

AMERICAN PASTORAL

Screenplay by John Romano

From the novel by Philip Roth

Revision: May 5, 2003

OVER BLACK, SOUND in: A SNARE DRUM, rapping out a rhythm: rolling, infectious, like a marching-band. MAIN CREDITS BEGIN...

EXT. CLOSE-UPS IN A FOOTBALL HUDDLE. Muddy uniforms. Old-fashioned uniforms: It's 1944, the players are high-school boys. The huddle breaks up... Hut, hut...

Ball's snapped: SEYMOUR "SWEDE" LEVOV, 17, tall & blonde & handsome, springs into motion...

FEW SPECTATORS in the stands, just a practice scrimmage: Kids' faces: boys, girls, old-time "ethnic": Among them TWO BOYS, age 10: JERRY LEVOV, red-haired, Swede's brother... and Jerry's friend NATHAN "SKIP" ZUCKERMAN. ON NATHAN, as...

SWEDE runs with the ball, deftly side-steps a tackle...

VOICE-OVER OF AN OLDER MAN (NATHAN)
"The Swede."

NATHAN and the others, watching Swede, wide-eyed and adoring. CAMERA goes in: CLOSER LOOK AT SWEDE: Strength & goodness...

During the war years, this was a magical name in our Newark neighborhood. Of the few fair-complexioned students in our mainly Jewish public school, none possessed anything like the Viking mask of this blue-eyed hero, the "Swede," brother of my friend Jerry, and born into our tribe as Seymour Irving Levov...

SWEDE, RECEIVES A LONG PASS, snags it, loose and easy.... CHEERLEADERS on the sidelines, in coats & scarves, leaning together against the November cold, chanting to the drumbeat:

CHEERLEADERS
SWEDE Le-VOV,
RHYMES with the LOVE,
SWEDE Le-VOV,
RHYMES with the LOVE...
(continues OVER:)

EXT. SIDEWALK: JEWISH NEIGHBORHOOD ("WEEQUAHIC") - DAY

The same CHEERLEADERS continue the cheer in front of a deli because the SWEDE IS PASSING with his family: father LOU, mother SYLVIA... And JERRY, with his friend NATHAN in tow...

NATHAN'S VOICE-OVER
Watching the Swede, people could
forget the way things actually
worked. We could forget the war...

CHEERLEADER-GIRL
(Cries out,
comic/passionate)
Come back, Swede, come back! Levov
of my life!

She fake-swoons. Swede smiles, waves. Nathan is all admiration...

EXT./INT. LEVOV HOUSE, NEWARK - DAY

Shade trees over a modest neighborhood house of the period...
 Nathan and Jerry run in through the front door

NATHAN'S VOICE-OVER
As Jerry's friend, I got to go to
the Swede's house...

As the boys run in, Nathan crashes into SWEDE himself, coming out in his "letter sweater," carrying schoolbooks, baseball glove...

But it never crossed my mind that
he actually noticed me hanging
around...

Nathan looks up at his hero, then dashes away frightened...

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL PRACTICE - A PERFECT FALL DAY

GOLDEN AFTERNOON LIGHT floods the field, sparkles off the Swede's helmet. He's on kick-off return. The ball's kicked, lofts on high. Swede snatches it from the air, heads downfield... BUT -- REACTION NATHAN on the sidelines, watching as --

THE ENTIRE OPPOSING SQUAD COLLAPSES ON SWEDE. He's flattened under a pile. Nathan & Jerry & others hold their breath...

Until at last SWEDE SITS UP. Slowly. Gets to his feet, flexes an elbow... Half-running, limping, Swede calls to Nathan on the sidelines as he lopes past to the locker room...

SWEDE
Basketball was never like this,
Skip!

ON NATHAN: Surprised, dazzled...

NATHAN'S VOICE-OVER
The Swede, the God himself, had
called me by my nickname! I was
thrilled...

INT. PENN STATION, NEWARK - DAY, 1946

SWEDE, 19, in Marine uniform, gets off a train with other
servicemen, steps briskly toward his waiting parents... Jerry
and NATHAN stand by, holding a sign: WELCOME HOME, SWEDE!...

The Swede went off to the Marines
in '45, just missing the end of the
fighting...

Then Swede rushes to his girl: DAWN DWYER, 18. They kiss...

...and came home to Dawn Dwyer, the
milkman's daughter from Elizabeth,
who made it all the way to the Miss
America Pageant in Atlantic City...

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY - BEACH, BOARDWALK, "STEEL PIER" - DAY
STOCK FOOTAGE from the heyday, 1948...

INT. ATLANTIC CITY - CONVENTION HALL - THE RUNWAY

As a LINE OF BEAUTIES come down the runway in swimsuits (and
high-heels!), names of the states on their sashes... Cheers
for Dawn, the home-state girl her in her white one-piece
suit... The guy in the crowd SNAPPING HER PICTURE & WAVING is
SWEDE..

A shiksa. The Swede had done it. *

EXT. MAIN STREET, OLD RIMROCK, N.J. - SUMMER DAY - FROM A MOVING CAR:

A vintage Norman Rockwell town, seen from the car window...

When I moved away and my own life began, Jerry would still send me news of the Swede...

INT. CAR ('54 OLDS) - AT THE WHEEL:

Swede in his late 20s, driving home from work...

...How these days he commuted every day from his home some thirty miles west of Newark, out past the suburbs, in wealthy, rural Old Rimrock...

HIS POV... ESTABLISH: HAMLIN'S GENERAL STORE/POST OFFICE, pure 50's Americana: a Sunoco pump out front, soft-drink signs and old fashioned washboards for sale... and the AMERICAN FLAG high on its flagpole above it all...

INT. HAMLIN'S STORE/POST OFFICE

The Post Office part's in the back. RUSS HAMLIN, 38, is behind the counter. His wife PENNY'S there, pretty, pregnant. Swede enters in a hurry, greets, shaking off the wet...

SWEDE

Russ... Penny...

Penny smiles, and...

RUSS HAMLIN

How you doin', Swede? Family good?

SWEDE

Swell, thanks.

A NEWSPAPER on top of a pile: THE NEWARK EVENING NEWS. His copy's marked in the corner: "Levov." He grabs it and goes...

CUT TO:

EXT. SWEDE'S HOUSE (hereafter: "OLD RIMROCK HOUSE") - DAY

On a winding COUNTRY ROAD, white pasture fences, cows... The 300 year-old house sits on a rise, surrounded by fields. In front is an OLD OAK TREE, with a swing, and a LITTLE GIRL in it: MERRY LEVOV at 3. DAWN comes out the kitchen door...

NATHAN'S VOICE-OVER

Perfect wife, perfect, baby --

Merry gets off the swing, runs to the Swede...

Perfect everything: this is the way I thought of the Swede. Had to think of him. Life would opens its arms to him, he would carry all before him. He was the Swede.

SWEDE lifts up little Merry... INTERCUT: YOUNGER SWEDE playing football, leaps for a pass... Nathan's V.O. resumes...

You fight your superficiality, so you can come at people with an open mind... and yet you never fail to get them wrong.

INTERCUT BACK AND FORTH: IMAGES of the glorious high-school athlete... IMAGES of the happy young husband and father...

You get them wrong before you meet them; you get them wrong while you're with them; or you go home to tell somebody about them and you get them wrong again...

Merry again, laughing, as Swede swings her through the air... Swede's own handsome face, grinning... OVER WHICH...

Getting people right is not what living is about. It's getting them wrong that is living...

ANGLE DAWN, beaming at her perfect husband and daughter...

Getting them wrong and wrong and wrong and then, on careful reconsideration, getting them wrong again...

WIDER ON THE HOUSE, the three of them, the great tree with its swing... the fields beyond, the cows...

*That's how we know we're alive:
we're wrong. And I was wrong about
the Swede...*

ANGLE SWEDE HIMSELF, holding his daughter, his face of goodness, beaming with the plenitude of his satisfaction, the well-lived life...!

*Never more mistaken about anyone in
my life.*

MAIN CREDITS END.

EXT: LATER: DARKNESS FALLS ON THE OLD RIMROCK HOUSE - NIGHT
It sits on its rise, a few lights on, under a sky of stars.

INT. OLD RIMROCK HOUSE - MERRY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME (NIGHT)

STUFFED ANIMALS AND DOLLS peer down on us in the near-darkness... as Swede, attended by Dawn, carries a sleeping Merry to bed, in her pajamas...

Dawn tucks her in, arranges her hair on the pillow. Her own face lingers lovingly near to her daughter's.

CUT TO:

INT. SWEDE'S AND DAWN'S BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT

He undresses her as they enter, lifting her, holding her... her arms and legs around him and they're kissing...

By the time he lowers her onto the bed we've CUT TO: They're naked, her hands move over his strong chest and back... He's kissing her breasts, her eyes are shut...

He's inside her, holding himself up, lifting^g himself gently off her body as he makes love to her. She tosses her head...
GO TO:

AFTERWARDS, she cries a little...

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - EARLY MORNING - ON:

"COUNT:" A STUD BULL. 2000 pounds, beautiful prize-winner, white with brown spots. Tended with concern by...

DAWN

How're you doin' this morning,
Count?

She squats, in the muck. Feels his leg, digs in her fingers..

DAWN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Your stifle any better?

In her Upsala College sweatshirt. Face smudged. She's 34 now, it's 1963... She glances at her watch...

INT. OLD RIMROCK HOUSE, MERRY'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Dawn opens the shade, lets in morning light. Revealing a few changes, the PICTURES OF AUDREY HEPBURN that hang on the wall, near ballet slippers and an old "WEEQUAHIC" pennant....

Dawn sits on the edge of the bed. Strokes: the heavily sleeping head of Merry at age 11. Lightly asks for --

DAWN

Merry? A sign of life?

Merry motionless. Again --

DAWN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

A sign of life, please?

Merry MOVES A LITTLE FINGER. Eyes still shut.

DAWN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Another sign?

Merry wrinkles her nose. Sighs. But that's all. It's a game.

Another beat, and Dawn's hands "attack" Merry's middle, tickle her. Merry fights a laugh, can't help it... Keeping her eyes closed she burrows deeper beneath blankets...

EXT. PORCH, OLD RIMROCK HOUSE - DAY - BARBECUE IN PROGRESS...

Merry running to her grandfather Lou...

MERRY

Lady J-J-Jane's g-gonna have 'a c-c-cuh-calf, G-Grandpa, I hope it's a heifer...

Lou laughs with her...

LOU

What's a heifer, sweetheart? You're talking to a guy from Newark...

MERRY

It's a g-g-g-g-girl, G-Grandpa...

DAWN

Have some corn, Lou...

And passes a plate. Along with the Levov grandparents, JERRY's also there, red hair blazing, now a doctor in his 20's... also BILL & JESSE ORCUTT, Swede's WASP neighbors, the wife a horsey blond, the husband a big-faced golfer in a Madras shirt... MERRY CONTINUES, excited:

MERRY

I b-b-bet it's g-gonna have b-b-buh-brown spots just like C-Count... That's who umumum-mount-m-mounted her...

LOU

Mounted? That's a way for a young girl to talk?

JERRY

What's she supposed to say, Dad? Make love? It's a cow!

LOU

And what does my son need with cows? What do they need to be this far from civilization? No offense to the locals, Mr. Orcutt, Mrs. Orcutt, but let's be candid: This is all rock-ribbed Republican out here...

ORCUTT

That's true. That's so.

LOU

Let's be candid. We're out in the middle of nowhere. This is Ku Klux Klan country...

JERRY

Dad will ya stop? I don't see why my brother wants to live here either, but a couple of cows doesn't make it Mississippi. This is Morris County...

MERRY

(tugs his sleeve)

G-Grandpa!...

SWEDE

Jerry's right, Dad. Nobody thinks like you anymore. We can live where we want, that's what the last war was about. This is America.

LOU

Newark isn't America?

MERRY

G-grandpa...

LOU

What, darling. What, sweetheart.

MERRY

C-come to the barn to s-see C-Count, he's so buh-beautiful, wait til you s-s-s-s-s-s-s-suh-suh-

Dawn stops passing the food, her glare on Merry... Merry feels it, but continues struggling...

MERRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

S-s-S-s-suh...

She grips the table, twists her neck to get the word out... she goes white, it only gets worse... CAMERA MOVES IN ON HER...

MERRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

suh-suh-suh-SUH-SUH-SUH...

She's on the verge of tears...

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S (SHEILA SALZMAN'S) OFFICE - DAY

SHEILA

I adore Merry. I think she's very special.

DR. SHEILA, 32, glasses, pretty in a sweater-wearing grad-student sort of way. Dipping a tea bag.

SWEDE

Thank you.

DAWN

We all do.

SWEDE

Merry likes coming here. She's told us that.

Sheila nods, gratified.

SHEILA

When she's here, I sometimes ask her, "Merry, what terrible thing do you think would happen if you stopped stuttering?" "How do you think your father or mother would feel about you if you stopped?"

Swede and Dawn are puzzled at this.

DAWN

But she can't stop.

Sheila. Pities their lack of understanding.

SHEILA

I think Merry's stuttering is a strategy.

SWEDE

A strategy for what?

SHEILA

For avoiding competition with the beautiful mother, the beautiful Miss New Jersey mother... For winning the handsome father...

DAWN

This is about our looks? Doctor --

SHEILA
(corrects)
"Sheila."

Swede makes a gesture to Dawn, he'll handle it.

SWEDE
Sheila: Stuttering isn't something
Merry chooses. It makes her suffer.

SHEILA
Maybe the benefits outweigh the
suffering.

SWEDE
But it's *killing* us to see her,
it's killing Merry's *mother* --

SHEILA
Maybe that's one of the benefits.

Sheila smiles at her own cleverness, goes on...

Have you thought about how
difficult it must be for Merry? To
grow up the daughter of somebody
who's had so much attention for
such a trivial thing as beauty?
Maybe Merry stutters to stop people
from asking, "Do you want to be Miss
New Jersey, just like your mommy?"

SWEDE
(exasperated)
Who asks her that? Nobody asks her
that!

DAWN
And I'm not "Miss New Jersey," for
god's sake, I'm her *mother*!

SHEILA
It's just that in a highly
pressured, perfectionist family,
where everyone -

DAWN
Who said we're a highly
perfectionist family? We're an
ordinary family!

SWEDE

And what about the, the
physiological basis for her
stuttering, I read an article --

SHEILA

Oh I can give you organic theories
if you want. But that isn't the way
I've found I can be most effective.

Off Swede and Dawn, frustrated --

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - HARD BRIGHT SUN - THE JERSEY SHORE - DAY

Swede carrying umbrella, blanket, beach bag, etc... as he and
Merry trudge across the sand toward the cottage...

Hot sand scalds her feet... She runs mincingly...

MERRY

Ouch Ouch Ouch Ouch Ouch...

SWEDE

(laughing)

I told you to put on your sandals!

MERRY

You d-d-d-d-didn't tell me exactly
how h-h-h-hot the sand was! Ouch
ouch ouch...

SWEDE

You want me to measure it with a
thermometer?

MERRY

(sarcastic)

Th-th-thu-thu-that would be very
nice, thank you!

Still laughing, he picks her up under one arm, lugs her with
the beach equipment across the sand towards the cottage...
She squeals happily under his arm...

CUT TO:

INT. SEASIDE COTTAGE - THAT NIGHT

Under lamplight: Merry's wet head, after a bath. She's in her pajamas. Cutting from a copy of Life Magazine... A PICTURE:

AUDREY HEPBURN posing for photographers outside a theater.

Merry studies the pose. Imitates it.

MERRY

Do I l-look like Audrey Hepburn?

Swede's at the table, working on some papers. Barely glances.

SWEDE

Better. You look like Meredith
Levov.

She's pasting the picture in a big scrapbook, along with
other pictures of Audrey Hepburn...

MERRY

Do you m-m-miss um-um-um-mother?

SWEDE

Sure I do.

MERRY

M-m-muh-me too.

SWEDE

She wanted to come. She couldn't.

MERRY

I know.

SWEDE

Lady Jane's gonna have her calf any
day now, Mom had to be there...

MERRY

I s-said I know.

SWEDE

She'll come next time.

(looks up)

Have you had a good time here?

MERRY

W-wu-wu-with you? Terrible.

He throws a crumpled sheet of paper at her. They both go back to what they're doing. Only this time, unself-consciously...

