furnishings valued modestly at fifty thousand dollars, which can be sold for at least half of that. My collection of rare books estimated at thirty-five thousand dollars three years ago by several dealers. My art collection consisting of a Matisse guache, a small Epstein, three twisted wire figures by Archipenko, a large Motherwell and all the work-sketches of Marcel Duchamps for "Nude Descending a Staircase". And my....

(He swallows)

....Superfast Ferrari 500 which retails for twenty-nine thousand, five hundred and is owned by me without lien. That's at least three hundred thousand dollars worth of collateral. I'm asking for a loan of fifty thousand.

UNCLE

Six weeks, eh? Well..I may be

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE (cont'd)
a soft-hearted old fool but..
I'll do it..on one condition.

HENRY
What's that?

UNCLE
That if you fail to repay me in
six weeks I am entitled to four
times the amount of the sum I
loaned you.

HENRY
(Slowly)
In other words..everything I
own.

UNCLE
Yes. You see if you should fail
it is no simple task for a man
of my age to start peddling used
cars and old clothing to get his
money back. I also loathe mod-
ern art and have an aversion to
art dealers..so taking into ac-
count my inconvenience, those
are my terms. You can take them
or leave them as you choose.

HENRY
(After a moment)
That's usury.

UNCLE
Yes.

HENRY
I'll take them.

UNCLE
Then it's settled. I'll have
my attorneys draw up the
necessary documents today. I
should like to see the papers
on your car, of course..and I
will have several dealers at your
apartment later this afternoon.
I see no reason why we can't
finish by tonight, do you?

HENRY
None at all.
(He rises)
Nice seeing you again, uncle.

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE

Oh, call me Uncle Harry. After all, we're doing business together now, Henry.

HENRY

In that case, Uncle Harry, call me Mr. Graham.

He turns and walks out.

UNCLE

The boy takes after me in many ways.

46 CLOSE SHOT HENRY

As he closes the door behind him.

HENRY

(In a stunned voice)

Why that man is a bastard.

47 EXT. LONG SHOT LAKE AND PORTION OF MARINA - DAY 47

A motorboat with a double rope drags two water-skiers over the lake. A group of people lounge about in bathing suits on the marina.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN toward the marina..and then begins to PAN slowly over the women in the group, as though it were a pair of eyes belonging to a man who has just lost all his money and is looking for a rich wife. The women are in extra-ordinarily sharp focus. The men appear somewhat blurred. Mel's voice is heard over the shot.

MEL (O.S.)

I never thought of you as terribly interested in women, Henry.

HENRY (O.S.)

Yes, it comes as rather a shock to me too..Are there any here? I mean unattached ones?

MEL (O.S.)

Well, there's Sally Hart. Over there next to Felix.

(CONTINUED)

THE CAMERA MOVES IN cautiously until it reaches a blonde, voluptuous woman, with enormous breasts.

HENRY (O.S.)

The one with the blonde hair?

MEL (O.S.)

Yes. Want to meet her?

Come on.

THE CAMERA BEGINS DOLLYING IN toward Sally Hart with a slight jiggling motion, as of someone walking.

HENRY (O.S.)

Does she..live with her family?

MEL (O.S.)

No..as far as I know Sally has no close family. Her husband was Philip Hart..some kind of cattle baron, I think.

HENRY (O.S.)

Really? And no close family?

Hm.

THE CAMERA HOLDS IN A MED. SHOT OF SALLY HART.

MEL (O.S.)

Sally?

She turns inquiringly INTO THE CAMERA as Mel and Henry walk INTO THE FRAME.

MEL

I'd like you to meet Henry Graham.

48

EXT. LAKE - DAY
LONG SHOT HENRY AND SALLY HART

48

As they are towed across the lake on waterskies.

49

EXT. LAKE - DAY
MED. CLOSE SHOT HENRY AND SALLY HART

49

Henry's teeth are clamped together, his eyes glazed with effort.

SALLY

(Over the sound of the boat.)

(CONTINUED)

SALLY (cont'd)

I eat. I sleep. I swim. I dry off. All so simple..perhaps even primitive..but it satisfies me.

Henry tilts wildly as he hits a wave.

SALLY

I have found peace in Connecticut. Greenwich has been a sanctuary to me.

Henry gives a small wordless cry as he hits another wave. He grips the rope in panic.

SALLY

I just want to be human, Henry. After all what else is there? I love. I wish love. I hope. I cry. I am a woman, Henry.

Henry suddenly lurches forward and drops OUT OF THE FRAME.

SALLY

I'm no intellectual, I don't want to be. I'm not a connoisseur, I have no desire to be an expert..

The boat begins slowing down as she speaks and the scene FADES.

50 EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

50

Henry and Sally Hart sit on two deck chairs. Sally is still in her bathing suit. Henry wears shorts and a Polo shirt. He slaps continually at tiny insects.

SALLY

The lake. The stars. The clean fresh air. I see. I breathe. I am alive.

HENRY

I'm thrilled by your philosophy, Sally.

(He slaps viciously at a mosquito.)

I hear you have no close family.

(CONTINUED)

SALLY

No. I am alone..but not lonely.
I wander through the forty rooms
that Philip and I shared when he
was alive..and every room is a
friend.

HENRY

(Slapping at his cheek)

I don't understand why he
hasn't sprayed.

SALLY

But I am a woman, Henry..

HENRY

Yes, I remember.

SALLY

I want.. I need.. I desire
love. That is what a woman
is born for.

HENRY

No mother? No father? No
children? No one at all?

SALLY

No one at all. Oh Henry, Henry.
How I miss another voice..a
man's arms. Henry..

She rises and starts toward him.

MED SHOT HENRY

He has just looked up after killing another mosquito
and he sees Sally advance.

SALLY (O.S.)

And I want to give love Henry.

HENRY

(Rising quickly)

Pardon.

He stands rigid as she walks INTO THE FRAME, bust
first, and stands looking up at him, her breasts
grazing his chest.

SALLY

Henry..darling

51 CONTINUED

SALLY (cont'd)

She reaches behind her and begins unfastening the top of her suit.

52 CLOSE SHOT HENRY

His eyes wide with panic.

HENRY

No, no! Don't let them out!

He turns and runs, crashing into the night.

53 INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Henry sits wrapped in a towel, covered with calamine lotion. Harold stands beside him and reads from a small black book.

HAROLD

Five weeks, two days, and three hours to go.

HENRY

(Scratching furiously.)

God help me.

54 INT. FULL SHOT DISCOTHEQUE GUESTS

CAMERA DOLLIES past the tables to a crowded dance floor where Henry and a small chubby girl dance. The girl dances with great abandon but does the same motions over and over. Henry moves his feet from side to side and occasionally scratches.

HENRY

Only an aunt? does she live in the same city?

THE GIRL

Uh-uh.

HENRY

What?

THE GIRL

Uh-uh.

Henry disappears from sight for a moment and we hear the sound of scratching.

(CONTINUED)

THE GIRL
(Looking down at him)
Go Henry!

HENRY
(He pops back into sight)
What?

The girl bends over and scratches in imitation of Henry.

HENRY
(Looking around
desperately)
Will it be over soon?

Frank, who is dancing with great abandon and no visible partner, suddenly touches Henry on the arm.

FRANK
Well? What do you think of
it, Henry?

HENRY
It reminds me of recess at a
progressive school.

55 INT. HENRY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY
CLOSE SHOT HAROLD

55

He is reading from the same black book.

HAROLD
Three weeks, five days, seven
hours.

HENRY
I'll never do it. Not only do
I still have to meet her but I
also have to court her, marry her
and murd...murmur a request for
fifty thousand dollars in her
ear..before the honeymoon. Un-
less I clope tomorrow.

HAROLD
You will do it, sir. When we
are working for something we
really love, as you are, we can
always find a way.

It is elaborately furnished with Queen Anne antiques and a magnificent Aubusson carpet in pale colors. Little groups of people sit everywhere amid the antiques drinking tea and chatting. In a corner of the room in b.g. a lone woman in a dowdy dress sits holding a teacup and smiling to herself. GLORIA CUNLIFFE comes in leading Henry.

GLORIA

I was thrilled when Bo told me you were coming. I haven't seen you in so long, Henry.

BO

(Calling to Henry from the interior of a petit point armchair.)
She didn't remember.

GLORIA

(Raising her hand)

Everyone--I want you to meet Mr. Henry Graham. Henry..Mrs. Lewellyn Tarsher. Mr. & Mrs. Simas. You know the Sylvesters, and Bo, of course. Mrs Edward Storch..our neighbors Dr. and Mrs. Darryl Hitler..and Lee Axelrod.

HENRY

How do you do.
(To the doctor)
You're not by any chance related to the Boston Hitler's?

DOCTOR

I'm afraid not.

GLORIA

Now..who have I left out? Oh, Henrietta..
(She calls sharply to the woman in the corner.)
Henrietta!

HENRIETTA

(Starting out of her daze)
Yes, Gloria.

GLORIA

Miss Henrietta Lowell--Mr. Henry Graham.

GLORIA (cont'd)
(Sweeping him around)
Now come with me, love, and you
can chat with Bo until you get
your tea.

HENRY
(To himself..his eyes
lingering on Henrietta
as he is led away)
Miss Henrietta Lowell. Three
weeks, one day, two hours.

INT. TWO SHOT HENRY, BO

They sit together on a Love Seat drinking tea.

BO
..And so here I am with every
apple tree in bloom--diseased
again but in bloom--and a pecan
tree that won't produce.

HENRY
You must be going mad. By the
way, Bo..who is Henrietta
Lowell?

BO
She's old Guy Lowell's daughter.

HENRY
Thank you. Who is old Guy
Lowell?

BO
Was. He's dead now. Been dead
ever since I can remember.

HENRY
Well, who was he when he was
alive?

BO
An industrialist. Or a composer.
Something like that.

HENRY
Did he die with his wealth intact
or lose everything and suicide?
I'm merely curious.

(CONTINUED)

BO
He died with his wealth intact.

HENRY
I heard he was enormously wealthy. Is that true?

BO
I thought you didn't know who he was.

HENRY
I didn't at first..but the vividness of your description has restored him to my memory. He was old Guy Lowell who died enormously wealthy. Am I right?

BO
Yes. He was enormously wealthy when he died.

HENRY
(His eyes glowing)
And the girl?

BO
She's enormously wealthy too. Lives all alone in a huge mansion on fifty acres with dozens of servants milling about.

HENRY
(Clutching Bo's arm)
No mother?

BO
No.

HENRY
No brothers? Sisters? Close relatives?

BO
None. None. Not that I know of. You're hurting my arm.

HENRY
(Releasing Bo's arm)
Oh. Sorry. She's not engaged?

(CONTINUED)

BO

No. She's a botanist. Teaches it somewhere and writes a lot of papers about fronds for periodicals. Doesn't ride, either. Doesn't entertain. Doesn't even talk as far as I can tell. Most isolated woman I've ever met.

HENRY

Oh, Bo! Bo! There is a God.

BO

I've never doubted it for a moment, old man. There are no atheists in orchards.

HENRY

(Looking at Henrietta rapturously)

Wealthy. Single. Isolated. And she's going to drop that teacup.

58 MED. SHOT HENRIETTA HENRY'S P.O.V. 58

Her eyes are distant, the slight smile is still around her lips, and her hand, holding the saucer and teacup, is tilted at a forty-five degree angle to the floor.

The teacup falls off of the saucer.

Henrietta looks down startled..and then up again as the hostess screams "My Aubusson!"

59 TWO SHOT HENRY, BO ORIGINAL ANGLE 59

HENRY

She's perfect.

60 FULL SHOT HENRIETTA, TWO MAIDS, THE HOSTESS, AND SEVERAL GUESTS.

Henrietta is still sitting as before, holding the empty saucer and looking stunned. Two maids are at her feet mopping the tea up from the rug as Gloria Cunliffe gives terse commands and several of the guests offer advice.

MRS. TARSER

Try cold water.

(CONTINUED)

GLORIA

Get some cold water,
Madeline. Quickly.

The second maid hurries out.

MRS. SYLVESTER

It's a shame they can't Scotch-
guard antiques.

HENRIETTA

I'm awfully sorry Gloria..I
don't know how that happened..

A third maid appears and places a cup on Henrietta's
saucer.

HENRIETTA

Thank you but I...
(The maid fills the cup with
tea.)
Thank you.

BO

Incredibly clumsy woman, isn't
she? But I've never met a
really well-cordinated botanist.

HENRY

(Rising..his eyes
riveted on Henrietta)
Forgive me, for a moment, will
you, Bo?

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS Henry as he walks over to
Henrietta, who sits clutching her cup and saucer in
both hands and staring down at the maids on the floor.
She is still murmuring "I'm sorry..". Henry leans
down until his lips are almost on a level with her
ear.

HENRY

(Sauvely)
Excuse me.

Henrietta screams and leaps out of the chair.
Her teacup falls off it's saucer.
The two maids jump aside. Gloria Cunliffe shrieks.

HENRY

(To himself)
Oh, hell.

GLORIA

Henriett---is this some kind of joke?

HENRIETTA

I'm terribly sorry. I..

GLORIA

(Her voice rising)

Because if it is I do not find it amusing.

HENRIETTA

(Her voice rising)

..awfully sorry. I was startled and I...

GLORIA

(Shrilly)

If your nerves are not steady enough to hold a cup and saucer you should not be drinking tea..

HENRIETTA

...Well I didn't want to but I...

GLORIA

This--is--an--AUBUSSON!

HENRIETTA

Yes, I know..and a very lovely one. I..

HENRY

(Suddenly..to Gloria)

Madam.

All eyes turn to him. He coldly removes his cup from it's saucer and empties the contents on the rug.

HENRY

Take your damned rug to the cleaner and send the bill to me.

(Whipping the saucer out of Henrietta's hand)

Come Miss Lowell. I'm taking you home.

There is a loud, delayed scream as Henry leads Henrietta to the door.

(CONTINUED)

GLORIA
(In a strangled voice)
You..you..you..monster!

HENRY
(Turning on her)
You dare call me a monster after your display? Madam, I have seen many examples of perversion in my time but your erotic obsession with your carpet is probably the most grotesque and certainly the most boring I have ever encountered. You are more to be scorned than pitied, Mrs. Cunliffe. Good day.

He opens the door and leads Henrietta out. There is an instant hum of shocked and excited voices. Bo is heard above the others..

BO
That's pretty close to what he said the last time.

62 EXT. FULL SHOT HOUSE AND WALK HENRY, HENRIETTA 62

Henry leads Henrietta, stumbling, along as she murmurs "I'm sorry".

HENRY
You can dismiss your car, I'll take you home in mine.

HENRIETTA
I came by bus.

HENRY
By bus! And then to be treated in this manner.

63 INT. FERRARI HENRY AND HENRIETTA 63

HENRIETTA
I'm terribly sorry.

HENRY
You have nothing to apologize for. Your behavior has been impeccable.

HENRIETTA

Well, I did spill the tea twice.

HENRY

You were a guest. A woman of your stature has a right to expect every courtesy in any home she consents to visit.

HENRIETTA

What stature?

HENRY

Come now, Miss Lowell. I've read far too many botanical journals to take that question seriously.

HENRIETTA

Oh really? Are you a botanist?

HENRY

No. Just a botanical journal reader. Every science has it's fans.

EXT. FULL SHOT A NARROW COUNTRY ROAD
THE FERRARI - MOVING - DAY

A sign reading "35 miles per hour. No speeding" looms in f.g. The Ferrari moves along at a sedate forty..and then, after several seconds, sputters and dies.

CLOSE SHOT FERRARI ENGINE - DAY

HENRY (O.S.)

I'm afraid we're going to be stuck here for a while. There seems to be a bit of sludge in the valves.

HENRIETTA (O.S.)

Goodness. Can you tell that just by looking?

HENRY (O.S.)

Miss Lowell, I can tell that without looking.

The sun sinks peacefully behind the hills as the
CAMERA PANS slowly over the heavens.

HENRY (O.S.)

Tell me about yourself, Miss
Lowell. Your work, your hopes,
your dreams.

HENRIETTA (O.S.)

(Obediently)

Well, I work as a teacher and
then I also do field work and
write monographs. I teach two
courses, one in plant genetics
and one in taxonomy. I'm a
taxonomist---but you probably
know that.

HENRY

As well as I know myself.

LAP DISSOLVE:

HENRIETTA (O.S.)

...and then on my last field
trip I identified and classified
all the species of plants on
Jolly Bogo. There were five
thousand of them. It was one of
the longest monographs I've
ever written.

HENRY

I'd love to read it sometime.

LAP DISSOLVE:

HENRIETTA (O.S.)

...and then I found out that one
of the Aleutian Islands had only
been surveyed twice so I went on
the off-chance that something
had been overlooked but it
hadn't.

HENRY

Yes, they've been very thorough
with the Aleutians.

(CONTINUED)

THE CAMERA PANS slowly down into a HIGH ANGLE LONG SHOT of a country road with the Ferrari parked on the side.

HENRIETTA (O.S.)

The plants of the Balearic Islands had already been described and classified several times, but, of course, when there are seventy-eight hundred different species on one island you can't be too careful.

HENRY

How often have I said that.

DISSOLVE TO:

HENRIETTA

...and that was my last field trip. So now I've told you about my work. My hope is...
(To herself, quickly)
Work, hope, dreams. Yes.
(To Henry)

My hope is to discover a new species of plant that has never been described or classified. And my dream is...I'm not sure what my dream is. Do you think it could be the same as my hope?

HENRY

What happens if you discover a new species that has never been described or classified?

HENRIETTA

Well..nothing terribly much. You're just listed as it's discoverer..and the entire species is named after you. Like...

HENRY

Like Parkinson's disease being named after James Parkinson.

HENRIETTA

Yes. Or the Bougainvillea being named after Louis A. de Bougainville.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Or Brussel sprouts...

HENRIETTA

Yes.

