

FULL OF LIFE

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Screenplay by
John Fante
FINAL DRAFT
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FULL OF LIFE

FADE IN:

EXT. ROCCO HOUSE - NIGHT

- 1 ESTABLISHING SHOT 1
This is a two-story house on a street of stately palms. The neat flower boxes beneath the windows, the trim shutters, the curtains all tell us of the love and care the owners possess for this handsome home. From a nearby boulevard o.s. comes the wail of a siren and the frantic pealing of bells as a fire engine roars to the call of duty. As it comes closer, a light from the upstairs bedroom stabs the darkness and a young woman appears.
- 2 CLOSER SHOT THE WINDOW EMILY 2
We observe her from bosom height. She wears a negligee. She listens to the oncoming siren and bells, very loud now, and presently going away. Her attention goes to the sky and the distant pulsation of airline motors overhead.
- 3 WHAT SHE SEES 3
a sky giddy with stars, the raw white moonlight, the twinkle of lights from an airliner.
- 4 SHOT EMILY 4
She sighs. She has great placidity. She turns from the window and disappears inside.
- 5 SIDE VIEW OF HOUSE 5
There are flower boxes beneath the upstairs windows, and these are alive with geraniums. As before, the house is in darkness at first. Now a light in one of these upstairs bedrooms goes on, and Emily once more comes into view at bosom height.
- 6 CLOSER SHOT THE WINDOW EMILY 6
She waters the geraniums with a small sprinkler bucket. She has the calmness of a happy cow. With dreamlike ennui, she lets the water spill into space and trickle on the concrete below. Now she turns from the window and disappears inside.

EXT. ROCCO BACK YARD

7 HOUSE IN B.G. 7
Solid comfort here. Once more a light explodes in an
upstairs bedroom.

8 THE LIGHTED WINDOW 8

We hear the whirr of a vacuum cleaner, and see Emily stroking the machine back and forth across the rug. Her back is to camera. A clock on the nightstand informs us it is 1:30. All at once, an accident -- the cleaner bangs the stand, the lamp overturns, there is a crash, and sudden darkness. Emily stands very still, listening, as she turns off the vacuum. Cautiously, she opens the door. Light from the hall bolts into the room.

INT. ROCCO UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

9 Emily emerges cautiously. The ANGLE is above her waistline. She moves to a door at the end of the hall. She opens it, listens. From inside comes a steady male snore. A touch of petulance clouds her face. She starts down the stairs, snapping on a staircase light. CAMERA FOLLOWS HER, and we have a FULL SHOT of her descending the stairs.

EXT. THE HOUSE

10 SHOT 10
Lights start popping on as Emily makes her way down the
staircase, through the living room, into the dining room,
and thence into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

11 SHOT EMILY 11
She opens the refrigerator, puts a slab of bologna between
two slices of bread, and takes a big, ravenous, savage bite
out of the sandwich. It isn't satisfactory. She takes a
Bermuda onion out of a bin and begins to slice it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NICK'S ROOM -- NIGHT

12 SHOT NICK ROCCO 12
He is asleep, his rugged face in fitful repose in the moon-
light. Light stabs the semi-darkened room as Emily enters.
She turns on a lamp directly over Nick's face. It brings
him awake with a jolt. He paws his eyes, groans, looks
about.

13 SHOT EMILY NICK'S ANGLE 13
For the first time we see that she is pregnant, massively
with child, and he has to peer around the great bump, like
a man peeking from behind a rock, in order to see her. She
stands looking down at him, gnawing on the sandwich.

NICK
(sleepily)
Hi...

14 SHOT NICK AND EMILY 14

EMILY
I can't sleep.

NICK
Take a pill. What time is it?

She stares down petulantly.

EMILY
What difference does it make?
My back aches.

14 CONTINUED:

14

NICK
(frowning)
What're you eating?

Emily gulps the last of the sandwich, puts both hands to her back.

EMILY
-- all through here.

NICK
You got pills for that. You
got pills for everything.

EMILY
(brooding; after
a pause)
Why do you have to sleep in
here?

NICK
(bewildered)
Because you keep throwing me
out.

She finds him very unsatisfactory. She sighs and turns toward the door. He calls to her.

NICK
Want me to rub your back?

But she is moving down the hall, not answering. He puzzles about her for a moment, then gets out of bed and goes down the hall toward her room.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM

15 SHOT

15

Somewhat ponderously, she is getting into a double bed. Books are ever-present, some on the bed, others on her night-stand. She puts on thick-shelled reading glasses, takes a book, props it nicely on the bump and begins to read. Pleased, Nick comes to the bedside, sits down and gently begins to rub her back. The delicious sensation of his firm fingers makes her put the book aside, and she leans forward, luxuriating in the rubdown.

EMILY
If anything happened to me,
would you marry again?

NICK
Stop it.

15 CONTINUED:

15

He keeps rubbing. Her eyes go about the pleasant, moonswept room.

EMILY

I wonder if anyone ever died
in this house...

NICK

Impossible. This house is full
of life. Babies to be born,
books to write...

EMILY

How many, Nick?

NICK

Gimme babies and I'll give you
books. I'll try to keep up
with you.

His eye wanders to an object hanging from the bedstead. He lifts it off -- a curious contrivance made of parabolas, rectangles and circles, strung together by thin chain. It jangles as he shakes it.

NICK

What's this supposed to be?

EMILY

(eyes closed,
not looking)
A structural differential.

NICK

(shaking it)
Structural -- what?

EMILY

Structural differential.

NICK

What's it for?

EMILY

You look at it. Study it.

NICK

(shaking it)
Looks like some kind of black
magic. What ever happened to
Dianetics? And your Bridle
Murphy kick? You off that now?

EMILY

This is semantics, and it's important, because it's about language -- the tools of your trade.

NICK

I'm mixed up enough, as it is.

EMILY

That's why you need semantics. To understand the true meaning of things. It'll make you a better father, and a better writer.

NICK

They don't make 'em better than Nicholas Rocco.

She rolls to her side and picks up a book.

EMILY

(reading)

'The fact that a man knows a large number of words is no guarantee that he understands them. Ice cream, for instance, can't be truly defined until you actually eat a dish of ice-cream. Passion is a meaningless word to someone who has never felt it. You can define tolerance forever, but it will have no meaning unless you have experienced it in your own life ...'

The last few words are scarcely audible for she falls asleep uttering them. Nick takes the book out of her hands.

NICK

You sure this kind of stuff is good for a pregnant woman?

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

She does not answer, and he tucks her in. Tentatively - and obviously for the first time - he places his hand gently on the mound. Something moving there startles him and he jumps to his feet. Now he sits down again and places his hand on the bump once more. It terrifies him. He turns on a reading lamp and begins a frantic search among Emily's books. At last he finds the book he wants. He jerks it out and looks at the jacket.

INSERT: NICK'S HANDS HOLDING BOOK
The book is entitled:
"FACTS FOR FATHERS"

BACK TO SCENE 15:

Nick searches the book and finds the passage he wants. An idea registers. He sits on the floor and places the book beside him. Then he draws his knees up tightly in a foetal position. At last he understands and smiles with relief. He kisses Emily and leaves the room.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET BEFORE ROCCO HOUSE - DAY

16 The sun is shining, birds are singing. Here comes the 16
mailman, and there goes the milkman, and here comes DELIA,
the Rocco cleaning lady. She turns into the Rocco walk.

17 CLOSER SHOT DELIA 17
Already so early in the morning she is perspiring, and some-
thing about that house makes her wince. She pushes a bell
which sounds a chime inside, opens the door and enters.

INT. ROCCO ENTRY HALL AND STAIRCASE

18 SHOT NICK AND DELIA 18
Nick comes down the stairs as Delia enters. He wears slacks
and a plain white shirt. He is rolling up the sleeves.

NICK
Good morning, Delia. How are
you this morning?

DELIA
Draggin', Mister Rocco. Barely
draggin'. Makes me tired, just
thinkin' about this big house.

NICK
Instead of coming twice a week,
why don't you come and live with
us? Emily needs you.

Delia removes her coat and hangs it on a clothes tree.

DELIA
Expectant mother's got to feather
her nest, Mister Rocco; it's only
natural. But that wife of yours's
gonna shake the nest right outa
the tree if she don't stop all
this crazy cleanin' and washin' and
polishin'.

NICK
(he has suffered too)
Yeah. I know.

DELIA
Tuesdays and Fridays is all I
can take, Mister Rocco. Gives
me time to build up my strength.

18 CONTINUED:

18

NICK

Be patient with her, Delia. A couple of months and it'll be normal around here again...

DELIA

I'll sure try. I love that girl, but I ain't gonna let her kill me.

NICK

Fine. Fine. God bless you.

He exits toward the kitchen. Delia sighs, looks around.

INT. ROCCO KITCHEN

19 FULL SHOT

19

Nick enters the kitchen and looks for Emily.

NICK

(calling, quietly)
Emily...

He looks toward the back yard, goes out on the porch.

NICK

(louder)
Emily. Where are you?

He returns to the kitchen, puzzled, and notices half a dozen neatly wrapped packages on the sink. Curious, he takes down a pair of scissors and opens one.

20 CLOSE SHOT THE PACKAGE IN NICK'S HANDS

20

It contains garbage: orange hulls, coffee grounds, egg shells, etc.

21 SHOT NICK

21

One eyebrow arches at this curious enigma. He now opens another package and finds more garbage. Delia enters.

NICK

What's this for?

DELIA

(shrugging)
Like I said, she's featherin' her nest.

21 CONTINUED:

21

NICK
(astonished)
But it's nothing. Just plain
old garbage...

Delia crosses to the sink and examines the packages.

DELIA
Look how nice she wraps it.
Just like Christmas presents.

NICK
But it doesn't make sense!
(dumps garbage in
the sink)
Where is that woman?
(calling)
Emily!

He hastens through the back porch and out into the yard.

EXT. ROCCO BACKYARD

22 A short hedge separates the Rocco yard from their neighbors,
the Gregorys. Nick comes out, looking for Emily.

NICK
Emily. Where are you?

NORA and JOHN GREGORY and their three small children are
in the Gregory yard. The children play in a sandbox. Nora
and John are pruning flowers. Nora is thirty, and very
attractive.

NORA
I think she's out in the alley,
Nick.

NICK
(turning)
Oh. G'morning, Nora. Hi, John.
Thanks.

He strides toward the alley.

EXT. ROCCO ALLEY

23 Nick peers down the alley. What he sees causes uneasy
surprise. He opens the gate and stares. 23

24 WHAT HE SEES: EMILY 24
She is three houses down the line, putting the finishing
touch to a clean-up of a neighbor's overloaded trash bin.
She is dusty and warm. She wields a broom with great
determination.

NICK'S VOICE
What's the big idea?

She looks up from her work, momentarily distracted, then
goes right back to it again.

25 SHOT NICK AND EMILY 25
Nick is tight-jawed and frowning. She stoops grotesquely to
pick up a couple of cans and drops them into the trash bin.

NICK
What're you doing now -- working
for the City?

EMILY
Look at it! Just look at this
alley!

Nick looks at it. He finds it satisfactory.

NICK
What's wrong with this alley?

EMILY
Do you want your child to be born
in all this -- this filth?!

NICK
My child isn't going to be born
in this alley. Given half a
chance, he'll turn up in a nice
clean hospital.

She frowns as she thinks about his remark, taking a few more
half-hearted swipes with the broom.

NICK
Mark my words: he's gonna be
awful disappointed when he finds
out his mother's an alley-cleaner,
or street-cleaner, or -- or what-
ever you are now.
 (admonishing her as
 he would a child)
Look at yourself.

25 CONTINUED:

25

She stops sweeping to examine herself.

NICK

Shame on you. A pregnant mother,
grubbing around in garbage cans!

EMILY

We pay taxes. Why don't they
keep our alley clean?

NICK

It's a nice, clean, wholesome
alley. Now you stop this and
go home where you belong.

She tilts her chin and sails past him, broom in hand, defiant.
Nick follows, hands in pockets. She walks with jaunty indifference. Suddenly, after a dozen steps, she sees something on the ground beside a trash can. Hesitating, she glances at Nick, then defiantly goes to the object.

It is a used tea bag. She picks it up as one might a dead mouse, her lip curled in disgust, holding it for Nick to see, as if to say: see what I mean?

NICK

Drop it.

Delicately she lets it drop from her fingers. Nick is grimly patient. The tea bag represents a kind of victory to her. Once more she moves down the alley, Nick following stolidly.

26 ROCCO YARD ALLEY IN B.G.

26

Emily enters the yard and moves toward the house. Nick comes through the gate and calls to her, gently.

NICK

Emily, Honey...

She waits for him to come up. He puts his arms around her and she drops her eyes in quick guilt.

NICK

(tenderly)

Relax, Dear Heart. I know how
you feel about cleanliness, and
it's beautiful. But we need
the dust and the dirt, too. It's
what we're made of.

26 CONTINUED:

26

EMILY

(frowning)

We're not made of broken gin
bottles - and beer cans - and
soggy tea bags.

NICK

(understandingly)

I know...

She turns and faces him, her large eyes plaintive and seeking consolation.

EMILY

I like clean dirt, Nick. It's
the dirty dirt that upsets me.
It never bothered me before,
but now it seems to be every-
where in the world, and I want
to sweep it away.