MERRY (SINGS) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Moon ri-ver,
Wi-der than a mile,
I'm crossing you in style, some
day...
Dream-maker... (etc.)

Without stuttering.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH HIGHWAY- NEXT DAY

Hot warp of sun off the asphalt. A breaker-wall of dark boulders line one side.

On the other side: Pounding surf. Something hostile, unwelcoming about that sea.

Cruising by: a white 1960 MG CONVERTIBLE. Top down. Swede and his young daughter Merry. Trunk strapped down to contain bulging bags, suitcases.

INT/EXT. CONVERTIBLE

They're driving home in their bathing suits. Merry, dopily sun-drunk, leans her tan cheek against Swede's bare shoulder as he drives. Turns up her face to him.

CLOSE ANGLE: She gazes up adoringly at her loving father. Then, half-innocent, half audacious...

MERRY

Daddy? Kiss me.

She's playing. But Swede's uncomfortable. In the heat of the sun. Squints.

His POV: Merry's bathing-suit strap has slipped off her shoulder. Nub of her pre-pubescent breast shows.

MERRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(playing at being older)
Daddy k-k-kiss me the way you k-
kiss mother.

SWEDE
(suddenly harsh)
N-N-N-No.

It comes from him unexpectedly. She's shocked. So is he, at himself. Adds:

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
And fix your suit.

Hurt, silent, she obeys. Then he's guilty --

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I'm sorry, cookie --

MERRY
(mad at herself)
Oh I deserve it. It's the same at school with my friends. I get started with something and I go t-t-too far, I get c-c-carried awuh-awuh-awuh-awuh --

As she goes on, stammering painfully, lips turning white... the Swede's wracked with guilt, can't believe he made fun of her...

MERRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(tears coming --)
Awuh-awuh-awuh - AWUH - AWUH -

Her face, neck, twisting, as she struggles...

CUT TO:

INT. "NEWARK MAID" LEATHER GLOVE FACTORY - DAY

The FACTORY FLOOR: 200 SEWING MACHINES HUMMING LOUDLY... A busy Swede in shirt-sleeves, now the active boss of the place, passes through among his mostly black workers -- his father keeps pace behind him, impatient --

LOU
A psychiatrist? Head-shrinker?
There's nothing wrong with that little girl! Her mind goes too fast for her tongue, that's all. There, I just saved you the money you give to the shrink, because that's all it is...

SWEDE

We just want to help her, Dad...

LOU

She's gonna make you proud someday.

Then Swede HALTS as he passes one of the machines. Puts his ear to it, asks the worker...

SWEDE

Freddy, I hear something, what's wrong with this machine?

FREDDY

Every now and then she kicks.

SWEDE

No, no, that's no good. You'll be throwing stitches soon. Send it down to the shop.

Lou, to VICKY, 48, the black forewoman who's been there since Lou started the place -- proudly --

LOU

See my son, Vick? Picks out a bad machine in a hundred. He's got the ear.

VICKY

He gets it from you, Lou.

INT. SWEDE'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

As Swede and Lou enter. Swede closes the door...

SWEDE

How're you feeling, Dad? You don't need to come in every day...

LOU

Who comes in every day. I don't.

But his gaze goes out the window, down to the street...

LOU'S DOWNWARD POV - ON THE STREET

On Central Avenue, Newark's old street of factories. Group of BLACK MEN, all ages, standing around in the street, smoking, drinking beer from paper bags, outside a deserted factory...

LOU

Look at that. Men outa work. Never used to see that, not in this city...

A COP moves along the black men... who resist, then disperse...

LOU (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Used to be a dozen glove makers, up and down the street. Glovers, brewers, sheet metal... Robbins made pillows, Honig made penpoints... Newark was the city that made everything...

SWEDE

Just a few of us left.

LOU

We oughta do like everybody else: Get the hell out. Move the work to Puerto Rico.

Swede makes a face. Doesn't like the idea.

SWEDE

Take Newark Maid outa Newark? Since when do they have cutters in Puerto Rico?

LOU

So, you train'em...

SWEDE

Dad... We've got a quality line here, you made it a quality line...

LOU

(bottom line)

You're making five dollars a dozen. Down there you'd be making ten.

Swede's about to argue further, when... VICKY enters. Both men drop the subject, guiltily.

VICKY

Got the time-cards, gen'lmen.

She drops them on Swede's desk.

SWEDE

Thanks, Vicky...

VICKY

And how's that bright little girl
of yours?

Off Swede, pleased,

CUT TO:

MERRY - INT. OLD RIMROCK HOUSE, FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

In her pajamas, on the floor. She finishes writing in a red
loose-leaf binder...

MERRY

F-finished with my stu-stuttering
book. Do you w-want to check?

DAWN

Not if you say you've finished.

Brings coffee to: Swede, watching TV from the couch: "THE CBS
EVENING NEWS, WITH WALTER CRONKITE."

MERRY

My tuh-teacher in school never b-b-
buh-believes me unless she checks.

DAWN

Your teacher says you have a
stubborn streak.

At which Merry makes a face, conspiratorially, to her father.
A funny face that cracks the Swede up. But he asks, dutifully
--

SWEDE

Merry? Why does she say that?

MERRY

B-because of the homework.

DAWN

The class had to write an answer to
the question: "Why are we here?"
And Merry wrote...

SWEDE

Merry can tell me herself.

MERRY

"W-wuh-wuh-why are apes here?"

SWEDE
(resists a smile)
That's it? One sentence?

DAWN
She made her rewrite it.

MERRY
S-so I wrote, "Why are k-kuh-k-
kangaroos here?"

Another conspiratorial daughter-to-Dad grin. But there's
more...

DAWN
And then *last* week, the teacher
asked them, "What is life?"

SWEDE
This is what they ask in school?
Whatever happened to the names of
the Presidents? Capitols of the
states?

MERRY
I kn-n-ow the c-capitols of the
states...

SWEDE
"What is life." What did you
answer.

MERRY
I d-d-d-don't r-r-r-r-remember.

SWEDE
Yes you do.

MERRY
(yields)
"Life is just a short space of life
in wuh-which you are alive."

For a moment, Swede's disturbed by the answer. Merry watches
him.

MERRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Daddy do you un-un-un-un-unuh-

Swede waits patiently.

MERRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Do you un-un-

ON THE TV: MAP OF VIETNAM... Walter Cronkite begins a story... as Merry finally gets it out:

MERRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
-- understand?

SWEDE
I think I do.

Under which, the TV behind her, COMES INTO FOCUS:... A dusty street somewhere in ASIA. It WAVERS IN THE HEAT. CAMERA FINDS A GROUP OF SAFFRON-ROBED MONKS, squatting in the stopped traffic for some sort of ritual...

AT THE CENTER OF CIRCLE IS AN ELDERLY MONK, graceful and shaven-headed... As we watch, he up-ends a large plastic cannister, pouring something all over himself...

WALTER CRONKITE (ON TV)
In the South Vietnamese capital today, a 70 year old Buddhist monk named Thich Quang Duc...

DAWN
Oh my God what is this...

WALTER CRONKITE (ON TV - CONT'D)
...burnt himself to death in protest over the policies of President Ngo Dinh Duc...

MERRY TURNS, to see...

DAWN
Merry shouldn't be seeing this---

Swede gets up to change the channel, Merry gets in his way, to prevent him, she wants to see --

Just as, ON THE TV, the Old Monk strikes a match, and SUDDENLY FLAMES, ragged flames, come roiling out of him...

MERRY
No!

ON THE TV, the Old Monk seems almost calm, unharmed inside his moving cloud of flame... until he keels over, folds up... The other monks bow their heads, a gesture of unity...

REACTION MERRY... Horror... as the Swede finally turns the television OFF.

A beat. Dawn folds her in her arms. Merry, unblinking, still stares at the shut-off screen of the TV.

CUT TO:

INT. SWEDE'S AND DAWN'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Darkness -- they're sleeping. WHEN: the door opens. It's Merry. Weeping so hard she can't breathe. Biting the air, in gulps...

Dawn rushes to her, brings her back INTO BED... where they all curl up together, trying to comfort their girl...

MERRY

Wuh-why? Why d-did that poor man
have to burn himself?

DAWN

(holding her tighter)
Merry Merry don't...

MERRY

That gentle m-m-man, those gentle p-
puh-p-people...

SWEDE

It's far away...

MERRY

D-doesn't anybody c-cuh-care?

DAWN

Of course people care...

MERRY

Doesn't anybody have a c-cuh-c-
conscience?

DAWN

You care, you have a conscience...

SWEDE

We're proud of having a daughter
your age who has such a
conscience... who cares so much
about other people...

DAWN

Merry? Don't cry...

But Merry hangs on to them, *thrashing*, sobs rack her body.
Dawn looks helplessly to Swede: What can we do?

EXT. WIDE - OLD RIMROCK HOUSE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

Lights on in the bedroom window.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD RIMROCK HOUSE, MORNING - KITCHEN - ON: CHEESEBURGERS

Sizzling in a frying pan... Scraping them, flipping them
is...

MERRY at age 16. Five years later. She's different: taller, a
mess, her hair's long and unkempt, wearing work shirt and
overalls... As she PLOPS the cheeseburgers onto her plate,
she's angry, hissing and stuttering...

MERRY

F-f-fuh-fucking Madman! F-fucking
Madman Lyndon Johnson! Lyndon B-b-
baines B-b-buh-baby-burner Johnson!
You mi-mi-miserable m-monster!

(NOTE: Everything's different in the scene, the air, the
color... grown harsher and edgier with the change in
Merry...)

She's shouting at PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S FACE on the color-TV, a
Vietnam-War-era press conference... Swede's watching also,
but trying not to react to her outburst, as Dawn enters...

DAWN

What's going on...

SWEDE

Johnson's press-conference...

(to Merry)

We don't disagree, Mer, we're all
against the war in this family...

MERRY

(in front of the TV,
swearing at LBJ...)

You heartless mi-mi-miserable p-
prick, sh-sh-shut your lying m-m-
mouth!

DAWN

Merry stop, sit down...

Merry wheels on her, stuffing food into her mouth, angrily...

MERRY

Wh-what do you care about the war?
You don't care, you're j-just c-cuh-
contented middle class people...

DAWN

Some people would be very happy to
have contented middle-class people
for parents...

MERRY

Well I'm not b-buh-b-brainwashed
enough to b-be one of them...

SWEDE

Merry... Dawn...

DAWN

(flares at Swede)

Don't tell me, tell her! Tell her
to behave like a civilized person!

MERRY

Don't tell me what to d-d-d-do....

DAWN

I'm your mother, I can and will
tell you what to do...

SWEDE

I'm turning this off...

MERRY

Sure, t-turn it off, you don't c-
care about the news... The D-d-
democratic Republic of Hanoi c-
could just bu-burn down and M-mom w-
would just g-go on worrying about
her c-c-c-cows!

DAWN

I can't stand this! You're not anti-
war, you're anti-everything!

MERRY

And you're pro c-c-cow!

Swede comes between them, turns off the TV, tries settling
Merry... who swivels violently...

MERRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
D-d-don't touch me, Daddy!

DAWN
She's not anti-war! If she was
she'd have gone with you to
Washington, with the, the..."

SWEDE
New Jersey Businessmen Against the
War...

(to Merry, reasonable)
Your mother has a point. You could
have expressed your ideas, maybe
you could have influenced Senator
Case...

MERRY
(ROARS, scornfully)

"C-C-C--C-C-C-C-CASE!"
And she SPITS ON THE FLOOR. An ugly
forceful spit: the hamburger meat
she's eating. And rushes away,
upstairs to her room.

Swede and Dawn. Stand there. Staring.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Swede and Dawn eat dinner alone, in silence. There's a third
place set (for Merry) but no one's there.

After a few moments, Dawn breaks down a little...

DAWN
I can't even recognize her anymore.
If I hear about the "Democratic
Republic of North Vietnam" one more
time...

SWEDE
It's just a very crude kind of
aggression.

DAWN
Where did this come from? Am I a
bad mother? Is that it?

SWEDE

You're a good mother. You are a wonderful mother, that is not it.

DAWN

(Bewildered)

I don't know why she's turned against me like this! I don't know what's happened! Who is she? I thought she was smart. She's not, she's becoming *stupid*, Seymour...

SWEDE

(Level)

No, she's just a kid with a strong will, a strong idea. It's not very well worked out, that's all. This is what teenagers are like. If we're patient...

DAWN

(angry)

You're defending her? She *hates* me, don't you see that?

SWEDE

Dawn --

DAWN

I can't stand this, she talks to me like -- like I don't know what! If I ever talked to my mother like that do you know what my father would have done?

SWEDE

(trying to assuage)

Turned you over his knee? Sent you to see Father Casey?

DAWN

You think this is funny? Our daughter's turning into an *animal*, she says *disgusting things* -- and you're giving in! Letting her go to New York -- today, after the way she talked to us -- she's sixteen years old --

SWEDE

That's the point, she'll come out of this -- the important thing is to keep talking --

DAWN

It's because of her stuttering,
isn't it, she's angry because she
can't make friends --

SWEDE

She's made friends, alright. The
ones she's made in New York.

Thinking of this, they only worry more...

DAWN

We shouldn't let her go...

SWEDE

Are we supposed to lock her up?...

DAWN

...Who are these friends in New
York, do we even know? Is that
where she gets those pamphlets and
things...

SWEDE

What pamphlets...

DAWN

Upstairs in her room! Haven't you
seen the kind of *crap* she's
reading, in plain English, that she
brings into this house, our house?!

A beat. He rises, heads upstairs...

INT. MERRY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As he enters -- On her walls are the tokens of '60's protest
culture: Rock stars, Che Guevara... He glances at: POSTER ON
THE WALL: Handwritten in crayon on a piece of cardboard:

**"WE ARE AGAINST EVERYTHING THAT IS
GOOD AND DECENT IN HONKY AMERICA.
WE WILL LOOT AND BURN AND DESTROY."**

- Weathermen Motto

He reads it. Then opens her drawer...

PAMPHLETS. From the Popular Liberation Front, SDS, Worker's Committee... FACE OF MARX, staring from the cover of one...
We PRE-LAP:

RADIO BROADCASTER

Police and fire departments are on the alert again, as Negro demonstrators take to the streets...

PRE-LAP OVER THE
CUT TO:

INT. SWEDE'S CAR ('66 WHITE BUICK ELECTRA) - EVENING

RADIO BROADCASTER

...for the third night over the alleged police killing of cabdriver John W. Smith...

OVER THE CAR RADIO, as Swede approaching the low night skyline of Newark, from the west...

Swede listens with concern, as... SQUAD CARS pass, in fleets...

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA STATION (NEWARK) - LATER

Swede pulls into the parking area. A group of YOUNG BLACK MEN stroll past, uneasy... They shoot him a look...

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN PLATFORM - LATER: THE GLARE, NOISE - ANGLE INTO THE APPROACHING LIGHTS OF A TRAIN...

Under a sign: TRAINS TO AND FROM NEW YORK... The TRAIN grinds and heaves to a stop. SWEDE waits.

Passengers exiting, flow around him. It takes a while.

He watches as the very last passenger exits. Passes Swede. Swede is standing there alone.

CUT TO:

TRAIN PLATFORM - THE NEXT HOUR OR SO - HE PACES

Deserted now. Half in shadow. Glances at his watch...

In the dark distance, another train enters the station...

ANGLE: LATER - PASSENGERS OF THE SECOND TRAIN EXITING

Again Swede watches the last of them come out: Father and two sons, with Knicks banners, they're coming back from Madison Square Garden. Swede overhears their father/son patter...

BOY

Man did you see the Pearl tonight?

Boy imitates the frantic dribbling of Earl "the Pearl" Monroe. Swede smiles at it. His smile kind of dies on his face...

When they've passed, he leans back against a theater poster. MAN OF LA MANCHA. Closes his eyes, worn out.

CUT TO:

INT. PLATFORM BENCH, - HOURS LATER

Arriving passengers again tramping past, a third time. But this time Swede just sits there.

From this group: MERRY, at last. Stands before him: A hulking silhouette, back-lit. In her huge blue pea-coat with toggles for buttons. He looks at her, doesn't get up --

SWEDE

You were supposed to be on the eight o'clock.

She says nothing. He's infuriated.