HENRY

It's a kind of immortality,
isn't it?

HENRIETTA

Yes. I suppose it is. That
seems rather presumptuous
doesn't it? I mean to hope
for immortality?

HENRY

Not to me. If you can't be
immortal why bother.

HENRIETTA

(With a touch of awe)

You're so self-assured, Henry.
So positive. It almost gives me
confidence just to be with you.

HENRY

Then in a very short time you
will be a very confident
botanist---because I intend to
be with you a great deal.

HENRIETTA

(Swallowing)

Oh. Heavens.

HENRY

With your consent, of course.

HENRIETTA

Oh..I..yes. I consent. I just..
well. Heavens.

HENRY

Do you know what your dream is
yet?

HENRIETTA

No.

HENRY

Then tell me more about Jolly
Bogo.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED

69

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

70 THE SKY - MORNING

70

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

71 EXT. LONG SHOT ROAD AND DRIVEWAY LEADING TO ESTATE DAY

A tow truck hauls the Ferrari up the driveway to the front entrance and stops. Henrietta gets out of the Ferrari.

HENRY

See you tomorrow night.

The tow truck backs up on the lawn, turns and drives back to the road.

72 CLOSE SHOT HENRIETTA

72

She stares after the departing tow truck looking dazed and happy.

HENRIETTA

Heavens.

73 INT. FERRARI HENRY

73

He sits behind the wheel as the car bumps along singing "Una Voce Poca Fa" in a loud voice.

74 INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM HAROLD

74

Harold stands holding a breakfast tray and looking down at Henry's empty bed. After a moment Henry stumbles in looking cheerful and exhausted.

HAROLD

Good morning, Mr. Graham. You have exactly two weeks, six days and three hours to destitution. Will you be having breakfast in bed, sir?

HENRY

No. I don't have time to eat. See if you can find a college outline of Botany. Reserve a

HENRY (cont'd)
table for two at Voisin's for
tomorrow night. Get me the
florist on the phone. And
start making out a guest list.
I've found "miss right".

He collapses full length on the bed.

CLOSE SHOT HENRIETTA

As she lifts several dozen white violets from out
of their wrappings.

HENRIETTA
Heavens.

INT. VOISIN DINING ROOM HENRY, HENRIETTA

Henry fills Henrietta's glass with wine. Two half-
eaten portions of a meal are on the table.

HENRY
1959 was a glorious year for
Rothschild Montrechat. Better
than '62 I think.

HENRIETTA
May I ask you a question?

HENRY
Certainly, Henrietta.

HENRIETTA
Have you ever tried Hogen
David's extra heavy Malaga
wine with soda and lime juice?

HENRY
Not that I can recall.

HENRIETTA
One of my students introduced
it to me on a field trip to the
Canary Islands. It tastes a
little like grape juice. And
every year is good.

She breaks a roll and a shower of crumbs fall on
her dress.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Why don't you just drink grape juice?

HENRIETTA

It's not as sweet. I had never drunk wine at all before I drank Mogen David with soda and lime juice. It's called a Malaga cooler.

HENRY

You really are isolated, aren't you?

INT. VOISIN DINING ROOM HENRY, HENRIETTA

The plates have been cleared from the table and a waiter pulls back Henrietta's chair and helps her on with her jacket, which she buttons wrong. A few bread crumbs fall out from beneath it. Henry takes her arm and leads her quickly out of the restaurant.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING HENRY, HENRIETTA

HENRIETTA

I meant to ask you, Henry..how is your car?

HENRY

Resting quietly. Henrietta--do you mind?

He unbuttons her jacket as she sits watching with interest, opens it, takes out a handkerchief, briskly brushes the breadcrumbs off her dress, then closes the jacket and buttons it correctly.

HENRIETTA

(Looking enormously pleased)

Heavens.

HENRY

We will have to find another expletive for you besides "heavens".

HENRIETTA

I'll try and think of one.

HENRY

Have you completed your first assignment yet?

(She looks at him,
blankly)

Have you thought of your dream?

A shy look comes over Henrietta's face..and in a series of QUICK DISSOLVES she is transformed, while still sitting beside Henry, into a series of whores:

A lacquered, sophisticated, call girl, coolly smoking a cigarette, 79 X 8

A tousle-haired, scantily-dressed floozy,

A weary, Brechtian, streetwalker with dyed hair and a scar on her cheek...

And a bride looking exactly like herself..except for a magnificent gown and veil and a bouquet of strange leaves.

THE LAST DISSOLVE returns her to her normal appearance and she turns to Henry and says, guiltily..

HENRIETTA

No.

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM
TWO SHOT HENRY, HAROLD

Harold reads from his black book to Henry who paces back and forth holding a Botany text.

HAROLD

Two weeks, three days, two hours.

HENRY

Today is Wednesday, isn't it? Then the ceremony will have to be this Saturday. That means I'll have to propose tonight if we're to get the license by Friday. Do you know anything about Mendel's experiments with four o'clocks?

HAROLD

No sir.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Well bone up. And study the chapter on classification. I have to have someone test me on phylum, class, order, family, genus, species, and variety before I can go on to seed and fruit dispersal.

HAROLD

I'm glad, sir, that all is going well and you have found a suitable young lady.

HENRY

She's not suitable. She's primitive. She has no spirit, no wit, no conversation, and she has to be vacuumed every time she eats.

HAROLD

(Pleased)

She must be extremely wealthy.

HENRY

She is. Cancel my tickets for the theatre tonight. If I'm going to propose I'll have to start early.

HAROLD

Yes sir. Shall I order champagne?

HENRY

No. Order a dozen bottles of Mogen David extra heavy Malaga wine and some lime juice. And lower your eyebrows. I told you she was primitive.

They hold two champagne glasses aloft filled with dark wine. The bottle from which it was poured protrudes from a silver ice bucket at Henry's feet.

HENRY

To Science.

(CONTINUED)

They clink glasses and drink. Henrietta's face lights up.

Henry looks down at his glass incredulously.

HENRIETTA

Oh, Henry! You remembered.

HENRY

Of course.

HENRIETTA

I should have told you to buy straws.

HENRY

Next time.

It is later and Henry is just opening a fresh bottle of Mogen David. Henrietta has a light mustache of wine on her upper lip.

HENRY

(He frosts two glasses)

I have been recently re-reading Gregor Mendel's fascinating experiments with Four O'Clocks and it has struck me again how much we owe our understanding of plant genetics, with all its myriad implications, to that brilliant pioneer.

(He carefully measures two jiggers of lime juice)

HENRIETTA

(Gently)

Yes, but we mustn't forget Lamarck and Morgan. Lamarck, Mendel and Morgan -- a perfect example of scientific synthesis. Or don't you think so?

HENRY

(As he adds the soda.. coldly)

No, as a matter of fact, I don't. Collective appraisal has never appealed to me.

(CONTINUED)

HENRIETTA

Oh, no. I didn't mean..

She reaches her hand out to him suddenly and promptly knocks over her wine. Henry stares motionless at the spreading red stain on the white Peruvian rug.

HENRIETTA

Oh, Henry! Oh, I'm sorry. Oh, your beautiful carpet! Where's the cold water.

HENRY

(In a tight voice)

Nonsense.

(He spills his own wine)

It needed a touch of color.

HENRIETTA

(In tears)

Oh, Henry, Henry. I'm so clumsy and stupid..and ..gauche. I..don't know what to say. I've ruined another carpet.

HENRY

Henrietta..can you possibly believe that what happens to this foolish, hairy floor covering matters to me when I have you beside me..looking at me with your beautifully soft yet highly intelligent, well-informed eyes...

He stands listening at a slightly ajar door. He shakes his head with an expression of pained disapproval.

HENRY (O.S.)

..talking to me in your gentle yet perfectly modulated, podium-trained voice?

Harold's face contorts.

HENRY (O.S.)

You must think me very superficial.

(CONTINUED)

87

CONTINUED

87

Harold bites his lip and nods sadly.

88

INT. LIVING ROOM HENRY, HENRIETTA
ORIGINAL ANGLE

88

HENRIETTA

Oh, no. Henry. No, I don't.

He rises and goes quickly to her side.

HENRY

Henrietta..Henrietta, I...
More wine?

HENRIETTA

I'd love some.

HENRY

(Filling her glass)
I have something to ask you,
Henrietta..

(He looks around,
nervously)
What time is it?

HENRIETTA

It's one o'clock. I'll have
to leave soon. I get up at
seven for my class.

89

CLOSE SHOT HAROLD

89

His eyes fill with despair.

90

INT. LIVING ROOM HENRY, HENRIETTA

90

Henry now sits in his original chair looking rather
wildly at his empty glass. Henrietta sits across
from him smiling apprehensively. Henry suddenly
rises, drains the glass, and looks sick for a
moment.

HENRIETTA

Is something wrong?

HENRY

No.

(He puts down his glass
decisively and strides over
to her.)

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED

90

HENRY (cont'd)

Henrietta..Henrietta, you and I have a great deal in common. We are both of the same phylum: vertebrata; the same class: carnivora;..

91 CLOSE SHOT HAROLD

91

He wears an expression of total incredulity.

HENRY (O.S.)

The same order: mammalia; the same family: primate;..

Harold closes his eyes.

92 INT. LIVING ROOM TWO SHOT HENRY, HENRIETTA

92

HENRY

..the same genus: homo; the same species: sapiens; and the same variety: upper class...

HENRIETTA

(Timidly)

I don't think that's how you classify variety, Henry...

HENRY

Keep quiet. I'm sorry. Where was I? Oh, yes..In fact, the only difference between us is that I am a man and you are a woman and we don't have to let that interfere if we're reasonably careful.

93 CLOSE SHOT HAROLD

93

He covers his face with his hands.

94 INT. LIVING ROOM HENRY, HENRIETTA

94

HENRY

What I want to know is, Henrietta...

(CONTINUED)

HENRY (cont'd)

(He pours himself another glass and drains it off)

Will you marry me.

(He burps, gently, then looks down at the glass, shocked, and lets it drop to the carpet)

HENRIETTA

Pardon?

HENRY

(Swallowing back the wine)

If you care for me at all, Henrietta--say yes. Even if you don't care for me at all but feel that you could learn to care for me in a reasonable amount of time say yes. There is often a tidy profit in speculation.

HENRIETTA

But I do care for you, Henry.

HENRY

Oh, Henrietta.

He falls on his knees before her, crunching the glass underneath him.

HENRY

Dammit to hell.

HENRIETTA

Oh, Henry--did you hurt yourself?

HENRY

No. Kneeling on broken glass is my favorite pastime. It keeps me from slouching.

HENRIETTA

Oh, Henry, I'm terribly sorry. Don't you think you ought to get up?

HENRY

No. Not until I finish. I would kneel on anything for you, Henrietta. Henrietta--if you turn me down it will be the end of me. I will, literally, have nothing.

(CONTINUED)

HENRIETTA

But Henry..I'm not going to turn you down.

HENRY

I will...
(Disbelieving)
You're not?

HENRIETTA

No. I love you, Henry. That was my dream--from the moment you spilled your tea on Gloria Cunliffe's Aubusson..that some-day you would ask me to marry you. Well..that was most of it.

HENRY

Henrietta..darling. Will this Saturday be too soon?

Henrietta

This Saturday? Heavens. Oops. I mean, mercy.

HENRY

Answer yes or no, Henrietta. I'm intensely uncomfortable.

HENRIETTA

Yes.

He rises, splinters of glass sticking to his knee, and pulls her to her feet.

HENRIETTA

You're a good girl.

He takes out a handkerchief and gently wipes the wine off her upper lip, then kisses her.

HENRIETTA

Heavens. I mean mercy.

HENRY

Stay with "heavens".

Henry sits on the bed with one pajama leg rolled up and a hot water bottle pressed against his

stomach. Harold kneels on the floor in front of him removing slivers of glass from his knee with a tweezers.

HENRY

I'm saved, Harold. Ouch.
Saved! Lacerated but saved.

HAROLD

I'm enormously pleased, sir.

HENRY

I wish you could have been there, Harold. I was brilliant. Brilliant! You would have been astonished at my technique.

HAROLD

(Smiling weakly)

I don't doubt it, sir.

HENRY

Ouch. Don't forget to send out an announcement to the papers. Oh..and put Miss Lowell's attorney on the guest list. It seems he's a close personal friend. Has the wine come up off the rug yet?

HAROLD

No, sir. I'm soaking it now in various solvents but they only seem to dissolve the nap.

HENRY

I ought to sue her. Do you know how many llamas died to make that rug? Ouch. Have my travel agent book a cottage somewhere for five days. I'll have to pick up the fifty thousand dollars on the honeymoon.

HAROLD

(Reproachfully)

Oh, sir. Isn't that rather unseemly?

HENRY

Unseemly! Unseemly! After her behavior tonight anything I do will be seemly. Ouch.

(He burps)

(CONTINUED)

HENRY (cont'd)

Never have I seen one woman in whom every social grace was so lacking. Did I say she was primitive? I retract that. She's ferral. I have never spent such a physically destructive evening in my life. I am nauseated. I limp. And I can feel my teeth rotting away from an excess of sugar that no ordinary toothpaste can dislodge. I will taste those damn Malaga coolers forever. She is a menace not only to health, but to western civilization as we know it. She doesn't deserve to live.

(He breaks off and looks sharply down at Harold)

Harold looks sharply up at Henry.

HENRY

Forget I said that.

HAROLD

Yes sir.

INT. UNCLE HARRY'S LIVING ROOM
MED. SHOT UNCLE HARRY

He sits looking at a newspaper, his face contorted with anger and disappointment.

UNCLE HARRY

Why that ruthless little fortune hunter.

He picks up the phone and begins dialing.

EXT. WINDOW OF BECKETT'S OFFICE DAY
MED. SHOT BECKETT

He sits at his desk, profile to the open window, talking on the telephone. There is an open newspaper on the desk top.

BECKETT

(Into telephone)

Yes, Harry. I know who Henrietta Lowell's attorney is. Matter of

(CONTINUED)

BECKETT (cont'd)

fact, he has an office somewhere in this building...

THE ANGLE WIDENS slowly to include the office window above Beckett's.

Through the glass we can see Henrietta Lowell seated on a couch as a stout, red-faced man paces about the room ranting and gesturing, hysterically.

BECKETT

.. Well, it's hard to say what he's like, Harry. He doesn't mix much with the legal set.. and Henrietta Lowell seems to be his only client. I wonder how he'll get along with Henry.

THE CAMERA FOCUSES IN gradually on the upper window and then DOLLIES THROUGH into ANDREW McPHERSON'S office.

McPHERSON

No, no, no, no, no. I won't accept it. As your lawyer I forbid it.

HENRIETTA

But I'm in love, Andrew.

McPHERSON

Nonsense. After three days? Who is he? One of your students? That little lush who went with you on your field trip to the Canary Islands?

HENRIETTA

Shame on you, Andrew. Malcom Finger is not a lush. He's a dear, sweet boy whose only flaw as an assistant was that he liked to wear my stockings.

McPHERSON

When I get hold of that Finger I'll break his neck.

HENRIETTA

I tell you he's not the one.

McPHERSON

Well, who is it? Some decadent,

(CONTINUED)

McPHERSON (cont'd)
teen-age wop with a title?
What's the rotten little fortune hunter's name?

HENRIETTA

Really, Andrew. I don't see why you take it for granted that the only reason someone would marry me is for my money. There may be some other basis, you know.

McPHERSON

(Falling on his knees)

Oh, my God, of course, Henrietta. Don't you think I know that? Haven't I been proposing to you for the past ten years on whatever other basis there is? It's just that with your discreet beauty and womanly reserve I am deeply suspicious of anyone who claims to have penetrated the mysteries of your many-layered personality in three days.

HENRIETTA

You're saying that I'm plain and shy but after a while you get used to it.

McPHERSON

I am not. I'm saying that you're not flagrant. You're subtle..like some very expensive, custom-made hat. I don't know what I'm saying. Can't you see I'm distraught?

HENRIETTA

I'm sorry if I've hurt you Andrew..but after all I've been turning you down now for ten years so it can hardly come as a surprise that I don't love you.

McPHERSON

And yet... The dying man knows that his oasis is a mirage... but he continues to crawl toward it anyway...

(CONTINUED)

HENRIETTA

Oh, Andrew.

McPHERSON

..Only to crumble on the hot dry sand, lifeless and unslaked.

(He laughs, hollowly)

HENRIETTA

Andrew, please don't talk this way. You'll find someone else. Really you will. Some wonderful woman who deserves you.

(He shudders.)

What's wrong?

McPHERSON

Nothing. I just thought of my mother. I must get hold of myself. Henrietta, darling...

HENRIETTA

No more, Andrew. Please

(She rises)

And now I'm afraid I have to meet Henry who, it just so happens, is an American citizen of English extraction with a large fortune of his own.

McPHERSON

Oh, really? What's Henry's last name?

HENRIETTA

Graham.

(She hands him a piece of paper and kisses him gently on the cheek)

Please come to the ceremony, Andrew. I'll be very disappointed if you don't give me away.

She goes quickly out.

McPHERSON

(Studying the paper)

Henry Graham, eh? Well, you won't get away with it, Henry Graham. Won't..will not get away with it.

(CONTINUED)

McPHERSON (cont'd)

(He snaps a pencil in two.)

What can I do? There must be something. Murder? No, there isn't time. Blackmail? That would be good. Can I get something on him by Saturday? No. I'll have to make something up. Let's see. Who do I know who's pregnant and a very good sport?

There is a sharp buzz from the intercom. McPherson presses it down.

McPHERSON

Yes, Miriamne?

MIRIAMNE (O.S.)

A Mr. Harry Graham is on the line, sir. He says it's extremely urgent and confidential.

McPHERSON

Harry Graham? Well put him on. (He clicks off the intercom) Little ninny. She doesn't even know his right name.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK again toward the window until it is once more outside the building looking in..as McPherson, the receiver pressed to his ear, sits listening with glowing excitement.