He smiles and holds her close for a moment, and now she presses her lips against his neck, and her mood is one of sudden passion for him and exasperation for the misery of her confinement.

EMILY

It takes so long to have a
baby, Nick. Centuries.

NICK

(desire welling up)

Yeah, yeah. I know, I know.
I've been half crazy for weeks.
And when I think of you being
slender again, I almost pass
out.

She runs her fingers over his face and mouth.

EMILY

My poor paesano! Go to your
office and turn it into torrid
prose.

NICK

I am, Honey. It's coming outa
me like a blow torch.

They kiss quickly. She turns to the house, and as she does so, he slaps her on the rear, crisply but affectionately, saying "Goodbye, Honey." It is not a hard slap, but for

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

some reason she becomes angry with a queenly and dignified anger, as both hands go to the place he slapped and she stands there admonishing him with blazing eyes.

EMILY

Don't do that! Don't you ever
do that again!

NICK

(astonished)
Did I do something?

EMILY

You know what you did -- and I
don't like it -- and I don't
want you to ever do it again!

She walks haughtily toward the back porch, shoulders back, the balloon out ahead of her like a proud duchess. She enters the back porch and disappears inside.

27 NICK ALLEY IN B.G.

27

He blinks in astonishment at her sudden and bewildering anger.

NORA GREGORY'S VOICE

Having trouble, Nick?

SCENES 28 THROUGH 32 OMITTED

33 WIDER ANGLE NICK AND NORA

33

Nick turns to see his attractive neighbor smiling at him from her yard. Nora is trim, wasp-waisted, wearing a cincher-belt.

NICK

(grinning)
Hi, Nora. Nah. No trouble at all.
(crosses to her)
You know how it is...a woman in
confinement, as they say.

NORA

I sure do...

INT. ROCCO KITCHEN

34 EMILY

34

She is still smarting about that slap in the fanny as she plasters a huge daub of peanut butter across the slice of

ddp

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34 CONTINUED:

34

bread. She is in the act of licking the knife when something in the backyard holds her frowning attention.

EXT. ROCCO BACKYARD

35 CLOSE SHOT NICK AND NORA FROM EMILY'S POV 35
They are laughing about something. CAMERA TILTS to show
Nora's lovely cinched-up waist.

INT. KITCHEN

36 EMILY 36
She licks the knife despondently, and at the same time feels
her tummy and tries to suck it in, but she can't.

36 CONTINUED:

36

Another glance at Nick and Nora, and Emily suddenly goes to the door and calls out:

EMILY

Oh, Nick. Would you come in here please and help me?

EXT. ROCCO BACK YARD

37 NICK

37

He looks up pleasantly.

NICK

Sure, honey.

He starts for the house.

INT. KITCHEN

38 EMILY

38

Frantic, she looks about for some task for Nick. The jar of peanut butter catches her eye. She seizes it, tightens the cover with all her strength just as Nick enters.

EMILY

I can't get it open...

He takes it from her and promptly twists the top free. But as he sets the jar down, he notices the wet knife and the bread already smeared with peanut butter. He looks at her oddly but says nothing. He turns to leave.

EMILY

Nick...

He looks at her.

EMILY

(continuing)
I hope it's a boy.

NICK

(shrugging)
Gee, I don't care, Honey.
It's all the same with me.

EMILY

I hate girls. Specially after they grow up. Treacherous.

Nick doesn't understand this odd tangent. He starts out again.

38 CONTINUED:

38

EMILY

What did she want?

NICK

Who?

EMILY

Nora...

NICK

Nothing. I just said two words to her...

EMILY

What words?

NICK

We talked a minute, that's all.

EMILY

Doesn't she have any sense of propriety?

NICK

Emily! Nora Gregory's our neighbor. I thought you two were such good friends.

EMILY

(suddenly sniffling)
We are. I love her, I really do!
Oh, Nick. How can you stand me?
I can't even stand myself....

NICK

(embracing her)
Emily...Honey...

EMILY

I didn't used to be like this, did I? Before?

NICK

Of course not. You never had a baby before, either.
(kisses her)
I gotto go to work, Honey...

She hugs him fiercely.

EMILY

Oh, I love you!

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

He exits to the back yard. Wistfully she looks after him as she reaches for the peanut butter sandwich and starts to eat it.

EXT. ROCCO BACK YARD

39

Nick opens the garage door. Inside is his car, a medium-priced convertible. He enters, glances at the tires.

39

INT. ROCCO GARAGE

40

We try to convey the impression that he is going to embark on a journey. Instead, he walks to a very small door at the end of the garage, opens it and stoops slightly as he enters the passageway.

40

INT. NICK'S WORKROOM

41

Nick steps into a tiny room - no more than six by eight feet. The furniture consists of one chair, one table and a bookcase. He sits down before the typewriter, inserts a sheet of paper, and is about to begin typing when his eyes turn to a photograph of Emily on the wall.

41

INSERT: EMILY'S PHOTOGRAPH
She stands svelte and curved
and most delectable.

BACK TO SCENE 41:

Nick whistles as the hot wind of desire sears his brain. Then he shakes away the thought, and with a firm effort begins to type.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROCCO KITCHEN - DAY

42 FULL SHOT 42
Emily is preparing lunch. She takes a mixing bowl from the pantry and sets it on the table. Nearby is the telephone and an intercom box. She flips the intercom switch. We hear the sound of Nick's typewriter coming over.

EMILY
(into intercom)
Ready for lunch, honey?

INT. NICK'S WORKROOM

43 NICK 43
turns from his typewriter to the intercom box, blinks hot, tired eyes.

NICK
What time is it?

EMILY'S VOICE
(over intercom)
Time to eat. How about eggs?

NICK
Fine - scrambled... Got a minute, Baby? I want to try this out on you.
(picks up some typescript)
Listen...

INT. ROCCO KITCHEN

44 EMILY 44
The swish of Nick's papers comes over.

NICK'S VOICE
(over intercom)
This is where he goes out into the desert and looks for Camilla - remember?

EMILY
(flipping switch)
Go ahead. I'm listening.

As Nick reads, Emily opens the refrigerator and takes out the egg	NICK'S VOICE (over intercom) 'I walked out a quarter of a mile to the top of the ridge.
---	---

44

CONTINUED:

44

crate. It is almost empty. Reacting, she crosses to the phone and dials, meanwhile listening carefully to Nick's voice.

NICK'S VOICE (contd)
It was so cold I pulled my coat around my throat. Under my feet the earth was a churning of coarse dark sand and little stones, the basin of some prehistoric sea. Beyond the ridge were other ridges like it, hundreds of them stretching infinitely away....'

EMILY
(flipping
switch)

Just a minute, honey.

Nick stops reading.

EMILY
(into phone)
Mister Fabian. This is Mrs. Rocco again. I forgot the eggs. A dozen. The big ones. Thank you.

She hangs up, flips switch on intercom and speaks to Nick.

EMILY
Sorry, honey. Okay... 'stretch-
ing infinitely away...'

She begins to break eggs into the bowl as Nick continues reading.

NICK'S VOICE
(over intercom)
'Across the desolation lay a supreme indifference, the casualness of night and another day, and yet the secret intimacy of those hills, their silent consoling wonder, made living a thing of no importance....'

EMILY
(flipping switch)
Honey...

Nick stops reading.

NICK'S VOICE
(over intercom)
Yeah?

EMILY
Wouldn't it be better if you said 'made death a thing of no importance' instead of 'living'?

NICK'S VOICE
Maybe... Yeah, I think you're right. Thanks, honey.

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

EMILY

(smiling)

Oh you're welcome. Go ahead.
It's very good, Nick.

She starts to whip the eggs with an egg-beater.

NICK'S VOICE

(over intercom)

'You could die, but the desert
would hide the secret of your
death. It would remain after
you, to cover your memory with
ageless wind and heat and cold.

Delia comes into the kitchen.

DELIA

You sure you want
three coats of wax on
that staircase, Miss
Emily?

EMILY

(listening to
Nick's voice)
Shhhhhh!

NICK'S VOICE

(over intercom)

It was no use. How could I
search for her? What could
I bring her but a return to
the wilderness that had
broken her? And so I walked
back in the dawn. The hills
had her now. Let these hills
hide her! Let her go back to
the loneliness of the inti-
mate hills.'

She is very moved by the reading.

INT. NICK'S WORKROOM

45 Nick continues to read into the intercom.

45

NICK

'Let her live with stones and
sky, with the wind blowing her
hair to the end. Let her go
that way...'

DELIA'S VOICE

(shrieking over intercom)

Mister Rocco! Help! Mister
Rocco! Come quick!

Alarmed, Nick drops his manuscript and bolts through the
small door leading to the garage.

EXT. ROCCO YARD

46 AT GARAGE 46
CAMERA PANS Nick as he dashes madly out of the garage toward
the back porch. Delia stands in the doorway wringing her
hands. Nick rushes up.

47 NICK AND DELIA 47
Nick is frightened. Delia is speechless.

NICK
What is it? What's wrong?

She splutters incoherently, pointing toward the kitchen. He sweeps past her and charges through the door.

INT. KITCHEN

48 NICK 48
He comes bolting into the room, wild-eyed, looking around.

NICK
Emily...!

Then he sees her, and the CAMERA FOLLOWS his flabbergasted gaze to:

49 EMILY IN THE HOLE 49
She has sunk through the termite-infested kitchen floor up
to her armpits. In one hand she holds a dripping spoon.
Her face is a mask of unruffled tranquility. She looks at
Nick with clear blue eyes.

EMILY
Get me out of here, if you please.

50 WIDER ANGLE TO INCLUDE NICK AND DELIA 50

NICK
Certainly.

Trembling, he bends to extricate Emily. But the task is enormous and he is unsure of himself.

NICK
Stay calm, honey. Everything's
under control. Delia - give me
a hand.

50 CONTINUED:

50

EMILY

(calmly)

No, Delia. You get Doctor
Atchison on the phone. Dunkirk
six-one-eight-nine-nine.

DELIA

Yes, Miss Emily.

She crosses to the phone. Meantime, Nick is skirting Emily, moving around her, trying to be very masculine and commanding, but at the same time baffled by how to remove such a large and rounded woman out of so small a hole. At the phone, Delia is dialing.

NICK

(nervously)

We'll have you out in a jiffy,
Baby. Are you standing on any-
thing - or are you just hanging
there?

EMILY

There's something under my feet -
a board or something ...

DELIA

(into phone)

Doctor Atchison, please.

Nick faces Emily now, and bends down to pull her out. She clings to him, both arms around his neck.

NICK

(straining)

Easy now. Here we go.

He lifts her a few inches. Then the floor beneath him begins to sag and he lowers her again.

NICK

(continuing)

Now everything's just fine.
Don't worry.

EMILY

(motioning)

Behind me, dear. It seems more
solid.

DELIA

Here's the doctor, Ma'am.

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

EMILY

Ask him to wait.

Nick gets behind her, his hands under her arms.

NICK

Ready? Careful. Here we go.

He begins to lift her out. It is a prodigious and exhausting task, but he finally pulls her free and on her feet.

EMILY

(brushing
herself)

Thank you.

Her hands go to her waist and for the first time she betrays a moment of terror as she stands there quietly - listening - as if communicating with the life within her.

51

NICK

He watches, waits, afraid to speak.

51

52

DELIA

She, too, is concerned as she stands there holding the phone.

52

53

WIDER ANGLE FAVORING EMILY

Without revealing her thoughts, and yet with a kind of nobility, she crosses to Delia and takes the phone from her hand.

53

EMILY

(into phone)

Hello, Doctor. I've just had a severe fall. I want you to come out and examine me right away.

54

CLOSE SHOT NICK

A father and husband's grave concern is carved into his face as he listens to his wife's words.

54

EMILY'S VOICE

(into phone)

I don't know, Doctor... I can't say for sure.

Nick crosses to her, CAMERA PANNING. She looks into his face. Her eyes say: I don't know. He puts an arm around her.

54 CONTINUED:

54

NICK

You better lie down until the
doctor comes. Take it easy,
now...

He leads her past the ugly, gaping hole, and they both look at it with a kind of dread. They turn and search one another's eyes. Nick smiles, but his concern is obvious, and now his eyes take in the walls and ceiling, as if wondering at their strength. Gently he escorts Emily out of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - DAY

55 Emily is in bed, pulling an Afghan over herself as 55
DOCTOR ATCHISON finishes examining her. The doctor grins
as he takes the stethoscope from his ears.

DOCTOR ATCHISON

A very frisky child, Emily.
Probably enjoyed the fall.

EMILY

(relieved)
Thank the Lord for that.

NICK'S VOICE

(from the hall
and over Emily's
line)

Whaddya' mean, you can't do any-
thing about it? Listen, mister.
I got an official signed document
stating this house was clear of
termites...

As Emily listens in concern to Nick's voice and the doctor
fusses with his kit:

INT. ROCCO UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

56 NICK AT THE PHONE 56
waving an official-looking paper.

56 CONTINUED:

56

NICK
(shouting into
phone)
...and clear of dry rot! And
it's signed by J. W. Schmid!
Now you put that pirate on the
phone - right now!
(pause)
Whaddya mean he's dead? How can
he possibly be dead? I just saw
him six months ago...

Nick listens, the anger draining from his face.