INT. WAITING ROOM

As they pass through. It's large, empty, echo-ey... He persists.

SWEDE

You're involved with something there, something political...

MERRY

Everything is political. B-brushing your teeth is political.

SWEDE

People who are against the war, is
that who you see?

MERRY

They're p-p-people, they don't b-b-
believe in the war...

SWEDE

I don't believe in the war
myself...

MERRY

Then what's your p-p-problem?

They EXIT, to...

INT/EXT. PARKING AREA, under the station... Merry walks ahead
now. Behind, Swede, already relenting, trying to soften...

SWEDE

I don't want you getting involved.
With things that can hurt your
chances for college --

MERRY

C-college. M-My friends have been
to college, they had to leave
because of the way they treat
student protesters...

SWEDE

Is that who they are? College kids
who have gotten thrown out?

MERRY

(FREAKING)

They're just my friends! Can't you
b-b-b-believe that I have friends?
You don't b-b-believe that? What do
you b-believe in, Daddy?

SWEDE

Of course I believe you have
friends --

MERRY

They wanted me to stay the night --

SWEDE

No! That's, you can never even think of staying over with people we don't know or you'll never go again!

They've reached his car, but she doesn't get in... *SUDDENLY bolts from him, across the parking lot and out...*

EXT. PENN STATION - MARKET STREET, NIGHT - SHE'S RUNNING

Right INTO the street... Cars swerve past, around her... Swede gives chase, caught in the traffic... catches up to her... CARS SWERVING AND HONKING around them...

SWEDE

(deep compassion)

Merry.

MERRY

You don't *b-believe* in anything!...

SWEDE

This is not about politics! My responsibility is to you and not the war....

MERRY

Oh I know it! That's why I have to go to New York! B-b-b-b-because people there *d-d-duh-do* feel responsible! Ab-b-bout b-blowing up Vietnamese villages, b-b-blowing up little b-babies...

BEHIND THEM, POLICE CAR car has stopped... COP sees them arguing, middle of the street, approaches... but Merry HARANGUING...

MERRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

But you don't care and neither does Mother! NO ONE IN OUR F-FAMILY OR IN OUR F-F-FUCKING LITTLE TOWN DOES!

COP arriving, he's heard this last. A beat of taking it in.

COP

Sir? Could you go to your vehicle? there's a curfew in effect.

MERRY
Curfew? What kind of f-f-fascist
bullshit is that?

Cop looks at her. Then returns his gaze to Swede. Says only --

COP
We've got enough trouble tonight.

SWEDE
I'm sorry, officer. We're both
sorry.

Merry walks off, defiant, back towards the parking entrance.

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(tries for)
She's sixteen. If you've got any at
home, you'll understand.

COP
I don't.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF DOWNTOWN NEWARK - NIGHT

As Swede's car approaches Broad Street... cop cars are lined
up, there's a roadblock...

INT. SWEDE'S CAR (MOVING) - SAME TIME

As, avoiding the tie-up, Swede turns down a dark side-street.
Merry beside him. They ride in silence, as...

RADIO NEWSCASTER
More shootings and fires have been
reported at Norfolk and West
Market...

THEIR POV... Swede watches anxiously the shadows of deserted
buildings that line the street...

RADIO NEWSCASTER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(cont'd)
...the riots have now taken two
lives, one of them a police
officer...

SWEDE PULLS UP AT A LIGHT as it turns RED. Sit and wait. Swede is grave. There's an expression of expectation on Merry's face...

WHEN SUDDENLY THE CAR IS ASSAULTED. BLACK YOUTHS, RIOTERS, are pounding on the car, SHOUTING, ROCKING IT SIDE TO SIDE...

DEMONSTRATORS

"Go on home!"

"White motherFUCKers!"

"STREETS to the people!"

"POWER to the people!", etc...

INSIDE, SWEDE TRIES TO PULL THE CAR AWAY but he can't, two big guys sprawled out on his hood... WHILE, BESIDE HIM:

MERRY

(LIFTS HER FIST IN A
CHANT)

POWER TO THE BLACK PEOPLE OF
NEWARK!

BLACK POWER! BLACK POWER!

She's in a frenzy -- bouncing in her seat as the car ROCKS --

EXT. SWEDE GUNS THE CAR, and it spins out, free of the rioters, who laugh, shout, fall off as the car races away... The chant changes to...

DEMONSTRATORS

"GET GOLDBERG!" "GET GOLDBERG!"

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH OF OLD RIMROCK HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

DAWN in her nightgown, as Merry and Swede, returning, mount the steps to the porch.... She awaits them anxiously...

DAWN

Your father called from Florida. He wants to know if they've come near the factory yet.

SWEDE

I'll see in the morning.

DAWN

(reacts)

You're not going into Newark in the morning, not with the riots...

MERRY

They're not r-riots, it's a r-revolution, p-p-people standing up for their rights...

DAWN

If you're going to defend them why don't you just join them?

MERRY

Th-that's a good idea...

SWEDE

The Governor's called the National Guard in...

DAWN

Of course, what else can he do?

MERRY

(flares)

He c-cuh-can treat black people like human b-b-beings, that's what. No b-blacks on the city council... The p-poverty, the unemployment...

SWEDE

(rises to this, defensive)

We've got eighty percent Negroes working at the plant, we're proud of that...

MERRY

Oh I f-forgot, you're a hero... Swede L-Levov... Levov-rhymes-with-the-l-l-love!

From within, PHONE RINGS... Swede rushes into the house...

INT. KITCHEN - He answers the phone...

SWEDE

Hello... Vicky, what is it...

CUT TO:

INT. "NEWARK MAID" FACTORY - NIGHT - VICKY

On the phone to Swede, at the window, watching the riots... trying to keep her wits... WHAT SHE SEES:

EXT. CENTRAL AVENUE - OUTSIDE "NEWARK MAID" - SAME TIME

SOLDIERS in the street, a dozen or so, with -1 RIFLES...
CHARGING INTO A MOB, pushing it back...

A SHOT IS FIRED from the roof of a nearby tenement: SNIPER...

A SPRAY OF BULLETS ACROSS THE UPPER STORIES OF THE WINDOWS
ACROSS THE STREET... The noise, the SCREAMS... AS:

INT. "NEWARK MAID" - VICKY:

DROPS DOWN, unhurt but angry... Phone in her hand...

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR LOADING DOCK, "NEWARK MAID" FACTORY - NEXT DAY

Quieter in the daytime. But ominous: A PLATOON OF THE YOUNG
NATIONAL GUARDSMEN is camped out, with jeeps, weapons, riot
gear, right there in the rear of Swede's factory.

SWEDE comes out. VICKY is beside him. They go among the young
guardsmen, carrying thermoses, cups... Vicky hands coffee to
TWO GUARDSMEN, white boys like the others... Swede pours
coffee for another. The kid's surprised and appreciative:
"Thank you, Sir..." Vicky addresses a couple of them.

VICKY

Goin' to war, huh..

She checks out the -1 30 caliber rifles, bayonets, helmets
with which they're decked out head to toe. She makes a face.

YOUNG WHITE GUARDSMAN

What it is.

VICKY

No it isn't either. It's
troublemakers. So *think*.

SWEDE

What we're saying is, you're here
to keep the peace, son. That's
means protecting the people and
property of this neighborhood...

VICKY

What I'm saying is, *Think! Think!*
before you shoot into somebody's
windows!...

SWEDE

(Restraining her, good-
natured)

Vicky - Vick -

VICKY

These aren't snipers! These are
people! These are good people who
live around here!

The men who hear her look up at the surrounding tenements,
some already burnt out by the riots, already wrecked by
gunfire... but others with black people looking out
distrustfully...

VICKY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

People like your own mothers and
fathers, that's who lives up there!
You're here to *protect* them, not
shoot'em up like you're the Cowboys
they're the Indians!

With which words of wisdom, she walks over to a TANK, an
actual tank, stationed in the loading alley... bangs on the
lid...

VICKY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You hear me in there?

Soldier's head emerges... She goes on to him, along with the
others...

VICKY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Don't go nuts! Don't go crazy!
People have to live here when
you're gone! This is their *home*!

And having finished her speech, she goes back inside the
factory. SWEDE, with a shrug of his shoulders to the
guardsman, follows. Stops her just inside the door.

SWEDE

Okay, well done, but...

VICKY

Just told it like it is, that's
all...

SWEDE
...but tonight will be bad. Bad,
you hear me?

She mutters something, starts to head inside, but...

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
So you should go home. Take
everybody who came to work and go
home.

VICKY
You're staying, though.

SWEDE
The place'll be safer if someone's
inside. I'll be fine, I've got the
walkie-talkie to the state
police...

VICKY
Then I'll stay, too.

She continues inside. Off Swede,

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - THAT NIGHT

Lights ON. Just Swede and Vicky are there. From outside,
there are the sounds of sirens, people shouting, chanting --
Swede by the windows --

Vicky carries to the window what she was making, a big white
cardboard sign -- Now there are sounds of GUNFIRE, Swede
stops her from going near the windows --

SWEDE
I've got that.

VICKY
Let me put it.

SWEDE
(insists)
Vicky.

She backs off, he hoists it into position...

EXT. NEWARK MAID, FRONT OF BUILDING...

We SEE what he's setting up, from within, the white sign with big lettering that reads: "THIS FACTORY'S EMPLOYEES ARE NEGROES."

CAMERA TURNS... DOWN THE STREET... INTO THE APPROACHING BATTLE...

SOLDIERS pouring out of JEEPS, rifles ready, some FIRING...

MACHINE GUN FIRE STRAFES THE GROUND FLOOR OF A BUILDING next door...

INT. NEWARK MAID - SAME TIME

ONE WINDOW SHATTERS, extreme end where the shooting is, Swede and Vicky dive for cover...

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THEIR WINDOW - SAME TIME

LOOTERS, being chased by COPS AND SOLDIERS...

Two TEENAGE GIRLS, happily scurrying by with a television set....

WHOLE FRONT OF A LIQUOR STORE ACROSS THE STREET is SHOT UP in a blaze of gunfire, don't even know if it's cops or rioters...

WILD BLACK GUY charges head-first into a knot of cops, kicking and screaming at them...

MOTHER AND CHILD crouch for cover in the alley... A STATE COP comes to lead them under cover of his riot shield to the safety of a doorway...

WE'RE SUDDENLY IN A HERD OF FEET, SOLDIERS charging from one side of Central Avenue to the other... CAMERA HANGS as they pass by, STAYS AND REVEALS: BODY OF A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD BOY lying in a pool of blood...

INT. SWEDE'S INNER OFFICE - SAME TIME

The SOUND OF RIOT is constant: Gunshots and sirens and crashes. But Swede and Vicky sit in stillness where they've taken cover. Vicky with a baseball bat. Swede with nothing.

A SECOND window is SHOT OUT. He looks up. A THIRD. There are shouts...

Vicky goes to the window, for a glimpse, which she gets just before Swede grabs her, pulls her down to the floor...

VICKY

Not cops. Not color'boys either.
Just hoodlums, havin' a good time.

ANOTHER ROUND OF SHOOTING OUT THE WINDOWS... Most or all...

SWEDE

Just stay down. Stay down.

After a pause, the car of shouting boys is heard to pull away.

VICKY

Gonna shut this place now?

He shushes her, listens to hear if they're really gone...

VICKY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I said, you gonna close the plant
down after this, take the work
somewhere else? Like Puerto Rico?

The way she says it, he can tell she knows something.

SWEDE

Think I'd go through all this just
to shut the doors when it's over?

VICKY

Nobody'd blame you.

SWEDE

This factory, right here. This is
mine.

VICKY

Mine, too. You just own it.

He looks at her. SOUND OF GUNFIRE in the distance...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWARK MAID - CENTRAL AVENUE - IN EARLY MORNING LIGHT.

The front. A beat. SWEDE steps out into the light. Vicky beside him... They survey the street, the rubble. But it's quiet, anyway. Baby crying someplace, but that's all...

Swede looks up at the building, old rusting NEWARK MAID sign stretched above the factory windows, now shot to pieces.

Made it. Made it through the night.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND ESSEX HOTEL BALLROOM, AWARDS BANQUET - NIGHT

Newark's MAYOR, HUGH ADONIZZIO at the podium... Also on the dais, PRIEST, BLACK LEADERS, RABBI, POLICE CHIEF...

MAYOR ADONIZZIO

Of course, this is not the first time Seymour "the Swede" Levov's got his name in the papers... Some of us remember when he was there all the time, on the Sports page... Greatest tight-end the city ever saw...

There's LAUGHTER and applause... CAMERA finds SWEDE, also on the dais, smiling and signaling DAWN, at one of the front tables... VICKY's there with her, too... as the Mayor goes on...

...all-city football, all-state baseball...

(continued applause)

But tonight he's here for a different reason. Because when it all hit the fan -- when black and white, Catholic and Jew, we found ourselves in the middle of the riots, and people and businesses turned and ran -- Swede Levov kept his factory right where it's been for forty years...

(BIG APPLAUSE, over which...)

Kept his doors open, kept his workers working... Kept his cool when so many turned to resentment and violence...

Off SWEDE, as PEOPLE STAND, DAWN STANDS... and there's MORE APPLAUSE, this time covered by... A CRASH OF MUSIC, from... the Rolling Stones, as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

MERRY - INT. HOUSE - HER BEDROOM - NIGHT

She's thrashing around, lip-synching to Mick Jagger...

HEY! (Hey!) YOU! (You!)
GET OFFA MY CLOUD!
...etc...

She's dancing by herself, ungainly: Merry the Teenager. WHEN:

There's a KNOCK at her door. She stops. Bummer.

She opens the door: Swede. Right from the awards banquet, still in his tuxedo shirt, bowtie loose around his neck... He enters.

MERRY

What are you looking for? Exp-p-pect me to congratulate you too for not sh-shooting at black people?

He enters. Glances at: the WEATHERMAN POSTER again, on the wall: *"WE ARE AGAINST EVERYTHING THAT IS GOOD AND DECENT IN HONKY AMERICA. WE WILL LOOT AND BURN AND DESTROY."*....

Merry, looks at him, defiant. He says nothing.

Sits on the bed. With a groan, she accepts the dreaded but inevitable father-daughter talk, turns down the music.

SWEDE

Have you thought about what I asked you?

MERRY

(dismisses)

G-going away to private school?

SWEDE

If you don't like living here with us...

MERRY

I j-just want to be able to go to
New-New York again on the
weekends...

SWEDE

(FIRM AND CLEAR on this)

You didn't come home last time, and
you knew the rules...

MERRY

I n-never thought my own f-fuh-
father would keep me prisoner...

SWEDE

Merry I have an idea for you. I've
been thinking and I have an idea.
You want to protest the war?
Protest it right here in Old
Rimrock.

It's an idea he's wanted to share. Goes on...

Listen to me. The people around
here are Republicans. You want to
be in opposition, be in opposition
here...

MERRY

What am I gonna do, march around
the p-post office?...

SWEDE

Bring the war home, isn't that the
slogan?

(presses)

Look, they gave me this award, it's
just a stupid plaque... but it
means one thing: You take a stand,
people notice. If you oppose the
war, right here, with all your
strength? This is part of America
too, you know...

MERRY

R-read Marx, revolutions don't b-b-
begin in the countryside.

SWEDE

We're not talking about revolution.

MERRY

You're not talking about
revolution.

Swede looks at her. Her unyielding face. Glances again at the poster. But he's still confident he's made his point. Pats her once or twice on the leg...

SWEDE

You think about what I'm saying.

And exits the room. On Merry: Looks at her leg where he touched it. No visible emotion.

INT. A ROOM WE DON'T RECOGNIZE. DARKNESS. CAN'T SEE.

Boxes, crates. Hands fumble in the dark...

FIGURE IN DARKNESS moves large heavy mail-sacks out of the way... then crouches, goes obscurely to work...

EXT. HAMLIN'S STORE/POST OFFICE - DIM LIGHT, EARLY MORNING

Front door opens. RUSS HAMLIN, comes out (he's 15 years older than when we saw him)... Arranges the store's front porch, setting up for the day's business...

Then he goes to the flagpole. Just as he does every morning, he attaches the flag he carries over his arm, begins to hoist it...

As he does so...

CAMERA DROPS BACK. Some empty moments. Then:

K-BOOM.

K-BOOM!