INT. HENRY'S LIVING ROOM
CLOSE SHOT McPHERSON

He leans back in an armchair holding a glass of brandy in one hand and a large cigar in the other.

McPHERSON

You'll wonder why I've called you here today--one day before the ceremony that will unite you as man and wife. Let me explain.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK slowly to reveal Henry and Henrietta seated near McPherson. On the carpet near their chairs are two large bald patches surrounded by red fur. Henry glances irritably at his watch.

McPHERSON

As Henrietta's friend and attorney it behooves me to take on the ever unpleasant role of the devil's advocate..and so, despite her assurances that you were quite wealthy in your own right, Mr. Graham, I took it upon myself to investigate your financial status.

There is a loud crash from the kitchen. Harold sticks his head in through the door.

HAROLD

The hor's d'oeuvres will be delayed for several minutes.
(He closes the door.)

HENRIETTA

Andrew, you had no right to do that.

HENRY

(Smoothly)

It's quite alright, Henrietta. I have nothing to hide. The Grahams have been with the same bank for two generations---as Mr. McPherson has, undoubtedly, discovered.

McPHERSON

As a matter of fact, Mr. Graham. I didn't speak to the bank. I spoke to your uncle.

There is another crash from the kitchen.

McPHERSON

Your butler seems to have weak wrists.

HENRIETTA

Andrew, I think that's just unforgivable of you..to call Henry's uncle and check up on him..as though..as though he were opening a charge account.

McPHERSON

But I didn't call Mr. Graham's uncle, Henrietta. Mr. Graham's uncle called me.

(CONTINUED)

HENRIETTA

Really? What an odd thing for him to do.

McPHERSON

My thought exactly, Henrietta..
 "What an odd thing for him to do."
 I thought...until he told me that
 Mr. Graham here had come to see
 him five weeks ago and informed
 him that his trust fund was gone..
 and he wanted to borrow fifty
 thousand dollars for six weeks
 so that he could marry a wealthy
 woman before news of it got
 around.

There is a brief pause.

HENRY

I hope you can substantiate
 this hearsay, Mr. McPherson.
 Because I intend to sue you for
 slander.

Harold comes slowly out of the kitchen carrying
 a dip and a plate of crackers. His eyes are blank.
 His face wooden.

McPHERSON

Oh, I can substantiate it, Mr.
 Graham. I wouldn't be here if
 I couldn't.

Henry, Harold and Henrietta watch him, motionless,
 as he takes a document out of his inner pocket.

McPHERSON

This is a photostat of the
 original note, Henrietta.
 Take a good look at it.

Henrietta takes the photostat and slowly unfolds it.
 Harold clutches the dip to him and closes his eyes.
 Henry sits frozen.

McPHERSON

(Gently inhaling his brandy)

The terms of the loan are rather
 interesting, aren't they? Fifty
 thousand dollars plus ten percent
 in six weeks or Mr. Graham for-
 feits all of his property--or

(CONTINUED)

McPHERSON (cont'd)

what amounts to over four times the amount of the original loan. Rather harsh terms for a man of means to accept. But perfectly understandable for a man who is penniless and wants to keep it quiet until he can hook himself a rich wife. The loan, incidentally, is due one week from the day of your wedding--which is cutting it rather close, I must say.

(He puffs deeply on his cigar)

Well, Graham? Are you still going to sue me for slander?

Harold turns and begins walking quietly back to the kitchen, still holding the dip.

Henrietta looks up from the photostat and stares at Henry.

McPherson puffs placidly on his cigar.

Henry takes out a cigarette, lights it and then, suddenly, turns to McPherson.

HENRY

Yes, I'm still going to sue you for slander, McPherson. Why do you ask?

Harold stops in his tracks.

Henrietta's eyes widen.

McPherson's cigar drops out of his mouth...

And all three of them stare dumbly at Henry.

HENRY

You see, all you've demonstrated so far is that I borrowed fifty thousand dollars on rather harsh terms. There is no evidence at all that I borrowed it for the purpose you claim.

McPHERSON

Your uncle will swear to it.

HENRY

That's no evidence. My uncle will swear to anything in order to

(CONTINUED)

HENRY (cont'd)

get his hands on an additional hundred and forty-five thousand dollars. He is not exactly ethical when it comes to money-- as the terms of this loan so amply demonstrate. No, McPherson, you'll have to have a less biased witness than my uncle to support your accusation..because you see, I knew for several years that my money was running out. In fact, last year I personally ordered the sale of all my remaining stocks. Now, if you can convince a court that any man with the slightest interest in money would sit around for one year doing nothing while his money ran out and then borrow fifty thousand dollars under the most disadvantageous terms imaginable once it was gone so that he could dash out and catch himself a rich wife in six weeks in order to pay it back--I will withdraw my suit for slander. Thank you. I rest my case.

McPHERSON

Let's put it this way, Graham. If you can convince a court that any man without the slightest interest in money would borrow fifty thousand dollars for any reason at all-- I'll withdraw my charge.

HENRY

Agreed.

McPHERSON

(Settling back)

Alright, let's hear the reason. You were going to use the fifty thousand dollars to set up a home for pubescent slum children.. and then pay your uncle back out of the first month's profits.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

No, McPherson. I was going to use the fifty thousand dollars to tidy up my affairs and then, immediately afterwards, kill myself.

There is a stunned silence. Harold stares at Henry, awed.

HENRIETTA

Oh, Henry.

HENRY

Yes, Henrietta. On the day I met you I was a dead man. My life was over. And then--something happened to me. I suddenly realized that what I had lost was no longer important compared to what I had found...that if, by some miracle, I could have you I would have a purpose. An answer to the emptiness of existence. And so I proposed, Henrietta. Not to get your money...but to find out if I had a reason to live.

McPherson gags.

HENRIETTA

Oh, Henry. Why didn't you tell me sooner? I would have married you the very first day.

McPHERSON

(Incredulously)

My God, Henrietta. You don't mean you actually believe all that garbage? Why a sex-starved half-wit would know it was a line. What's the matter with you?

HENRIETTA

Andrew. You're being unbelievably cruel.

HENRY

(Ignoring McPherson totally)

(CONTINUED)

HENRY (cont'd)
Thank you, Henrietta, for
keeping me alive.

McPherson makes a strangled sound.
Harold, visibly touched, puts down the dip and
blows his nose.

HENRIETTA
You're welcome, Henry.

MCPHERSON
I don't believe this.
Henrietta..I beg of you---
I mean, I know your feelings
are involved but I beg of you---
at least don't just take his
word for it. If he's not in-
terested in your money let him
prove it. Let him consent to
some kind of legal arrangement
that prevents him from gaining
financially after the marriage.
Please. If only to keep people
from getting the wrong impression.

HENRIETTA
Oh, what a good idea.

Henry and Harold straighten, as if stabbed.
McPherson collapses in the chair murmuring, "Thank
God."

HENRIETTA
We'll make all my accounts
joint with Henry before the bank
closes today. And he's to have
a checkbook with his name on it.
I want the debt to his uncle
paid before the wedding.

MCPHERSON
You..want.. Are you crazy? Have
you gone totally out of your
mind?

HENRIETTA
But Andrew, it was your idea.

MCPHERSON
It was not my idea. My idea
was for him to disclaim all
your money not to share it.

(CONTINUED)

HENRIETTA

But that's out of the question, Andrew. If Henry disclaimed all my money I'd have to write all his checks for him--and then people would think he was marrying me for my money. This way, you see, everybody will know that he already has all my money so no one can possibly think he's marrying me for it. Don't you think that's a good solution, Henry?

Henry's lips move soundlessly.

McPHERSON

You nincompoop! It's no solution at all. Do you think he would take your money and then not marry you? What if you changed your mind? What if you met someone else? Besides if anyone found out he'd be a pariah. There are some moral standards even among the wealthy.

HENRIETTA

Henry knows I wouldn't change my mind. And besides we wouldn't tell anyone. Now--- quickly, Andrew. Let's go to the bank. We have a great deal to do.

McPHERSON

No. I won't.

HENRIETTA

Andrew.

McPHERSON

I won't.

(Flinging himself at her feet)

Henrietta..just take a day to think it over. That's all I ask. Henrietta, I love you.

HENRY

Get up, McPherson. How dare you make love to my fiancée.

(CONTINUED)

McPHERSON

(Scrambling up)

You crook.

(He swings wildly,
missing Henry and knocking
over a lamp)

HENRY

In addition to suing you for
defamation of character I am
also going to have you arrested
for aggravated assault and van-
dalism.

McPHERSON

(To Henrietta)

Look---I hurt myself.

HENRY

Get out of my house, McPherson.
Harold!

HAROLD

You called, sir?

HENRY

Show Mr. McPherson out.

HAROLD

Yes sir.

McPHERSON

I won't go. Henrietta, listen
to me...

HENRIETTA

Please don't have him arrested,
Henry. He's not himself. You
see he's proposed to me, too.

Harold comes up to McPherson from behind and places
his hands under McPherson's armpits. McPherson
sinks to his knees again.

McPHERSON

I love you, Henrietta. I'll
kill myself if you marry him.
Two can play at that game.

HAROLD

(Who is trying to lift
McPherson to his feet)
I'm afraid he's a bit...epic, sir.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY
(Striding over to
McPherson)
Get up, McPherson.

McPHERSON
I won't.

HENRIETTA
Andrew, please. You're
making me feel awful.

Henry and Harold, each with their hands under one of
McPherson's armpits, try to lift him to his feet.
McPherson lies down on his stomach.

McPHERSON
(Grabbing at the fur on
the rug.)
I'll do it with a razor. It
will be long and agonizing but
what do I care. Ask him how
he planned to do it. Sleeping
pills I'll bet.
(He grabs hold of the
leg of a sofa, anchoring
himself)

HENRY
(Trying to pry McPherson's
fingers free)
Let go, McPherson. Harold,
bring me a hammer.

HENRIETTA
Oh, please, Henry. Andrew,
you've got to leave.

McPHERSON
(Kicking out at Henry)
No. I won't. I don't care.
Nothing matters to me anyway
without you

HENRIETTA
Andrew, I'm going to the bank
now. If you care to come with
me you can try to convince me
in the cab.

McPHERSON
(Relaxing instantly)
Really?
(He scrambles to his feet)

(CONTINUED)

McPHERSON (cont'd)

Then I'll go. Thank you,
Henrietta for giving me a chance
to save you from yourself.
Darling.

HENRY

Stop calling her darling.

HAROLD

Perhaps we should just let Mr.
McPherson leave without too
many conditions. Otherwise, he
might not leave at all.

HENRY

Alright. Get out of here, you
porcine heel.

McPHERSON

It takes one to know one.

HENRIETTA

(Leading him to the door)

Come on, Andrew.

HENRY

"It takes one to know one". You
are not only uncouth you're
infantile.

McPHERSON

(As he is being led
into the hall)

Sticks and stones may break
my bones...

Henrietta shuts the door behind them. There
is a brief pause.

HENRY

Well, Harold..we won that
one.

HAROLD

Sir..I can only say that
I have seen many inspired
performances in my life--
but never have I seen one
man rise to the occasion
as you did this afternoon.
I must admit that for a
moment I was tense.

(CONTINUED)

HAROLD (cont'd)

His eyes suddenly roll up in his head and he pitches face forward to the rug. Henry hurries over and kneels beside him.

HENRY

(Chafing Harold's wrist)

Harold! Harold! That's odd. I've never seen him give way like this before.

(He reaches over and takes the bottle of brandy and a glass from a table.)

But perhaps that is why he remains a valet while I..am a multi-millionaire.

He holds the glass of brandy to Harold's lips. The strains of "Pomp and Circumstance" are HEARD over the shot.

HENRY

He held the brandy to his valet's lips - his eyes cold, his fingers nerveless. The eyes and fingers of a multi-millionaire.

The music SWELLS and Henry suddenly joins in on the last line, singing the lyrics.

HENRY

"God who ma-ade thee mighty.
Make thee might-i-er yet!"

EXT. FULL SHOT GOLF COURSE UNCLE HARRY, A GOLF CADDY, AN OLD MAN IN A MESSENGER'S UNIFORM

Uncle Harry, wearing knickers and a golf cap, stands staring down at a check that has just come out of the envelope in his other hand.

UNCLE HARRY

That idiot McPherson! He mucked it up.

(CONTINUED)

OLD MAN

Did you want to send any
reply, sir?

Uncle Harry suddenly lifts his golf club and brings
it down full force on a rock. The head of the club
breaks off.

UNCLE HARRY

(Handing the shaft to
the Messenger)

Yes. Give Mr. Graham this.
He'll know what to do with it.

100 INT. FULL SHOT HENRY'S LIVING ROOM GUESTS, 100
MINISTER

The room is decorated in bridal fashion. The
guests are: Frank and his wife, Mel and his wife,
Mr. Van Rensaeller and his wife, Bo, a plump
middle-aged couple we have not met before, and a
little girl who wanders around the room touching
things. Neither Henry, Henrietta, Harold nor
McPherson are visible. THE CAMERA PANS over the
room and then MOVES IN toward the door of Henry's
bedroom. It is slightly ajar and a single eye can
be seen peering out through the crack.

101 CLOSE SHOT HENRY'S EYE PEERING OUT THROUGH THE 101
CRACK

101A INT. LIVING ROOM THE LITTLE GIRL FRAMED IN 101A
A NARROW OPENING HENRY'S P.O.V.

THE CAMERA PANS with the child as she moves along
the wall touching the paintings.

102 INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM REVERSE ANGLE HENRY, HAROLD 102

Henry stands peering out through a crack in the door. He is dressed in trousers, shirt, socks and slippers. Harold stands behind him holding a pair of suspenders.

HAROLD

Sir, you must come away from the door and get dressed. The musician is here.

HENRY

You've got to stop her.

HAROLD

(attaching the suspenders to Henry's trousers.)

Stop who, sir?

HENRY

That little woman. She's touching things.

(He suddenly gasps, loudly)

Oh, no!

103 INT. LIVING ROOM THE LITTLE GIRL FRAMED AS BEFORE HENRY'S P.O.V. 103

The little girl stands in front of a strange, clockwork sculpture revolving one of the parts.

104 INT. BEDROOM HENRY, HAROLD ORIGINAL ANGLE 104

Henry turns from the door to face Harold. He is enraged.

HENRY

She's unscrewing my Montrazzini.

HAROLD

(Quickly adjusting the suspenders.)

You don't have time to make a scene now, sir. I'll screw it back when she leaves.

HENRY

(Flinging himself on the bed)

She's destroying my living room.

(Harold picks up his limp wrist and deftly inserts a cuff link)

And I don't even know her. How did I get into this? She's a stranger. I don't want her here.

(Harold tugs off Henry's slipper and replaces it with his shoe.)

The door opens and the Little Girl walks in holding a piece of sculpture.

HENRY

(leaping to his feet)

Get out.

LITTLE GIRL

I thought this was the bathroom.

HENRY

(snatching the piece of sculpture out of her hands)

Well, it isn't. And if you touch anything else I'll have you arrested.

HAROLD

Please, Mr. Graham, get hold of yourself.

(he quickly inserts the second cufflink)

HENRY

This is what it will be like, Harold, isn't it? She'll be everywhere... touching things... poking her nose in where it doesn't belong. Pretending she's looking for the bathroom.

HAROLD

(whipping a cummerbund around Henry's middle)

You will share things, sir. She seems generous and easily led, to put it conservatively.

HENRY

I don't want to share things. I want to own them all by myself.

(to the Little Girl)

Why are you standing there, you little spy? Did McPherson send you to see what was going on?

HAROLD

Oh, sir.

LITTLE GIRL

Is he the groom?

HENRY

(To Harold, who is just sliding a bow tie around Henry's neck)

Don't answer, Harold.

(to the Little Girl, coldly...nervelessly)

I'll ask the questions from here on in.

A violin is suddenly HEARD playing "Pomp and Circumstance." Harold looks up startled.

105

INT. FULL SHOT LIVING ROOM GUESTS, VIOLINIST,
MINISTER

105

The guests stand looking in astonishment at the violinist... as the minister whispers in his ear. The violinist shrugs and murmurs, "This is what he told me to play." Frank, wearing a tuxedo and a boutonniere in his lapel, tiptoes to the end of an improvised aisle leading from Henry's bedroom to the altar and apprehensively checks the ring. The violinist continues to play. The guests begin turning expectantly toward Henry's door. The door does not open. Several moments go by during which the minister and the violinist exchange nervous glances.

There is the sudden SOUND of a door opening across the room and all heads turn as a clearly upset Henrietta pushes a babbling, distraught McPherson out of the dressing room and closes the door. There is the SOUND of a bolt sliding shut ...and McPherson turns immediately and begins knocking softly on the closed door, calling "Henrietta" in a loud whisper.

BO

(to Mel, softly)

That woman is not as isolated as I thought.

MEL

Where the hell is Henry?

106

INT. HENRY'S BEDROOM HAROLD, HENRY, THE LITTLE GIRL

106

Harold is swiftly buttoning Henry's jacket as Henry raves on to the Little Girl...who watches him with interest.

HENRY

Who are you really? Come on, let's have it. And I want real names or you'll regret it.

LITTLE GIRL

I'm Dodo Heinrich. Professor Heinrich's daughter.

HENRY

Professor Heinrich! She's invited some Nazi to the wedding. Get your hands off that chair. Harold, she's touching the chair.

HAROLD

(sticking a carnation in Henry's lapel)

Sir, you are hysterical. You must grab hold. The music has begun. You're due at the altar now.

(he takes Henry's arm)

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

I won't move until she leaves. I'm not going to get dressed in front of a woman. And she might as well understand that now.

LITTLE GIRL

You already are dressed.

HAROLD

(Going up to the child)

Come with me, Miss Heinrich. I'll escort you to the bathroom.