NICK
(continuing;
subdued)
I see. I'm - I'm sorry...very
sorry to hear about it...

He hangs up as Doctor Atchison comes out of Emily's room.

NICK
(continuing)
Everything okay, Doc?

DOCTOR ATCHISON
Babies are tough, Nick. Awful
tough.

NICK
What about Emily?

DOCTOR ATCHISON
Fine, fine. A dream-boat.

He exits down the stairs.

NICK
Thanks, Doc...

He enters Emily's bedroom.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM

57 As Nick enters he's still brooding about Schmid and the
termites. He looks down at Emily and speaks rather vaguely.

57

NICK
Doctor says you're fine.

57 CONTINUED:

57

EMILY

I know...

NICK

(sitting on
the bed)

You know that fellow Schmid, the
termite inspector...?

EMILY

I heard you. It's too bad.

NICK

(morosely)

It certainly is. I don't want
to show any disrespect for the
dead, but I sure hope they hold
that guy in purgatory for awhile -
sixty days at least.

(agitated,
jumping up)

How can a man do that - cheat,
misrepresent - and then die
without being punished?!

EMILY

(soothing)

Nick, honey. Calm down... After
all, it could have been worse...

NICK

(smiling)

I'm sorry. You're right, of
course.

(sits down;
kisses her)

Instead of blowing a fuse about
the kitchen floor, I should thank
God you weren't hurt - or the
baby...

EMILY

My poor Nick! No wonder you
lose patience. I'm such a burden.

NICK

Ah...that's nonsense. How can
you be a burden?

EMILY

(tearfully)

It isn't nonsense. Look at me.
I'm a cow, that's what I am - a

57 CONTINUED: (3)

57

NICK
I'd better call two or three
contractors. Have them bid for
the job.

EMILY
(descending from
cloudland)
That's -- that's a good idea...

He gets up and exits, and we hear his quick footsteps on the stairs. Morosely, Emily ponders the rebuff and gets out of bed, moving heavily to the mirror. She looks at herself with pathetic scrutiny, turning this way and that in an effort to get some kind of attractive silhouette, but the task is preposterous; and she finally just lets herself droop into a great blob of shapeless flesh.

And then she reacts to a bright idea. She crosses to the door and calls down the staircase.

EMILY
Oh, Nick!

NICK'S VOICE
(from the kitchen)
Yeah, Honey?

EMILY
What about your father?

INT. KITCHEN

57A SHOT 57A
Nick has the open telephone in front of him and the phone in his hand. He cups his hand over the mouthpiece and calls out to Emily upstairs.

NICK
No good, Honey. Forget it.

57B SHOT UPSTAIRS EMILY 57B
She shrugs it off, sees a spot of dirt on the wall, and tries to rub it off with her handkerchief.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROCCO KITCHEN - DAY

- 58 SHOT HOLE IN THE FLOOR 58
A CONTRACTOR is down in the termite-infested hole. The area is laced with cobwebs. He tears away a four-foot length of joist. It comes away with a screech, leaving rusted nails exposed.
- 59 SHOOTING UP THROUGH THE HOLE 59
Nick and Emily watch in moody anxiety. The sound of the joist being torn loose makes them wince and they clasp hands to gain courage.
- 60 SHOT THE HOLE 60
The Contractor demonstrates the rotting condition by crumbling the wood in his bare hands, shaking his head sadly. He climbs out of the hole, brushes cobwebs from his arms and shoulders, and seems very depressed as Nick and Emily wait for his opinion.

CONTRACTOR

I'll do the job for twelve hundred dollars.

It staggers Nick and Emily. The Contractor hands Emily a card.

CONTRACTOR

(continuing)

You folks think it over.

Emily takes the card. The Contractor exits.

NICK

That's the best figure yet, but we still can't afford it.

EMILY

I'll bet your father wouldn't charge us twelve hundred dollars...

NICK

Of course not. He'd do it for nothing. But Jiminy Crickets, baby -- !

EMILY

Jiminy Crickets?

NICK

(shrugging, smiling)

Aw, Honey. You don't want him around here. Besides, he wouldn't come anyway.

60 CONTINUED:

60

EMILY
(polishing the stove)
You could write and ask...

NICK
(stalling)
Look, if he knew we bought a
stucco house...he'd...Aw, Honey.
He's a stone mason! They hate
stucco.

This is very puzzling business to Emily.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROCCO LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

60A SHOT
Nick and Emily are playing chess. Emily makes a move.

60A

EMILY
You mean, stone masons think
carpenter work is beneath them?

NICK
Naw. I didn't say that.

He studies the chessmen.

EMILY
What did you say?

NICK
The old boy's been very peaceful
lately. I just don't want to
stir him up. That's all.

He moves.

EMILY
I suppose we could get a second
mortgage on the house.

60A CONTINUED:

60A

NICK

(almost to himself)
He's just got to have his own
way in everything. Oh, Mama says
he's better, but you get that old
bull out of the Sacramento Valley,
and there's no telling what'll
happen...

EMILY

Nick! Don't you love your father?

NICK

Sure I love my father. And he
loves me, too. I just don't
think he likes me.

EMILY

Oh. Well, what do you think we
ought to do?

NICK

(here he goes again,
almost to himself)
Anyway, it wouldn't do any good
to write him. Just get a blast
through the mail. I'd have to
to up there and talk to him.

This is precisely what she has been waiting patiently to
hear, and now she gets up quickly, crossing to the kitchen.

EMILY

I'll go with you.

Nick watches her, his hand over his mouth, as if he thinks:
what have I said?

60B SHOT IN THE KITCHEN
Emily dials three digets.

60B

EMILY

Can I have the number of United
Airlines, please?

60C SHOT LIVING ROOM NICK
He thinks: well, what the hell -- why not?

60C

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. PAPA'S HOUSE - DAY

- 61 FULL ESTABLISHING SHOT 61
This comfortable stone house is in a setting of big trees. Stretching away on both sides are orchards. In the back yard o.s., a virile rooster proclaims his prowess. A dusty Ford inscribed U.S. MAIL pulls up at the front gate. The Carrier drops a letter into the RFD box, beeps his horn, drives away. MAMA ROCCO comes out the front door, goes toward the mailbox.
- 62 SHOOTING TOWARD ROAD FROM INSIDE YARD 62
Across the road is a highway-direction sign reading: SACRAMENTO - 7 MILES. Mama removes a single letter from the mailbox. She starts toward the back yard, CAMERA PANNING.

63

BACK YARD

63

The small yard is beautifully shaded by a massive fig tree. A long picnic table is in the center of this bricked patio. Beyond, in the b.g., is a hen house and chicken yard. PAPA ROCCO sits leaning back in a chair, his feet on the table. He wears overalls, a battered hat, and smokes one of those murderous little Toscanelli cigars. A cat sleeps in his lap. At his feet is a jug of red wine. Mama enters the scene, holding the letter. Papa's back is to her.

MAMA

For you, Papa.

PAPA

(without turning)

What's he want?

MAMA

I'll read it.

Papa takes on an executive's manner, looking at the sky, and puffing his cigar.

MAMA

(reading)

'Dear Friend: If someone told you that you could have a brand new piano in your home for only a dollar a week, what would you do about it?'

PAPA

Tell him shaddup.

Mama shrugs, stuffs the letter into her apron pocket, and starts for the back porch.

PAPA

(crisply)

Coletta...

MAMA

(turning)

Yes, Papa....

PAPA

Get pen and ink!

MAMA

Ah, no, Papa. It's foolish.

PAPA

Pen and ink. Now!

63 CONTINUED:

63

With a shrug Mama crosses to the back porch and exits inside. Still holding the cat, Papa reaches for his wine jug, tilts it expertly over his elbow, and takes a swig, gasping at the goodness of it. On the table is a saucer. Papa puts the cat on the table and pours a little wine into the saucer.

PAPA
(to the cat)
It ain't as sweet as the old
batch, Philomina.

64 THE CAT
The cat is a wino.

64

65 BACK TO SCENE
as Mama returns carrying a tablet of linen paper and a bottle of ink and a pen. She sits down, opens the ink bottle, and poises to write. Papa rises, begins to pace.

65

PAPA
(officially)
A letter to Jimmy Rocco, Nick
Rocco, Dino Rocco and Tony
Rocco. Write it plain. Just
like I tell you. And don't
change a word.

MAMA
(supremely patient)
Yes, Papa.

PAPA
(hooking his thumbs
into the bib of his
overalls)
'Dear Sons: Your mother is fine.
I'm fine too. We don't need you
boys anymore. So have a good
time, boys - laugh and play -
and forget all about your father.
But not your mother. Don't
worry about your father.'

66 MAMA
She smiles sadly as she glances at him, her pen scratching
the paper.

66

PAPA'S VOICE
'It's your mother...'

INSERT: MAMA'S HAND AS SHE WRITES
She is not writing the message.
Instead, the pen is describing
a series of circles and other
doodlings.

PAPA'S VOICE
'Think about her sometimes.'

67 WIDER ANGLE TO INCLUDE PAPA 67
He stops pacing, examines his cheroot and collects his
thoughts.

PAPA
'Makes no difference about
your father. He never did need
your help. But your mother
gets lonesome. Have a good
time. Laugh and play.'
(to Mama)
Just sign it: 'Yours truly,
Vittorio Rocco.'

Mama caps the ink bottle, picks up the tablet and moves toward
the back porch. Papa sits down, exhausted.

PAPA
(brooding)
Send it airmail.

He raises the jug to his mouth.

68 ANGLE TOWARD ROAD PAPA IN F.G. 68
As Papa drinks, a cab drives up in front of the Rocco gate.
Papa sees it, pauses in his drinking, squinting through en-
feebled eyes, CAMERA HOLDING.

69 AT CAB 69
Nick and Emily stand at the gate as a beat-up jallopy marked
SACRAMENTO CAB COMPANY swings away in a U-turn. Nick holds
two suitcases. Papa is in the b.g., coming slowly toward
them, shading his eyes. Emily sees him.

EMILY
(anxiously)
Nick...
(waving, calling
softly)
Hello, Papa.

Nick sees his father and grins happily, waving.

69 CONTINUED:

69

NICK

Papa. Hi!
(to Emily)
Now don't worry.

He bumps the gate open with the suitcases; they enter yard.

70

YARD

70

Nick hurries ahead, beaming. Emily hangs back, suddenly embarrassed, conscious of the child she bears, linking it somehow to the father of the man she married.

71

NICK

71

He drops the suitcases, stands smiling at his father. He even chokes up a little, his eyes stinging.

NICK

Papa. Aw, Papa!

72

PAPA

72

His chin trembles. He fights back a fearful joy. His arms go out. He moves forward.

73

WIDER ANGLE

73

Nick goes to meet him and looks startled as Papa goes right past him, brushing him aside to stop before Emily who is breathless, even afraid of this man with intense eyes that eat up the vision of her.

PAPA

So beautiful! So round!

EMILY

(embarrassed)

It's - it's almost eight months,
Papa.

Papa nods, keeps staring at her adoringly.

PAPA

I don't know how you say how I
feel.

(wipes his hand,
holds it out)

Maybe we just shake hands.

They do. With that, all of Emily's uneasiness vanishes. She puts her arms around Papa's neck and hugs him. Nick just stands there with egg on his face.

73 CONTINUED:

73

NICK
(making a bad joke)
How about me? I contributed
too. I mean --

Papa detaches himself from Emily's embrace, turns to Nick.

PAPA
Pick up them suitcases, kid.
Go tell your mother you're home.

Nick laughs softly: It's from being home, from seeing Papa
so changeless after all these years.

NICK
Okay, Papa.

He picks up the grips and starts for the back porch, but
his face clouds with concern and he hesitates, as if afraid
to enter.

NICK
Don't you think you ought to
warn her, Papa? She might
faint..

PAPA
Let her faint. What else she
got to live for?

Nick looks longingly at Emily for help.

NICK
You coming, honey?

PAPA
Go on! Get in there!

Scowling, Nick exits toward the back porch. Papa picks up
the gallon jug, flips it over his shoulder and holds it
there.

PAPA
The new wine. I make it.

Emily accepts the challenge, lifting her mouth to the
jug. He tilts it forward and she drinks.

INT. PAPA'S KITCHEN

74

FULL SHOT

74

An old-fashioned kitchen decorated with well-worn pots and
pans. Mama is at the sink, peeling potatoes, her back to Nick

74 CONTINUED:

74

as he enters from the back door. He hesitates, studies his mother, elated at the sight of her, then moves behind her, quietly, CAMERA PANNING. Smiling, he studies her grey hair.

NICK
(with love)
Hello, Mama.

She turns. Her eyes roll in sweet recognition.

MAMA
(sighing)
Nick. My Nicky...

She wilts gently, fainting into his arms.

NICK
(calling)
Emily. Papa. Help!

Clumsily he picks her up, for she is soft and fluid, like split mercury, and he half drags her toward an open bedroom door off the kitchen.

INT. BEDROOM

75 Nick stumbles in with Mama in his arms, and lays her 75
out on the bed which is covered with a patchwork quilt.
Through the bedroom door Emily and Papa can be seen entering
the kitchen. Emily hurries forward. Papa is relaxed and
unexcited. Emily drops to her knees at Mama's side. Emily
kisses the old lady, strokes her hair.

EMILY
Poor Mama.
(to Nick)
Some water...