Post office, general store, Russ Hamlin, the flagpole, the gravel. The very AIR.

In the after-shock, a conflagration.

All is wrecked and burning. Burns.

On the quiet street.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD RIMROCK HOUSE - SWEDE AND DAWN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The PHONE RINGS beside the bed... Swede is woken, he answers...

SWEDE

Hello?...

INT. MERRY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

SWEDE rushes in... The bed's empty. On the wall's that POSTER.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD RIMROCK HOUSE - MORNING - CAMERA MOVING --

Cops, FBI agents, techies swarm the rooms... Attic to basement...

INT. MERRY'S BEDROOM... Gloved agents take reading material from Merry's shelves, drawers, the PAMPHLETS Swede found earlier, drop them in evidence bags...

AGENT is VACUUMING under her bed... Others are FINGERPRINTING... An AGENT, the chief, DOLAN, is in high gear, room to room, SWEDE is tagging behind him, fierce, invaded, as Dolan fires a question...

DOLAN

Your daughter knew Russ Hamlin, the storekeeper?...

SWEDE

Of course she knew him, we *all*... it's the only store in Rimrock, we know Russ, Penny...

DOLAN

You know that Russ Hamlin's dead?

SWEDE

I know it because, it's on the radio, it has nothing to do with...

DOLAN

(Over, to his men)
The wainscoting, guys, okay?

An agent takes a crowbar to the wainscoting around Merry's room.

INT. SWEDE'S ROOM - SWEDE'S DESK... They're confiscating PHONE BILLS, folding them, tucking them away... Swede's grim, co-operating...

INT. KITCHEN... where an AGENT empties the Hoover-sack into a clear plastic bag, an absurd-looking act. Dawn watches, frantic, near-hysterical... to DOLAN, who's immediately on his knees, sorting the contents...

DAWN

Dynamite? What does my daughter know about dynamite? Nothing!

DOLAN

(level)

Mrs. Levov --

DAWN

This is a girl, a high-school girl, she didn't make a bomb -- she doesn't know what a bomb is! How can you think Merry would make a bomb or, or kill anybody --

DOLAN

(over)

Where is she, Mrs. Levov?

DAWN

I don't know but - She's been tricked! She's been tricked, why does everybody say she did it? She couldn't have done it, she's been abducted, somebody's brainwashing her right now!

DOLAN

-- We need to find her --

DAWN

-- She has nothing to do with this! My Merry could not be connected with this in any way at all!

DOLAN

Then why'd she run off?

Swede's heard Dawn yelling, came in to comfort her. Answering this last...

SWEDE

Maybe she doesn't even know you're looking for her.

DOLAN

They've prob'ly already taken her underground...

DAWN

(helpless)

Seymour...

SWEDE

It's alright Dawnie...

(To Dolan)

Who's "they?"

DOLAN

You said she had political friends, in New York...

At that moment -- TECHIES pass through, carrying bags of Merry's things: clothes, old toys -- the sight of which upsets Dawn further -- Swede holds her -- as Dolan, ignoring, continues --

DOLAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

"We are against everything decent in America. We will loot and burn and yadda-yadda-yadda..."

SWEDE

Alright that's on her wall, it's probably on a lot of kids' walls...

DOLAN

Not in Old Rimrock. Not in...

(reads off notes)

"This little fucking town."

SWEDE

What's that? What are you reading from?

DOLAN

Your daughter stutters?

DAWN

My God, what does that have to do with...

DOLAN

A police-officer in Newark. He made a note a couple of weeks ago, you were present, Sir...

SWEDE

Oh for chrissake, that?...

DOLAN

That and a few question marks raised by her teachers...

When from the FOYER there's a commotion, VOICES, Swede goes to...

THE FRONT DOOR... Where AGENTS have intercepted LOU AND SYLVIA LEVOV, arriving... and JERRY, obstreperous...

JERRY

We're the family, that's who we are!...

SWEDE

(interrupts, takes them)

They have a right to be here...

They're let through. Sylvia's crying softly...

SYLVIA

Seymour... our beautiful little girl...

LOU

How can this be? Will you tell me how this thing can be?...

Seymour doesn't answer... continues moving his parents through to... THE KITCHEN, where DAWN stands, stricken... Seeing Lou:

DAWN

Lou make them stop! They keep saying Merry did this, make them stop saying it! Not Merry! Nobody knows!...

Lou immediately folds Dawn in his arms, comforts...

LOU

That's right, Dawnie, nobody knows...

Let them talk, you're the mother...

DAWN
She's a *LITTLE GIRL*!...

LOU
(holding her, squeezing
her)
That's right, what do they know,
Merry's our little girl...

And he holds her tight, rocking, as Swede watches: *heart-*
broken.

JERRY
(speaks to him, heavy
sympathy)
Fucken mess.

Swede has no reply.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET, OLD RIMROCK - DAY - MOVE WITH --

A '67 CADILLAC. Jerry's. The narrow old road is lined with
park cars, come to see the devastation, people milling...
Some recognize SWEDE, in the passenger seat beside Jerry...
and DAWN, in the back seat...

INT. JERRY'S '66 WHITE CADILLAC (MOVING)

Swede impassive. Indicates to Jerry a place to pull over.

SWEDE
Here.

Jerry pulls over. Swede looks out at what he must do. Dawn
stares straight ahead. Swede starts to get out. Jerry, too --
when Swede stops him.

JERRY
What. I'm coming.

SWEDE
No.

Jerry looks in the back seat, to the shaken Dawn.

JERRY
You gonna be alright?

For answer, Dawn shivers. Swede exits the car, taking her.

SWEDE

Come on.

Dawn gets out, too.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

FOLLOW SWEDE AND DAWN as they walk down the street, PASSING --
THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, there are PEOPLE on the steps,
huddled around their PREACHER, in his collar -- They turn to
watch SWEDE striding past. He COMES TO --

THE FORMER SITE OF HAMLIN'S STORE/POST OFFICE

A ruin. Wasted. Police, techs, pick their way through it
Swede approaches. Townspeople, kids. There are mutters...

VOICES

"Lived here all my life..."

"Never saw anything like this
before..."

Directed at the Levovs. Dawn turns a look on the speakers.
Swede ignores. Stares at the ruins of the building. ANOTHER
VOICE, more clearly...

WOMAN'S VOICE NEARBY

"They had no business out here in
the first place."

Swede looks toward the voice: Can't tell which of the
onlookers it was who spoke. Families. He searches their
faces...

Pulls the stricken Dawn to him. Stare at the ruins together.

She feels fragile in his arms. He looks at her.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - HAMLIN HOUSE - DAY - ON:

SWEDE

Penny...

PENNY sits opposite. The widow, 40. Pretty. Her SON, 15,
holds her hand: the child she was carrying when we first saw
her. SWEDE is there alone.

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

We got the news like everybody else. Like you. We're sorry. Dawn and I. Mrs. Levov and I. Sorry for you and your son, your children, sorry for this terrible thing...

She says nothing. He tries, struggles on...

This terrible, awful...

She says nothing.

Whatever happened, whatever, Merry did or did not do... All I'm saying, I blame myself, Mrs. Hamlin. Penny. I'm not sure you understand, because Merry... it's hard to say this, but if Merry did this, and I understand that that's the way it seems... then it's myself I blame, because, I did what I think is right, raised her the way I thought best... you're a parent, Penny, my God, you know how hard it is...

She says nothing. He's *drowning*...

And then... and then things come up with kids, from inside them, inside her, someplace *inside*... How can you know what to do? You try... You love them, I mean, I still love my daughter, maybe I shouldn't say this to you but I love her right now more than ever, I *hurt* for her more right now...

He's drowning, she's *letting him*... Until:

PENNY

I don't blame you.

He reacts. Waits.

PENNY (CONT'D) (cont'd)^a

You didn't go out and buy the dynamite and make the bomb. You didn't plant the bomb.

(MORE)

PENNY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 I feel badly for you and your wife.
 I've lost a husband, my kids lost a
 father --

(before he can speak --)
 But the difference is, we'll
 survive.

There's a sting in this. A revenge.

PENNY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 That's the difference, Mr. Levov.

Off him, feeling the cutting edge of her words,

CUT TO:

INT: ON A TV SET: A GAWKY 16-YEAR-OLD BOY, EDGAR BARTLEY...

Stands in front of his house, with his dog, being
 interviewed...

NEWSWOMAN (ON TV)
 You were her boyfriend?

EDGAR (ON TV)
 I was. I used to be.

PULL BACK on the TV, we're... INT. SWEDE'S LIVING ROOM...
 He's angry, furious, as he paces in front of the TV, rails at
 it...

SWEDE
 Who are you? Who is this kid? I
 never saw this kid!... He's
 lying!...

NEWSWOMAN (ON TV)
 And when you heard the news? How
 did you feel?

EDGAR (ON TV)
 I never thought she'd do something
 like this... She must have snapped
 or something...

Dawn enters. Got up from bed, couldn't sleep...

SWEDE
 Listen to this idiot, he didn't
 even know her...

DAWN

(agitated)

That's Edgar. He went out with her.
He took her to the movies. Once.

SWEDE

That makes him her "boyfriend?"...

EDGAR (ON TV)

*I always thought this was a place
where nothing bad can happen. Now
I'm looking over my shoulder like
everybody else...*

NEWSWOMAN (ON TV)

*We've been talking with Edgar
Bartley, the boyfriend of the
Rimrock Bomber --*

DAWN

The "Rimrock Bomber?"

SWEDE

(letting loose)

Isn't that great? That's what
they're calling her, that's the
phrase, they think they're so
smart, the news, Dolan, the FBI,
the whole fucking town! Merry was
right, it's a little fucking-small-
minded town --

Swede turns the GODDAM TV OFF. A huge SILENCE. Into which:

DAWN

Where is she. Swede?

Pleading. As if he knew. He looks at her.

SWEDE

Dawnie...

DAWN

I want her to come home *right now*.
Now. Now now now now now now.

SWEDE

(moved)

Precious...

She just stands there. He holds her.

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Go to bed. I'll be there.

She turns, still shaken, and goes up the stairs. Swede goes outside...

EXT. OLD RIMROCK HOUSE - NIGHT - DECK OVERLOOKING THE FIELDS

He stands there. There's a lot of moon, illuminating the fields... WHEN SUDDENLY, FROM BEHIND HIM, THE VOICE OF MERRY... BUT IT'S:

MERRY AT AGE 8, RUNNING BAREFOOT past him, IN HER PAJAMAS, out towards the fields...

MERRY
I don't w-want to go to bed yet!...

DAWN comes out in pursuit of her, a younger Dawn... annoyed but laughing...

DAWN
Merry you should have been asleep
an hour ago!

MERRY
I want to see the c-cows first!

SWEDE
(pleading Merry's case)
She wants to help you bring them to
the barn...

Dawn yields. And, watched by Swede, she joins Merry in the pasture, among the COWS, eight or ten of them... They herd the cows with sticks, and cries... Dawn's are expert, piercing..

DAWN
Heregirl! Heregirl!

MERRY
(mimicking)
Heregirl!

And from the cows comes a LOWING, as they turn toward the voices... and make their way towards Dawn and Merry...

DAWN
Aren't they beautiful, Merry?

Merry nods, in awe... Still herding...

MERRY

Beautiful...

ON SWEDE, from the house... hearing them, watching them...

ON THE FIELDS AGAIN: Empty. Dark.

Swede goes inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD RIMROCK HOUSE - DAY

Swede coming out the front door, dressed, leaving for work in the morning. A few months have passed, taking their toll. Swede takes the folded newspaper from his mailbox... Opens it and glances at the headlines on his way to the car... REACTS...

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE, NEWARK - FBI OFFICE - DAY

The NEWSPAPER's now on Dolan's desk, Swede has put it there, shows the famous bomb blast in Greenwich Village, 1969 -- Dolan confirms the account --

DOLAN

There were three blasts. The townhouse is totally destroyed. If anybody else was in there, which we don't know...

SWEDE

But the two young women who escaped, they're young, they're white...

DOLAN

(knows the question)
Is one of them Merry.

SWEDE

Why not? Why couldn't it be?

DOLAN

Mr. Levov --

SWEDE

Look, what about the bombs they were making?

(MORE)

SWEDE (cont'd)

In the townhouse they were making bombs that were pipes filled with dynamite. *The bomb that blew up Hamlin's*, that's what it was, it was a pipe filled with dynamite!

Dolan lets him finish. Then.

DOLAN

How old's the story in your paper.

(looks at it)

Last night. Old.

(fills him in)

One of the missing women, we know who she is. Her parents own the building. Rich fucks. They're down in the Caribbean growing a tan while their rich-fuck daughter makes bombs to blow people up with.

SWEDE

But the other girl. You don't know the identity of the other girl.

DOLAN

Therefore it's Merry?

Cold water. But he's genuinely sympathetic now --

DOLAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You go home, Mr. Levov. How's Mrs. Levov?

Bad question. Swede ignores, insists --

SWEDE

This is my daughter --

DOLAN

Mr. Levov, we'll tell you, Mr. Levov --

SWEDE

NO! You won't! You're not telling us anything!

A beat. Maybe some guilt, on Dolan's side.

DOLAN

There's nothing.

(then)

There was one thing, but it's nothing.

Swede, eager. Dolan, deciding to trust him --

DOLAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Someone said they saw her. At the
train station.

SWEDE
Penn Station? *Here in Newark?*

DOLAN
I know. It didn't make sense, we
thought she would have crossed the
country by now. We worked it, it
went nowhere...

Swede rises. Dolan, off Swede's hurry, tries to stop him...

DOLAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
This was months ago...

Swede keeps going...

CUT TO:

INT. PENNSYLVANIA STATION, NEWARK - DAY

Since we saw it twenty years ago it's gone to shit, its high,
old vaulted ceilings, now dirty and supported with makeshift
scaffolding and the whole badly in need of renovation --

Aside from a few commuters, the crowd is littered with
homeless people -- plus some dispirited COPS and TRANSIT
PERSONNEL, putting up a front and trying to move the worst-
looking sorts along...

Through this scene, his footsteps echoing... SWEDE...

INT. PENN STATION - CROWDED WAITING ROOM, ANOTHER DAY - SWEDE

Newspaper under his arm, he watches as a crowd of people exit
from the archways, coming off the trains...

INT. PENN STATION - TRAIN PLATFORM, ANOTHER DAY

SWEDE on the platform, watching another train arrive...

INT: PENN STATION, EMPTY WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Very dead of night. Swede on a bench. Head in his hands.

CUT TO:

The SOUND OF MACHINES, WHIRRING, NOISY... We're --

INT. "NEWARK MAID" FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

VICKY, overseeing workers -- SEES, at the other end of the room, a frizzy-haired WHITE GIRL, 24, drifting through: RITA COHEN. Vicky wonders who she is, goes to her...

INT. FACTORY - CUTTER'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The long sunlit room where the glove-cutters have skins spread out on tables... Swede, standing among them, is looking over the letter of introduction Rita's handed him. Another little while since we've seen him...

SWEDE

(reads)

"Rita Cohen"...

RITA

...from the Wharton School of Business. I'm doing my thesis on the leather glove industry here in Newark.

He looks at her, notes her simplicity, sincerity.

RITA (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I'd be grateful for anything you could teach me.

Her look goes to a sheepskin spread out nearby.

SWEDE

Go ahead, feel it.

RITA

(strokes it)

It's lovely...

SWEDE

It's sheepskin. "Cabretta." They've been shipped from the same ports in Africa for hundreds of years...

She writes this down carefully on a yellow legal pad. Swede watches, impressed by her...

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You want to learn about gloves,
we'll make you up a pair.

RITA
Here? Now?...

SWEDE
I'm guessing you're a four. Let's
see what kind of guesser I am...

He picks up her hand. Pale and delicate. Measures...

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Four it is. That's as small as
ladies' come. Anything smaller is a
child's.

(turns & shouts to an old
man)
Harry, make up a four for this
young lady, British tan...

Rita's delighted, as HARRY, European, 70, gets right to
work... Swede's enjoying himself, for the first time in
months...

CUT TO:

INT. SWEDE'S OFFICE - LATER. HE'S SEATED.

SWEDE
You're seeing a dying business,
Miss Cohen.