107

INT. HENRY'S LIVING ROOM GUESTS, MINISTER,
VIOLINIST, McPHERSON

107

McPherson stands pressed against Henrietta's door still knocking softly. The guests are now shifting restlessly and whispering. Frank's boutonniere has wilted. The minister leans disgustedly on the altar. The violinist plays on with a what-the-hell-do-I-care expression.

Suddenly the door to Henry's bedroom opens and the guests fall silent. The violinist snaps to attention and increases his volume. The minister straightens. Frank steps smartly forward and takes Harold's arm as he comes out of the bedroom with the Little Girl.

FRANK

(Quickly disengaging himself)

I'm terribly sorry.

HAROLD

Perfectly alright, sir,

Harold leads the little girl silently across the room as the guests stare and the violinist continues to play "Pomp and Circumstance".

BO

(to Mel)

I wonder what Henry is planning for the reception.

Frank abruptly turns, opens Henry's door, marches into the bedroom, and appears a moment later dragging Henry, who still wears one shoe and one slipper, behind him. THE CAMERA PANS rapidly over the faces of the guests as their expressions dissolve into gentle, understanding smiles at the groom's nervousness. The violin swells once more.

108

TWO SHOT HENRY, FRANK

108

As they walk down the makeshift aisle to "Pomp and Circumstance". Henry suddenly clutches Frank in panic.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

(whispering)

Frank...one of my legs is shorter than the other.

FRANK

Yes, I know, old man. It will get long again after the ceremony.

They continue on...with Henry leaning heavily on Frank's arm murmuring soundlessly, "It won't be for long. It won't be for long."

A moment later they arrive at the altar and there is the SOUND of a toilet flushing. Henry turns, horrified.

109 INT. LIVING ROOM GUESTS, THE LITTLE GIRL 109

As she comes out of the bathroom.

110 THE ALTAR HENRY, FRANK ORIGINAL ANGLE 110

HENRY

(his eyes still on the child)

I'll kill her.

(he looks sharply at Frank)

I'm joking, of course.

The music suddenly changes to "Here Comes The Bride" and THE CAMERA PANS rapidly over the guests once more, as they turn toward Henrietta. CAMERA HOLDS ON TWO SHOT of Henrietta and McPherson as they start down the aisle. McPherson leans heavily on Henrietta's arm murmuring incessantly.

MCPHERSON

Henrietta...it's not too late. I love you, Henrietta. Please don't do this insane thing. At least talk to his uncle...I'll kill myself, Henrietta. I'll slash my throat and jump out of a window. Henrietta, darling...

111 INT. LIVING ROOM THE GUESTS BRIDAL PARTY 111

All eyes follow the bride, indicating her path, as she proceeds down the aisle, off-camera. Their faces are rapt as the minister begins. The women dab at their eyes, and from somewhere in the room there is the sound of quiet sobbing.

MINISTER (o.s.)

Dearly beloved, we are gathered here...

As the minister continues to speak the sobbing increases until it is quite audible. The guests stare, bewildered, toward the SOUND which is coming from the altar.

112 INT. FULL SHOT WEDDING ALTAR HENRY, HENRIETTA, FRANK, McPHERSON, MINISTER 112

The wedding party steals nervous glances at McPherson who is now sobbing so loudly that the minister has to raise his voice to be heard.

MINISTER

I now pronounce you man and wife.

McPherson's sobs rise to a crescendo.

113 INT. HENRY'S LIVING ROOM HENRY, McPHERSON 113

The guests have left and Harold stands in the middle of the disheveled room screwing the missing piece back into the Montrazzini. McPherson sits in a corner in b.g. sobbing quietly.

MCPHERSON

(drunkenly tearful)

He won't get away with it. Won't... will not get away with it. I'm not discouraged. There's always divorce.

HAROLD

(staring out the window)

I wouldn't count on it, sir.

(in a rather horrified voice)

I think Mr. Graham has...other plans for his marriage.

114 EXT LONG SHOT A JET TAKING OFF EVENING 114

115 INT. JET TWO SHOT HENRY, HENRIETTA DAY 115

Henrietta still wears her bridal outfit and corsage. Henry wears a dark suit. She reads "New Discoveries in Plant Physiology." He reads "A Beginner's Guide To Toxicology." After a moment Henrietta turns and smiles at Henry, adoringly. Henry looks up from his book and smiles back. Then both return to their reading.

116 EXT. LONG SHOT HIGH ANGLE A PORTION OF ROAD AND LANDSCAPE 116

It is a tropical setting similar to that of the island of Jamaica.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

117 EXT. FULL SHOT A SCENIC STRETCH OF LAWN HENRY, HENRIETTA DAY 117

Henrietta has just removed a plant from the earth, roots

and all, and is plugging it in a plastic bag. Henry sits in a wicker chair reading "Great Poisoners of History." After a moment Henrietta turns and smiles at him. Henry looks up from his book and smiles back. Then both go back to their previous activities.

They lie on the sand face up, Henry in bathing trunks reading "Strychnine and Me - The Story of One Man's Fight Against Pear Blight" and Henrietta in a bathing suit with sleeves reading "Experimental Plant Genetics." After a moment Henry glances over at her.

HENRY

Henrietta...I've been meaning to ask you...Where do you buy your clothes?

HENRIETTA

At a little shop called Manny's Upstate Boutique. They're very convenient. They deliver by phone.

HENRY

That explains a great deal. In future, Henrietta, I think I'll go with you when you shop. Have you ever considered wearing a more... casual bathing suit?

HENRIETTA

Well, as a matter of fact...

THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN on Henrietta and in a series of quick CUTS she is transformed into:

119 thru 121	A fiery looking native girl in a sarong a la Hedy Lamar in "White Cargo," A platinum haired chorus girl in a tiny bikini, Miss America wearing a crown and ribbon, and holding a trophy cup	119 thru 121
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HENRIETTA

...I have.

HENRY

Good. We'll buy you one tomorrow - without sleeves.

He picks up his book and begins reading again as Henrietta stares dreamily into space.

122 EXT. SHOP ENTRANCE AND PORTION OF STREET HENRY, HENRIETTA DAY 122

As they come out of shop.

HENRY
We'll have one made.

HENRIETTA
(Inexplicably pleased)
I'm sorry to be so much trouble, dear.

HENRY
That's all right. It's not for long.

He breaks off and looks at her sharply. Henrietta smiles at him.

123 INT. A SCREENED PORCH HENRY, HENRIETTA EVENING 123

Henrietta sits sorting leaves and arranging them in a specimen case. Henry sits writing in a small notebook. THE CAMERA MOVES IN on Henry as he studies the notebook.

124 CLOSE SHOT THE NOTEBOOK 124

It is open to the first page, on which the following list has been jotted down:

- "1. Go on honeymoon. 2. Come home. 3. Go over all accounts and put them in order. 4. Get poison. 5. Kill Henrietta. 6. Fire McPherson."

HENRIETTA (o.s.)
What are you writing, dear?

HENRY (o.s.)
Nothing important. Just jotting down a few things I want to get done next week.

The pencil descends to the page and places a check beside the first item: "1. Go on honeymoon."

125 EXT. FULL SHOT A SILVER JET ROARING ACROSS THE SKY 125

126 CLOSE-UP HENRY'S NOTEBOOK 126

The SOUND of the jet roars over the shot and the notebook, open to the same page as before and jiggling slightly with the notion of the plane, is checked again. This time next to the second item: "2. Come home."

He stands looking anxiously about...and then suddenly turns as Henry's voice is heard calling over the shot.

HENRY (o.s.)

Harold! Harold! This way.

Harold turns...and his expression dissolves into one of overwhelming relief as Henry hurries into the shot followed by Henrietta.

HAROLD

Welcome home, Mr. Graham...and Mrs. Graham - may I express my great joy at seeing you again.

HENRIETTA

(taken aback)

Thank you, Harold. Heavens.

HENRY

But I don't understand. Didn't you notify the chauffeur of our arrival?

HAROLD

Yes, sir...when I moved in your things. He said he would try to remember.

HENRY

He what?

HENRIETTA

John is a little forgetful, dear. That's why I usually take the bus.

HAROLD

I think you should prepare yourself, sir. Mrs. Graham's household is, incredibly democratic.

The taxi pulls up in front of the house and Henry leaps out and begins striding toward the door...as Henrietta scrambles nervously out behind him.

Henry is just striding into the foyer. Henrietta rushes breathlessly in after him.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

(calling)

John? John!

A woman comes out of one of the doors dressed in the black silk uniform of a housekeeper.

HENRIETTA

Oh, hello, Mrs. Traggert. Henry, this is my housekeeper, Mrs. Traggert. Mrs. Traggert, this is my husband Henry...Graham.

HENRY

How do you do, Mrs. Traggert. May I ask where the chauffeur is?

MRS. TRAGGERT

(deliberately)

Welcome home, Mrs. Graham...Mr. Graham. Will you be eating in, Mrs. Graham?

HENRIETTA

Yes...I think so. Will we, Henry?

HENRY

Yes. Supper for two, Mrs. Traggert.

MRS. TRAGGERT

(ignoring Henry)

Very good, Mrs. Graham.
(she walks majestically out)

HENRIETTA

How do you like it so far, dear?

HENRY

(looking speculatively
after Mrs. Traggert)

I've only seen the foyer.

HENRIETTA

(taking him by the hand)

Well, this is the living room.

She opens a large carved door beyond which we can see the living room. It is an untidy room. The curtains are drawn, the liquor cabinet stands open, and there is an almost empty bottle and two glasses on a table next to a couch on which a man and a woman in underwear are embracing passionately. Henry quietly closes the door and turns to Henrietta.

HENRY

Who are they?

(CONTINUED)

HENRIETTA

(nervously)

Well, I think one of them is a maid...and the other one is John.

HENRY

Tell me, Henrietta, on what basis do you hire your servants? Efficiency or personal charm?

HENRIETTA

Well, actually, dear...I don't hire them at all. Mrs. Traggert does all the hiring.

HENRY

I see.

THE ANGLE WIDENS as Henry turns and starts thoughtfully toward the stairs...with Henrietta following anxiously behind. Another door opens and an elderly woman carrying a mop and pail trudges across the foyer in front of them and begins climbing the stairs, her hand on her back.

HENRY

Don't you have any back stairs, Henrietta?

HENRIETTA

Yes. But most of the servants don't like to use them. So I usually do.

HENRY

I see.

He starts slowly up the stairs after the old woman, Henrietta trailing in his footsteps.

HENRIETTA

Is something wrong, dear?

HENRY

Something is very peculiar.

There is the SOUND of a door shutting and Henry looks down toward the foyer.

Harold stands at the foot of the stairs loaded down with baggage.

(CONTINUED)

HAROLD

(from behind a large carton)

Would you mind, sir, if I use the front stairs? There are several dozen empty scotch bottles lined up in the back.

INT. FULL SHOT A PORTION OF FOYER AND STAIRWAY
HAROLD, HENRY, HENRIETTA

HENRY

No, Harold. Come along.

Harold starts precariously up the stairs.

HENRY

(over Henrietta's head)

Harold, I must see you later in the study.

(to Henrietta)

By the way, there is a study, isn't there?

HENRIETTA

Oh, yes, dear. And it's very nice. I clean it myself.

HENRY

I see.

THE ANGLE WIDENS as he turns back, even more thoughtfully, and collides with the old woman who is standing motionless one step above him.

HENRY

Excuse me.

There is a brief pause during which Henry stands waiting for the old woman to go on. Harold continues groping his way blindly up the stairs below them.

HENRY

(finally, to the old woman)

Were you thinking of continuing on or did you just plan to stay here and scrub this particular step?

OLD WOMAN

I'm catching my breath. Do you mind if an old woman stays alive?

HENRY

(to Henrietta)

This is incredible.

(CONTINUED)

HENRIETTA

Well, she is old, dear.

There is a startled scream from above. They all look up. Harold collides with Henrietta and loses a suitcase.

133

INT. THE UPPER LANDING A GIRL HENRY'S P.O.V.

133

A girl of about twenty stands on the landing staring down at them, one hand clutching her blouse. The blouse is silk, long-sleeved, high-collared, too tight, and has the stamp of Henrietta's wardrobe on it.

THE GIRL

Oh, Miss Lowell! Oh, my God! Oh,
I swear I didn't know you were back.
Oh, I swear it!

(she looks down at the
blouse)

I was going to put it right back. I
just wanted to wear it tonight be-
cause I didn't have anything else and
I'm meeting this boy and I wanted him
to like me...

(tears begin streaming down
her cheeks)

Oh, please don't be mad, Miss Lowell.
I'll kill myself if you're mad at me.
You think I'm a thief, don't you?
Now you think I steal...

134

INT. STAIRCASE ORIGINAL ANGLE THE OLD LADY,
HENRY, HENRIETTA, HAROLD

134

Henry stands staring up at the girl with total dis-
belief as she talks.
Harold is backing carefully down the steps toward the
fallen suitcase.
Henrietta looks stricken.

HENRIETTA

No, of course I don't, dear. I do
prefer that you ask me before...

THE GIRL (o.s.)

I couldn't! You weren't here! I
swear I didn't know you were here!
You think I'm lying, don't you? You
think I lie and steal your blouses...

THE ANGLE WIDENS to include the stairs and the upper
landing. Harold is still backing down the stairs. The
old woman suddenly sighs and begins climbing again.
The girl raves on.

135 INT. HALLWAY AND DOOR HENRY, HENRIETTA, HAROLD, 135
THE GIRL

The girl sobs in Henrietta's arms as Henry opens the bedroom door.

136 INT. BEDROOM FULL SHOT 136

Henry is just coming in the door. A girl of about fourteen sits at Henrietta's dressing table powdering herself casually. Henry stops abruptly as he sees her.

HENRY
(bellowing)
Henrietta!

Henrietta comes in without a blouse, holding her purse in front of her chest.

HENRY
Where is your blouse?

HENRIETTA
Well, she felt so badly about it, dear
...and the other blouse was really too
small for her...and I hardly ever wear
it...

HENRY
I'm going mad! Who is that person at
the mirror? Your roommate?

HENRIETTA
(nervously)
I think that's the cook's daughter.
Pretty little thing, isn't she?

HENRY
(to the girl)
Get out.

THE GIRL
Okay. Wait just a minute till I
brush off the excess.

HENRY
(striding over to her)
Get out or I'll ram that powder puff
down your throat.

THE GIRL
(rising sulkily)
Tch. Big deal.

She extracts a cigarette from her blouse, puts it in her mouth, and then saunters over to the door and opens it. Harold is revealed staggering on the threshold.

THE GIRL
(to Harold)

Got a match?

HENRY

Get out!

The girl gives another "tch" and strolls out.

HENRY

Harold, get the household accounts from Mrs. Traggert immediately, and meet me in the study in ten minutes. You can unpack later.

HAROLD

(from behind a large box)

Yes, sir.

He begins stooping with great care to set down the suitcase. The large box crashes to the floor and two smaller cases slide out from under his arm.

HENRY

You may go now, Harold.

HAROLD

Yes, sir.
(he exits)

137

INT. A SMALL BEDROOM MRS. TRAGGERT

137

There is a knock on the door. Mrs. Traggert opens it. Harold stands outside.

MRS. TRAGGERT

Yes?

HAROLD

Mr. Graham would like to see the household accounts immediately, Mrs. Traggert.

MRS. TRAGGERT

Tell Mr. Graham he will have to wait until I finish making the entries - and while you're at it, tell him I'm not accustomed to taking orders second hand.

She shuts the door...then goes quickly to a table, takes a ledger out of it, shoves it under the mattress and hurries out of the room. A moment later the door opens and Harold, a key-shaped smudge outlining one eye and a telephone directory under his arm, enters and starts quickly toward the bed.

Henry sits at a desk poring over the ledger. Harold stands behind him.

HENRY

This is insane. There are twenty servants in this house...including the cook's daughter - who gets two hundred dollars a week as a mother's helper.. The food bills average out to one hundred and thirty dollars a day...and there are no receipts. Miscellaneous is listed at twelve hundred dollars a month...and it isn't even itemized. Harold! That woman is throwing my money away as if it were water. And she doesn't even live well.

HAROLD

Sir - you haven't seen the half of it.

It is set down on a table and the CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the serving girl, (who is still wearing Henrietta's blouse) and Henrietta and Henry seated at the table. The girl serves dinner, snuffling, and mouthing grateful little "thank you's" to Henrietta. Henry stares down at his plate.

HENRIETTA

Don't you like spaghetti, dear?

HENRY

It's beautifully prepared.

The door opens and John, the chauffeur, enters.

JOHN

Mr. Graham? I'm John. I just came by to tell you that I'm sorry I didn't get to pick you up today but something came up.

HENRY

It's good of you to take the trouble to tell me, John.

JOHN

No sweat. I just wanted to let you know I didn't forget you. Well, have a good dinner.

He turns and starts out, placing one hand on the rump of the serving girl as he exits. She giggles, then meets Henry's eyes.

SERVING GIRL

Now you think I'm cheap.

She bursts into tears, and runs sobbing into the kitchen. There is a brief silence.

HENRY

Henrietta, after dinner I would like to see all the servants in the living room. And if you don't mind - I'd like to see them alone.

A MAID

This is an outrage.

JOHN

I give him five minutes and then I'm asking for overtime. This isn't one of my regular duties.

MRS. TRAGGERT

I think I'm going to have to have a little talk with Mr. Graham. He's beginning to get on my nerves.

The door opens and Henry comes in. The servants turn toward him angrily.

HENRY

Ladies and gentlemen...I would like to say a few words to you.

There is a grumbling silence. Henry walks over to Mrs. Traggert and smiles. Mrs. Traggert folds her arms over her chest and stares at him coldly.

HENRY

Mrs. Traggert - there is something about you that puzzles me.. Why do you continue in the arduous position of housekeeper when by investing wisely you could have your own little town house in Sutton Place and a guaranteed income for life. Surely after having managed successfully to pad the household accounts to the sum of thirty thousand tax free dollars a year in the past five years you must have salted something away... I am not including, of course, the token salary of eight hundred dollars a week you receive as mad money.