Nick crosses to the kitchen sink and pours a glass of water
as Emily comforts Mama.

INT. KITCHEN

76 AT THE SINK 76
Papa leans there, a fresh cigar in his mouth, watching Nick.
Father and son look at one another in paradoxical silence.
Nick carries the water back to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM

77 Mama's eyes open. Slowly she turns to Emily. Nick 77
returns, carrying the glass of water.

 EMILY
 (soothingly)
 It's all right now, Mama.
 We're all here, and we love
 you, and you must rest.

Nick proffers the glass of water. Emily lifts Mama's head,
and Nick holds the glass for her to drink. She barely wets
her lips, then sinks back. Weakly she touches Emily's face.

 MAMA
 (feebly)
 In my prayers... I ask only
 one thing.. a few months
 more...so I can see my grand-
 child.

 NICK
 (distraught)
 You will, Mama. I know you
 will.

Mama's eyes stare at the ceiling.

 MAMA
 So tired. So old.
 (groping for
 Emily's hand)
 Emily...

 EMILY
 (miserable)
 Yes, Mama...

 MAMA
 Take good care of my Nick...

Emily looks up at Nick who is crying in spite of himself,
and now Emily cries too.

 EMILY
 (squeezing Mama's
 hand)
 Oh, Mama Rocco. I will, I will!

 MAMA
 Nick...my boy..

77 CONTINUED:

77

NICK
(bending down)
Yes, Mama...

MAMA
It's Papa I worry about. Poor
Papa...

INT. KITCHEN

78 SHOT PAPA 78
Standing at the sink, cigar in his mouth, Papa turns to
listen, his eyes twinkling with vexation.

MAMA'S VOICE
He'll be all alone. Nobody
to wash his overalls... They're
hard to wash... soak 'em over-
night...

Papa's face seethes explosively. This thing has gone far
enough. He moves toward the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM

79 SHOT 79
Nick and Emily are heartbroken. Papa looms up in the doorway.

PAPA
All right, Coletta. That's
enough.

EMILY
(shocked)
Papa!

PAPA
(ignoring it)
Time to quit, Mama. Get up
now. Fix the dinner.

Astonished, Emily and Nick watch Mama sit up. Emily moves
to help her. Smiling, Mama declines.

MAMA
(kissing Emily)
I'm better now -- much better.

She rises. Emily and Nick have been reduced to limp rags.
Papa's lips curl accusingly as Mama walks past him toward
the back porch. Emily and Nick stare after her incredulously.

INT. BACK PORCH

80 SHOT 80
Mama reaches for a hatchet that hangs from a nail, exits
toward the back yard.

INT. KITCHEN

81 SHOT 81
Nick and Emily don't know what to make of it.

EMILY
What's she going to do, Papa?

PAPA
Kill a chicken... You like
chicken cacciatore?

EMILY
(collapsing in
a chair)
Papa, I'd like another drink
of that new wine...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PAPA'S KITCHEN - DAY

82 EMILY NICK PAPA AND MAMA 82
They have feasted, and the table is still heavy with food.
Papa's faithful red jug is now empty.

 PAPA
 (raising his glass)
My grandson...

They drink. Emily puts down her glass, thoughtfully.

 EMILY
Would you feel bad if it was
a girl, Papa?

 PAPA
I already got five granddaughters.
This one's a boy.

 MAMA
 (nodding)
Your father's right.

 NICK
Look. It's fifty-fifty.

 PAPA
Boy. Hundred per cent. Me and
Mama, we take care of everything.
 (gesturing to Mama)
Mama...

Mama goes to the sink and comes back with two cloves of
garlic, one for Nick, one for Emily..

 EMILY
 (looking at it)
Garlic?

 NICK
What for?

 PAPA
It makes boys.

 NICK
 (smiling)
Is that so? Then how come you've
got five granddaughters?

 PAPA
Because your brothers no listen
to my advice. No garlic, no boys.

82 CONTINUED:

82

MAMA
(gratefully)
Ah, but such girls!

EMILY
But what do we do with it, Papa?

PAPA
Wear it -- all the time.

NICK
And smell like an Italian salad?
No thanks!

He pushes it away.

PAPA
(bellowing)
Put it in your pocket!

Nick and Emily look at one another and finally comply.

NICK
What balderdash!

PAPA
(suddenly angry)
Watch your language!

NICK
(helplessly)
Did I say something?

PAPA
Don't use that word in my house!

Nick looks to Emily for assistance. She lays a soothing hand on Papa's big fist.

EMILY
(placating)
It's not a wicked word, Papa.

PAPA
(scowling at Nick)
I don't trust these writers.

He drains his glass, gets up, taking the empty jug with him. CAMERA PANS as he crosses to a trapdoor in the linoleum floor, opens it and disappears down a stairway.

83 AT THE TABLE 83
Mama rises and carries some plates of food away. Nick and Emily find themselves suddenly alone.

EMILY
(whispering)
You've got to tell him about
the termites.

NICK
Honey -- I can't. You tell him.

Papa's footsteps sound on the o.s. cellar stairs. Emily gives a quick negative shake of her head.

84 WIDER ANGLE 84
Papa emerges from the cellar with a fresh jug of wine, drops the trapdoor and crosses to the table. Mama returns from the back porch and starts to clear the table.

EMILY
We'll do them together, Mama.

She gathers dishes.

PAPA
Never mind. You come with me,
Miss Emily.

MAMA
Go on with Papa.

Mama takes the dishes from Emily, and Papa ushers Emily toward the front part of the house. It happens so fast Emily is taken by surprise and looks back with some reluctance.

NICK
(rising)
Wait. I'll go with you.

PAPA
You stay here, kid. Help Mama.

Nick seethes. His fists tremble toward the ceiling.

NICK
How do you stand it, Mama?
How can you live with a man
like that?

84 CONTINUED:

84

MAMA
(wistfully)
It's easy now. But the first
thirty-five years were very hard.

His heart's blood beats for her. He takes her in his arms.

EXT. ROAD BEFORE PAPA'S HOUSE

85

85 Papa gallantly opens the front gate and Emily steps out onto the road. CAMERA MOVES WITH them down the road. Emily takes a deep breath.

EMILY
What is that, Papa?

PAPA
(breathing)
Many things. Vineyards...
Hop fields...The American River...
Lemon groves. Paradise. Come...

Hand in hand, they trudge up the dusty country road, CAMERA HOLDING as they walk away -- the happy old man and the woman with child.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PAPA'S KITCHEN - DAY

86 CLOSE SHOT NICK
at the sink, as he wipes dishes.

86

NICK
..I heard the crash and ran back
to the kitchen. There she was,
Mama -- down through that rotten,
termites floor...
(gesturing)
...up to here...

87 WIDER ANGLE NICK AND MAMA

87

MAMA
You call the doctor?

87

CONTINUED:

87

NICK

Sure, right away. Emily was fine -- no complications -- except my bank account. You know what it's going to cost to fix that floor? Twelve hundred dollars!

Mama clucks her tongue.

NICK

(continuing)

That's why we flew up. We need Papa. Because we can't afford twelve hundred dollars right now.

MAMA

You don't need Papa. You tell the owner it's his house. He has to fix it.

NICK

(very hard
to say)

Mama ... I'm the owner. It's my house.

Mama dries her hands and stares at him.

NICK

(continuing)

I made some money on my last book, and -- with the baby coming -- we bought this fine old house.

(almost pleading)

It's a wonderful place, Mama. Three bedrooms, beautiful yard ... big living room ...

MAMA

(sadly)

... and a hole in the kitchen floor! Ah, povera figlia!

Nick flops into a chair. He looks plaintively at Mama.

NICK

Mama ...

87 CONTINUED: (2)

87

MAMA
(understanding)
I know. You want me to tell him ...

NICK
(hopefully)
Would you, Mama?

She crosses to him and cradles his head at her bosom.

MAMA
You boys -- if you'd only write more often. So many things we don't know. When you're sick -- when you buy a new car -- or a house -- when you get a job -- maybe lose the job. Makes no difference. If only you write it in a letter.

NICK
(hugging her)
I'll write, Mama! Once a week. I promise! But get me squared away with Papa.

Mama gathers her strength for the task.

MAMA
Your Papa's gonna get drunk tonight!

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

88 EMILY AND PAPA 88
They pause before a section of land bounded by eucalyptus trees. There is something enchanting about the place.

PAPA
(gesturing to
the land)
There she is.

He takes Emily's hand and they wade through the warm green grass. Emily looks at the trees, the grass, the sky.

PAPA
(reverently)
Here she is. My dream.

He bends down and pulls up a clump of grass.

PAPA
Everything grows here. Plant a broomstick -- she grow.

88 CONTINUED:

88

EMILY

You'd like to own this land,
Papa?

PAPA

For you. For Nick. For the
little boy. Me and Mama down
the road...

EMILY

(in anguish)

Oh, Papa...

PAPA

I build a stone house. Last a
thousand years. Tile roof.
Fireplace in every room. I do
it. Me -- Vittorio Rocco,
stonecutter, plumber, carpenter.
Everything.

EMILY

(tormented)

But Papa, we already have --
I mean, we haven't got -- we're --

PAPA

(belittling)

Money? I already make fifty
dollar deposit with Joe Muto.

EMILY

Papa..you shouldn't have done it.
Right now, we just couldn't.

PAPA

Miss Emily -- Nick, he make
money? He write good?

EMILY

You're going to be very proud
of Nick some day, Papa. He has
style, power, feeling.

PAPA

(pleased)

Yeah? Nick?

(frowning)

I no understand him. We don't
talk much

88 CONTINUED: (2)

88

EMILY

You know something, Papa? I think you made Nick a good writer.

PAPA

Me? I'm a stonemason!

EMILY

Sure -- but he learned a lot from you -- heart, conflict, strength -- simplicity.

PAPA

(embarrassed)

Yes? Then maybe he write good here...in the house I build...

EMILY

(pained)

Oh, Papa -- it's -- it's such a big step -- such a change. There's time, lots of time.

PAPA

(sadly)

I am old man...

EMILY

Not you, Papa Rocco. Never.

PAPA

With you, I am young. And proud.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PAPA'S FRONT PORCH - DAY

89 MAMA AND NICK 89
Mama sits in the rocking chair, a sewing basket in her lap.
At the sound of footsteps, Nick flips his cigarette, looks o.s.

90 REVERSE ANGLE 90
Emily and Papa approach. Emily clings to Papa's arm. Papa
walks like a young man, clouds of cigar smoke rolling over
his shoulder.

91 WIDER ANGLE 91
As Emily reaches the porch, Nick eyes Papa nervously.

NICK
Have a nice walk?

Emily goes right past him and into the house. It puzzles
Nick. Papa sits down on the porch step, quietly happy. Nick
studies him, turns to look at Mama who gestures that Nick
should leave her and Papa alone. Then:

MAMA
Vittorio...

Nervously, Nick exits into the house. Without looking at
Mama, Papa answers.

PAPA
What is it now?

MAMA
Nick and Emily are in trouble.

CAMERA MOVES IN FOR A BIG CLOSEUP of Papa as his jaw slackens
around the cigar and his face slowly turns toward Mama.

INT. BEDROOM OFF KITCHEN IN PAPA'S HOUSE

92 FULL SHOT 92
This is the same bedroom where Mama lay "dying." Emily paces
nervously as Nick comes in. She whirls, pleading, and the
whole scene is played in whispering conversation.

EMILY
Nick, this isn't fair. It's
terrible. That poor man thinks
we're here because--well,
because it's homecoming. Now
if you're going to tell him
about the hole in the floor,

EMILY (Cont'd.)
for heaven's sake, get it over.
Face up to him. Tell him. Or
else, let's get a second
mortgage and fix it ourselves.

NICK
Aw, Honey. Relax. You don't
know this operation. It re-
quires great tact--diplomacy.

EMILY
Diplomacy my foot! All it
takes is a little honesty.
Now do it!

NICK
(placating)
Of course it takes honesty.
And it's being done. The
machinery's in motion...

EMILY
What machinery?

NICK
Mama's telling him the whole
thing--right now.

EMILY
(shocked)
Nick! Shame on you. Hiding
behind your mother's apron...

NICK
(smiling)
It's not a bad place to hide,
Honey. You know my brother Dino?
They don't come any tougher.
Well, couple of months ago he
stepped out from behind Mama's
apron--and the old man flattened
him all over the kitchen floor.

EMILY
You're a fine husband! You
yellow-belly.

This doesn't bother Nick. He just shrugs. The house suddenly shakes. They stiffen, listening to the heavy clomp of footsteps coming ominously toward them and stopping outside the door. There is ten seconds of silence as they prepare themselves. The door opens slowly. Papa stands there. Mama, fraught with worry, is in the b.g.

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53

92 CONTINUED: (2)

92

PAPA
(sadly, disillusioned)
You buy a house--and you don't
tell your Papa?

NICK
(unhappy)
I wanted to tell you, Papa...

PAPA
Stucco house?

Nick just looks at Emily in silence.

PAPA
(angry)
Well?

NICK
Stucco.

With astonishing swiftness Papa's hand flashes, whacking
him across the cheek. Papa turns and walks out. Emily
comforts Nick. He feels like a heel.