RITA
Am I? I'm sorry to --

SWEDE
I don't mean us, knock wood. We've
still got the big accounts, Macy's,
Bendel's... I meant the whole
industry. Everybody's moving to
Hong Kong, Puerto Rico...

RITA
To cut labor costs.

SWEDE

Precisely. Exactly. Everybody's hurting. Used to be a woman owned ten, twelve pairs of gloves...

RITA

Imagine that.

With which, Vicky enters, with the new gloves...

VICKY

These are for you, Miss.

Swede watches as Rita pulls them on: a kid with a new present...

SWEDE

Slowly, always slowly at first. Feel how it expands when you make a fist?

Rita opens and closes her fist, smiles with pleasure. To Vicky:

RITA

Thank you.

Vicky smiles back. And goes. *BUT AS SOON AS VICKY'S GONE, RITA LEANS ACROSS SWEDE'S DESK: LOW AND DISTINCT:*

RITA (CONT'D) (cont'd)

She wants her Audrey Hepburn scrapbook.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEHIND THE OLD RIMROCK HOUSE - LATE THAT DAY - AS...

Swede leads Dawn away from the house. Pale, anxious, a permanent nervousness has settled on her since we've seen her last...

DAWN

Talk to me... What is it...

He calms her, walking until they're clear of the house. Then:

SWEDE

Someone came to me from Merry.

At first Dawn doesn't comprehend.

DAWN

Merry... where is she...

SWEDE

I don't know. I don't know where she is. But this person, this little person, she looked like a kid, *younger* than Merry... She wants to meet me tomorrow...

DAWN

Merry?

SWEDE

No, no, this, "Rita..." The parking lot at the airport...

DAWN

(dazed)

Is Merry alright...?

He doesn't answer. Follows his own thoughts...

SWEDE

She gave me all these instructions, go through the park, make sure I'm not followed...

Dawn looks at him. Frightened.

DAWN

Are you going to tell the agents?

SWEDE

I, I don't know *what* to do. Dawn, she knew about the Audrey Hepburn pictures! She knew about the stuttering book, the ballet classes, the cows... This girl, she can take me to Merry!...

But as he speaks, he's distracted, looks out at the pasture.

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Where are the cows?

DAWN

What...

SWEDE

The cows. Where are they.

DAWN

They're in the barn, the two that are left.

SWEDE

The two?

DAWN

I've sold them. I'm selling them.

Wondering at her... disturbed by this...

SWEDE

...why would you sell your cows...

She doesn't answer. Just says what she's thinking.

DAWN

You can't tell the agents.

(very crisp and clear)

This girl. You must do whatever she says.

He looks at her. Astonished.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANCH BROOK PARK, NEWARK - MORNING

Cherry trees. Swede by the lake, his car parked nearby.

High school boys toss a football. Sweatshirt: WEEQUAHIC HIGH.

Swede glances at his watch.

INT. SWEDE'S CAR (MOVING) - NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - DAY

He drives. Glances in his rear-view...

Nothing. Then...

BLACK CAR with THREE BUSINESSMEN is following him. He's sweating it...

It passes him.

He follows a sign, NEWARK AIRPORT. Peels off the highway...

INT. SEMI-UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT, AIRPORT - DAY

He's left his car. Walking, carries a shopping bag...

Crossing towards a figure in the darkness of the stairway. In a huge blue pea-coat.

His POV: The coat: Merry?...

He doesn't even notice that a car NEARLY HITS him.

He arrives before her: It's Merry's coat, it turns... and suddenly it's MERRY, MERRY LOOKING CLEAN AND FRESH AND ABSURDLY HAPPY, MERRY WITH HER HAIR NEATLY TIED BACK...

But it's not. It's RITA. Merry's coat with Rita inside.

Rita blandly takes the bag from him. Examines the scrapbook...

SWEDE

Surely...

(adjusts his voice, keeps
calm)

Surely you can now tell me
something about Merry.

RITA

I surely cannot.

She looks through the book, finds a picture she likes...

SWEDE

I'd like to speak with her.

RITA

Well she wouldn't like to speak
with you.

She hates you.

A beat. Lightly --

SWEDE

Does she?

RITA

Thinks you ought to be shot.

SWEDE

Yes? That too?

Rita puts the things back in the bag.

RITA

Swede Levov. What do you pay your workers in your factory in Puerto Rico, Swede "Simon Legree" Levov?

SWEDE

I don't have a factory in Puerto Rico, I've stayed right here...

RITA

What do you pay the women going blind stitching gloves for the ladies at "Bendel's" and "Macy's?"

SWEDE

You saw how unhappy my employees are! That's why they've worked for me for forty years, because they're so exploited...

...But then he stares at her. This tiny thing. The sheer stupidity of it dawning on him...

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Who are you? You don't even know what you're talking about!

RITA

I know what a plantation is, Mr. Simon Legree. You own your people. You own them, you use them, you sleep with them, and when you're done --

SWEDE

(losing it)

Please. Rita? I haven't two minutes interest in your cliches. I want you to tell me where my daughter is, that's all I want to hear from you. Someone's been killed and my daughter needs serious help...

RITA

Your "daughter" never wants to see you again. Or that mother.

To which Swede reacts.

SWEDE

You don't know anything about her mother...

RITA

Lady Dawn? Lady Dawn of the Manor? I know all there is to know about Lady Dawn. So ashamed of her class origins she has to become Lady of the Fucking Manor and make her daughter into a debutante...

SWEDE

Merry shoveled cowshit from the time she was six. Merry rode tractors, Merry was 4-H...

RITA

Fake, all fake. The daughter of the Beauty Queen and the Captain of the Football team - what kind of nightmare is that for a girl with a soul?

SWEDE

Dawn is not a Beauty Queen, she works a farm all day, she works with animals -

RITA

Fake fake fake. She works a farm like a fucking upper-class --

SWEDE

Upper class? Dawn's father was a plumber, her grandfather had a dairy cows in Middlesex County, she was on a farm from the time she was --

(cuts himself off)

This is crazy! Where is my daughter? This conversation is pointless! Somebody is dead, my daughter's accused of murder --

RITA

You're really hung up on that, aren't you. Do you know how many Vietnamese have died in the time we've been talking here...?

SWEDE
You give her back to me...

RITA
She's not a possession. You don't own her anymore, the way you own your factory or your Buick-Fucking-Electra...

SWEDE
(fighting for his sanity now)
Where is she, Miss Cohen...?

Triumph is in her eyes. Her mocking eyes.

SUDDEN CUT TO:

JERRY LEVOV -- INT. HOSPITAL --

JERRY LEVOV
(non-plussed)
So where is she?

Jerry's a doctor, we're in an EXAM ROOM, door closed... Swede doesn't answer, exactly, he's pacing, working it through...

SWEDE
The girl's our link, our only one...

JERRY
You let her go? Why'd you let her go?...

SWEDE
She's a kid, she looks like an infant, I know I can work around her to get to Merry...

JERRY
An infant? Are you listening to yourself? That's nonsense, that's crazy... You go to the cops. You go to what's-his, the FBI, you tell him everything...

SWEDE
No, that's...

JERRY

What "No?" Did you get the
"infant's" phone number, at least?

SWEDE

No that's not the plan, she makes
contact with me...

JERRY

If she feels like it. If she FEELS
like it!

(realizing)

You got NOTHING! YOU GOT NOTHING!

At the yelling, DOOR OPENS, YOUNG NURSE sticks her head in,
worried --

YOUNG NURSE

Doctor Levov --

JERRY

What. I don't need you.

YOUNG NURSE

But doctor --

JERRY

Go jump in a lake, Nurse. Please.

Young Nurse leaves. Swede tries to explain...

SWEDE

Jerry. I gotta do this, Jerry. You
should see Dawn these days, I'm
worried about Dawn. This has to
work, Rita has to take us to Merry,
this Rita and the others...

JERRY

What others?

SWEDE

Others, there must be others, the
people that have Merry, that are
controlling her... if Merry did it,
blew up Hamlin's, these are the
people that made her do it, don't
you see...

JERRY

If? If she blew up Hamlin's? That's
what you're asking yourself?

(stares at him)

(MORE)

JERRY (cont'd)
What kind of man are you, my
brother? My big brother?

Swede stares back... and starts to go...

JERRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You go to the FBI, do you hear me?

SWEDE
(No. And:)
You can't tell anybody what I've
told you. Promise me.

Jerry hesitates to promise this. Grabs Swede's arm at the
door...

But sees that Swede's lost to him. And, with a nod of
agreement, lets him go.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLS, FIELD - EARLY MORNING - THE BARN...

A beat. Then, approaching across the field: Dawn, in
overalls...

INT. BARN - THE LONG ROWS OF COW-STALLS ARE EMPTY

But Dawn walks along them... towards...

STALL OF COUNT

The prize bull. He's still there. Dawn comes in to turn him
free for a day in the pasture. Hugs him momentarily. Her
sadness... SUDDENLY, STARTLES AS SHE SEES...

A LEATHER GLOVE NAILED TO THE STALL.

Tan, ladies' small. With a NOTE beneath it. Hanging there.

Dawn shudders.

CUT TO:

INT. STREETS OF MANHATTAN - SIXTH AVENUE - DAY

Swede wanders in the lunchtime crowd. In his suit, carrying a
briefcase...

Passes a phone-booth... Pauses, considers...

Passes on.

CUT TO:

INT. HE'S KNOCKING AT A HOTEL ROOM DOOR: "614"

It opens. RITA opens it. Dressed in a skirt and blouse, gaudily floral bargain basement stuff. With high-heeled pumps. And make-up. Weird look for her.

RITA

Do come in, make yourself at home.

He follows her in, closes the door. Opening the briefcase...

SWEDE

I brought the money.

But she isn't even looking. Instead, she gets on the bed...
CHANTS & DANCES, LIKE THE CHEERLEADERS...

RITA

SWEDE Le-VOV,
RHYMES with the LOVE,
SWEDE Le-VOV,
RHYMES with the LOVE...

He's weirded out by the old chant, disoriented, unnerved...

SWEDE

Miss Cohen... I've brought it, the
ten thousand dollars, in small
bills. Now where's my daughter?...

RITA

Come off it, Swede. You came here
to fuck me.

He pales.

SWEDE

What? Miss -- if you have any
feeling for what everyone is going
through--

RITA

Ask anybody: Why does a middle-aged
capitalist come to a hotel room to
meet a young piece of ass?

(MORE)

RITA (cont'd)

Say it, just say it, Swede, 'I came here to fuck you...'

SWEDE

Stop all this...

RITA

I'm twenty-two. I do everything, I do it all. You're not afraid, are you? Big guy like you, you can't have met your match in little me. Pillar. Pillar of the Fucking Community Swede Levov. Come on, let's see the Pillar...

SWEDE

(flares angrily)

What is the aim of all this, will you tell me --?

RITA

(suddenly clear)

To introduce you to reality. And it ain't gonna be no picnic, Jocko.

He shudders. Then:

RITA (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I'll take you to see your daughter. First we fuck, then I'll zip up your little fly and take you to where she is...

SWEDE

(revolting...)

This is loathsome. My daughter isn't part of this! You're not fit to wipe my daughter's shoes! She has nothing to do with you or the bombing or --

And she spreads her legs. No underwear.

RITA

-- There. Put it right there.

It sickens Swede. He shuts his eyes...

Her hand goes down and OFF SCREEN, but we're on her she speaks, as she shows herself, her vagina...^o

RITA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 You know what size it is? Let's see
 what kind of guesser you are. It's
 a small, I'm guessing it's a four.
 In a ladies' that's as small as
 they come... Any smaller would be a
 child's...

She edges closer to him, on her back. Slithering, like a
 snake-dancer, with her legs spread...

RITA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Stick it in. But slowly, always
 slowly the first time...

Her eyes are glowing at him... He's refusing to look...

SWEDE
 This does not have to do with
 anything...

RITA
 You great big Boy Scout... You want
 to know what this has to do with
 what's happening?...

OFF CAMERA, we can tell she's digging into herself with her
 hand... THEN... thrusts her wet hand up at him, to his
 face...

RITA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Here! Taste it and you'll know!

He doesn't flinch, doesn't stir, doesn't breathe... as she
 almost grazes his mouth with her hand, her fingers...

Then, making loony, comical little circles in the air with
 it, she brings her hand to her own mouth. Licks it.

RITA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Know how it tastes?
It tastes like your d-d-d-daughter.

At which, overwhelmed, Swede turns and BOLTS FROM THE ROOM...

CUT TO:

STAIRWAY OF THE HOTEL...

He's running down the stairs, HEADLONG, FLEEING...

EXT. NEW YORK HILTON...

He's bursting out through the doors, seeking air and space... running out onto the sidewalk, Sixth Avenue... He staggers...

FLASH TO: RITA COHEN ON THE BED, DANCING, DOING THE "SWEDE" CHEER...

RESUME..... SIXTH AVENUE... SWEDE RUNNING

Further and further down street, away from the hotel in the BG... Hustles through crowds, commuters... SIDE ANGLE as he stretches out his gait...

SUDDENLY: SAME SIDE ANGLE - LONG AGO, *SWEDE AT 18* ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD - Hustling through the defensive line, fleet and powerful...

TIME PRESENT: CLOSER ON SWEDE, as he slows, recovering himself...

Stops. Turns. The big hotel is still in the background. He REVERSES FIELD...

BACK TO: SAME MOVE - *SWEDE AT 18* PIVOTS ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD, REVERSES FIELD, ball tucked smoothly beneath his arm...

TIME PRESENT: INT: HOTEL STAIRWAY as he's bolting back up...

INT: CORRIDOR... AS he charges the ROOM "614"... It's already empty, deserted... briefcase lies empty on the floor...

Swede starts to turn away, then HEARS...

THE TOILET'S FLUSHING... HE BURSTS THROUGH TO:

BATHROOM... It's empty, but finishing its flush, like someone just left, isn't far...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL... HE BURSTS OUT THE FRONT again...

There's a line of taxis, he quick-steps through them, ducking to see each... searches street and sidewalk, sweeping with his eyes as he moves... SUDDEN THOUGHT, side entrance...

He races around the corner onto 56th Street... ONE-WAY coming TOWARDS him... FAR END: HIS POV: Is that the pea-coat?

He sees what might be RITA COHEN, getting in a car, WHITE BEAT-UP VW VAN...

He quickens, towards it...

The van starts up, she hasn't seen him, heads towards HIM...

He STEPS INTO THE STREET, into its path, into traffic...

SUDDENLY RITA sees HIM: Looking WORRIED for once -- She hits the brake, jerks, stops --

Swede hurries TOWARDS HER --

Squeal of tires, VAN'S BACKING AWAY, backing up, whacky, THROUGH the traffic --

SWEDE POURS ON SPEED --

But the Van going backwards reaches Seventh Avenue, fishtails back INTO FLOW OF TRAFFIC, CARS JAM AND HONK -- VAN GETS TRAPPED between a parked truck and the flow of traffic, can't move -- giving Swede his chance --

SWEDE CLOSES IN -- He's coming out of the street, a few yards from the front of the van, about to get in its path, prevent its pulling out --

He and RITA are looking right at each other -- we SEE BUT DON'T HEAR her cursing -- WHEN:

She FLOORS it right AT Swede... swerves, pulls the van AROUND the truck...

And the van is suddenly off and gone, flowing WITH the avenue's traffic. Swede sprints after it... Hopeless... He slows little by little... Gives it up.

Rests for a moment. Winded, but lightly, the way an athlete's winded. Shakes it off, turns away...

Loss and regret upon him as he heads turns back to the hotel... Athlete returning to the locker-room after a losing game...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM 614 - LATER

Couple of three FBI guys are all over it. Briefcase, everything else being dusted, messed with.

Dolan has Swede out in the hall.

DOLAN

What were you thinking?

Swede doesn't answer. Dolan re-frames.

DOLAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

When you add it up: Your daughter's a minor. She saw a psychiatrist for years, that's, evidence of mental stress. Plus, that bomb, she plainly had no intent-to-kill, not at that hour of the morning... Protecting her from us is not intelligent. Pretty unintelligent when you think about it.

SWEDE

What do you want from me.

DOLAN

Nothing, thanks. The description of the girl Rita Cohen is okay. You can go.

(but before Swede rises)

Does Mrs. Levov know what happened here today?

SWEDE

I... just called her, told her it had come to nothing. She's disappointed. Naturally. This was our only hope...