MRS. TRAGGERT

Are you accusing me of stealing?

HENRY

Grand larceny would come closer, but why quibble? You've caught the gist of my meaning.

MRS. TRAGGERT

I don't know where you get your information, Mr. Graham, but I am notifying my attorney the first thing in the morning.

HENRY

I got my information from the household accounts, Mrs. Traggert - which you very sensibly hid under your mattress after my valet asked to see them.

There is a pause.

MRS. TRAGGERT

Those accounts don't prove anything. There are no receipts.

HENRY

We will let a judge draw his own conclusion on that point...after the court subpoenas your bank account.

There is another pause. Mrs. Traggert swallows belligerently.

MRS. TRAGGERT

I've done the best I could.

HENRY

In that case, Mrs. Traggert, you're fired. I could forgive your dishonesty but your ineptitude is inexcusable. Pack your bags and be out of this house by ten o'clock and I may not press charges. If you are still here at five minutes after ten I shall call the police. It is now nine-o-seven. Shall we synchronize our watches?

(he puts one hand on the phone)

Or would you rather go for broke?

Mrs. Traggert stares at the phone for a moment, then turns and goes quickly out of the room. There is a loud silence.

HENRY

Oh, John...

(CONTINUED)

JOHN
(leaping forward)

Yes, sir.

HENRY
Do you think we ought to junk our cars?

JOHN
Huh?

HENRY
I really think in the interest of economy we ought to get rid of them. After all, you have your own life to live - which leaves you very little time for driving, and Mrs. Graham has now adjusted to the bus.

JOHN
Yeah...I know what you're trying to say, Mr. Graham...but I think I can clear up my personal affairs so that there won't be any conflict in schedules from now on.

HENRY
That's extremely considerate of you, John, but I'm afraid we could never afford to use the cars even if you were kind enough to drive them. According to your gas consumption and mileage record, each car averages fifteen miles a day at one mile per gallon while parked in the garage. It would mean bankruptcy if we actually took them out on the road.

JOHN
(shifting his feet)
Them figures are probably wrong by about half.

HENRY
You mean that each car probably uses only about seven and a half gallons a day while parked in the garage.

JOHN
That still seems high, doesn't it?

HENRY
John, do you have a suitcase?

JOHN
Yeah. I got about five. But I can always use another.

HENRY

Five will do nicely. Pack them all and be out of here in the next forty-five minutes or I will shoot you on sight for trespassing.

JOHN

I don't get it.

HENRY

It's very simple. You have just been fired because you are a cheap crook. If you are not off these grounds in forty-four minutes I will shoot you as a trespasser with proved criminal intentions, and I am an excellent shot. Does that make it clearer?

JOHN

You don't have any right to shoot me. I'm working for Miss Lowell.

HENRY

Miss Lowell is now Mrs. Graham... which gives me as much right to shoot you as she has.

(he glances at his watch)

Of course, if you think I'm stepping out of line we can always check with the police...in which case you'll probably be arrested.

(he removes a gun from his pocket and holds it carelessly aimed at John)

I'll do it either way.

JOHN

Never mind. If that's the way you're going to be - I quit. But I won't forget this, Mr. Graham.

(Henry pulls back the safety and sights down the barrel. John smiles in terror.)

After all, how many guys do you find who'll do it either way?

He turns and bolts from the room. Henry turns back to the other servants who shrink silently back against the wall... clicks on the safety and says pleasantly:

HENRY

As for the rest of you...you have two hours.

141 EXT. HOUSE AND DRIVEWAY FULL SHOT NIGHT 141

The front door opens and the servants, dressed in civilian clothes and carrying suitcases, start pouring out...babbling wildly. Suddenly they freeze.

142 EXT. THE GRAHAM HOUSE NIGHT 142
MED. SHOT HENRY

He stands holding a gun pointed toward the servants.

HENRY

Please leave by the servant's entrance.

143 EXT. GRAHAM HOUSE SERVANTS ORIGINAL ANGLE 143

They back silently into the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

144 EXT. GRAHAM HOUSE AND DRIVEWAY MORNING 144

A station wagon draws up to the house and Harold climbs out followed by a group of six strange people, all carrying suitcases. They tramp up the walk to the house, a surging march accompanying them over the shot.

145 MONTAGE 145
thru
148 The curtains being vacuumed. thru
148

The ash trays being emptied.

The silver being polished.

A pair of hands lifting a plate from a table.
CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Henry and Henrietta seated on the terrace at a beautifully set breakfast table. A dignified colored woman in an impeccable uniform is removing the dishes.
Henrietta looks up at her with a bewildered expression.

HENRIETTA

Are you new? I don't remember seeing you here before.

ERICA

I arrived this morning, madam.

HENRY

Thank you, Erica, you may go.

She exits.

HENRIETTA

Goodness.

(softly, to Henry)

She seems different from the other servants, doesn't she, dear? I wonder why Mrs. Traggert hired her.

HENRY

Mrs. Traggert didn't hire her. I hired her along with a new cook and four other servants.

HENRIETTA

Oh, Henry. Mrs. Traggert will be furious. She's very adamant about doing all the hiring.

HENRY

Mrs. Traggert has been fired along with the rest of the staff, so her emotional responses need not concern you any longer.

HENRIETTA

(after a stunned moment)

You fired Mrs. Traggert?

HENRY

(He passes her her cup)

Yes.

HENRIETTA

And...the others, too?

HENRY

I fired everyone with the exception of Harold and two gardeners.

HENRIETTA

You fired John, too?

HENRY

I fired John especially.

HENRIETTA

And they all...agreed?

HENRY

We didn't vote on it, Henrietta. I simply told them they were fired.

HENRIETTA

(after an awed moment)

I can't believe it. Mrs. Traggert... John...the cook...I mean I've often thought it would be nice if they decided to leave - but it never occurred

HENRIETTA (cont'd)
to me that they'd let them-
selves be fired.

HENRY
Henrietta...you are a grown
woman. Those people were your
employees. The choice wasn't
their's but your own.

HENRIETTA
Yes...I know, dear. But you
see, Mrs. Traggert hired them
and made out their checks and
after awhile it just seemed as
though they were working for her.

HENRY
Mrs. Traggert made out their
checks? Their salary checks?
Did you look at them before
you signed them?

HENRIETTA
I didn't sign them, dear. Mrs.
Traggert signed them. She had
her own account.

Henry chokes violently on his coffee.

HENRIETTA
(Rushing over to him)
Henry! Are you alright? Put
your hands over your head.

HENRY
(Putting his hands over his
head and gasping)
Mrs. Traggert had her own account!

HENRIETTA
Don't try to talk, dear. It
only makes it worse.

HENRY
(Pointing to the chair..in
a strangled voice)
Sit down.
(Henrietta sits)
Now let me hear it slowly. Mrs.
Traggert had her own account?

HENRIETTA
Yes, dear. The household account.
She said it would make it easier
for her to cash checks.

HENRY
(He stares at her)
Henrietta...

HENRIETTA
Yes, dear?

HENRY

Never mind. I think, Henrietta, that from now on I will handle the finances. I'd like a statement from the bank covering all your accounts - and please leave instructions that no check is to be drawn on any account unless it is co-signed by myself. I can go over your holdings and your federal and state income tax returns after you're...afterwards.

HENRIETTA

Yes, dear.

(She smiles shyly into her coffee)

Heavens.

HENRY

How could McPherson let you give that woman her own account?

149

INT. MED. SHOT ALL TWENTY SERVANTS DAY

149

They are huddled together facing into CAMERA, their faces angry and distraught.

MRS. TRAGGERT

That bastard. He's taken the bread out of our mouths.

OLD WOMAN

Four years of shlepping up and down those stairs and what have I got to show for it? A few shares in the telephone company and a parking lot on Fifty-Ninth Street.

MOTHER'S HELPER

Does this mean I have to quit private school?

THE COOK

Who the hell is he to make a child ask that question?

JOHN

Isn't there something we can do? I didn't even get two weeks notice.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK to reveal McPherson seated at his desk with all twenty servants crowded against the other side.

(CONTINUED)

MCPHERSON

What would you suggest? If a judge sees those salaries he'll clap you in jail on spec. Very few chauffeurs make six hundred dollars a week.

JOHN

Three hundred. You take half.

MCPHERSON

I advise you to keep your mouth shut about that. According to the records I don't take anything. And don't you forget it. Now look, kids - we've worked together a long time...and you've been a great team. We've had some good years and some bad. We've laughed a little, cried a little, maybe put a little something away - and now it's over. There's nothing we can do. "The moving finger writes and having writ moves on...nor all your piety nor wit shall lure it back to cancel half a line. Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

(the intercom buzzes and
McPherson presses it down)
Yes. Miriamne?

MIRIAMNE (thru filter, o.s.)

The bank just called to say that Mr. Graham has instructed them not to issue any funds without his signature.

McPherson numbly clicks off the intercom.

MCPHERSON

That son of a bitch. He won't -
will not get away with it.

150 CLOSE SHOT HENRY'S NOTEBOOK

A pencil descends and places a question mark beside "3. go over accounts," then hovers over the next item, "4. get poison." THE CAMERA MOVES BACK to include Henry as he sits tapping the pencil against his cheek.

HENRY

But where? That's the question. Where?

151 EXT. APPLE ORCHARD HENRY, BO DAY

151

Henry and Bo walk slowly among the trees. Bo looks concerned. Henry looks upset. Occasionally as they walk Bo pushes a branch aside and a few moments later it falls off the tree.

BO

Try and describe it to me, old man.
Is it in the leaves? The fruit?
How does the bark look?

HENRY

All grey and ichy. The leaves and
fruit are indescribable. I'm beside
myself.

BO

It could be anything then. Sooty
blotch, calyx end rot, crown gall,
Brooks fruit spot. There are no end
to the horrors that beset apple trees.
Perhaps I should run over and take a
look at them. I was going to spray
my pecan tree but I think it's dead
anyway.

HENRY

The problem is, Bo, that Henrietta
won't use insecticides. She believes
in the organic method. I asked her
about it this morning and she said
chemicals of any kind were against
nature's way...and the only insurance
for a healthy plant was a healthy
soil.

BO

That's the most unscientific thing
I've ever heard of.

HENRY

That's why I've come to you, Bo.
You're the most scientific orchardist
I know. What shall I do?

BO

Come with me.

The shed is much larger than Henrietta's and cluttered
with equipment. There is a riding mower, a tractor,
spray tanks and various strange looking attachments all
over the floor. An assortment of manual spray guns hang
on the wall. The shelves are filled with bottles, jars,
cans and cartons, and in one corner there is a table with
several beakers and vials on it. Bo stands at the table
dressed in a rubber suit, gloves and a gas mask. Henry
stands next to an open window a few feet away watching Bo as
empties the contents of the various vials into a larger
beaker and then steps quickly back. There is a loud
fizzing SOUND and then the mixture turns black. Bo

quickly pours a portion of the black liquid into a small bottle, caps it, then puts the beaker into a large refrigerator full of other beakers. He whips off his gas mask and holds the small bottle toward Henry.

BO

Here it is, old man. The strongest poison you can use. You don't have to worry about specific diseases with this. It kills everything.

HENRY

(staring at the bottle)

Do you have to wear a gas mask every time you uncap the bottle?

BO

Only when you spray. I protect myself completely when mixing because of chemical reaction and the danger of spillage.

HENRY

(Wrapping his hand in a handkerchief and taking the bottle)

And there's nothing like it on the market, you say?

BO

Henry, there are poisons in here that most toxicologists have only read about. I've spent a fortune importing them.

HENRY

Thank you, Bo. I'll pick up a gas mask and a rubber suit and spray tonight.

BO

You mean so that she won't...

HENRY

Keep it quiet, Bo, will you? You know how these fanatics are. They'd rather lose the orchard than the theory.

BO

I understand perfectly, old man. Perfectly.

Henry sits at the desk which is now piled high with bank statements, check books and ledgers. There are several books on accounting beside the papers, including a thick volume entitled "The Secret of Finance". His expression is unreadable and he mutters continually as he works..

Henrietta is removing books from a carton and arranging them on shelves. She lifts out a large college yearbook, glances tenderly over toward Henry, then sits down on the floor with it and begins leafing through.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN toward her as she reads, and the SOUND of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" and "Hickory, Dickory Dock" and other nursery tunes begin tinkling over the shot. Suddenly her eyes hold on a page and a smile of maternal pleasure lights up her face.

154

CLOSE SHOT THE PAGE

154

There is a picture of four graduates, one of whom is Henry wearing an incredibly snotty smile. "Pomp and Circumstance" tinkles over the shot. Henrietta's finger moves down the page to a line of print below the picture...stops...and we hear her gasp o.s. THE ANGLE NARROWS to an EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the line: "Graham, Henry; Bachelor of Arts, History."

155

MED. SHOT HENRIETTA

155

As she looks up from the page toward Henry.

HENRIETTA

Henry! You have a B.A. in History! How wonderful.

156

INT. STUDY FULL SHOT HENRY, HENRIETTA

156

HENRY

(Still muttering to himself as he jots down figures from a checkbook)

...two dollars and seventy-five cents for stamps.

HENRIETTA

What an exciting coincidence. Have you ever thought of teaching, dear?

HENRY

...five twenty-five for bus fare.

HENRIETTA

There's an instructorship opening this fall in history and there seems to be no prospect of filling it. So many teachers have majored in the sciences lately.

HENRY

...and two thousand dollars for "personal reasons"...

HENRIETTA

All you need is a B.A. And you have that. I think it would be so nice if you and I left together for the university each morning, don't you?

HENRY

Henrietta - every month among your regular expenses there is a withdrawal of two thousand dollars for "personal reasons" and I can't find any accounting for it anywhere. The money just seems to disappear.

HENRIETTA

I'm...afraid it's blackmail, dear.

HENRY

(flatly)

Blackmail?

(there is a pause)

You mean someone is blackmailing you?

(he looks at her, suddenly, with interest)

What in the world could you have done to be blackmailed for?

HENRIETTA

Well, do you remember Professor Heinrich? The friend of mine who was at our wedding?

HENRY

Yes. You're joking! That dowdy little man is blackmailing you?

HENRIETTA

No. He's being blackmailed. You see, Dodo - their little girl - is adopted. Illegally.

(lowering her voice)

She was a blackmarket baby.

HENRY

I knew it. I sensed something criminal about her.

HENRIETTA

But everything was alright until about five years ago, and then a man appeared and claimed to be Dodo's father. He had an enormous amount of evidence and he threatened to take

(CONTINUED)

HENRIETTA (contd)
her back unless he was paid. So...
well, what would you have done?

HENRY
Thrown a huge party and given him
Dodo as a door prize.

HENRIETTA
You're not as cynical as you pre-
tend, Henry. I know you better than
you think.

HENRY
Let's not wander off. What has all
this got to do with you?

HENRIETTA
Well, after the payments had risen
from one hundred to five hundred dol-
lars a month in the first three years,
Professor Heinrich asked me to loan
him two hundred dollars. I asked him
if he needed more and he broke down and
began to cry...and then he told me.
So I took over the payments.

HENRY
You took over the payments? How could
Heinrich possibly allow you to do
something like that?

HENRIETTA
Well, he didn't know. You see, I told
him I would try to reason with Smith -
that's the blackmailer - and perhaps
persuade him that what he was doing
could cause incalculable harm not only
to his daughter but to himself as a
human being...but he didn't seem to
see it that way.

HENRY
But you told Professor Heinrich that
he did...and then you took over the
payments yourself.

HENRIETTA
That's right. How did you know?

HENRY
It was a wild guess. And now they've
risen from five hundred to two
thousand in two years.

(Henrietta nods)
And eventually they'll rise to
three thousand and then four and
then five and six...

(CONTINUED)

HENRIETTA

No. Two thousand is my absolute limit. I told him so when he asked for two thousand five hundred. He seemed disappointed but he accepted the situation. I can be very firm when I want to.

HENRY

(after a moment...
with difficulty)

Just how much have you given this son-of-a-bitch?

HENRIETTA

I'm not positive. About seventy-five thousand by now, I imagine.

HENRY

Seventy-five thousand dollars of my... of our money? To a man who neither sows nor reaps?

HENRIETTA

That reminds me, Henry. You'd only have two classes every other day. That's because instructorships are usually given to Ph.D. candidates and the university doesn't want to overload them. Would you like to work for your M.A., too?

HENRY

When are you going to see Smith again?

HENRIETTA

This Monday. He comes the first Monday of every month. He's very prompt.

HENRY

When he comes this time let me talk to him. Perhaps my reasoning will persuade him where yours has failed.

Henry stands three stairs above the ground, back against the wall, eyes on the closed living room door. After a moment the door opens and Henrietta comes out. She tiptoes furtively over to Henry.

HENRIETTA

(whispers)

I told him I was going up to get the cash. Shall I introduce you?

157 CONTINUED

157

HENRY

No. Wait for me in the study. I'm always a little embarrassed when I reason with people.

HENRIETTA

You see? I told you you weren't as cynical as you pretend.

She tiptoes silently past him up the stairs as Henry tiptoes down to the living room door and peers in.

158 INT. LIVING ROOM HENRY'S P.O.V. SMITH 158

Smith is a thin, nattily dressed sharpster who at the present moment is doing a buck and wing to the tune of "I Found A Million Dollar Baby" which he sings in a nasal bass.

159 HENRY ORIGINAL ANGLE 159

as he pulls the door wide open.

160 INT. LIVING ROOM HENRY, SMITH 160

Henry steps through the door into the living room, then closes it softly behind him. Smith, who is facing away from him, continues his tap dance.

HENRY

All right, you miserable little parasite - get out. You've received your last penny.

Smith, who has whirled around at the sound of Henry's voice, now stares at him open-mouthed.