NICK
(rubbing his cheek)
See what I mean?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PAPA'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

93 EMILY AND NICK 93
They sit on the porch stair. Through a window Mama can be
seen sewing beneath a beaded lamp. The night is gorgeous.
Crickets chirp. Bullfrogs croak.

EMILY
Shouldn't we look for him?
It's after eleven.

NICK
Only antagonize him.

EMILY
Where can he be--at this hour?

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54

93 CONTINUED:

93

NICK
Sacramento. The Cafe Napoli.
That's where all his paesanos
hang out.
(calling)
Mama...

INT. PAPA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

94 Mama sits sewing a big patch on Papa's overalls in a
room furnished with old Grand Rapids pieces.

94

NICK'S VOICE
How much money's Papa got with
him?

MAMA
I'll see...

She crosses to an ancient Majestic console radio, reaches
behind into the mechanism, and draws out her purse.

MAMA
Seven dollars and eighty-four
cents. He took everything--
even the pennies.

NICK'S VOICE
Is that bad?

MAMA
(putting purse away)
When he ain't mad he leaves
the pennies.

EXT. PAPA'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

95 NICK AND EMILY
Emily is very interested in this conversation. Nick lights
a cigarette.

95

NICK
(calling to Mama)
Is wine still ten cents a
glass at the Cafe Napoli?

96

MAMA NICK AND EMILY IN F.G.
as Mama comes to the front door.

96

MAMA

They raise the price. Fifteen cents now. But your Papa won't drink wine tonight.

NICK

Whiskey, Mama? He don't like whiskey.

MAMA

Brandy tonight. Always brandy when he's hurt.

Emily looks from Mama to Nick.

NICK

Brandy's thirty cents at the Napoli, isn't it, Mama?

MAMA

No more. Thirty-five now.

NICK

(mumbling as he computes)

Thirty-five into seven eighty-four goes twice...two times thirty-five is seventy--carry the eight...

EMILY

(puzzled)

What on earth are you mumbling about?

NICK

According to my figures, Papa ought to be home on the midnight bus.

MAMA

That's right.

She exits into the house. Emily rises, takes in the great night sky.

EMILY

He said there'd be a fireplace in every room.

NICK

Crazy about fireplaces! He's built hundreds of 'em...

EMILY

I like it here. I'd like it
for my children...

She drifts back and sits beside him.

NICK

You kiddin'? With him around
all the time?

EMILY

Why must you keep thinking of
your own father as an ogre...?
some kind of--of monster? He's
sweet, warm, real...

NICK

Oh, he's sweet all right. He
could charm the birds right
out of the trees...

EMILY

You're terrible!
(kisses him)
Look at those stars. Practic-
ally sitting on us. No sirens.
No traffic. No smog. What
more could we ask?

NICK

To be alone--living our own
lives. Why do you think I
left here and hung on in L.A.--
eating oranges, washing dishes,
cutting myself loose from--
from all of...of this...?

EMILY

What gets hold of children, Nick?
Why do they have this compul-
sion to run away from their
mothers and fathers? I wonder
if it'll happen to us?

NICK

Of course it will. Because we
pass it on to our kids. Look
at my parents--all the way from
Italy to this little house.
Yours--from England and Germany
--to Ventura. And you and I,
we meet--strangers in L.A....
We're all wandering around, try-
ing to find a home...

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57

96 CONTINUED: (2)

96

MAMA'S VOICE

Emily...

EMILY

Yes, Mama.

She tries to rise. The paunch holds her down.

EMILY

Help me, Honey...

Nick does, boosting her with one hand. She enters the house.

INT. PAPA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

97 Emily enters. Mama isn't there. Her voice comes from the 97
bedroom.

MAMA'S VOICE

In here, Emily.

Emily crosses to the bedroom.

INT. MAMA AND PAPA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

98 Emily enters and gazes in wonder at room covered with 98
pictures of the Rocco children posing as boxers, football
players, etc.; also baby pictures, and a wild assortment of
Italians. There are paintings of saints and angels, and a
handsome portrait of the Holy Father, Pius XII.

EMILY

All Roccas, Mama?

MAMA

(opening a
dresser drawer)

All the Roccas -- the living
and the dead.

From the dresser she removes a gown of heavy white silk,
holds it up. Mothballs spill across the floor.

MAMA

(showing dress)

My wedding dress. Forty years
old. You like?

98 CONTINUED:

98

EMILY

It's beautiful, Mama.
(feeling it)
Forty years! That must have
been a glorious day for Papa
Rocco.

MAMA

For me, too.

EMILY

You must have been a beauty.

MAMA

I want you to have the dress.

EMILY

(taken aback)
Me? But why? No, Mama. I
couldn't take it. I don't have
any right to it...It should go
to your daughter Carla when she
gets married.

MAMA

Carla? Who knows when Carla
will marry? No, no. You're
something special. Take it...

EMILY

I don't see why. I'll never
wear it.

MAMA

Oh, yes, you wear it. You wear
it when you get married to my
Nick.

EMILY

Nick? But he's -- he's my
husband. We're married!

MAMA

(wagging her finger)
No, no. Las Vegas don't count.
That's not getting married.

EMILY

(bristling a little)
What do you mean -- it doesn't
count? It better count! It
counts with me. We were married
by a Justice of the Peace, before
witnesses. Of course it counts!

98 CONTINUED: (2)

98

MAMA

(placidly)

You must have a holy marriage --
a church wedding. If you don't,
trouble comes -- the roof leaks,
the kitchen floor falls down...

EMILY

(tolerantly)

Mama -- surely you don't believe
that.

MAMA

(firmly)

Oh yes...

Emily crosses to the bed and sits down.

EMILY

Then you think that Nick and I
-- that we're not really married
at all -- that we're living in --
in sin?

MAMA

(smiling)

How you live is your own business.
You're a good girl. You wouldn't
commit a sin. That's why you have
to get married in the church.

EMILY

You know I'm not a Catholic, Mama.

Mama clucks her tongue and glances piously at the portrait
of the Holy Father.

NICK'S VOICE

What's the difference?

They turn to find Nick framed in the doorway.

NICK

(gently)

Now Mama -- let's not start that
again. Emily and I are married --
married forever -- and nothing
in the world is ever going to
come between us.

98 CONTINUED: (3)

98

He crosses to Emily, tilts her face up to him.

NICK
Isn't that true, dear?

EMILY
I always sort of took it for
granted that you were my husband.

From the road comes the honking of a horn. It has a unique,
rasping sound.

MAMA
That's Joe Muto...

EXT. ROAD BEFORE PAPA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

99 JOE MUTO, seventy, an Italian farmer, sits behind the 99
wheel of his truck and keeps pumping the raucous horn.

100 REVERSE ANGLE FRONT PORCH 100
Nick and Emily come out of the house, with Mama in the b.g.

NICK
Joe. Whaddya say?

101 CLOSE SHOT JOE MUTO 101
He shouts over the engine noise.

JOE MUTO
You lookin' for your Papa?

102 NICK AND EMILY 102
They show their concern and hurry down the stairs to the
car, CAMERA PANNING.

103 AT THE CAR NICK EMILY AND JOE 103

NICK
Where is he, Joe?

JOE MUTO
Come on. I show you.

103 CONTINUED:

103

Nick opens the truck door and he and Emily climb in.
Joe shifts gears and the car lurches down the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD BEFORE PAPA'S TWO ACRES - NIGHT

104 Joe Muto drives the truck to a stop. He nods toward 104
the acreage. Emily and Nick follow his gaze.

JOE MUTO

Back in there someplace. I try
to get him home, but he tell me
to mind my own business.

Saddened and anxious, Nick and Emily step down from the truck
and start wading through the thick grass.

JOE MUTO

You want I should wait?

NICK

No, Joe. Go ahead. And thanks.

Joe drives away. Peering ahead, Emily sees Papa o.s., stops.

EMILY

(quietly)

Nick...

Nick follows her gaze.

105 LONG SHOT PAPA IN THE TREES 105
He is walking slowly among the trees in the moonlight. Now
he pauses to lean against one of the trees.

106 NICK AND EMILY 106
It is a trying moment, and for a second the sight of the old
man fills them with indecision.

EMILY

Poor Papa...

She moves forward again. Nick hangs back, then follows.

107 PAPA IN THE TREES 107
At this close range we see that Papa Rocco has been drinking, but his inebriation is one of disillusionment rather than elation. Nor is he maudlin. He takes one last pull on a brandy bottle and flings it into the brush.

PAPA
(to himself)
Don't worry about grandpa,
Bambino..
(in Italian)
I'm not as old as they think.
We'll spend many years together,
Bambino...

108 NICK AND EMILY PAPA IN B.G. 108
They are closer now, listening to Papa's words.

PAPA
(in Italian)
No, Bambino. Time, nor place,
can keep us apart. For blood
is timeless.

Emily clutches Nick's arm.

EMILY
(softly)
Nick...go to him. Go to your
father.

Nick must do this and he knows it. She waits and he moves forward.

109 ANOTHER ANGLE NICK AND PAPA 109
Nick steps on a twig and Papa hears him approach. He turns to his son.

NICK
(smiling)
Hello, Papa.
(in Italian)
How do you feel?

PAPA
(in Italian)
I cannot talk to you. We are
strangers. We have always been.

NICK
(in Italian)
Life is like that, Papa. Sometimes
we give pain without meaning it.

109 CONTINUED:

109

PAPA
(in Italian)
Go away, Son. Go...

NICK
(in Italian)
My heart aches, Papa...

PAPA
(in Italian)
Go away. Go on.

Nick leaves him there, returning to Emily.

110 NICK AND EMILY
Nick faces her again and gestures futilely.

110

EMILY
Do you want me to talk to him?

NICK
(gratefully)
Would you, Honey?

She starts through the grass toward Papa.

111 PAPA
He stands there under the trees, miserable, one hand rubbing his temples. He turns at the sound of Emily approaching. The misery drains from his face, and we have the feeling that his eyes have come upon a vision of beauty and glory.

111

112 REVERSE ANGLE EMILY
She comes into the clearing just as the moon tumbles out from behind clouds and reveals her in the beauty of motherhood, absurdly round, yet touchingly sweet and tender.

112

EMILY
Papa...

113 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT PAPA
To this man, Emily is the most beautiful creature in the universe. He smiles and comes toward her.

113

114 EMILY AND PAPA
They look at one another, smiling.

114

114 CONTINUED:

114

PAPA

(frowning)

These termites -- they got no
business in your house, Miss
Emily.

EMILY

Termites, Papa...you know how
they are...

He nods. She takes his arm lovingly, her eyes suddenly sting-
ing as he leads her past Nick and away. Nick doesn't know
what to make of it. He just stares.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PAPA'S HOUSE - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

115 Joe Muto's truck is parked out front. Now Joe emerges 115
from the house, carrying two suitcases down to the truck.
Nick comes out, too. He carries a light bag and a very
heavy mason's tool kit. He staggers under the load.

116 AT THE TRUCK 116
Nick pants as he heaves the tool kit into the truck, hammers
and chisels clattering.

NICK
Pheew! I forgot how heavy that
thing was.

117 AT THE HOUSE 117
Coming from the house are Emily, Mama and CARLA, Nick's
sister. Emily has her arm around Mama. Carla is almost
forty, big and solemn and plain and capable.

EMILY
I'm sorry you won't come too,
Mama.

MAMA
Trains - they scare me. Just
like the airplane scares Papa.

CARLA
Now, don't worry about Papa.

EMILY
Carla, I'm so glad you're here
taking care of Mama.

CARLA
It's nice for me too, Emily.
I haven't had a vacation from
that hospital in two years.

They reach the truck where Nick stands with Joe Muto. Nick
glances at his watch, looks up toward the house.

NICK
Where's Papa? That train leaves
in a half hour...
(calling)
Coming, Papa?

PAPA'S VOICE
Keep your shirt on, Kid.

118 PAN SHOT 118
Coming from the house is Papa Rocco. He wears blue bib overalls, a black shirt topped with a white tie, a double-breasted brown coat. He carries a battered suitcase, heavily roped with clothesline.

NICK
(disapprovingly)
Why the overalls?

PAPA
What's wrong with 'em?

NICK
Don't you have pants to that coat?

PAPA
Don't like 'em.

CARLA
He's just stubborn. He doesn't want to look nice and clean on the train.

PAPA
I am clean. Mama just wash and press everything I got on.

NICK
Papa - you sure you won't change your mind about flying? We'd be at my house in two hours. The train's an all-night sleeper jump.

PAPA
I stay on the ground.

NICK
(shrugging)
Well - let's get rolling.

There follows a quick round of kisses and farewells.

119 CARLA AND PAPA

119

CARLA
(kissing Papa)
Goodbye, Papa.

PAPA
Take good care of your mother.

120 EMILY AND MAMA
 She kisses Mama.

120

 EMILY
 I'll make Nick write you as
 soon as we get back.

121 NICK AND CARLA

121

 NICK
 (kissing her)
 So long, Sis.

122 PAPA AND MAMA
 They embrace quickly, embarrassed.

122

 MAMA
 (warning)
 Now don't forget....

 PAPA
 I take care of everything.

 He kisses her.

123 NICK AND MAMA

123

 NICK
 Goodbye, Mama mia. Now don't
 fret about our supper. They
 have good food on the train..

 As he kisses her, she stuffs something into his pocket. He
 removes it - a clove of garlic, and smiles.