DOLAN

You should have brought us in, Mr. Levov.

Off which, Swede rises -- in a daze of defeat --

SWEDE

I'm going, I'll be at my factory if you need me...

DOLAN

You've done everything wrong you
could possibly do.

Which Swede hears, but keeps going...

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE OF "NEWARK MAID" - LATER THAT DAY

ON THE CUT, Swede pulls his car in. As soon as he gets out:
Vicky's there, rushes up to him, upset. Swede's alarmed, off
her look,

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY STAIRWAY - SWEDE CHARGING UP, HEART POUNDING...

And Vicky, breathless, behind...

SWEDE

How long ago did she get here...?

VICKY

Half-hour, maybe...

(distressed)

She won't let me get near her, poor
thing, I didn't want to scare
her...

There are WORKERS lining the stairs, they've come down from
above, everyone makes way for Swede, watching his face...

CUT TO:

UPPER FLOOR OF FACTORY - FITTING ROOM - DAY

WEIRD SHOT: THE ROW-AFTER-ROW OF SHINING BRASS HANDS sticking
up, mounted on tables: but now they look, as if they're
floating, surreal, in the smoky light...

APPROACHING FROM OFF CAMERA, at first we see just her face...

DAWN (SINGS)

*Dream, when the day is through...
Dream, that's the thing to do...*

CAMERA FULLY REVEALS NOW, as SWEDE ARRIVES UP THE STAIRS...

DAWN IS STROLLING AMONG THE FITTING-HANDS, gracefully, trailing her touch from hand to hand... She is stripped down to nothing, but she wears her old MISS NEW JERSEY purple sash across her otherwise naked body... On her face an expression of bliss...

DAWN (CONT'D SINGING) (CONT'D)
(cont'd)

Things... never are as bad as they seem...

ANGLE SWEDE, as grief and anguish cross his face... and he takes off his coat, and rushes to his wife, SLO-MOTION, with his coat, to cover her up...

She puts out her arms, glad... Her prince, Swede Levov, is approaching...

CUT TO:

INT. BRIGHT ROOM - DAY - FLOWERS

In a vase on a writing desk. Sun catches them. Also, framed photo of Swede and Merry -- and Dawn herself, when she was little.

It's a room we've never been in before. Dawn, white-robed, is sitting up on the bed.

DAWN

I'm frightened, Seymour. I'm frightened all the time.

She shudders. Looks hopefully to the door, he reads her look.

SWEDE

It's not time for your medicine.

She's pulls her white cotton patient's-robe up round her neck and down around her knees, and under her, cocooning against the anxiety coursing through her... He goes on...

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Think of the most pleasant place you've ever been...

Her frightened eyes... she tries...

DAWN

Down the shore. In Avon. My uncle's house, when I was a girl.

(MORE)

DAWN (cont'd)

The lifeguards were all Catholic boys from Fordham and Holy Cross, they'd come down for the summer...

SWEDE

They were all in love with you.

DAWN

(matter of fact)

I should have married one of them. They were seriously smart, I'm sure they're all successful lawyers by now...

She looks out the window: A wistfulness settles about her now. Swede is satisfied: it worked. Eases her down into the bed...

SWEDE

Come on, now. Rest.

Arranges the covers... She's passive, lets him.

When she's tucked in, he sits. Watches.

We get it: He'll watch as long as it takes.

INT. LOBBY OF THE SANATORIUM - LATER - NIGHT

Swede's passing through, leaving. Waiting room's deserted... Pleasant-looking nurse smiles at him...

NURSE

See you again t'morrow, Mr. Levov.

SWEDE

G'night.

He passes from the lobby, into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD RIMROCK HOUSE - KITCHEN - MIDNIGHT

Swede in his t-shirt, pot of coffee... He's working on something, tireless... CAMERA TRAILS a messy pile of newspapers, some of them COLLEGE papers... Radical magazines, RAMPARTS, the PROGRESSIVE, the DAILY WORKER... he's made lists, circled dates, places... He FOCUSES on one...

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

POLICE IN RIOT GEAR, line the sidewalks -- confining a
CHANTING DEMONSTRATION OF STUDENTS, PROTESTORS --

*What do we want?
PEACE!
When do we want it?
NOW!*

ANGLE WITHIN THE CROWD -- SWEDE -- making his way among the
protestors, taller than most of them -- in suit and tie -

HE'S SEARCHING THE FACES -- OLD FACES, YOUNG FACES -- Some
that He moves among them -- "Excuse me" -- He MUST SEE EVERY
FACE -- They separate for him --

PASSES through a FOREST OF SIGNS, 'FREE ANGELA DAVIS,' 'END
RACISM!,' 'END THE WAR!' -- the chanting turns to SONG --

*Ain't gonna study war no more,
Ain't gonna study war no more,
Ain't gonna stuu -- dy --
war -- no -- more!, etc.*

ANGLE - SWEDE

-- in the CENTER OF THE DEMONSTRATION, near the fountain,
where it's jammed with bodies, there's anger, joy --

He ENTERS A CENTRAL CIRCLE. SEVERAL PROTESTORS hold an
American flag: funky satire of a military guard... SWEDE
SEES:... A BOY, 19, and a GIRL, her back to him, it could be
Merry...

URNS AND IT IS MERRY, Merry in the radical uniform of the
60s, but Merry JOYOUS, DANCING... DANCING TOWARDS HIM...

But of course it isn't. The girl is dancing at the straight-
looking Swede, pretty/playful smile on her face, while the
boy sets his draft-card on fire. The SMALL FIRE LIGHTS UP...
The girl returns to the flame, dances to it, as if to
music... Swede watches her, devastated it isn't Merry...

NOW THEY LIFT THE AMERICAN FLAG TO THE CENTER OF THE
CIRCLE... Boy takes the lighter, to its edge...

THE FLAG SEEMS TO COUGH, DARKEN, GOES UP IN FLAMES, QUICKLY
NOW SHOOT UP IN FLAMES... They lift it, CHEERS GO UP...
LOUDER, until we:

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST(S) (SHEILA SALZMAN(S) OFFICE - EVENING

SHEILA, as before, stirring her tea. Few years older, hair
looser. Same air of patient listening, half-smile... as...

SHEILA

I wouldn't call it a hallucination.
It's... normal, it's... you miss
her, it's normal...

SWEDE

Yes... No, I know, I...

But he's relieved to have his sanity confirmed. Nods.

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Thank you.

She nods. Swede is having tea, too. After a beat... Shakes
his head...

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You should've seen those kids
today. The *flag*...

(Looks at her)

I don't know if you can understand
this but I loved the flag when I
was their age. Just reciting the
names of the forty-eight states...
and those free road-maps they used
to give you at the gas station? I'd
look at the states, the cities...
And being a Marine... And winning
the war, us, America...

He goes on, apologizing slightly, but in earnest...

I had a map on my wall, with pins
sticking out of it. I followed the
Marines across the Pacific -- Can
you imagine what Merry would say,
if she saw my map? If she heard me
say how I love this country?

SHEILA

No I can't imagine. Merry's political views were, as we know...

SWEDE

How did I do it? How did I fail to teach my daughter to love this country as I do?

(On his own tack)

Of course I love this country! I got to run my father's business, my father whose own parents couldn't even speak *English* when they came here! *Naturally* I love this country! Got to live in a great house, marry a great girl...

At his own mention of Dawn, Swede falls silent.

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Thanks for seeing me. You helped Merry, I thought, I *hoped*, you could help me, too...

SHEILA

I'd like to if I can...

SWEDE

...and Dawn...

SHEILA

Yes...

SWEDE

Why? Why help us? I mean, people haven't wanted to, they don't even speak to us. When I come into town... and the mail, the disgusting mail, it's sick, it's *anti-Semitic*, if you want to know the truth... So why would you...

SHEILA

(Her reason for helping:)

I miss Merry, too.

Nothing Sheila could say could reach him more deeply.

A beat. He almost cries: Something we haven't seen. He tries for words: He fails. Also something we haven't seen.

She draws nearer to him. To his need.

CUT TO:

INT. SANATORIUM - DAWN'S ROOM - DAY

DAWN sitting propped up on her bed in an over-sized yellow turtleneck sweater. Her hair is different, looks nice. Room very much inhabited, long time. More pictures than before. She's looking out the window.

DAWN

Where are we?

(before he can react)

Don't have a shit-fit, Seymour, I know it's the nuthouse again. I mean what town?

SWEDE

Princeton.

DAWN

The other time I was in Princeton I was at the Governor's mansion.

SWEDE

(encourages)

Right. Just after the contest.

DAWN

Twenty-one and scared to death. His chauffeur drove me from Elizabeth, in my crown...

(cracked smile...)

I danced in my crown with the governor of New Jersey -- And I end up with you?

Swede says nothing. He knows where this is going, too well.

DAWN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

How did this happen? How did I end up here? You, that's how! You wouldn't leave me alone, had to marry me -- I just wanted to teach music, teach kids music in the school system, and be left alone by boys. Never wanted to be Miss Union County, Miss-Crazy New Jersey, Miss America! I just wanted the scholarship so I could get my degree and a job and that was it.

(MORE)

DAWN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 But then you arrived! Towering over
 me with your jaw, this huge
 animal... Every time I looked up
 there was my boyfriend, gaga
 because I was a ridiculous beauty
 queen! You were like some kid! You
 had to make me into a princess!
 Well look where I wound up! In a
 madhouse! Your princess is in a
 madhouse!

CUT TO:

WITHIN A CLOSET: DOOR OPENS FROM DARKNESS ON THE CUT. We're:

INT. OLD RIMROCK HOUSE - SWEDE AND DAWN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Swede stands there. He's opened Dawn's closet, looking for something.

Gets down from an upper shelf: Hatbox.

Opens it: Takes out: Dawn's CROWN.

And a PICTURE BOOK: Souvenir of the pageant. Pages of the
 CONTESTANTS, state by state. He flips through, OPENS to:

MISS NEW JERSEY. INSERT: Legend beneath: "MISS DAWN DWYER,
 Elizabeth, N.J..." and a few facts. The PICTURE is of Dawn on
 stage, at the piano...

He HEARS the PIANO again: "Clair de Lune." Simple as it gets.
 CONTINUES OVER...

CUT TO:

A BALE OF HIDES hits the floor of -

INT. "NEWARK MAID" LEATHER GLOVE FACTORY - DAY

As workmen seize on it and cut it open, yanking the hides
 apart, Swede drops to his knees, shirt and tie and all, to
 dig his fingers into the pile, make assessment, bark
 instructions M.O.S... VICKY looks on, not letting anything
 but her work-mind show but concerned for him... SWEDE's
 maintaining business-as-usual front and it hurts like hell...
 And, the childish, fragile melody of Dawn's CLAIR DE LUNE
 still CONTINUES OVER...

CUT TO:

INT. SWEDE'S CAR - DAY (MOVING) - ANGLE ON:

SWEDE at the wheel. DAWN, beside him. She's quiet. Swede
PULLS UP to:

THEIR POV - EXT. NEW STORE ON THE SITE OF HAMLIN'S - DAY

Fresh-looking: the work barely completed on the place...

INT. NEW STORE - DAY

We don't recognize the WOMAN who's running the store part. In
back, the POST OFFICE part is also open for business again.

SWEDE AND DAWN enter. The MUSIC ENDS.

The woman behind the counter, a CUSTOMER, and the POSTAL GUY
all look at the Levovs. At Dawn. She is fragile, but holds
herself together: Made a decision to do this. Swede steps up
to the window.

SWEDE

Stamps, please. Ten dollars worth.

Postal Guy hesitates. He looks as if he's waiting for them to
go away. But they're un-budging.

Finally he takes the money, spools off the stamps. It's Dawn
who takes them.

DAWN

Thank you.

And they exit past the watching workers...

EXT. NEW STORE ON THE SITE OF HAMLIN'S - CONTINUOUS

Swede and Dawn continues to his car. They pass people from
the schoolhouse, church across the street. They are in no
hurry. Brave steps.

They get into their car. Dawn's head dips briefly once into
her hands. She looks up, Swede's looking at her.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S (SHEILA SALZMAN'S) OFFICE - DAY

SWEDE

They're saying if Dawn's medication doesn't work... and she has to go in a third time...

He sits near to her, like last time. She finishes his thought.

SHEILA

...Usually that means electro-shock treatments.

SWEDE

I'd rather do anything than see that happen.

SHEILA

Alright, but...

SWEDE

(What he came to ask about:)

She read a magazine article. About a doctor in Geneva.

SHEILA

What kind of doctor?

SWEDE

A plastic surgeon.

(Looks to Sheila for her opinion)

It's all she's talked about since she came home. I see her at night, in the bathroom mirror...

INTERCUT -- AS HE SPEAKS: HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

DAWN LEANS CLOSE IN TO THE MIRROR -- USES HER FINGER TIPS TO PULL BACK THE SKIN BESIDE HER MOUTH...

SWEDE (V.O. CONT'D)

She thinks somehow that having a face-lift... even though she's only forty-three...

RESUME: SHEILA'S OFFICE

SHEILA

(completes his sentence)

She thinks it will help her start over. And why not? Imagine all Dawn has been through...

SWEDE

I don't have to imagine.

SHEILA

I've seen this before: women in trauma, women who've been ill, or lost a husband... it can help them become a new woman...

SWEDE

(Resists)

But I want the *old* Dawn. I'm afraid... afraid that that for the rest of my life this will be it, her on sedatives and anti-depressants, me sitting by her bed in a room with no locks on the door, in and out of the fu-, the fucking hospital for life... I want my wife Dawn... I want my wife and I want Merry...

SHEILA

We're not talking about Merry. But as for Dawn...

(leans forward)

What if you were to go along with her? Support her in this? The trip to Switzerland, the operation... it might be a way for you both to put the past behind you...

SWEDE

The past is Merry! I don't want to put the past behind!

SHEILA

But Dawn does.

CUT TO:

A PAINTING. MODERN, ABSTRACT.

White, smeared with grey.

Standing before it, uncomprehending, are LOU LEVOV and SYLVIA. They move on to the next, no different from the first. The Swede stands before it. OVER the scene, a CARD fades in & out:

One Year Later

July 3, 1973

INT. A GALLERY. GREENWICH VILLAGE, NEW YORK - DAY

LOU

(appeals to his son, re:
painting)

What is it? Can you help me out?

SYLVIA

Lou, keep your voice down.

It's an opening, lots of art-people, the wine & cheese crowd... but Lou doesn't like being shushed, continues to his son:

LOU

It's like the one you got in your living room, that you paid an arm and a leg for.

SWEDE

Same artist. Bill Orcutt, our neighbor.

They look over to where -- some yards away, DAWN's talking with ORCUTT and other Gallery-opening types...

LOU

I don't care what you say, she looks like a million dollars.

SWEDE

Alright, Dad, yes, she looks great -

LOU

Great? The girl's herself again. Getting rid of the cows was the smartest thing she ever did.

(MORE)

LOU (cont'd)
 I never liked it. But thank God for
 the face-lift. I was against it but
 I was wrong.

And they GO to Dawn, and Orcutt. Lou kisses his daughter-in-law.

LOU (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Darling.
 (Touches her face)
 A million dollars!

Dawn's a bit embarrassed at this, but now we see her face closer, how it's been redone: It's tight and bright and disorienting, but pretty... the eyes flash a kind of forceful cheerfulness...

DAWN
 Sylvia, Lou, you know Bill Orcutt.
 You'll see him at our house
 tomorrow for the Fourth of July...

LOU
 I hear that you're the artist.

SWEDE
 And, he's working with Dawn,
 designing our new house...

LOU
 An artist and an architect?

ORCUTT
 Architect's my day job. Can't make
 a living just being an abstract
 painter.

LOU
 Forgive me but I'm not too
 surprised.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - WEST 8TH STREET - DAY - WALKING:

LOU
 (Protesting innocence)
 What? What did I say?

Lou and Sylvia, heading toward Swede's car. Behind them,
 Swede and Dawn... The social, chatty new Dawn, to Swede...

DAWN

Well I for one had enough
pretentious art-talk for one
night...

SWEDE

But you enjoyed it. You had a good
time.

DAWN

(admits)

Alright I did.