SMITH

Who the hell are you?

HENRY

I am Henry Graham. Miss Lowell and I were married last Saturday and you are no longer included on our list of charities.

SMITH

I don't get it. Your wife just told me she was going up to get the cash.

HENRY

She lied.

Smith stares at Henry, stricken.

SMITH

Are you serious about this?

HENRY

Totally

SMITH

Okay. Then I'll take the kid away from the professor.

HENRY

I doubt very much if you can. Your references aren't exactly the best - as Professor Heinrich and his wife and I and mine will gladly testify.

SMITH

Don't hand me that. School teachers can't stand a scandal. Besides, there's no proof. I always take cash.

HENRY

In that case I suppose Professor Heinrich will go on paying you five hundred a month. But as for your visits here - the days of wine and roses are over.

SMITH

Don't do this to me, Graham. I can be very ugly when I'm hurt.

HENRY

The threats of a blackmailer are only intimidating to a man who has something to hide. I am as pure as I am rich.

SMITH

You are, huh? Then how come I saw you kissing a sailor last month in Central Park?

HENRY

Goodbye, Smith.

SMITH

You'll only make it worse by being snotty.

HENRY

Will you leave by yourself? Or shall I ring for the butler?

SMITH

(desperately)

How come I saw you in a drugstore trying to buy poison without a prescription just before you were married?

161 CLOSE SHOT HENRY

161

His eyes narrow.

SMITH (o.s.)

How come your wife passed out in a motel with me nine months before Dodo was born?

162 TWO SHOT HENRY, SMITH

162

SMITH

(reflectively)

That one might be a little hard to sell...considering your wife...but you'd be surprised how quick people believe the worst - especially about someone they like.

HENRY

You've made a not uninteresting point, Smith. Give me a few minutes to talk it over with Mrs. Graham and I'll let you know.

SMITH

I knew I could get you by threatening your wife. That's always the weak spot with newlyweds.

HENRY

You are as perceptive as you are winning. I'll be right back.

Henry goes quickly out of the room. THE CAMERA DOLLIES with him as he reaches the foyer and then breaks into a wild run up the stairs. He looks quickly around the landing then runs on tiptoe to the bedroom, opens it, looks around and rushes over to the dresser.

The door remains ajar and we watch from the hallway as he opens a dresser drawer and begins rummaging through it. He suddenly looks up, sees the door, and rushes over to shut it.

THE CAMERA HOLDS on the closed door for several moments. Then suddenly it is flung open and Henry, carrying a small bottle loosely wrapped in a handkerchief, emerges.

He comes quickly down the stairs, tiptoes over to the living room door and peers in. Smith is now sitting on the edge of a chair nervously thumping out a tune on his jaw. (This is only possible if we get the right actor.) Henry walks in.

HENRY

My wife has agreed to continue the payments. However it will take a few minutes to get the money together.. since we didn't expect to be paying you tonight. Drink?

SMITH

What you got?

HENRY

Scotch.

SMITH

That's it.

Henry takes a decanter of scotch out of the cabinet.

He pours the scotch into a glass and then sets the glass aside. In b.g. Smith executes an intricate tap step to "God Bless America." Suddenly Henry sneezes and pulls a wadded handkerchief out of his pocket.

SMITH

Gazundheit.

HENRY

Thank you.

He sneezes again, then quickly removes the cap from the poison bottle which is still concealed in the handkerchief and pours a few drops into the decanter...then looks at it, uncertainly, and pours in a few drops more...then takes one quick glance over his shoulder at Smith, who is now doing a cakewalk, and pours in the rest. The scotch in the decanter darkens perceptibly. Henry sneezes again, makes a motion as of wiping his nose, and replaces the handkerchief and bottle in his pocket.

SMITH

You're catching a cold.

Henry quickly pours a second glass from the decanter and stares dubiously at the dark liquid.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY
(over his shoulder to Smith)

Ice?

SMITH
No, thanks.

HENRY
(his eyes on the darker
glass of scotch)
No ice?

SMITH
Uh-uh. Cuts the taste of the scotch.
I like it pure.

Henry bites his lower lip in indecision and Smith, who is now doing a waltz clog, circles over to him.

SMITH
How's about it?

Henry mutely hands him the glass of scotch and watches, fascinated, as he downs half.

SMITH
(smacking his lips)
'This is some scotch. And I'm a con-
noisseur.
(lifts his glass)
Well...here's to love.

He takes a huge gulp and then sits down in an armchair and begins tapping his feet and snapping his fingers.

HENRY
(after a moment...inanely)
Do you...enjoy your work?

SMITH
You know, that's the great thing
about it. I really love it. I get
to meet interesting people...hear
interesting things...
(his eyes suddenly cross)
None of this nine-to-five stuff any-
more.

HENRY
Oh...did you...work nine-to-five?

SMITH
Yeah, I used to teach dancing.
(his eyes straighten out)
But I made a pass at one of the
students who turned out to be eleven.
Who knew? She looked like an easy
thirteen to me.
(his eyes cross again) (CONTINUED)

HENRY

Excuse me a moment, will you? I'll just run up and see if the money's ready..

He rises and goes quickly out of the room, gently closing the door behind him.

165

INT. FOYER MED. SHOT HENRY

165

He stands listening at the door to the SOUND of Smith whistling "THE Star Spangled Banner." As the last note is completed there is a dull thud. Henry shudders, takes a pair of gloves out of his pocket, dons them and goes back in.

166

EXT. HOUSE AND DRIVEWAY NIGHT

166

Henry peers furtively around the side of the house, then starts walking quickly in the shadows dragging Smith, who is still in a sitting position with his legs crossed, behind him. He stops beside an enormous new Eldorado, reaches into Smith's pocket, extracts the keys and unlocks the door.

167

INT. ELDORADO SMITH, HENRY

167

Smith sits on the back seat, his legs still crossed, his feet on a huge blanket roll that is piled on the floor. Comic books and several eight by ten glossies are scattered all over the seat. Henry glances, incredulously, at the glossies then averts his eyes and puts an unlit cigarette in Smith's fingers. He slams the door, climbs into the front seat and with nerveless fingers turns on the ignition.

DISSOLVE TO:

168

EXT. A ROAD ELDORADO - MOVING NIGHT

168

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

169

EXT. ANOTHER ROAD ELDORADO - MOVING NIGHT

169

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

170

EXT. ANOTHER ROAD ELDORADO - MOVING NIGHT

170

The road is isolated and on either side are clumps of trees. The Eldorado gradually slows down and then drives off into the trees and stops. A moment later there is the SOUND of the car door slamming and Henry appears, looks furtively up and down the road, and then begins rapidly walking.

171 INT. ELDORADO SMITH NIGHT 171

Smith sits, his legs still crossed. After a moment his knees begin to rise slowly toward his chin and then the roll of blankets appear in the frame and McPherson's head emerges.

MCPHERSON

Won't - will not get away with it.

172 EXT. A ROAD HENRY NIGHT 172

Henry walking.

173 EXT. ANOTHER ROAD HENRY NIGHT 173

Henry walking.

174 EXT. A THIRD ROAD CLOSE SHOT HENRY'S FEET NIGHT 174

Henry limping.

175 EXT. A BUS STOP BUS DAWN 175

The doors of the bus open and four or five people board it, one of whom is Henry.

176 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD BUS DAY 176

The bus pulls up and Henry gets off and starts walking. As it pulls away he turns and begins walking in the opposite direction.

177 EXT. GRAHAM HOUSE HENRY DAY 177

He trudges into the estate and then immediately quickens his pace to a brisk, carefree stroll.

HENRIETTA (o.s.)

Henry! Henry!

She runs into the frame, fully dressed and very worried. Henry smiles cheerfully at her.

HENRY

Good morning. Up so early?

HENRIETTA

It's ten o'clock. I didn't want to leave for school until I saw you. Henry, what happened? I was so worried.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

(taking her arm and
strolling toward the house)

I talked to Smith a good part of the night, Henrietta - about childhood and the responsibilities of being a parent. At first he pretended to sneer, but around dawn I saw a glimmer of tears in his eyes. When he finally left I took a long walk. I was an orphan, you know. And I suppose all the talk about parents and children touched something in me.

HENRIETTA

Oh, Henry. When is your birthday?

HENRY

Never mind. The important thing is that Smith has agreed to stop taking money. He's going to go back to being a dance instructor.

HENRIETTA

Henry. Is there anything you can't do?

HENRY

It doesn't look like it, does it?

178 INT. GRAHAM BEDROOM HENRY DAY

178

He sits in his pajamas looking down dejectedly at the empty poison bottle.

HENRY

And I'll never get her to drink scotch.

179 INT. STUDY HENRY, HENRIETTA

179

Henrietta sits at a table surrounded by specimen cases grading term papers. Henry sits in an armchair intently scanning the newspapers, five or six of which lie in a pile beside the chair. "Petrouchka" plays softly on the phonograph.

HENRIETTA

...and we could have lunch together in the teacher's cafeteria...and then every semester we could grade our term papers together in the study...

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Henrietta, for the last time, I have no inclination to teach. None. Not the slightest.

HENRIETTA

But how do you know, dear, if you've never tried?

HENRY

Instinct. Are these all the papers?

HENRIETTA

Yes, dear. Are you looking for anything in particular?

HENRY

(sharply)

Certainly not.

180

INT. MCPHERSON'S LIVING ROOM MCPHERSON

180

It is a large, expensive looking room decorated in Play-boy modern. McPherson, wearing a yellow paisley robe over black silk pajamas, intently scans the papers and hums cheerily along with Ezio Pinza's rendition of "Some Enchanted Evening."

181

EXT. TERRACE HENRY, HENRIETTA

181

Henry, his eyes riveted to the newspaper, is just pulling Henrietta's chair back from the breakfast table. She rises, and, without looking up, he takes a napkin and automatically brushes her off.

182

INT. MCPHERSON'S BEDROOM MCPHERSON, A GIRL

182

They lie together in a large circular bed covered with satin sheets. The girl reads "The Story of O." McPherson goes carefully through the newspapers.

183

INT. A DRESS SALON HENRY, HENRIETTA, SALESWOMAN

183

Henry sits on a chair searching through the newspapers. A saleslady leads Henrietta, wearing a highly styled, ill-fitting dress, out of a curtained dressing room. Henry looks up, shakes his head and goes back to the papers as Henrietta is led back into the dressing room.

184

INT. MCPHERSON'S OFFICE MCPHERSON

184

He sits drinking from a cut glass decanter and examin-

He sits smoking a pipe and going over a stack of old income tax returns. A copy of Lasser's "Your Income Tax" is at his elbow. Henrietta comes up the walk wearing a smart knit dress with several price tags hanging from it. She stops short as she sees Henry.

HENRIETTA

Why Henry! You're not reading the newspapers.

HENRY

What? Oh, no. I want to finish up the accounts and get you..them out of the way by the end of the week. He handles the income taxes rather well. I'm surprised you're not in jail.

HENRIETTA

(Going over to him)

Dear..I wanted to ask you something...

HENRY

(He absently extracts a pen-knife from his pocket and cuts the tags off her dress.)

Yes?

HENRIETTA

Well you know, every summer I go on a field trip as part of my research work, and I just wondered if it would be all right if I went this year.

HENRY

A field trip? For how long?

HENRIETTA

Just for a week or two. It would be a canoe trip in the Minnesota woods. It's very nice there..sort of isolated and tangled. I usually go with one of my students, but I..it just occurred to me..that this year..perhaps..you might..you and I might go..together.

HENRY

To the Minnesota woods?

(Suddenly)

Would we need anyone else? A guide or anyone?

HENRIETTA

Not if we didn't wander from our camp. I'd feel perfectly safe with you there, Henry. Safer even than with a guide.

HENRY

We'd take our own food, wouldn't we?

HENRIETTA

Oh, yes. And prepare our meals over a campfire.

HENRY

And then sit around in the evenings sipping drinks from our separate flasks.

HENRIETTA

Oh, Henry, it sounds wonderful, doesn't it?

HENRY

(in a heartfelt voice)

It sounds like the answer to everything.

EXT. APPLE ORCHARD BO, HENRY DAY

BO

Field mice? Of course, Henry. I've got some compounds that will throw field mice into convulsions.

HENRY

Uh..Bo..do you have something gentle yet lethal? I...have no personal grudge against field mice and I'd rather they didn't suffer.

BO

Well, if you want to be a "bleeding heart" I suppose I can find something. But you should really use cyclolodidan. I use it all the time.

HENRY

Do you have field mice?

BO

(nodding glumly)

Can't seem to get rid of them.

INT. GRAHAM BEDROOM CLOSE SHOT AN OPEN DRAWER

A hand places a small tube of powder under the drawer lining. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Henry as he closes the drawer.

187 CONTINUED 187

HENRY
(gleefully)
The Minnesota woods!

188 INT. BATHROOM MCPHERSON 188

He sits in a large sunken onyx tub reading through the newspapers. He is frowning.

189 CLOSE SHOT HENRY FROM THE WAIST DOWN 189

He is clad in khaki Bermuda shorts with dozens of pockets and a thick leather belt. His legs are covered to the knee in wooly socks. The feet are shod in hiking boots.

HENRIETTA (o.s.)
Oh, Henry, how perfect.

A jacket-clad arm reaches into the frame and slips a hatchet through one of the belt loops.

SALESMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
For the foliage.

190 HEAD SHOT HENRY 190

A pair of hands places a pith helmet with mosquito netting on Henry's head where it perches precariously.

SALESMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
A bit too small, Mrs. Graham, wouldn't you say?

HENRIETTA'S VOICE (o.s.)
But so becoming.

191 CLOSE SHOT A COUNTER 191

A pair of hands places a knapsack, various flasks, a canteen, a coil of rope and a flashlight on the counter.

HENRY'S VOICE (o.s.)
Excellent. Perhaps one additional flask, if you don't mind. We'll be drinking heavily.

192 INT. BEDROOM CLOSE SHOT A FLASK AND A BOTTLE OF 192
MOGEN DAVID WINE HELD ALOFT

192 CONTINUED

192

The wine is poured carefully into the flask. Then the flask is set down and a vial of powder is emptied into it. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Henry as he corks the flask and scratches a small "x" on it.

HENRY
(dreamily)
The Minnesota woods.

193 INT. BEDROOM HAROLD, HENRY

193

Harold carefully packs Henry's camping clothes into his knapsack as Henry watches discontentedly.

HENRY
Can't I use a suitcase?

HAROLD
I shouldn't if I were you, sir. Carrying a suitcase through the Minnesota woods might prove something of a hazard.

HENRY
Oh, why must everything be so difficult. Don't forget my Zizzani.

HAROLD
Yes, sir.
(there is a brief pause)
Mrs. Graham seems a most...good-natured woman, sir. I am pleased that the marriage has turned out so well.

HENRY
She's not good natured. She's regressed. I've never seen such a helpless human being.

HAROLD
You've straightened the household out in a most satisfactory manner, sir. Everything is running quite smoothly. If I may be permitted, sir, you have shown a most surprising talent.

HENRY
The most important thing is that I've straightened out the accounts. We were spending half a million a year on servants. I just can't understand McPherson.

(CONTINUED)

HAROLD

And Mrs. Graham is looking much more elegant, too, sir. Very nicely turned out.

HENRY

Oh, lord! I forgot to check her before she went to work this morning. She'll walk around all day with price tags hanging from her sleeves.

HAROLD

I took the liberty, sir.

HENRY

Oh. Thank you, Harold. Was she free of crumbs?

HAROLD

Only a light sprinkling, sir. But she was in excellent spirits. Bubbling, I believe is the word.

HENRY

Well, that's nice, Harold. I'm glad she's spent these last weeks happily. Oh..don't..bother packing the flasks. I'll do it. You may go now, Harold.

HAROLD

Yes, sir.

He goes out.

Henry quickly takes the flask out of the drawer and shoves it down in the bottom of his knapsack. Henrietta's voice is suddenly heard from outside.

HENRIETTA'S VOICE (o.s.)

(calling)

Henry! Henry!

Henry drops the knapsack and rushes over to the window.

She runs wildly up the walk waving an envelope and shouting toward the bedroom window.

HENRIETTA

Henry! Henry!

195 INT. BEDROOM MED. SHOT HENRY 195

He calls out the window.

HENRY

Stay there! I'll be right down.

(as he turns away)

Oh, my God. They've found him.

He darts toward the bedroom door. Over the shot Henrietta's voice can still be heard shouting "Henry..Henry.."

196 INT. FULL SHOT HIGH ANGLE STAIRCASE AND FOYER HENRY 196

He rushes down the stairs toward the foyer as the door opens and Henrietta rushes in through the foyer toward the stairs. Without breaking his stride he takes her by the arm and rushes her outside again.

197 EXT. LAWN AND WALK HENRY, HENRIETTA 197

He leads her quickly down the walk toward a bench as she pants heavily and waves her envelope.

HENRY

Easy. Sit down first. Catch your breath.

(she obeys)

Now what is it? Has someone discovered...a body...or...what?

HENRIETTA

Henry...it's been accepted. My *Alsophila Grahamicus*. They've accepted it.

HENRY

Try to speak calmly, Henrietta. What is it they have accepted?

HENRIETTA

It's a tropical tree fern. I discovered it during our honeymoon... and when I couldn't classify it I realized it might be a true species. So I sent it to three recognized botanical societies and five universities...and, Henry - it is. It's a true species. I've discovered a true species.

(she hands him the envelope)

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

(looking down at the letter)
Well...that's very nice. Very nice.
Well, well. Now you'll be able to...
name a whole species, won't you? Just
like Louis A. De Bouganville...

HENRIETTA

Or James Parkinson.

HENRY

Yes...

HENRIETTA

Or asparagus.

HENRY

Brussel sprouts. Well, well.. You've
achieved a kind of immortality after
all, haven't you? You'll be in all
the encyclopedias under "L" right a-
long with Lamarck and just before
Mendel.