 NICK
 Ah, yes. Garlic for boys.

 He puts it back and kisses her again.

124 EMILY AND CARLA
 Emily kisses her.

124

 EMILY
 (whispering)
 Carla. Stay close to Mama.
 She'll probably faint.

 CARLA
 I know...

125 WIDER ANGLE 125
as Joe gets behind the wheel. Emily and Nick get in beside him. Papa sits in the truck bed, his feet dangling as he quickly lights a cigar. Joe starts the engine and the truck drives away as everybody waves and calls out ad lib goodbyes.

126 MOVING SHOT FROM TRUCK BED PAPA'S ANGLE 126
As the truck moves away, we see Mama and Carla waving. Then Mama begins to stagger.

PAPA
There she goes...

127 CARLA AND MAMA 127
Limp as a flag, Mama faints, and Carla's arms envelop her as dust from the receding truck clouds the scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CALIFORNIA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

128 It is late afternoon as a train pounds across the 128
landscape, traveling from right to left on the screen.

INT. PULLMAN - DAY

129 Emily reads a book entitled SEMANTICS, propped nicely 129
on her paunch. At her side Nick reads a magazine. Papa sits facing them. He is bored and hot, wiping perspiration from his collar.

PAPA
Hot in here...

Emily and Nick look up briefly. There is a lusty glitter in Nick's eyes as he sees something o.s., down the car.

130 WHAT NICK SEES 130
A lovely young woman squirming in her tight dress, trying to get comfortable. She smiles at Nick.

131 BACK TO NICK AND EMILY 131
Nick is sparking like a callow youth. Emily slowly appraises the situation. She seems to jerk slightly.

131 CONTINUED:

131

EMILY

(gasping)
Oooofffff!

NICK

(quick concern)
S'matter, Honey?

EMILY

(rubbing paunch)
Your child just kicked me.

Nick reacts - and stops sparking - goes back to his magazine.
Emily calmly looks o.s. toward the temptress, then turns
another page.

Papa rises, puffing.

PAPA

Too hot, too hot!

They watch him trying to open the window.

EMILY

No, Papa. It doesn't open.

PAPA

We see about that.

He braces himself and pushes the window with both hands.
Nick looks at Emily for help. She shrugs as if to say,
that's your problem, and exits toward the ladies lounge,
marked in the b.g.

NICK

Papa! You're not supposed to
open train windows. The car is
air-conditioned.

PAPA

(straining)
Kid, I rode trains before you
was born... You gonna tell me
about trains?

He can't open it and other passengers watch Nick yanking
his coat and trying to make him sit down.

NICK

Papa! Sit down, will you,
Papa!

131 CONTINUED: (2)

131

PAPA
(determined, pound-
the window)
Get my tool kit.

Alarmed, Nick calls, "Papa watch it!" He rises and swings
Papa around. The train lurches.

NICK
Sit down!

The lurch of the train spills Papa into his seat. And at that
exact moment the Train Conductor and Pullman Conductor appear.
Both look at Nick suspiciously.

PULLMAN CONDUCTOR
Having trouble, Dad?

PAPA
Oh, no, Officer. It's..it's
all right.

PULLMAN CONDUCTOR
(to Nick, coldly)
Tickets, please.

Nick fishes out an envelope with the tickets in it. The two
Conductors check the tickets from a passenger invoice.

NICK
Conductor-- is there another
berth available? There are
three of us, and I could only
get accommodations for two in
Sacramento.

The Pullman Conductor punches the tickets and returns them
to Nick.

PULLMAN CONDUCTOR
The train's booked to capacity.
(frigidly)
Looks like you'll have to sit up
in the men's smoker.

The two Conductors spear Nick with a warning glance and move
off.

PAPA
(looking after them)
Nice fellas...

Papa pulls the roped suitcase from the floor. Emily returns
from the Ladies Lounge. She and Nick watch as Papa unropes
the battered suitcase.

132 CLOSE SHOT PAPA'S OPEN SUITCASE 132
It contains Italian Bread, salami, mozzarella cheese, tomatoes,
and a gallon jug of red wine.

133 BACK TO SCENE 133
Emily and Nick look at the contents in wonder.

PAPA
(beaming)
Look what Mama fixed.

Papa lifts out the jug, sets the suitcase aside, and uncorks
the jug. He holds the jug out to Emily.

PAPA
Miss Emily...

EMILY
No thank you, Papa. Not just
now.

Without offering it to Nick, Papa gets poised, licks his lips,
and lifts the jug to drink.

134 ACROSS THE AISLE 134
MR. and MRS. JAMESON, two dignified people in their fifties,
sit there watching Papa. So are others.

135 BACK TO SCENE 135
The passengers' attention embarrasses Nick.

NICK
(nervously)
Papa...

Papa peers at him from around the jug, frowning.

NICK
Take the jug in the men's room.
Everybody's watching...

This is news to Papa. He turns around and sees the Jamesons
smiling at him. He nods.

PAPA
Some wine?

MRS. JAMESON
(touched)
Thank you, no.

PAPA
Doctor say, drink plenty. Good
for the heart. The blood.

135 CONTINUED:

135

He's a sly one, this old man. With a wicked leer at Nick he raises the jug and his Adam's apple bobs like a cork as the wine glub-blugs down his throat and all the passengers watch. With a gasp of satisfaction. Papa holds the jug on his knee.

NICK

Okay, Papa. You've had your fill.

(reaching for jug)

Let's hide that bomb.

Father and son struggle with the jug.

EMILY

(annoyed)

Nick! For heaven sake leave your father alone. You've done nothing but persecute him since Sacramento.

NICK

(pleading)

But, Honey! I don't mean --

EMILY

If you want to drink wine on the train, Papa, it's your own private business...and nobody's going to stop you.

PAPA

(full of self-pity)

I don't mean to cause no trouble...

He raises the jug and drinks again. The passengers nod approvingly. A wave of self-mortification engulfs Papa.

PAPA

(tragically)

My own son...

EMILY

Papa. Please don't take it so hard.

She crosses over and hugs Papa's arm tenderly.

PAPA

Ashamed of their own flesh and blood.

Everyone in the car is grieved at Papa's unhappiness. Hard eyes clobber Nick. He runs his hands through his hair, folds his arms stocially, and looks down at his knees.

135 CONTINUED: (2)

135

EMILY

Don't be depressed, Papa. Drink
a little wine. You'll feel better.

The bell saves Nick for a moment -- the dinner bell-chimes
sounded by a waiter coming through the car from the diner.

NICK

(relieved)
It's dinner time. Good!
(slapping Papa's knee)
Come on, Papa. Let's all go
back and have a nice big steak.
(he rises)
Come on, Emily.

EMILY

Are you hungry, Papa?

PAPA

(shaking his head)
You go with the kid, Miss Emily.
I eat bread and cheese. Try
to save you a little money...

NICK

Aw, cut it out, Papa! A hot
meal'll do you good. Coming,
Emily?

EMILY

You go. I'll stay here with Papa.

NICK

(bitterly)
Okay then!
(shrilly)
Far as I'm concerned, you can
both stay here and starve!

His voice carries. Passengers look at him in horror. He
steps into the aisle just as the temptress comes past.
They bump into one another. Nick smiles, leers, and follows
her slinking figure toward the dining car.

136

EMILY

She watches them exit - and she is sizzling.

136

EMILY

What does he mean - starve?

140 CONTINUED:

140

PAPA
(sleepy but stubborn)
I sleep here.

NICK
There's a berth waiting for
you. Now, come on!

PAPA
I'ma too fat, Kid. The bed,
she'sa too thin..

NICK
(annoyed)
Fat with wine. Now come on.
Get up!

At this moment the porter enters, frowning.

PORTER
Yes, sir...

NICK
(handing him a bill)
Get the old boy a blanket. He's
sleeping in here tonight.

PORTER
(shocked)
Whatever you say, Sir.

Nick exits. The porter gets a whiff of the bill. He unfolds it and finds a clove of garlic.

PORTER
Garlic?

INT. EMILY'S BERTH

141 Poor Emily is having a wretched time. She is now on 141
her knees, her head on the pillow. Nick parts the curtains.

NICK
(startled)
Emily! Anything wrong?

Her mood is dangerous. He sits down in the berth, tries
to kiss her. She turns away.

NICK
What's the matter now?

141 CONTINUED:

141

EMILY

You sure you didn't have dinner
with that woman?

NICK

Aw, Honey. Cut it out, will you?

She turns on her back, feeling very sorry for herself.

EMILY

Oh, Nick! Do something about
me. I hate myself this way.
I never know when I'm going to
say something horrible.

NICK

Honey - it's only natural...

EMILY

It isn't natural! You can't
tell me all mothers are like
this.

NICK

But you're not a mother - not
yet. And you aren't exactly
a wife anymore. You're sort of
suspended. We both are. We're
waiting.

EMILY

I'm suspended! You know, I was
dying to have this baby. It
seemed so wonderful. I was go-
ing to be a mother. Fine. You
decide to have a baby - wake up
next day - you're a mother. But
it doesn't work that way. It
takes so long. You can't even
remember what made you think it
was such a great idea. You
haven't got the baby. You haven't
got anything but a figure like
an elephant and a crazy rotten
temper.

NICK

Just hang on, Honey. A few
more weeks.

(kissing her)

Now try to get some sleep.

141 CONTINUED: (2)

141

EMILY
(donning robe)
What sleep? You stay here. I'll
sit up and read in the Ladies' Room.

NICK
Ladies' Room? You can't do that!
Besides, I'm sleeping in the upper.

EMILY
Where's Papa?

NICK
He says it's too small.

EMILY
And he's right. We fat people have
our problems.

She picks up her Semantics book and exits through the
curtains.

142 ANOTHER ANGLE IN THE AISLE

142

Nick's head pops from the curtains as he watches Emily
move down the aisle toward the Ladies' Room. He flings
the curtains open and studies the situation. He now has
both berths to himself. He pushes the Porter bell and be-
gins to untie his shoe. After a moment the Porter appears.

PORTER
Yes, sir..

NICK
Will you close that upper, please.
Awful stuffy in here.

PORTER
But where's your missus gonna
sleep?

NICK
In the Ladies' Lounge..

The porter looks terribly shocked.

FADE OUT.

EXT. LOS ANGELES SUBURBS - DAY

143 The train is in the outskirts approaching Los Angeles. 143

INT. PULLMAN CAR - DAY

144 Emily and Papa sit side by side, battered and frayed, 144
snoozing, both with their hands clasped at their respective
paunches.

145 WIDER ANGLE 145
to SHOW us that all the berths, except Nick's, have been
made up and, in fact, that everybody in the car is looking
with pity and solicitude at Emily and Papa, and then turn-
ing to glower in cold rage at the berth where Nick is con-
cealed behind the green curtains.

146 MR. AND MRS. JAMESON 146
Seldom have they come face to face with such callousness.

MRS. JAMESON
That poor woman! He made her
spend the night in the Ladies'
Room!

MR. JAMESON
Monstrous! The old man sat up
all night in the smoker!

147 THE PORTER 147
coming down the aisle, calling:

PORTER
Glendale next stop. Glendale!

148 EMILY AND PAPA 148
They waken at this. Emily rubs her tired, sticky eyes,
looks at her wristwatch and glances off toward Nick's berth.
With a swish, Nick sweeps back the curtains and stands
there, refreshed from sleep, frisky as a colt.

NICK
Good morning!

Emily gives him a weak smile. Papa can barely stand the
sight of him.

EMILY
(bleakly)
Sleep well?

148 CONTINUED:

148

NICK

Like a top!

149 CLOSE SHOT NICK

149

His effervescence fades. Now he can feel something -- a ferocious force pouring on him from all sides.

150 WHAT NICK SEES:

150

Every pair of eyes devours him with a passion to tear him to pieces.

151 NICK

151

He walks the gauntlet of vengeful faces towards the Men's Lounge. With every step he shrivels and grows smaller ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET BEFORE ROCCO HOUSE - DAY

152 There is smog in the air as a cab drives up. Emily, Nick and Papa disembark. The driver lifts out the luggage. Nick pays him, and he drives away.

PAPA

(sniffing)

You live near the city dump?

EMILY

That's smog, Papa.

Papa looks up at the tall palm trees.

PAPA

No good, them trees. No shade, no fruit ... nothing.

(kicking the grass)

Devil grass.

(frowning at

everything)

No good, this country.

They all carry luggage toward the house. Nick staggers under the tool kit's weight. Emily unlocks the front door.

INT. ROCCO HOUSE - DAY

153 Emily opens the door and enters, followed by Papa. 153
She crosses to the living room and hastily pulls up the
curtains. Papa is frowning at the whole thing -- the walls,
the ceiling, the floor. Nick enters gasping. There is a
thud when he drops the tool kit.

EMILY
(disturbed)
Something wrong, Papa?

PAPA
Tool kit ...

NICK
The damage's in the kitchen,
Papa.

PAPA
(snapping fingers)
Tool kit ...

EMILY
(to Nick,
impatient)
Honey. The tool kit ...

Nick half-drags the tool kit, with Emily's help, to the
center of the living room where Papa now sweeps aside a
couple of throw-rugs and exposes the naked, waxed floor.

PAPA
(studying floor)
Level ...

Emily looks bewildered at Nick.

NICK
The level. In the tool kit.