He's glad. They've reached the car -- Swede opens the car
doors, his parents get in the back, Dawn in the front seat --

As Swede's going round to the driver's side --

HIS POV -- something registers, someone -- *far sidewalk, far
side of University Place* --

REACTION SWEDE -- Did he see something? Looks again --

HIS POV -- Nothing. Ordinary group of downtown types --

HIS POV -- LOOKS AGAIN. SEES: RITA COHEN. She's dressed quite
normally, bright-striped over-sized sweater, and her hair is
short now, the Angela-Davis-afro gone... but it's Rita... She
turns East...

He turns to Dawn, in the car...

SWEDE

Take them home.

DAWN

(surprised)

What?

SWEDE

I have to do something --

DAWN

Seymour --

SWEDE

Don't argue with me --

And throwing her his keys, he CHARGES ACROSS THE STREET --

INTO THE BUSY NARROW STREET, crowded with people...

He's moving fast, searching for a retreating glimpse of her...

PASSES TWO POLICEMEN, ONE ON A HORSE... SWEDE hesitates, we see him consider...

Foot-cop is wondering what the man wants...

SWEDE moves on... hastily, towards...

ASTOR PLACE... He comes into the busy intersection, she might have gone in any of five directions...

HIS POV: GLIMPSE OF BRIGHT-STRIPED SWEATER, across Broadway...

SWEDE RUSHES, through traffic... Striped-sweater lost in the crowd... He hurries...

URNS THE NEXT CORNER, AT RANDOM, DESPERATE...

And there she is, up a side street, a dozen yards in...

ANGLE: SWEDE gaining on her, she doesn't see him coming...

SWEDE SWOOPS HER UNDER ONE ARM, she gasps, he covers her mouth... smooth and strong, like he'd done this before... into...

A DOORWAY, out of the sidewalk flow of the passengers. Puts her against the door, flattens her, throws her against the column...

SWEDE
I could kill you.

She's surprised and frightened, but...

RITA
I'll fuck you if you let me go...

SWEDE
I don't want to fuck you, I want my daughter.

She doesn't speak... He YANKS her, SHOWS: There are the two cops, crossing at the end of the block, horse and foot, still talking... She SEES...

RITA
If you turn me in, she'll die.
She'll have no one...

SWEDE

What are you talking about?

She doesn't answer. He turns her arm, it *hurts*, she gives it up:

RITA

Alright. Let me go and I'll tell you where she is...

SWEDE

(refuses)

You take me there. Where is she, is she here? *Take me there!*

RITA

No! I don't want to see her!

SWEDE

What?

RITA

I can't take it anymore!

SWEDE

You can't take it?

He *slams* her into the door. Which scares her.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE VW VAN (MOVING) - DAY

Swede sits. As she drives. HE'S HOLDING ON TO HER ARM WITH ONE STRONG HAND. To which she reacts --

RITA

Ow, huh?

He doesn't care. Looks out the window...

EXT. THEY ENTER THE HOLLAND TUNNEL - DAY

INT. VAN - He wonders where they're going...

EXT. McCARTER HIGHWAY - DAY

VAN TRAVELING, away from New York's skyline...

INT. VAN - SAME TIME

They ride in silence. He's relaxed his grip. But he's wondering, as she turns off the highway...

SWEDE

*She's in Newark? Living minutes
from me this whole time?*

She doesn't deny it. He's furious at the thought. THEY TRAVEL ALONG --

EXT. RAILROAD AVENUE - VAN MOVING - SAME TIME

A long bleak run of train tracks, a stone featureless elevation of wall. Arched underpasses have been cut through... Dark, cavernous, forbidding...

INT. VAN

RITA turns through one of these, slowing. Swede gazing out, in horror.. at DERELICTS, dragging themselves through the half-dark, the hovels of JUNKIES... heaps of garbage.... abandoned cars...

They come out the other side, and STOP: Facing a row of burnt-out brick factories. Rita indicates one.

RITA

That's the building.

He turns to see, she TAKES A GUN OUT from under the dashboard, points it at him. Smoothly. Point blank. Shit.

RITA (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Get out of the van.

He does, he gets out....

EXT. STREET

Looks around, it's deserted, there's no one to see... Realizes: he's been brought here to this place to be shot.

Instead, Rita, indicating the building again --

RITA

There's a dog and cat hospital on the first floor. She's got a job there.

He makes a move to go, but --

RITA (CONT'D) (cont'd)

No! Wait for her. If you go in you'll make a scene, she'll be discovered. She couldn't handle that. She'd never survive the FBI.

He looks to the building, the desolation... *He's yearning...*

RITA (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Your daughter is divine. I could never resist her power. You and I were in the same boat, Swede... but I can't take anymore...

SWEDE

You're lying, you're going to drive away, she isn't even in there...

RITA

(ignoring, goes on)

...I have to get away, and there's nobody I can leave her to. Nobody but you.

Still holding the gun on him, she makes a final decision --

Take care of her, Mr. Levov.

And she DRIVES OFF. Leaves him there. He watches the van turn back under the underpass...

Then he turns and faces the building: small, decrepit, across the abandoned lot: a tire dump, patchy with tall weeds.

He CROSSES THE LOT, makes his way through the tall weeds towards the building. Steps over the twisted wreckage of wire-mesh that lies tangled in the weeds, nearly stumbles... until he comes to a clearing in the lot from which he can see the doorway, on which is crudely but clearly painted:

IRONBOUND ANIMAL HOSPITAL. PLEASE RING.

He stands there, remembering Rita's words about waiting. Decides to trust them.

Stands there: a neatly manicured successful businessman in a thousand-dollar suit, standing in a desolate landscape, among discarded rubber tires, burnt-out rusted drums, rubbish.

SUDDENLY we're: OLD RIMROCK HOUSE - MERRY at 8, KITCHEN TABLE...

MERRY

Daddy let's have a c-conversation.

Swede, shirt sleeves. Puts down his paper. A routine, he enjoys...

SWEDE

Okay. And what shall be the subject of our conversation?

MERRY

D-daddy I'm lonesome.

He's struck. But still amused...

SWEDE

Where'd you even get a word like that?

He gathers her to him.

ON her face, glad to be held but still shadowed by a sadness...

RESUME: TIME PRESENT: THE ABANDONED LOT

SWEDE, eyes upon the lonesome building. When:

MOVING TOWARDS HIM: a WOMAN, or a SHAPE of a woman. Where'd she come from?... He turns toward her, foreboding...

WOMAN

Sir?

FOCUS... She's a huge middle-aged black woman in tight yellow slacks... tottering to him across the lot in high-heeled shoes...

WOMAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Sir, can you tell me where the Salvation Army is?

SWEDE

Is there one? I don't know.

She's blank. He figures what it is: she wants money. He takes bills out of his pocket, passes her some.

She takes the money lurches away toward the railroad underpass in her ill-fitting high-heel shoes.

He returns his gaze to the building. Lonelier than ever...

After a few moments, resolving, he strides toward the building, strongly but shakily... afraid of what he'll find... WHEN:

THE DOOR IS SEEN TO OPEN. He stops. Heart pounding...

No one emerges. Then someone does. Comes down the few steps... and then is approaching across the lot...

The figure is tall and thin... and definitely female, despite the draping of a man's old overcoat... She SEES him now, hesitates, then continues toward...

From what Swede can SEE of her face approaching, it is hard to tell who it is, what she looks like: the hair is cropped and matted and bedraggled, and her lower face is covered with a veil which is merely the ragged foot of an old nylon stocking...

WHOEVER IT IS SHE TAKES A FEW STEPS TOWARDS HIM NOW... HESITANT, BUT STILL WITH SOME URGENCY... then STOPS.

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(Doubtful)

Merry? No...

The figure gives no sign.

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Who are you? What do you want?

(Still no answer)

Do you want money?

The figure begins to move its shoulders... she's crying... The first sign that he should believe...

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Merry?...

The terrible truth... which he fears to believe but which he also wants to believe...

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You're not my daughter. You are not Merry.

MERRY

If you wish to believe that, it may
be for the best.

SWEDE

You're not stuttering...

MERRY

No, I'm not.

An anxious beat, he finds his voice...

SWEDE

Why don't you ask me about your
mother, Meredith? Or should I ask
you? Where was your mother born?
What is her maiden name? You're not
Meredith or you'd know...

MERRY

I don't want to talk about my
mother...

SWEDE

Because you know nothing about her.
Tell me about the house at the
shore, or the name of your first-
grade teacher. *Why are you
pretending to be my daughter?*

A long beat. Then Merry breaks, uttering in a low voice, a
true childish voice of need...

MERRY

Daddy.

CUT TO:

INT. ANGLE ON AN EMPTY RAILROAD UNDERPASS - LATER

Hold on its desolation a moment. Angle discarded clothes,
liquor bottles, an isolated bar-stool (*Who put it there?*)...

Then at the far end, Merry & Swede, walking towards CAMERA...

ANGLE - CLOSER ON THEM

She is leading him. Swede steals a look at her. Afraid to,
but does: The dirty stocking covers her nose and mouth. He
wants to ask, he wants to ask a million things...

MERRY
(catches him staring)
I've become a Jain, Daddy.

SWEDE
A Jain...?

MERRY
We're a small Indian sect...

SWEDE
You're Indian? You're not Indian...

MERRY
(ignores, sweet & patient)
I wear the veil to do no harm to
organisms that dwell in the air.

He listens. Picks his way among the rubbish at his feet...
NOTICES a DERELICT slumped some yards away, asleep in a pool
of what looks like oil or vomit... Merry not noticing...

SWEDE
Merry... do you walk this way every
night? Merry, this is loathsome...

MERRY
(goes on, as to a child)
...Nor do we bathe, to do no harm
to the water... Nor do we walk
about after dark, for fear of
crushing some living object. There
are souls imprisoned in even the
lowest form of life...

As he listens, Swede takes her hand, fighting panic...

EXT. STEPS OF A TENEMENT BOARDING HOUSE - LATER

As they walk up... the door hangs loose from its hinges. The
house is rundown, rotting, stands behind piles of junk...

Swede bracing... holding on to her hand...

INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - HAND-HELD, as they travel down it...

Unlit, the walls wet and ruined... the very floor broken...
Swede cringing from the smell... into...

INT. MERRY'S ROOM

They enter. It's small, no window, only a narrow transom.

SWEDE

Merry... Forgive me but how can you stand this...

MERRY

I'm okay, Daddy. Really. I'm okay.

"Okay." She's "okay." Getting hold of himself, he kneels to her bed, a grimy wooden pallet, the only piece of furniture...

And begins to read some INDEX CARDS positioned over the bed...

SWEDE

You always had things over your bed... It used to be pictures of Audrey Hepburn...

MERRY

Those are the five vows.

SWEDE

(hesitates, but reads...)

"I renounce all killing of living beings..."

(He looks at her; resumes)

"...whether subtle or gross, movable or immovable..."

MERRY

(from memory)

"...I renounce all vices of lying speech arising from anger... I renounce all sexual pleasure, either with gods or men... all taking of anything not given..."

SWEDE

May I tell you what I think?

He fights for breath, but goes on...

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I think you are terrified of what you've done.

(before she can speak)

(MORE)

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 I'm not asking what you've done, I made up mind, that's not, I'm not going to ask you any of that... but what I *think* is, that rather than evade punishment you've taken it into your own hands... I don't believe that's a difficult conclusion to reach, honey, I don't believe I'm the only person in the world who, seeing you here, would come up with that idea. You want to do penance. But this is not penance. Not even the state would punish you like this. I have to say these things to you, Merry --

MERRY
 Of course you do.

SWEDE
 Just look at what you've done to yourself! You are going to die if you keep this up! Another year, another month -- If you don't die of starvation, malnutrition, *filth* - - how many times do you think you can pass back and forth beneath that underpass without the derelicts who live there killing you?

MERRY
 They will not harm me, they know that I love them --

SWEDE
 You will meet a violent end, Meredith. Maybe that's not what you are seeking, but you will meet your death...

MERRY
 But only to be reborn.

So "reasonable." He regards her... with tears/anger/love/disgust in his eyes, his throat...

SWEDE
 Will you at least take off that mask while we're talking? So I can see you?

MERRY

See me stutter, do you mean? I don't anymore. My stutter was only my way of doing no violence to the air...

SWEDE

Then maybe you were better off with your stutter. If you had to carry things to this extreme to be rid of that damn thing.

MERRY

(pronounces)

I am done with craving and selfhood.

He looks at her. Melting again. Outside, it's growing dark.

SWEDE

Where have you been, tell me that. Did you come to Newark to help me find you?

MERRY

No. If I wanted to be found -

SWEDE

Then tell me where you've been, at least.

MERRY

I'll tell you everything...

SWEDE

(controlling)

No, I just want to hear where you went.

(careful emphasis:)

From Hamlin's. After Hamlin's.

MERRY

I went to Sheila's.

He's staggered -- What?

SWEDE

Sheila Salzman?

MERRY

She kept me for a few days. Then she gave me money, put me on a train to Chicago...

SWEDE
(in a daze)
Chicago...

MERRY
I was supposed to meet this priest
there, in the movement. He was
going to give me sanctuary. But...

She falters for the first time. Why? He looks at her.
Suddenly keen. Divining something, something he needs to
hear...

SWEDE
What happened when you got to
Chicago, Merry?

MERRY
I was raped. Daddy are sure you
want to hear this?
(He's ashen. Doesn't
answer, so:)
Outside the train station. By the
men who took my money.

Swede is staring into horror... she hurries on, for his
sake...

MERRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
-- But then I went to a commune in
Oregon. It was good, they were very
loving. We organized, did some
stuff about the war --

SWEDE
(aching)
Raped. Merry.

Aching. The news has transformed him. He can't take any more.
She sees this, she's worried, worried for him --

MERRY
Daddy --

SWEDE
Come home with me.

But instantly she's rigid. She won't go. Won't be compelled.

MERRY
You go, Daddy.

SWEDE

No. Leave you? Do you think I could leave you after...

MERRY

You must, that's exactly what you must do, is go...

SWEDE

You are asking me to do something that is excruciatingly painful... I just found you...

MERRY

I can't...

SWEDE

Come home. I must see you...

MERRY

You've seen me. Please go now, Daddy. If you love me, please go.

He holds her in the most longing/painful of looks...

SWEDE

Sweet, sweet child and girl.

As DARK CLOSES...

CUT TO:

INT. "NEWARK MAID" - FACTORY FLOOR - LATE THAT NIGHT

Empty. Silent. Deserted. Low security-light.

INT. SWEDE'S INNER OFFICE - SAME TIME

Sits at his desk. His face in his hands.

Dials a number. It RINGS... RINGS...

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - LATER

SWEDE

(distraught...)

What this girl has been through...

Swede and Jerry. Jerry in a sport coat. Listens, tries to listen, though he's not a patient man...

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
If you saw her, Jerry...what she looks like, where she lives...

JERRY
Are you done?

Swede turns to him.

JERRY (CONT'D) (CONT'D) (cont'd)
If you're done, if that's it, tell me what you are going to do now. What are you going to do, Seymour.

SWEDE
I don't know what I can do.

JERRY
Get her, that's what. Get back in the car and get her...

SWEDE
She wants me to leave her alone.

JERRY
Fuck what she wants. Sedate her, tie her up, whatever you have to!
(exasperated)
This is nuts. I'm not the one who thinks holding his family together is the most important thing in the world, you are. So IF that's who you are, you GET her...

SWEDE
It won't work, Jer. You can't just force somebody, that isn't what you do...

JERRY
That's exactly what you do! What's the matter with you? You're acceding to her the way you accede to Dad, the way you acceded to everything in your life! Always trying to be liberal, to understand -- Always doing what's right --

SWEDE
What's wrong with that?

JERRY

Nothing! Except that that's what your daughter has been blasting away at all her life! That's what she goes around blowing up! You, with your decorum and your stone house and your fucking wine cellar and all your fucking *norms* -- Look what your daughter did to your *norms*!

Swede can't take any more, stops him --

SWEDE

I didn't do this. I didn't make this, you forget where this began! I didn't make the Vietnam war, or Lyndon Johnson...

JERRY

No, you just made the angriest kid in America.

Swede turns from him. But Jerry goes on. Goes after him...

Swede? This country is *frightening*! You're still in Dad's dreamworld, Seymour, right there with Lou Levov in glove heaven, where a woman owned twenty pairs of gloves...