HENRIETTA

It will be under "G," Henry. Also-
philia Grahamicus...for Graham.

HENRY

For Graham! You mean you've dis-
covered a new species and named it
for Graham? After doing all your
work as Lowell? You fool! That's
not how to name a species. Can't
you do anything right?

HENRIETTA

But, Henry, I didn't name it after
me. I named it after you. Also-philia
Grahamicus, H. - for Henry Graham.

HENRY

Also-philia Grahamicus, H.? For
Henry Graham?

(there is a moment
while he digests this)

Well...are you sure they'll know? I
mean, that it's me? Will they have
my name in the encyclopedia?...Under
"G"? Graham, Henry?

HENRIETTA

Of course. And in the textbooks, too...
as a footnote.

(CONTINUED)

197

CONTINUED

197

HENRY

As a footnote. And in the encyclopedias ...under "G." Well, well, well. I've achieved a small slice of immortality myself, haven't I? As a footnote...and under "G."

HENRIETTA

Are you pleased, Henry?

HENRY

It was...very thoughtful of you. Yes - I believe I am pleased.

HENRIETTA

I had the tip of one frond put into a plastic token so you could wear it always. That is - if you want to.

HENRY

Well...why not? It will be a wonderful conversation piece. "What frond is that in your token, Henry?"..."My own frond. An *Alsophilia Grahamicus*, H. Why do you ask?"

Henrietta takes a small box from her purse and gives it to Henry. He opens it, carefully.

HENRIETTA

Do you like it?

HENRY

(staring down at the frond)
It's rather attractive, isn't it? I mean for a frond. Good lines.

(his eyes on the token)
Are you sure it shouldn't be *Alsophilia Lowellia* or something? Under "L"? I feel as though you've given me your place in the encyclopedia.

HENRIETTA

I don't believe I would ever have discovered it without you, Henry. You gave me confidence. Remember... you said if being around you gave me confidence I was going to be a very confident botanist. Well, you were right.

HENRY

(his eyes still on the token)
Alsophilia Grahamicus, H. Well, well, well.

He is somewhat unshaven and his eyes look hollow. He pores through the pages of a newspaper from a pile on the seat beside him. Suddenly he stops and reads feverishly through a small article near the back of the paper. When he looks up his face is radiant.

MCPHERSON

Driver...turn around. I'll pay double what's on your meter if you'll take me to Pound Ridge.

The taxi makes an illegal U-turn and speeds off in the opposite direction.

Three servants march down the stairs and into the living room as Harold directs them and Henry stands by looking dismayed.

HENRY

I can't carry all that. I'll die of internal injuries.

HAROLD

It will be divided, sir, between you and Mrs. Graham...and much of the time you'll be in a canoe.

HENRY

(closing his eyes)

A canoe.

The doorbell chimes and Harold turns to answer it.

HENRY

(swallowing)

How could I have forgotten the canoe?

Harold steps aside revealing McPherson at the door.

HAROLD

Mr. Andrew McPherson to see you, sir.

MCPHERSON

Forgive me, forgive me, forgive me... but I was just passing by and I felt I....

Henrietta suddenly rushes out of the living room.

(CONTINUED)

200

CONTINUED

200

HENRIETTA

Andrew! Oh, I'm so glad you came. I've been trying to call you for days now to say goodbye. We're leaving for the Minnesota woods in the morning.

MCPHERSON

Are you? How nice.

(he turns to Henry)

Going on the field trip, too, this year, eh, Henry? It will probably be fun for you to get away.

HENRY

(coolly)

While you're here, McPherson, I'd like to take the opportunity to ask you a few questions about Henrietta's accounts. Will you step into the living room, please?

MCPHERSON

Certainly, certainly. Love to. I've been wanting to ask you a few questions myself, Henry.

HENRIETTA

Can I come, too?

HENRY, MCPHERSON IN UNISON

No.

They turn for a moment and stare at each other.

HENRY

Take your evening stroll now, Henrietta, walking briskly and with muscles relaxed, then wait for me in the study.

HENRIETTA

Yes, dear.

(proudly, to McPherson)

Henry is regulating my exercise.

McPherson smiles at her paternally as she goes quickly out.

HENRY

This way, McPherson. Harold, dismiss the servants.

Harold claps his hands and two servants come out of the living room as Henry and McPherson go in.

Camping equipment litters the floor, Henry motions McPherson to a chair.

HENRY

McPherson, you are Henrietta's attorney and comptroller. Surely you must have been aware that prior to my appearance this household was run in a rather peculiar manner - astronomical payrolls, superfluous servants, padded expenses, a housekeeper with her own bank account..

MCPHERSON

Of course.

HENRY

You admit it? You baldly admit it?

MCPHERSON

Certainly.

(He rises and goes over to the liquor cabinet)

It was quite a profitable arrangement for me.

(He opens a small, hidden drawer and removes a key)

I got a fifty percent kickback.

(He unlocks the cabinet)

We never locked the liquor up in my day. But then everything is simpler when your employer trusts you.

HENRY

(with a visible effort at control)

I don't care how messy it will be, McPherson, I'm going to prosecute.

MCPHERSON

(nonchalantly looking the liquor over)

Do that. We may even wind up as cell mates - if you're not executed, that is. For murder.

Henry sits slowly down.

MCPHERSON

You see, several years ago, Graham, I too noticed that among Henrietta's normal withdrawals of three dollars for shoelaces and a dollar five for notebook dividers, there was a regular withdrawal of five hundred dollars a month for "personal reasons." I asked her about it and when she proved

MCPHERSON (contd)

characteristically evasive, I alerted the servants...who were, of course, under my command. They put their ears to the door, so to speak, and eventually I found out about the existence and purpose of Mr. Smith...and contacted him.

(he fills a glass
with liquor)

He was recalcitrant at first, preferring to hold on to the five hundred dollars, but I explained to him that if he didn't co-operate I would have the servants testify to what they had overheard - which would put him in jail whether Henrietta testified or not. Naturally, in the end, he co-operated. Of the two thousand dollars he received monthly from Henrietta, one went to me.

(he replaces the stopper
in the decanter)

Henry's eyes suddenly fasten on the bottle.

202

MED. SHOT MCPHERSON, DECANter HENRY'S P.O.V.

202

The liquor inside the decanter is very dark now. Even darker than it was in Smith's day.

MCPHERSON

I felt sure that Henrietta - with her exalted ideas of wifely obedience - would tell you the whole story the moment you asked. So when Smith came for his last payment I came with him. I told him I wanted to see how his new Eldorado rode...and offered to pay for the gas. He was incredibly cheap.

(he takes a drink of scotch)

203

TWO SHOT HENRY, MCPHERSON

203

MCPHERSON

He was also incredibly stupid for a human being and I know you would try to frighten him off. But I felt reasonably certain that if I was in the car when he came out I could manage to frighten him back. He loathed the idea of prison. And I loathed the idea of losing another twelve thousand dollars a year after losing almost a quarter of a million when the servants

203 CONTINUED

203

MCPHERSON (contd)

(he takes another drink)

What was my surprise, however, when Smith came around the side of the house with you dragging him along.. stiff as a board.

(he drains his glass)

They found his body this morning. The autopsy is tomorrow. He was pretty far gone.

(he pours himself another drink from the decanter)

Want one?

HENRY

No, thank you.. I've given it up. So you were blackmailing Smith?

(McPherson nods pleasantly)

I suppose you were under the blanket roll?

MCPHERSON

Yes.

McPherson takes a long swallow. Henry stares at the decanter.

MCPHERSON

It was a very unpleasant trip. I left the car right after you did without looking at the body. How did you kill him, by the way?

HENRY

I stabbed him in the back.

MCPHERSON

(he takes another swallow)

Please don't try anything like that with me. I'm very wary and I intend to remain at arm's length.

(his eyes suddenly cross)

HENRY

(watching McPherson with relief)

And now you want to resume bilking Henrietta's estate with my passive cooperation, I take it?

MCPHERSON

Exactly.

(he takes another drink)

This is some scotch.

(his eyes straighten)

203 CONTINUED

203

HENRY

It always amazes me to see what an exquisitely developed sense of taste you scotch drinkers have.

MCPHERSON

(pouring himself another drink . . . crossed eyes)

It's all in the palate.

204 INT. FOYER HAROLD

204

He switches on the porch light and then goes through the foyer toward the rear. There is a sudden dull thud from the living room...and he pauses for a moment, puzzled, and then goes on.

205 INT. LIVING ROOM HENRY, MCPHERSON

205

McPherson lies stiffly on his side, still holding a glass in one hand and a cigar in the other. Henry tries vainly to lift him. There is a soft knock on the door.

HENRY

Just a moment.

He looks around wildly, then rushes over to a window facing out on the side of the house and opens it.

206 INT. FOYER HENRIETTA

206

As she stands near the door.

HENRIETTA

I just wanted to say goodnight, dear.

HENRY'S VOICE (o.s.)

Good night.

Henrietta stares at the door.

207 INT. LIVING ROOM HENRY, MCPHERSON

207

Henry, his face wet, his body bent over double, is dragging McPherson, who is a great deal taller and almost twice his weight, toward the window by one foot. McPherson moves along an inch at a time.

(CONTINUED)

HENRIETTA'S VOICE (o.s.)

(after a moment)

Well, good night, Andrew.

(there is a pause)

Andrew? Andrew?

HENRY

Andrew left. He said he'd call
early in the morning to say goodbye.

McPherson's shoe comes off in Henry's hand.

208 INT. FOYER HENRIETTA

208

HENRIETTA

He left? Without saying goodbye?
Goodness. Did you and Andrew quar-
rel, dear?

209 INT. LIVING ROOM HENRY, MCPHERSON

209

McPherson is now lying on the floor just below the win-
dow and Henry is tying the shoe he has replaced on
McPherson's foot.

HENRY

No. We had a fine time together.
I'll be up shortly, Henrietta.

(he stoops to lift McPher-
son toward the window,
McPherson does not budge)

Don't forget to drink a full glass
of distilled water before bed.

210 EXT. FOYER HENRIETTA

210

HENRIETTA

(pleased)

Yes, dear.

She starts off.

211 INT. LIVING ROOM HENRY, MCPHERSON

211

Henry, his face purple, is still struggling to lift
McPherson. McPherson still does not budge. Henry
straightens and stares down at him.

HENRY

There must be a way.

212 INT. FOYER HENRY 212

The living room door opens slowly and Henry peers out... then furtively swings the door open to its full width, disappears into the living room, and staggers out a moment later pulling one end of a long rope. The rope has been tied around a huge canvas-covered object which he drags slowly along toward the kitchen. Suddenly there is the SCOUND of the kitchen door opening and then water running. Henry turns and begins dragging the canvas back toward the front door.

HENRY

I'll never get away with this.

213 EXT. ENTRANCE TO HOUSE NIGHT 213

The door opens and Henry, after a quick look around, comes out of the house pulling the canvas bundle behind him.

HENRY

Never.

214 EXT. GROUNDS OF THE ESTATE HENRY NIGHT 214

Henry, still pulling the canvas bundle behind him, stumbles along the lawn toward a pair of large trees. He is wheezing loudly.

HENRY

Not in a million years.

215 EXT. ESTATE GROUNDS NIGHT 215
FULL SHOT OAK TREE HENRY

One end of the rope attached to the canvas bundle has been slung over a huge branch and Henry, his foot planted on the trunk, begins to pull on it using the branch as a sort of pulley system.

HENRY

(gasping)

I'm insane to try it.

216 EXT. GROUNDS HENRY NIGHT 216

The canvas bundle is now suspended from the oak branch about five feet off the ground. Henry is securing the end of the rope around a second tree trunk a few feet off.

HENRY

It's out of the question.

217

EXT. GROUNDS LONG SHOT FOUR DOOR MERCEDES CON-
VERTIBLE - MOVING NIGHT

217

The convertible, top down, backs slowly along the lawn toward the oak tree and then pulls up directly under the branch from which the canvas bundle is suspended. Henry climbs out of the car holding his new hatchet, reels over to the second tree and chops the rope loose. The bundle drops neatly into the back seat of the convertible. Henry stares at it with disbelief.

HENRY

This can't work.

218

EXT. THE HIGH BANK OF A RIVER MERCEDES NIGHT

218

Henry parks the Mercedes at the river's edge, then climbs out and arranges the canvas bundle so that it leans against the door. He removes a bowie knife from his belt, cuts the rope binding the canvas, then pulls off the canvas itself, revealing McPherson still holding the cigar and the empty glass. He removes both, opens the back door of the car and then stares down, fascinated, as McPherson drops out of the back seat into the river.

HENRY

(after a moment)

Why is this working?

219

INT. GRAHAM LIVING ROOM HENRY, HAROLD, HENRIETTA, TWO POLICEMEN DAY

219

Henrietta is weeping quietly into a handkerchief. Henry stands beside her unshaven, red-eyed and weeping slightly.

HENRIETTA

Are you sure it wasn't an accident?

FIRST POLICEMAN

Ma'am, no one with eyes in his head could walk off a ten foot bank into the river by accident. No...it can only figure out to be one thing...

HENRIETTA

But it's just not like Andrew. I remember distinctly his saying he would do it with a razor. And Andrew never changed his mind.

SECOND POLICEMAN

He was depressed, ma'am. His secretary said he stayed to himself all last week, drinking and reading the newspapers. And, of course, we know

SECOND POLICEMAN (contd)
 he threatened to kill himself in front
 of you folks. That plus the fact that
 Mr. Mills-Symnington here says he car-
 ried on something awful at your wedding...
 (Harold nods solemnly)

HENRIETTA
 He cried all through the ceremony. It
 was so touching,

FIRST POLICEMAN
 The coroner is trying to avoid an
 autopsy for your sake, Miss Lo..Mrs.
 Graham, but if you insist...

HENRY
 (quickly)
 She doesn't. This is a little hard
 for Mrs. Graham to face, gentlemen.
 She was deeply fond of Mr. McPherson..
 but I think she can handle the truth..
 once she knows it. Henrietta, I
 didn't want to tell you this before..
 but one of the reasons I drove around
 half the night looking for Andrew---
 (to the officers)
 I only got back about an hour ago---
 (to Henrietta)
 ... is because the last thing he said
 to me as he ran out of the room was,
 "Be happy, Henry - and please see to
 it that there's no autopsy." I think
 that last request should be respected,
 Henrietta, don't you? Especially since
 it is highly indicative of intent.

HENRIETTA
 Oh, Henry. Poor Andrew...how he must
 have suffered.

HENRY
 Only for a few weeks, Henrietta. Up
 to then you gave him a wonderful life.
 (to the officers)
 Mrs. Graham accepts the verdict.

EXT. DRIVEWAY STATION WAGON SERVANTS, HENRY, 220
 HAROLD, HENRIETTA DAY

A chauffeur slams down the trunk of the station wagon
 and says "All packed, sir," to Harold...who leans in to-
 ward the driver's seat and says "All packed, sir," to
 Henry...who is sitting in the front seat with Henrietta
 ...who is dressed entirely in black. THE CAMERA PULLS
 BACK TO A LONG SHOT of the front of the estate as the

station wagon pulls slowly out of the driveway and the servants - who are gathered on the front steps - wave goodbye. Henrietta leans out of the window and waves back to them. THE CAMERA MOVES IN toward Harold who stands in the driveway watching them go.

221 MED. SHOT HAROLD 221

HAROLD

What a handsome couple.

222 INT. STATION WAGON - MOVING HENRY, HENRIETTA 222

HENRIETTA

Do you think this is wrong, Henry -
I mean, so soon after...Andrew...

HENRY

No, Henrietta. I think Andrew
would have wanted it this way.

223 EXT. A ROAD STATION WAGON - MOVING NIGHT 223

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

224 EXT. ANOTHER ROAD STATION WAGON - MOVING DAY 224

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

225 EXT. ANOTHER ROAD STATION WAGON - MOVING NIGHT 225

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

226 INT. STATION WAGON - MOVING DAY 226

HENRY

How long will it take us to get
into the...most isolated part of
the Minnesota woods?

HENRIETTA

About five days, dear.

HENRY

Five days? That's not so bad.

227 EXT. ANOTHER ROAD STATION WAGON - MOVING DAY 227

The scenery has changed to a woodsy, northern country
look.

228 EXT. LONG SHOT LOW ANGLE WOODS 228

THE CAMERA MOVES QUICKLY toward the woods, the hum of a car's engine o.s. A round orange sun is visible through the trees.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

229 EXT. WOODS MED. SHOT LOW ANGLE DAY 229

The sun shines through the trees and the CAMERA CONTINUES MOVING IN toward it. The sun is softer now...fuller...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

230 EXT. WOODS CLOSE SHOT SAME ANGLE 230

The sun spreads across the sky, leaking through the branches. It is sunset.

HENRIETTA'S VOICE (o.s.)

This is it, dear.

HENRY'S VOICE (o.s.)

It's full of trees!

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK gradually to include row upon row of trees.

DISSOLVE TO:

231 EXT. WOODS LONG SHOT 231

THE CAMERA CONTINUES MOVING BACK until it includes a small, rough-looking lodge in a clearing.

HENRY'S VOICE (o.s.)

Is this the whole lodge?

HENRIETTA'S VOICE (o.s.)

Yes...

232 EXT. THE LODGE FULL SHOT HENRY, HENRIETTA 232

They stand beside their station wagon looking at the surrounding trees.

HENRIETTA (contd)

...We'll rent our canoe and buy our food and start in the morning. That is, if you want to.

THE CAMERA MOVES IN toward Henry as he stands looking around the lodge and the woods beyond.

233 EXT. LODGE MED. SHOT HENRY EVENING 233

HENRY

Five days...

234 INT. BEDROOM HENRY, HENRIETTA NIGHT 234

It is rough-hewn, with two cots, a dresser and a huge deer's head on the wall. The room is dark and Henry and Henrietta lie in their cots...Henrietta on her side, Henry on his back staring up at the deer's head.