Quickly, nervously, Emily unstraps the tool kit, digs among
the tools, and brings out the level. She hands it to Papa.
He gets on his knees, places the level along the floor, and
studies the bubble in the glass.

NICK
The trouble's in the kitchen,
Papa.

EMILY
Shhhh!

153 CONTINUED:

153

PAPA
(returning the
level to Emily)
Piece of pipe.

EMILY
(searching kit)
Yes, Papa ...

She finds a length of pipe in the kit, hands it to him.
Papa shakes his head, refuses it.

PAPA
Wrong pipe ...

She digs into the kit again, pulls out another piece. This
piece he accepts. He lays it on the floor, rises, puts his
foot on the pipe.

PAPA
Watch ...

154 THE PIPE 154
As Papa takes his foot away, the pipe begins to roll, gain-
ing speed, tumbling clear across the floor and stopping at
the wall.

155 EMILY AND NICK 155
They stare open-mouthed at the pipe.

156 PAPA 156

PAPA
Ain't plumb. House sag three
inches.

He crosses to a big stretch of wall (where, eventually, he
will build a fireplace) and taps it with his knuckles,
studying it and ruminating in silence.

NICK
The kitchen's this way, Papa.

Papa scowls at Nick and walks toward the kitchen. Emily and
Nick follow.

INT. ROCCO KITCHEN

157 PAPA EMILY AND NICK 157
entering. Papa frowns at the boards covering the hole.

157 CONTINUED:

157

With a lofty gesture, Papa indicates he wants the boards removed.

PAPA

Take 'em off.

NICK

Sure.

He pulls off two or three boards, for they are not nailed down.

PAPA

That's enough ...

They watch him stare dismally at the dark area under the house, shaking his head sadly.

NICK

Pretty bad, huh, Papa?

PAPA

I ever tell you the story of
Uncle Mingo and the bandits?

NICK

(with a startled
look at Emily)

Why sure, Papa. Lots of times.
Will you need a helper on this
job?

PAPA

Brave man, Uncle Mingo.
Red hair. Big feet. They hang
him in Abruzzi.

NICK

Yeah, Papa. Great story.
(bending over
hole)

Can you see those rotten timbers
down there?

PAPA

I'm tired from the train. I
sleep now.

EMILY

Of course, Papa.
(taking him
by the hand)
We have a nice room for you
upstairs.

157 CONTINUED: (2)

157

Emily leads Papa out of the kitchen. Nick follows, frustrated but philosophical.

INT. ROCCO LIVING-DINING ROOM AREA

158 Emily leads Papa toward the staircase.

158

EMILY

We both had a bad night, didn't we?

Papa nods. Turning to Nick, Emily imitates Papa, indicating the luggage and snapping her fingers.

EMILY

Suita-case.

Nick fails to appreciate the humor, curling his lips. But he picks up a couple of suitcases and goes up the stairs with them. Papa pauses, turns to Nick.

PAPA

The carabinieri put two bullets in his shoulder ...

EMILY

(with a look
at Nick)

Who, Papa?

PAPA

Uncle Mingo. They hang him all the same. His wife stand there. Cry. Sixty-one years ago. I seen it myself. Coletta Andrilli, pretty woman ...

He starts up the stairs again. Nick and Emily shrug, mystified.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. ROCCO BACK YARD - DAY

159 Papa sits under the umbrella watching Delia hang the 159
last of a basket of laundry on the clothesline. She
notices Papa's empty jug.

DELIA
(picking up
the jug)
You want a fresh one, Grandpa?

PAPA
Hot country. Dries you out.

Delia starts for the back door with the empty jug.

INT. KITCHEN

160 Emily is dressed for shopping, and writing things down on 160
a pad of paper. Delia enters and takes a jug of wine from
the refrigerator. Rough boards cover the hole in the kitchen
floor.

DELIA
This is the last of it, Ma'am.

She starts for the back door.

EMILY
Just a minute...

She takes a glass from the cupboard as Delia pauses.

EMILY
Pour a little in here.

Delia opens the jug and pours two ounces into the glass.

EMILY
I'd better order it by the case.

Delia exits through the back door. Emily puts the glass
of wine on the table and writes on her pad.

EMILY
(writing)
... one case of red wine.

Nick enters, stumbles over the rough boards, glares at the
hole in annoyance.

160 CONTINUED:

160

NICK

Hasn't he started yet?

EMILY

He wants to consider it.

NICK

Nothing to consider. He's been here a week. Just - fix - the - hole!

EMILY

(opening
refrigerator)
He's full of ideas.

NICK

That isn't all he's full of, either.

She takes an egg from the refrigerator, crosses to the glass on the kitchen table.

NICK

You going someplace?

EMILY

(breaking the egg
into the wine glass)
Shopping. I'll need the car.

NICK

Help yourself.

She holds the glass up, and you can see the raw egg floating in it. Emily salutes him in a toast.

EMILY

Cheers...

NICK

(nauseated)
Ye gods - what's that?

EMILY

An old Italian custom.

She downs it as Nick makes a terrible face.

NICK

You sure it's good for the baby?

160 CONTINUED: (2)

160

EMILY

Your Grandma Rocco did it -
and she had twelve.

She picks up her purse and exits toward back yard.
Nick pours himself a cup of eggshell coffee.

NICK

(staring at hole)
Consider it!

Delia enters.

DELIA

You want lunch, Mister Rocco?

NICK

Thanks. Just coffee.

He carries his coffee toward the backyard.

EXT. ROCCO BACKYARD

161 As Nick emerges, Emily backs the car out, waving. 161
Nick crosses to the umbrella table and sits with Papa.

NICK

Well, Papa. What do you think?

PAPA

(drinking)
Miss Emily say you pretty
good writer, Kid.

NICK

(just smiling)
When you gonna start on the
floor?

PAPA

Typewrite machine. I talk.
You write.

NICK

The hole in the floor, Papa.

PAPA

Typewrite machine, Boy.

NICK

What for?

161 CONTINUED:

161

PAPA

Uncle Mingo and the bandits.
For the little boy. So he
know about Mingo. Make him
proud.

NICK

Not today, Papa.

PAPA

Today. Now!

NICK

What's the hurry?

PAPA

(fiercely,
frightened)
I am old man. Maybe I die.
Any time. Any minute!

NICK

Aw, Papa. Don't you understand?
I got my own work to do.
There's no time for anything
but my book.

Quick pain smothers Papa's face. He slowly gets to his feet
and walks into the house. Nick is a little startled.

NICK

... Papa?

The old man doesn't turn, but goes inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NICK'S OFFICE - DAY

162 As Nick smokes and types, Delia comes to the window. 162
She looks very worried.

DELIA
Mister Rocco - your Pappy says
he's leavin'...

NICK
Leaving? Where's he going?

DELIA
Back home to Sacramento.

NICK
Forget it, Delia. He won't go
far.

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD HEAVY TRAFFIC - DAY

163 MOVING SHOT 163
Emily is driving through the dog-eat-dog traffic.

INT. CAR (PROCESS)

164 EMILY AT THE WHEEL 164
Suddenly, straight ahead, she sees something that makes her
stiffen in fear.

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

165 WHAT EMILY SEES 165
Through traffic and the low-hanging smog, Papa is trying to
cross the street. Burdened with two suitcases and the heavy
tool kit, the old man is like a trapped bull caught in a
stampede. He finally reaches the opposite side and collapses
on a bus bench.

166 FULL SHOT 166
Emily pulls the car to the curb and gets out, running as fast
as she can toward Papa. In the b.g. are the ample plate glass
windows of a liquor store.

Papa!

EMILY

She sits beside him, notices his luggage, clutches his arm.

PAPA
Hello, Miss Emily.

166 CONTINUED:

166

EMILY

What're you doing here?

PAPA

Me and the kid, we don't get along. I go back to Sacramento.

EMILY

You quarrelled?

PAPA

I'm an old man. I don't change so easy. Him - he's young. He don't change at all.

EMILY

What happened, Papa?

Papa shakes his head bitterly.

EMILY

He asked you to leave?

In silence, Papa milks this possibility.

EMILY

(embracing him)

Papa...We want you. We need you.

PAPA

It ain't for me. It's for my grandson. But the kid, he says no.

EMILY

What is it, Papa?

PAPA

I ever tell you the story of my Uncle Mingo and the bandits?

EMILY

Uncle Mingo? The one with the red hair?

PAPA

(nodding)

I ask the kid. I say: write the story for my grandson. He won't do it.

166 CONTINUED: (2)

166

EMILY

Of course he will. Now, you
leave it to me. Let's go home,
Papa.

She rises and takes one of his suitcases. Papa takes the
others. She notices the liquor store in the b.g. So does
Papa.

EMILY

Come on, Papa. The drinks are
on Nick.

They cross to the liquor store and enter.

INT. LIQUOR STORE

167 FULL SHOT
Papa stops and stares.

167

168 POV SHOT WHAT PAPA SEES
An array of wines and liquors such as he has only dreamed
about.

168

169 CLOSE SHOT EMILY AND PAPA
His eyes bulge in anticipation. Emily's narrow with apprehen-
sion.

169

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROCCO LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

170 CLOSE SHOT PAPA'S HANDS 170
pouring brandy into a liqueur glass, then topping it with a
touch from a tall Galliano bottle. CAMERA PULLS BACK to
SHOW Nick and Emily sipping coffee and listening patiently
to Papa, who is tight and smiling foolishly. Nick holds a
pad and pencil, but now he shakes his head and puts it aside.

NICK

All right, Papa. Uncle Mingo
came to the house and he was
mad. Then what?

PAPA

Sure he was mad. How much can
a man stand? You sit here in
Los Angeles with plenty to eat.
What do you know about a man's
problems? The goat died. Dino
went to Rome to be a priest.
Taxes too high. Alfredo, he's a
scared of Mingo. Uncle Mingo
got him by the neck and he say,
'Alfredo, I break every bone in
your body.' Big man, Mingo...
red hair...chocolate sometimes...
no coffee..big feet..tile roof.

...and Papa falls asleep, tumbling like a teddy bear. Emily
covers him with an afghan. Nick sighs.

NICK

He never got to the bandits.

EMILY

What's the difference? Invent
them.

NICK

(rising, pacing)
How can I? It's hopeless.

EMILY

You're a writer. Try....

NICK

What the devil do I know about
Italian bandits?

EMILY

They're the same as Jesse James,
or the Dalton brothers - except
that they eat pizza and goat's
cheese...

170 CONTINUED:

170

NICK
(helplessly)
Honey - what's he got that I
haven't got?

With a sigh he exits toward the kitchen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROCCO BACKYARD AND GARAGE - NIGHT

171 Eating a huge sandwich Emily comes from the house to 171
Nick's workroom window. Inside, Nick is typing furiously.
Emily knocks on the window. Nick looks up, opens it.

EMILY
Hi. How's it coming?

NICK
I'll say one thing: it's a lot
better'n his version.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ROCCO KITCHEN - DAY

172 Emily is reading semantics. Papa drinks wine and peels 172
an apple.

PAPA

Ain't he up yet?

EMILY

He worked all night - until
five this morning.

She continues to read. Papa nods at the book.

PAPA

This fella, Sam - Sam Antic -
what's he say, Miss Emily?

EMILY

Semantics, Papa. It's a new
non-Aristotelian system of
orientation... It's...

(smiling at her
own clumsiness)

Well, this table, for instance.
Did you ever stop to realize
that it isn't solid at all?

PAPA

Termites?

EMILY

Electrons, Papa. Whirling so
fast they appear to be stand-
ing still. Like an electric
fan.

Papa hits the table hard with his knuckles and shakes his
head. He doesn't believe her at all.

EMILY

Appearances are deceiving.
For instance, who am I, Papa?

PAPA

You? Nick's wife.

EMILY

But that's not all. I'm also
my mother's daughter, my Uncle
John's niece, a white female
American, a consumer. A doctor
would say I was his patient.

172 CONTINUED:

172

EMILY (cont'd)
The Bureau of Internal Revenue
would call me a dependent -
I'm many things - not just a
wife.

PAPA
(tapping the book)
He's no good, this man.
I don't like him.

EMILY
But he is, Papa. Because he
tells me what I am - what I
mean in the world.

PAPA
You are a woman - a creator -
he tell you that?

EMILY
Not exactly.

PAPA
You and Nick - how long you
marry?

EMILY
Six years.

PAPA
Where are the children?

EMILY
The children?

PAPA
I look around this big house,
upstairs, downstairs, in all
rooms. Where are the children?
My grandson, he's coming - but
his brothers and sisters -
where are they?

EMILY
We had to wait, Papa? We
couldn't afford it...

PAPA
(motioning the
thin air)
No-no. They're here, all
around us, the little ones you

172 CONTINUED: (2)

172

PAPA (cont'd)
turned away. They cost nothing.
They are free - from God...

EMILY
(sadly)
From God?

She shrugs doubtfully.

PAPA
You don't like God?

EMILY
It isn't a question of liking
or disliking, Papa. I just
don't know about Him.

PAPA
Books all over the house. The
kid, he writes books. But I
don't see no bible. Pretty
pictures on the walls, but I
don't see the cross of the
Savior. You don't want Him in
your house?

What can she do but smile wistfully at the simple philosophy
of this old man.