SWEDE

Jerry -- stop --

JERRY

You wanted the All-American pastoral fucking paradise? Well you've got it now, big brother! The reality of this place right up in your kisser now! Welcome to the great American berserk!

SWEDE

My daughter is in that room and this, this is your response?

A pause. A silence between the two brothers.

JERRY

What do you want to do? You want to bail out on Meredith? Go ahead, anybody else would have long ago.

(MORE)

JERRY (cont'd)

Admit the little Jain bitch hates you and bail the fuck out. But if you're not going to, then for Chrissake go in there and get her.

(then, an offer:)

Come on, we'll go together.

Reaction Swede: No...

JERRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Or I'll go, how about that? I assure you, I'll bring her out, the little shit won't play her fucking head-games with me! Last chance. Last offer.

A beat. Then:

SWEDE

I don't want that. I can't have that.

JERRY

No. Of course not. Too brutal. The daughter's a murderer, but this is too brutal.

Jerry walks away from him. Saunters toward the door. Past the hundreds of machines, glinting in the low light... as he goes...

JERRY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Okay, Big Swede. Gentle giant. I'm due at the hospital, I got patients... You're on your own...

And he's gone. We're big and WIDE...

CUT TO:

SILENCE - EXT. FIELDS - A HERD OF CATTLE - THE NEXT DAY

10 COWS or so. HOLD on them in a still, wide shot.

SUDDENLY:

THE HERD DISSOLVES WHERE THEY STAND. TO ABSENCE. EMPTY FIELD.

RACK AND REVEAL... POV:

SWEDE - STANDING THERE, on the DECK - OLD RIMROCK HOUSE - DAY

His look is impassive. The cows were there, then they weren't. Suddenly, coming up behind him:

ORCUTT

Dawn says to get the steaks going, Swede.

Swede turns: July 4th BARBECUE in progress. Swede's hardly aware.

SWEDE

Right. Okay.

ORCUTT

She wants me inside, helping with the corn.

Swede just stands there as Orcutt goes. He looks around: SUMMER HEAT: LOU and SYLVIA relaxing in the shade... JESSE (MRS.) ORCUTT looking older, drink in hand. They're all chatting, there's a ball game on the radio, '73-Mets... But Swede is as if in a dream.

Finally, finding some resolve, he goes, passes by his father, who's reading the paper... looks up...

INT. KITCHEN DOOR - SWEDE LOOKS IN AND SEES:

Orcutt and DAWN are shucking corn. She looks great: Life Magazine's perfect country-house wife. Gives Swede a cheerful, "scolding" look...

DAWN

I thought Bill told you to...

SWEDE

I can't.

Which makes no sense. Can't what?

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I need to talk to you.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD RIMROCK HOUSE - THE WINE CELLAR - DARK - MOMENTS LATER

Dawn enters first, Swede closes the door behind them. The room is lit by an overhead bulb.

Between the wine racks there's a table, on which an elaborate MODEL RANCH HOUSE sits, small scale. Off Swede's manner, Dawn is uneasy, covers --

DAWN

I hope this is important... leaving the Orcutts to your parents like this...

Then before he can speak, she goes on, re the model:

DAWN (CONT'D) (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Look, have you seen where Bill and I have moved the sunroom? He was so wrong about the Western light -

SWEDE

It's about Merry.

His tone of voice is gentle, but the name lands heavily.

DAWN

What about Merry.

SWEDE

All this time, we've had no idea where she is...

...which is enough to scare her. Crack her perfectly composed face.

DAWN

And we're not going to. If she wanted us to find her, she would have told us how. But she hasn't wanted to. We've had to accept that...

SWEDE

Dawn...

DAWN

We've had to accept it, and we have.

He's careful with her. Feels how fragile.

SWEDE

But just suppose.

DAWN

Suppose what. *What.*

SWEDE

Suppose that we knew where she was.

Her look is steady. A dare.

DAWN

Go on.

But before he can, she flares, *sarcastic* --

DAWN (CONT'D) (CONT'D) (cont'd) ,

What is it now, do you have a new
"lead?" Some hunch, an "idea," some
"information?"

SWEDE

More than that...

DAWN

Why?, did somebody call? Some nut
who saw her in the airport at
Phoenix, or at a Hare Krishna
meeting -- is that it, Swede? --

SWEDE

Will you listen to me? I'm telling
you! Will you listen to me? --

DAWN

Swede - really, we've been through
this --

SWEDE

Last night, Dawn, last night --

DAWN

NO!

SWEDE

This is Merry! Our daughter! She --

DAWN

DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME? I SAID NO!

He's stopped. He's staggered...

SWEDE

You can't really mean... that if I
know where she is...

She stops him again -- but softly. With a plea.

DAWN
You see, don't you?

SWEDE
See what?

A moment, and she finds an answer.

DAWN
That I have to go back upstairs.

Swede watches as, with *great difficulty*, Dawn's composure, her perfect face re-forms...

...and she is gone quickly from the wine cellar.

He looks down at the model house.

EXT. OLD RIMROCK HOUSE - THE DECK - MINUTES LATER

The party goes on as before. Lou's gesturing angrily at what's in the paper, tells the women...

LOU
Nixon! Look, they caught him in more tricks! In my opinion, Nixon equals Typhoid Mary...

SYLVIA
(appeals to Jessie Orcutt)
Watergate is all I hear! Day and night he goes on!

Swede comes out... in anger and frustration, but contained... as Lou is going on...

LOU
Von Ehrlichman, Von Haldeman, Von Nixon, they're all *mamzers*...

JESSE (MRS.) ORCUTT
(Been drinking)
I feel the same, Mr. Levov, and I'm a Republican... Let'm all go to jail...

LOU
Good for you, Mrs. Orcutt...

Swede's mother rises to set the plates for dinner.... and Jesse Orcutt goes off in search of another drink... Leaving Swede with his father. He sits. Lou notices his mood.

LOU (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Are you okay, son?

SWEDE
Sure, Dad.

Leaving so much unspoken. Swede can hardly get out words.

SWEDE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Can I get you something, Dad?

LOU
No. Rest, you don't look that great.

But Swede can't rest, rises restlessly. Wanders off the deck...

As if seeking something. In the field. At the tree, where Merry's swing still hangs. He comes around the side of the house.

His point of view: Up a back flight of stairs, the service door to the kitchen is open. Odd angle. HEARS Dawn's voice from inside. He draws closer to it... her voice is more distinct...

...but not the words. He goes up a few steps. He says:

SWEDE
Dawn.

As if she were right there and could hear. GO with him!... as he approaches closer. He hesitates. *Because of what he sees through the narrowly open door:*

WHAT HE SEES:

ORCUTT has come up to DAWN from behind: she's at the sink doing dishes. Orcutt presses himself into her, his hips into his buttocks...

DAWN resists, her breath is quick...

DAWN
Not now... Not now...

SWEDE. Withdraws noiselessly down the wooden steps.

He leans against the wall.

INT. MERRY'S ROOM - LATER - HER THINGS

...are being torn, dragged, from drawer and box... and from the wall, her Weatherman poster... the BALLET SHOES, RIDING RIBBONS... rock & roll albums... An old red notebook... SWEDE stuffs them furiously into a trash bag... WHEN:

DAWN

Swede!

She's entered from behind. Alarmed at what the hell he's doing...

He turns on her. Fierce, but controlled:

SWEDE

Don't say anything.

Hold each other in a look: Anger: Devastation of everything,

DAWN

(Guilty:)

Swede...?

A beat... and he's busy again. When the bag's full, with a final look in passing, he blows past her and out. Off Dawn, bereft,

CUT TO:

EXT. LOW ANGLE ON HIS FOOTSTEPS - IN DARKNESS SOMEWHERE

He treads, a pavement, it's dark, he's walking, we don't know where, drags the bag behind him like a sack of garbage...

SWEDE'S VOICE (LONG AGO)

Why are we here?

MERRY'S VOICE (AT 11)

Why are camels here?

HIS FACE, HIS EYES... the trash bag over his shoulder now...

SWEDE'S VOICE (AS BEFORE)

Why are we here?

MERRY'S VOICE (AS BEFORE)

Why are kangaroos here?

REVERSE ANGLE now, through the darkness, we make out a few FIGURES, DERELICTS moving in the shadow, making way for the Swede... Glimpse of LIGHT in the distance...

SWEDE'S VOICE

What is life?

MERRY'S VOICE

Life is just a short space of life
in wuh-which you are alive.

He comes out into the light. We SEE where he is, one of the railroad underpasses near Merry's boarding house...

CUT TO:

EXT. MERRY'S TENEMENT - NIGHT - LATER

FIND SWEDE, with the bag. Sitting in the light of the few and broken street lamps, watching the path from the underpass. Awaiting her.

Eventually: a figure that is not a phantom: Merry. As before, wearing her veil. When she reaches the steps to her tenement, he approaches.

SWEDE

Merry.

Startled to see him, for a moment it's as if she'll run... He grabs her, a hand on her arm, first strong, then gentle, to restrain, to keep her...

SWEDE (CONT'D)

Merry I have to ask you something
Meredith...

She relaxes slightly, still wary...

SWEDE (CONT'D)

I must ask you a few questions. I
promised that I wouldn't ask you
but I must.

MERRY

(benign, willing)

Daddy, you can ask me anything...

SWEDE

Merry did you do it. I must ask you
this. Did you do it?

She's blank."

MERRY
Do what, Daddy?

He glances around but they are alone. Very very alone.

SWEDE
Put the bomb in the post office.

MERRY
Yes.

Just like that.

SWEDE
You intended to blow up Hamlin's
too?

MERRY
There was no other way.

SWEDE
Merry you must tell me now who made
you do it.

MERRY
Lyndon Johnson.

SWEDE
No! Who talked you into it?

She smiles at him sadly.

MERRY
How strongly you still crave the
idea. Of your innocent child.

SWEDE
Answer me! Was it Rita?...

MERRY
Who is Rita?

SWEDE
Rita, the girl you sent, who came
to my office...

MERRY
I never sent you anyone...

SWEDE

Don't lie to me, I gave her ten thousand dollars...

MERRY

(laughs)

Ten thousand... Not in this life, Daddy...

SWEDE

(the insanity growing on him)

Was this some kind of game... were you playing with me, the two of you...

MERRY

I relinquish all cruelty. I relinquish all control, all influence over the world...

SWEDE

Do you? Do you? Well you have influence over me! You're *killing me! Merry that veil is utter bullshit! You are the most powerful person in the world!*

She is silent. "Shuts out angry speech." A thought forms in him, turns in him... He hardly dares say it...

SWEDE (CONT'D)

Were there others.

She looks at him, uncomprehending. Other --? He's losing the nerve to go on, says...

SWEDE (CONT'D)

We shouldn't be talking out here, someone could hear us -

MERRY

No one can hear. Go on.

SWEDE

(out with it)

Did others die? Were you involved in any more bombings?

MERRY

Two.

SWEDE

Where? When?

MERRY

At the commune in Denver.

SWEDE

You built the bombs.

MERRY

Built and planted the bombs.

SWEDE

Was anyone killed?

MERRY

Yes.

SWEDE

Who?

MERRY

People..

SWEDE

How many people, Merry?

MERRY

Three.

A beat.

MERRY (CONT'D)

I'm going in now.

And she goes up the stairs, door to her tenement... He bounds after her, turns her towards him...

SWEDE

Don't go from me! Don't go anywhere!

She looks into his face with real concern...

MERRY

Daddy how much suffering do you want?

And suddenly Swede is angry... distorted with anger...

SWEDE

Oh don't worry about my suffering, young lady. Who are you?

(MORE)

SWEDE (cont'd)

Where is my daughter? My daughter
did not kill four people! She
wouldn't, she didn't! You didn't!
You could not have done it...

And he grabs her, forces up against the door -- she doesn't
resist, he TEARS THE DISGUSTING VEIL FROM HER FACE --

Her mouth is closed -- HE FORCES IT OPEN WITH HIS FINGERS --

SWEDE (CONT'D)

Tell me it isn't you!

WHEN SHE OPENS HER MOUTH -- TEETH MISSING, broken, her filthy
mouth -- HE STARES INTO IT -- as into a chasm leading to the
center of the earth, the fires of hell --

A FINAL, COMPLETE RECOGNITION OF EVERYTHING. It's he who says
it:

SWEDE (CONT'D)

Yes. It's you.

He gets up off her. Defeat upon him. Reality upon him.

He takes the bag, spills out its contents into her arms. She
examines them... The ballet shoes, a school jacket, stuffed
animal... and then...

MERRY

My stuttering book.

The red notebook. Looks at him.

MERRY (CONT'D)

Why have you brought these things?
Does it mean you aren't coming
back? Because if it does, maybe
that's best...

Swede, reacts to her question as if it were a very strange
one.

SWEDE

Not coming back? I'm your father,
Merry. Your father.

She hears him. But she's final.

MERRY

I don't want anything. I am done
with craving and selfhood.

For a moment, having said this, she's immobile. Then she turns and goes inside. Her arms full of her things...

Swede watches, does not pursue. HOLD on him... until we hear... OVER him...

NATHAN'S VOICE-OVER (V.O.)

He never got over Merry. And never gave up on her.

EXT. TREES, GREEN FIELDS - A CEMETERY. DAY, AUTUMN.

ANGLE favors NATHAN ZUCKERMAN, now past 60... while in a sincere but impersonal drone...

RABBI

...football hero, baseball hero...
officer in the Marines...

But Nathan, among the prosperous-looking mourners, is in his own thoughts...

NATHAN'S VOICE-OVER

What she blew up with that bomb of hers was nothing less than his life, and he never got the pieces back...

IN THE GATHERING, FIND: a well-looking DAWN, 65... and JERRY, 60. He still has the red hair, the nervous, rebellious energy... Camera finds the MOUNDED FLOWERS on the fresh grave...

RABBI

...blessed by God with success in business, he became a great giver to his community...

We recognize a few others among the mourners: townspeople, some folks from the old factory... VICKY, 80. A quiet but genuine grief is upon them all...

RABBI (cont'd)

...citizen, neighbor... a loving husband...

Nathan's POV finds a petite BRUNETTE, 40s, brightly put-together... over which...

NATHAN'S VOICE-OVER

He married again... moved the
business to Puerto Rico, made a new
life...

Nathan looks at Dawn, notices she's with an OLDER STRANGER we
don't know...

NATHAN'S VOICE-OVER (cont'd)

But in truth he never got past the
Rimrock Bomber... the girl who
perhaps didn't deserve anything
from him... who wasn't on the same
playing field as him or anybody
else...

Under which Jerry approaches his old friend Nathan, lays a
hand on his arm. Nathan smiles at him. When...

FLASHBACK over Nathan: POV OF THE VERY YOUNG NATHAN, WITH
JERRY BESIDE HIM IN THE STANDS: ON-SWEDE, the graceful,
flying young halfback, darting through potential tacklers,
1944... Then RESUME:

TIME PRESENT: Nathan and Jerry at the funeral. When -- the
Rabbi begins A PRAYER IN HEBREW...

As Jerry and all the others bow their head in prayer, OVER
NATHAN:

ANOTHER FLASHBACK: YOUNG SWEDE, trotting slowly, lightly,
back to the locker room after being tackled, shaking it off..
turns his famous grin on Nathan, as early on... we GLIMPSE
YOUNG NATHAN once again, on the sidelines, thrilled...

NATHAN'S VOICE-OVER (cont'd)

Life was supposed to open its arms
to Seymour Irving Levov...

RESUME TIME PRESENT: NATHAN, the mourners, the HEBREW
PRAYER... And the grave...

NATHAN'S VOICE-OVER (cont'd)

He was supposed to carry all before
him... He was "the Swede..."

AND NOW, as he looks up and notices, down the long gravel
road that winds through trees toward the gravesite...

NATHAN'S POV: a TAXI is coming...

Coming...

Nathan pauses. Watches as the taxi comes to a stop.

CLOSER ANGLE

A WOMAN, 39, gets out. She is conservatively dressed, normal... except for the traces of the damage of a repressed life. Something of the nun about her.

Nathan watches as she approaches... Her face...

At first no one's certain who she is. Jerry turns... Some people step aside, sensing her importance... She makes her way closer...

We see Dawn... Dawn's face... Dawn's recognition...

Unspoken to and without speaking, Merry arrives at her father's grave.

FADE OUT.