HENRY

Henrietta?

HENRIETTA

Yes, dear?

CAMERA BEGINS MOVING IN past Henry to Henrietta.

HENRY

What happens if you get lost in these woods?

CAMERA HOLDS on Henrietta.

HENRIETTA

Well, various things, dear...

A strip of woods suddenly appear in the upper portion of the frame. In the upper right hand corner a nymph, who is Henrietta, dashes in pursued by a Satyr, who is Henry. He chases her across the length of the screen and out the left hand corner. (NOTE: This scene will be designated 234A.)

The strip of woods remain in the shot.

HENRY'S VOICE (o.s.)

Various things such as what?

Two figures appear in the right hand corner of the screen. Henry in loincloth, feathers and war paint, and Henrietta as an Indian maid. He chases her across the screen to the throbbing accompaniment of tom toms. (Scene 234B)

HENRY'S VOICE (o.s.)

Henrietta - various things such as what?

HENRIETTA

Well...

Henry and Henrietta appear in the upper right hand corner dressed as themselves in their camping clothes. The light is misty...as though it were sunset. Henrietta is wearing

(CONTINUED)

234

CONTINUED

234

Henry's jacket over her shoulders and Henry's arm is around her. They walk slowly through the trees. Henry is smiling affectionately at her. (Scene 234C)

HENRIETTA

You just keep walking, and if there's a stream you follow it.

235

MED. SHOT HENRY

235

HENRY

I'll...we'll have a stream to follow, won't we?

HENRIETTA'S VOICE (o.s.)

Yes, dear. In our case...we'd just keep walking upstream.

HENRY

(looking unhappily at the deer's head)

I hope I don't see any wild animals.

236

EXT. LODGE AND WOODS LONG SHOT HIGH ANGLE
HENRY, HENRIETTA DAY

236

They tramp off into the woods, holding a canoe over their heads, with Henry in the lead.

237

EXT. WOODS AND STREAM LONG SHOT HIGH ANGLE
HENRY, HENRIETTA DAY

237

238

EXT. WOODS MED. SHOT HENRY, HENRIETTA - WALKING DAY 238

HENRY

I think I see water...but it may be a mirage.

HENRIETTA

There are supposed to be some wonderful specimens just below the rapids.

HENRY

Five days.

239

EXT. RIVERBANK AND PORTION OF RIVER HENRY, HENRIETTA 239

They lower the canoe into the water and Henry climbs in and holds out his hand to Henrietta.

240 EXT. RIVER LONG SHOT CANOE HENRY, HENRIETTA DAY 240
They are paddling downstream.

241 EXT. LAKE MED. SHOT CANOE - HENRY, HENRIETTA 241
They are still paddling downstream.

HENRIETTA
Isn't it lovely, dear?

HENRY
Very nice, Henrietta. Are you...
enjoying yourself?

HENRIETTA
Oh, yes. I've never had such a
lovely time. Our whole marriage
has been like a long, beautiful
field trip.

HENRY
That's nice. That makes me feel
better somehow..

242 EXT. CAMPING SITE TENT NIGHT

THE CAMERA MOVES IN toward the tent as the SOUND of
slapping is heard over the shot.

HENRIETTA'S VOICE (o.s.)
Would you like some more six-twelve,
dear?

HENRY'S VOICE (o.s.)
No. It's the six-twelve that's
attracting them.

HENRIETTA'S VOICE (o.s.)
But it's a repellent.

HENRY'S VOICE (o.s.)
So they would lead you to believe.

243 EXT. A LAKE LONG SHOT THE CANOE - MOVING 243
HENRY, HENRIETTA DAY

244 EXT. LAKE DAY 244
LONG SHOT CANOE - MOVING HENRY, HENRIETTA
Henry paddles along, scratching viciously with alter-
nate hands.

HENRIETTA

Would you like some more calamine lotion, dear?

HENRY

No. It just makes it itch more.

HENRIETTA

They say that if you don't scratch it itches less.

HENRY

Well, they're wrong. It just looks like it itches less because you're not scratching.

(he scratches)

Four more days.

EXT. CAMPING SITE HENRY, HENRIETTA NIGHT

Henry sits wrapped in a sheet with only his eyes showing, holding a coffee cup to his lips. From under the sheet there is the muffled sound of scratching.

HENRY

One just got me on the bridge of the nose.

(he takes a sip of coffee)

Henrietta - from now on I'll make the coffee.

HENRIETTA

Yes, dear.

She takes a sip of coffee and spills it down the front of her blouse. Henry wipes her off with the corner of the sheet.

HENRY

You're all sticky.

HENRIETTA

I spilled the honey.

He spits on a corner of the sheet and wipes off her chin.

HENRY

And from now on I'll make the dinner, too.

HENRIETTA

Yes, dear. What will I do?

HENRY

You'll eat.

HENRY

It seems easier to paddle somehow.

HENRIETTA

That's because the current is stronger, dear. We must be getting close to the rapids. You're a superb guide, Henry.

HENRY

(to himself)

I just follow the stream back.

HENRIETTA

Oh, Henry, look! Aren't they beautiful?

HENRY

What?

HENRIETTA

The rapids.

A few yards away the water suddenly becomes a white, turbulent froth.

HENRY

Those are the rapids?

HENRIETTA'S VOICE (o.s.)

Yes, dear.

THE ANGLE WIDENS to include Henrietta...as Henry sits staring straight ahead, his hands frozen to the paddle.

HENRIETTA

Just tell me exactly what to do, dear. I'm a very good sailor.

HENRY

(suddenly snapping awake)

Paddle like hell toward shore.

There is a sudden swooshing SOUND and the canoe lurches wildly.

HENRY

Forget it.

249

CONTINUED

249

The canoe swirls madly along in the current of frothing water.

250

EXT. LAKE MED. SHOT CANOE - HENRY, HENRIETTA

250

HENRIETTA

Shall I paddle in any particular way, Henry? Henry?

251

EXT. RAPIDS CLOSE SHOT HENRY

251

He is staring straight ahead, his eyes glazed with horror.

HENRY

Pull hard on the right side. The right side!

252

EXT. RAPIDS

252

CLOSE SHOT A ROCK PROTRUDING FROM THE WATER
The tip of the canoe sails into the frame toward the rock.

HENRY'S VOICE (o.s.)

The right side! Pull harder!

The tip of the canoe curves slightly as it passes the rock, missing it by inches.

253

EXT. RAPIDS MED. SHOT CANOE - HENRY, HENRIETTA

253

Henry's eyes roll upward in relief. Henrietta obediently pulls on the right paddle.

HENRIETTA

Ought I to stop pulling on the right side yet, dear? We seem to be heading for the bank.

Henry's eyes suddenly fly open and he screams.

254

EXT. RAPIDS AND RIVER BANK HENRY'S P.O.V.

254

THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN toward a high, rocky bank as the water churns and thunders over the shot.

HENRY'S VOICE (o.s.)

Pull on the left side! The left side!

HENRIETTA'S VOICE (o.s.)

Yes, dear.

254 CONTINUED 254

The tip of the canoe appears in the frame heading straight for the bank.

255 EXT. RAPIDS EXTREME CLOSEUP HENRY 255

HENRY

The left side!

256 EXT. RAPIDS AND RIVERBANK A PORTION OF THE CANOE HENRY, HENRIETTA 256

The end of the canoe swerves slightly, missing the riverbank by about a foot, and glides out of the shot.

257 EXT. RAPIDS MED. SHOT CANOE - HENRY, HENRIETTA 257

HENRIETTA

I'm awfully sorry, dear. I've never run rapids before and I thought perhaps you had some plan involving the right side.

HENRY

No. My only plan is to keep from being smashed into a rock and losing the canoe.

HENRIETTA

That sounds practical, dear. How much longer do the rapids go on?

Henry stares ahead, his face blank.

258 EXT. RAPIDS LONG SHOT HENRY'S P.O.V. DAY 258

THE CAMERA BOUNCES ALONG duplicating the movement of the canoe. The rapids continue on and then stop abruptly in a mist of white spray.

259 EXT. RAPIDS CLOSE SHOT HENRY 259

HENRY

Forever.

He suddenly stiffens and shades his eyes with his hands.

HENRY

That's odd.

260 EXT. RAPIDS HENRY'S P.O.V. 260

The misty, spray-covered area beyond which the rapids can no longer be seen is closer now. The white mist is somewhat more penetrable. Beyond it only the sky is visible.

261 EXT. RAPIDS ORIGINAL ANGLE HENRY 261

HENRY

I don't understand it...unless the world actually is flat.

262 EXT. RAPIDS MED. SHOT CANOE - HENRY, HENRIETTA 262

HENRIETTA

What do you see, dear?

HENRY

I would appreciate it if the crew refrained from asking unnecessary questions.

HENRIETTA

Yes, sir, dear.

There is a sudden dull roaring SOUND o.s. Henrietta listens, curiously. Henry's mouth slowly sags open.

HENRIETTA

Listen, Henry. It sounds like a waterfall.

HENRY

Oh, my God. That's what it is.

263 EXT. RAPIDS FULL SHOT 263

The spray of mist is closer now...and beyond it there is a sudden drop-off. The mist itself can now be distinguished as rising from behind the drop-off. The SCOUND of a waterfall roars over the shot.

264 EXT. LONG SHOT HIGH ANGLE RAPIDS APPROACHING 264
THE DROP-OFF THE CANOE HENRY, HENRIETTA DAY

The canoe is swept wildly along in the turbulence toward the drop-off.

265 EXT. RAPIDS MED. SHOT CANOE HENRY, HENRIETTA 265

HENRY

(shouting)

Paddle toward the bank. Toward the bank.

HENRIETTA

There is no bank, dear. It's all rocks.

There is a sudden rending SOUND and the canoe leaps into the air.

266 EXT. RAPIDS DAY 266
CLOSE SHOT A ROCK PROTRUDING FROM THE WATER

The tip of the canoe rests on the top of the rock. The rest of the canoe is not attached to it.

267 EXT. RAPIDS MED. SHOT CANOE DAY 267

The canoe surges through the water, capsized. Henry and Henrietta are not in sight.

268 EXT. RAPIDS MED. SHOT A ROCK HENRY DAY 268

Henry clings to the rock as the water rushes over him.

269 EXT. CLOSE SHOT A PORTION OF ROCK HENRY'S FINGERS 269

As they gradually begin to slip free of the rock.

270 CLOSE SHOT HENRY 270

As he struggles to hold on. He looks over his shoulders toward the SOUND of the falls.

271 EXT. MED. SHOT DROP-OFF HENRY'S P.O.V. 271

272 MED. SHOT HENRY 272

He looks toward the drop-off...and then suddenly lets go of the rock and dives under the turbulence.

273 EXT. RAPIDS AND DROP-OFF DAY 273

THE CAMERA ZOOMS over the water toward the drop-off, following Henry's path.

274 MED. SHOT WATERFALL REVERSE ANGLE 274

The top of the waterfall rushing downward.

275 MED. SHOT HENRY UNDERWATER 275
 As he shoots downward. The SOUND of the falls thunders o.s.

276 MED. SHOT HENRY UNDERWATER 276
 He is no longer falling. The SOUND of the falls is somewhat muffled. The water around him is calm.

277 EXT. FULL SHOT A POOL OF CALM WATER DAY 277
 Henry's head breaks the surface of the water and he looks around dazedly.

278 EXT. LONG SHOT FULL CATARACT AND TERMINATION HENRY 278
 The water spills over the precipice and rushes down from a height of about ten feet spilling into an absolutely calm pool below. Henry begins swimming toward the bank.

279 EXT. MED. SHOT POOL HENRY 279
 As he swims toward the bank.

280 EXT. FULL SHOT RIVER AND BANK HENRY 280
 He reaches the bank and then climbs out of the water and turns to look upstream.

281 EXT. FULL SHOT LOW ANGLE DROP-OFF AND PORTION OF THE FALLS 281
 THE CAMERA PANS along the top of the drop-off and then HOLDS on an outcropping of rock just before the falls... to which Henrietta can be seen clinging.

HENRY'S VOICE (o.s.)
 Henrietta! Henrietta!

282 EXT. DROP-OFF CLOSE SHOT ROCK HENRIETTA 282
 She looks down toward Henry.

283 EXT. FULL SHOT FALLS AND RIVERBANK HENRY, HENRIETTA 283

HENRY
 Henrietta, let go of the rock and
 dive. You'll be carried into the

284 EXT. FULL SHOT LOW ANGLE FALLS, DROP-OFF HENRIETTA 284

She looks down at the falls and then over toward Henry.

HENRIETTA

But I can't swim..

285 EXT. RIVERBANK CLOSE SHOT HENRY 285

He blinks, and then his eyes begin to glow.

HENRY

She can't swim.

(to himself)

I just follow the stream back.

(calling to Henrietta)

Henrietta, listen carefully. When I tell you I want you to take a deep breath and hold it and then let go of the rock.

286 MED. SHOT HENRIETTA 286

She mouths the instructions silently as she receives them.

HENRY'S VOICE (o.s.)

I'll be waiting in the pool below and I'll bring you to shore.

HENRIETTA

...bring me to shore.

287 EXT. FULL SHOT FALLS AND RIVERBANK HENRY, HENRIETTA 287

HENRY

(calling)

Hold on until I tell you to let go.

Henry begins taking off his shoes.

HENRY

(to himself)

The canoe was overturned...I looked desperately through the water, but I couldn't find her...

He removes his trousers.

HENRY

...If only she had told me she couldn't swim before we started...

He removes his shirt.

HENRY

But she had her heart set on going alone with me. She refused even to take a guide...

He looks up toward Henrietta and smiles.

CLOSE SHOT HENRIETTA

HENRY'S VOICE (o.s.)

(calling)

All right, I'm ready to come in after you now. Take a deep breath and hold your nose...

She takes a deep breath and holds her nose.

HENRY'S VOICE (o.s.)

All right - let go.

She promptly lets go and is swept forward.

EXT. LONG SHOT RIVERBANK, POOL AND WATERFALL
HENRY DAY

He turns away so that his back is toward the water.

EXT. MED. SHOT RIVERBANK HENRY DAY

He picks up his wet clothes and begins walking upstream toward the SCUM of the waterfall.

THE CAMERA PULLS AROUND and then continues to MOVE BACK as Henry walks toward it. It HOLDS on a LONG SHOT with a small cluster of fronds framed in the foreground. Henry reaches them and stops.

HENRY

Henrietta, look! I mean - look!
It's an Alsophilia Grahamicus - in Minnesota.

He reaches around his neck to pull out the token...and then stops as he realizes that it is no longer there.

HENRY

Where is it?

EXT. LONG SHOT RIVERBANK AND PORTION OF FALLS AND
POOL HENRY REVERSE ANGLE DAY

He turns back and begins to run wildly toward where his clothes were lying.

THE CAMERA MOVES in front of him as he runs.

HENRY

I've lost it. I've lost it. Oh,
heavens!

THE CAMERA HOLDS on Henry as he drops to the ground and begins digging furiously around in the grass.

HENRY

Oh, no! My Alsophilia Grahamicus is
gone.

(he shoots to his feet)

Dammit to hell.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as Henry suddenly flings his clothes down and begins racing toward the pool.

HENRY

Damn, damn, damn. Nothing ever
turns out the way it's supposed to.
You work, you plan...

He reaches the riverbank, does a flat dive into the pool and begins swimming furiously toward the point where he last saw Henrietta.

HENRY

Henrietta? Dammit...

He dives under.

He scans the water...

Her cheeks are ballooned out and her eyes bulge with the desperate effort to hold her breath as instructed. Her fingers are still around her nose. Henry swims into the shot, grabs her and begins surfacing.

Henrietta surfaces still holding her nose followed by Henry who holds her under the arms.

HENRY

You may breathe now, Henrietta. But
only through your mouth. Not your
nose.

She takes an enormous gulp of air.

Henry grabs her under the chin and begins stroking toward the bank.

HENRY

You may also let go of your nose.

(she obeys)

Now each time you breathe, taste the air, and if it has water in it, spit it out and try again.

EXT. LONG SHOT POOL AND RIVERBANK HENRY, HENRIETTA 296

As Henry pulls her slowly toward shore.

EXT. RIVERBANK HENRY, HENRIETTA 297

Her teeth chatter violently as Henry wrings out her hair.

HENRY

Now sit down in the sun.

She sits obediently, her teeth still chattering wildly.

HENRY

Still cold?

(she nods)

He puts his jacket around her. Her teeth continue to chatter.

HENRY

Still cold?

(she nods)

Then I'd better hold you. The heat from my body should provide some warmth.

He sits down and puts his arms around her. Her teeth chatter a bit less...and then a bit less...and then stop.

HENRIETTA

I'll always be able to depend on you, won't I, Henry? All the rest of my life?

HENRY

(with a small sigh)

I'm afraid so.

HENRIETTA

The history classes will be very small next year...and our hours would be almost identical...

HENRY

Henrietta, I am not going to teach history. Probably.

HENRIETTA

Yes, dear. It seems a shame, though. You're a very talented man, Henry. Are you sure you won't change your mind?

HENRY

I don't know. I have no mind as far as I can tell. Are you still cold?

HENRIETTA

No. I know it's not exactly what you planned...but would you mind doing it very much?

HENRY

Being a history instructor? And going to the university with you in the mornings? And grading term papers with you every semester? In the study?

(He turns away from her and a small, surprised, shit--eating smile spreads over his face.)

Not terribly.

THE CAMERA PULLS SLOWLY BACK as Henry briskly rubs Henrietta's arms then glances up at the sun and helps her to her feet...picks up his wet clothes and, with his jacket and one arm around her for warmth, begins walking upstream. The lighting becomes mistier as they walk, as though it were sunset...and the scene resembles Henrietta's earlier fantasy.

"Pomp and Circumstance" tinkles over the shot.

FADE OUT

THE END