PAPA
What you gonna tell my grandson?
He's gonna say, 'Where I come
from, Mama?' He's gonna say,
'What am I doing here?' He's
gonna say, 'Where am I going?'
(picking up book)
You gonna show him this book?

EMILY
(disturbed)
I don't know, Papa. I really
don't. But I think I'd want
him to be honest like you.

PAPA
(grasping her hand)
And smart, like his Mama.

From the living room o.s. Nick's footsteps sound. He enters,
carrying a manuscript, feeling happy. He kisses Emily, says
good morning.

172 CONTINUED: (3)

172

NICK

Here you are, Papa. 'Uncle
Mingo And The Bandits.'

Tosses him manuscript.

PAPA

Save it for my grandson.

NICK

Aren't you going to read it?

PAPA

What for, Kid? I was there.
I saw it.

Nick smiles to hide this blow to his pride, and picks up
the manuscript.

EMILY

(rising)

What would you like for breakfast?

NICK

(offering her
the mss.)

It turned out pretty good.

EMILY

(at refrigerator)

Really? I'll read it later.
Ham and eggs?

NICK

(frustrated)

Not hungry.

EMILY

Lamb chop?

NICK

(vexed)

Nothing. Nothing at all.

EMILY

(looking at him)

What's the matter with you?

NICK

(feigning reverence)

Oh, nothing, your Highness.
Really, it's only a trifle..

172 CONTINUED: (4)

172

EMILY

(hands on hips)

What's that supposed to mean?

NICK

Just this: for months you
haven't read a line of my work.

EMILY

What of it?

NICK

You used to - every word.

EMILY

You're a big boy now. You're
about to become a father.

NICK

Yeah, sure. That's me. Papa
Nothing. Just stay out there
and grind away on the machine.
Nobody knows. Nobody cares.

The back door buzzer sounds. Nick crosses and opens the
door. A deliveryman carrying cases of liquor comes inside,
and Nick watches astonished as the man sets the cases down.
He hands Nick an invoice.

NICK

(puzzled)

Who ordered this stuff?

Emily stands up in the kitchen, in the b.g.

EMILY

I did.

NICK

(whirling)

You? What for?

EMILY

For Papa.

DELIVERY MAN

Everything here but that Chianti
you wanted, Mrs. Rocco. Didn't
come in yet.

PAPA

No Chianti? What kind of place
you got, Boy?

172 CONTINUED: (5)

172

Enraged, Nick scrawls his name on the invoice and the deliveryman exits. Nick storms back to the kitchen.

173 ANOTHER ANGLE IN THE KITCHEN
Nick stands over Papa, furious.

173

NICK

Now listen to me. I work hard for my money. I've been paid an advance to write a book, and I'm almost broke. I can't afford your liquor bills - and I can't afford to waste my time writing about your crazy relatives. You came down to fix that hole in the floor. Well - fix it!

EMILY

(angry)

Don't you dare talk like that to your father!

NICK

(disgusted-
backing away)

Hyah!

He exits into living room.

INT. ROCCO LIVING ROOM

174 Wretched and seething, Nick starts for the stairs. 174
The front door chimes sound. Still fuming, Nick turns from the stairs and flings the door open. There stands FATHER GONDOLFO, a smiling, middle-aged priest of Italian descent.

FATHER GONDOLFO

How do you do... I'm Father Gondolfo.

NICK

(flustered)

Oh. Hi. Come in, Father.

PAPA'S VOICE

(welcoming)

Padre!

174 CONTINUED:

174

Papa and Emily stand in the living room - Emily curious, Papa effusive with greeting as the priest crosses to him and they shake hands, ad libbing (in Italian) 'How are you,' and 'greetings, my friend.' Emily and Nick look on in surprise.

FATHER GONDOLFO
(in Italian,
sotto voce)
Are these the young people you
spoke about?

PAPA
(making introductions)
Father Gondolfo, I wish you to
meet my daughter-in-law, Emily.

EMILY
(nodding)
How do you do, Father.

PAPA
(Italian, into
priest's ear)
She's going to have a baby.

FATHER GONDOLFO
(Italian, back
to Papa)
She certainly is.

PAPA
This fellow here, he's the boy.
(to Nick)
Shake the priest's hand.

NICK
(shaking hands)
Hello, Father.

PAPA
(in Italian)
What do you say to a snort?

FATHER GONDOLFO
(in Italian)
Aye. And what have I got to lose?

PAPA
'Scuse please, one moment.

174 CONTINUED: (2)

174

Somewhat guiltily, he glances at Nick and Emily and exits toward the kitchen.

EMILY

Won't you sit down, Father?

Nick jerks away the protective covering from the divan. The priest sits down. Nervously Emily sits beside him. Nick stands at Emily's side.

EMILY

(trying to make
conversation)

Are you from - from around this
neighborhood, Father?

FATHER GONDOLFO

Oh, yes. Saint Monica's Parish.
Your next-door neighbors worship
there.

NICK

The Gregorys? I didn't know
they were Catholics...

FATHER GONDOLFO

That's because you don't come
to church...

NICK

(embarrassed)

I was born a Catholic - raised
a Catholic, but - well - I just
stopped going...

FATHER GONDOLFO

And you, Mrs. Rocco?

EMILY

I'm a... well, you see -- I'm
nothing - exactly ---

There is an embarrassing silence which is finally relieved
by the return of Papa, carrying two jiggers of liquor.

PAPA

(handing one to
the priest)

Padre...

The priest accepts it and passes it under his nostrils.

174 CONTINUED: (3)

174

FATHER GONDOLFO

Ha. Galliano!

PAPA

Salute!

They touch glasses and drink - then sigh at the heavenly warmth. Father Gondolfo studies Nick.

FATHER GONDOLFO

Son, why have you deserted your faith?

NICK

I don't know, Father. A lot of things... I've changed - and so has my thinking. The Church never changes.

FATHER GONDOLFO

It seems to me that should be one of its great attractions.

NICK

The world has changed too, Father.

FATHER GONDOLFO

I wonder... Oh, we have atomic energy and the hydrogen bomb. But mankind? The same.

PAPA

(butting in)

What'sa matter? You wanna die like a dog, and go to hell? Father, you talk to Miss Emily. She's a smart girl.

(pulling Nick)

Come on, kid. Let the priest talk to your wife...

NICK

(jerking free)

Will you mind your own business? Maybe Emily doesn't want to talk to him.. I mean...

FATHER GONDOLFO

That's true. And she doesn't have to, of course. Mrs. Rocco, I didn't come here to convert anybody.

174 CONTINUED: (4)

174

FATHER GONDOLFO (cont'd)

(smiling,
to Papa)

I came because...

EMILY

But I'm glad you came, Father,
because there are some things
I want to discuss...(apologetically,
to Nick)

Honey...

Nick sees no reason for interfering. He exits through the
front door. Smiling, Papa follows.EXT. ROCCO HOUSE

175 FRONT YARD

175

Nick and Papa come out and walk around. Papa is very
pleased and lights a cigar. Nick shakes his head in
annoyance.

NICK

Papa -- what am I going to do
with you? I'm not that
fourteen-year-old boy you
tried to make into a stonemason.
I've changed, Papa. I'm married.

PAPA

(studying him)

You're no good for stone-cutting.
You'll never make it, kid...

NICK

I want to be what I am. Think
my own thoughts. Live my own
life. Emily wants it that way,
too.

PAPA

Emily?

NICK

Maybe she doesn't want to join
the Church.

PAPA

Why not?

175 CONTINUED:

175

NICK

Maybe we'd like to plan our family.

PAPA

Then plan it. Get going. Babies.

NICK

Babies, sure. Lots of babies. But I want them when I want them. No birth control in the Church, Papa.

PAPA

Birth control?

NICK

Well, we got to draw the line someplace.

PAPA

I don't like that kind of talk.

NICK

Suppose they come, and we got no money?

PAPA

Money? -- what's money? We couldn't afford none either, your mama and me. But we had five -- and never enough money. You cut out readin' them books!

NICK

Books? -- what books? I can't support too many, that's all.

PAPA

(in anger)

Not my grandchildren, understand? You leave them alone. They got as much right here as you!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROCCO HOUSE FRONT YARD

176 It is perhaps fifteen minutes later. Emily comes 176
to the door with Father Gondolfo, who shakes hands with her
and ad libs goodbye.

EMILY

Thanks for coming, Father.
And come again - any time.

The priest tips his hat. Papa waves and says goodbye.

NICK

(rising)
So long, Father.

Father and son cross to Emily, who stands in the doorway watching the priest move off. Papa and Nick just look at her. She takes Papa's hand and leads him inside the house.

INT. ROCCO LIVING ROOM

177 Papa is quite concerned as Emily leads him to the 177
divan.

EMILY

Sit down, Papa. I want to
talk to you.

He does. Nick hangs back, leaning in the doorway. Emily carefully collects her thoughts. Then she sits down and takes Papa's hand in hers.

EMILY

(continuing)
Papa, try to understand - it's
not easy to say. But I can't
become a Catholic just because
you want me to. I wouldn't be
fair to myself or to the Church.
I do want God in my house. And
I want Him on my side when my
child is born. But don't you
see, Papa - it took years and
years for me to become what I
am - whatever that is - and I
just can't turn into a
Catholic or a Protestant or any-
thing else, overnight.

177 CONTINUED:

177

PAPA

You don't like the Pope?

EMILY

(smiling)

Oh, Papa! Don't be silly.
I'm only saying that it isn't
easy to make a quick change -
like changing cigarette brands,
for instance. It's a big step,
Papa. I need time to think it
out.

PAPA

Not much time left. Pretty
soon the baby comes - and you
ain't married.

EMILY

(casually)

Oh, the marriage. Father Gondolfo
says it can be arranged.

NICK

(astonished)

A wedding in the Church?

EMILY

A quiet wedding in the rectory.

PAPA

(rubbing his hands)

That's fine! Let's go.

NICK

Go - where?

PAPA

(to Emily)

Get married!

EMILY

That's up to my husband.

They look at Nick.

PAPA

Well, kid?

177 CONTINUED: (2)

177

NICK

Now wait a minute! Honey - marriage in the Church is a sacrament. You have to be in the state of - of grace. You... I mean I - I'll have to go to confession. I haven't been to confession for years.....

PAPA

You better go, kid. All the trouble you make for everybody - you better go.

Nick glowers at him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

178 Nick stands over Emily, looking down at her as she 178
sleeps. He is troubled. He crosses to the window and looks
out. Emily wakens and sees him.

EMILY

What is it, dear?

NICK

I don't know. I guess you'd call it soul-searching --

EMILY

(tenderly)

Come here, honey.

He crosses and sits down on the bed.

NICK

The minute a man stops to look at himself, life becomes complicated. The thing to do is - wear blinkers.

EMILY

I've been looking at your life too - through your books - the people you write about. You know something? Your heroes are all wanderers - and all your heroines die of a broken heart.

178 CONTINUED:

178

NICK

So? C'est la vie.

EMILY

(flatly)

No. Not at all. What would
happen to your writing if you
found peace of mind?

NICK

I don't know. I'm afraid to
think about it.

EMILY

Afraid?

NICK

Exactly. I want to keep writing.
I don't know if I could - if
I found peace.

EMILY

Why, honey! You know that
doesn't make sense!

NICK

Maybe I don't want to make
sense. Maybe all I want is to
keep writing.

EMILY

Nick - are you running away from
God because you enjoy being lost -
or because you're a rebel?

NICK

I don't know. I loved the Church -
used to be an altar boy --

(smiling)

Me - but my father made a command
out of it - punished me if I stayed
away. I guess I was a rebel. I
don't like to be forced into any-
thing.

EMILY

Nobody's forcing you - now.

178 CONTINUED: (2)

178

NICK

Sometimes I wonder if it's a good
idea - being married to a woman
with a mind like a steel trap.

He kisses her and leaves. She smiles, enigmatically.

INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

179 He comes in and throws himself on the bed and looks 179
at the ceiling, thinking his brooding thoughts. Something
hanging from the bedpost catches his eye. It is a rosary.
It astonishes him. He rises and exits into the hall.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM HALL IN B.G.

180 She can hear Nick's footsteps in the hall. He comes 180
in, holding the rosary.

NICK

This...this rosary...

EMILY

It's yours. It's been in your
desk for years.

NICK

I know it's mine. But who hung
it on my bed?

EMILY

I did.
(reaching for
structural differential)
If I'm entitled to this --
(dangling it)
...you're certainly entitled to
that...if you want it.

180 CONTINUED:

180

NICK

(gulping)

I haven't been to confession
for over seven years.

(whistling in
fear)

Holy mackerel!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ROCCO KITCHEN - DAY

181 Papa's mighty basso reverberates down in the hole, 181
singing as he works, and his hammer crashes against timber.
A very happy Emily is opening a fresh bottle of wine. She
carries the wine as she climbs down a short ladder into the
hole. Papa's tool kit is at the edge of the hole.

182 IN THE HOLE 182
Papa works and sings, loosening a heavy beam with a hammer.
Emily comes down and hands him the wine.

EMILY

Ice cold, Papa.

PAPA

Thank you.

(takes it, drinks)

Where's the kid?

(indicating timber)

Two-man job.

EMILY

He went to San Pedro. Something
about ships. For his book.

PAPA

(drinking;
grudgingly)

Good boy. Good writer.

EMILY

Oh, Papa! He's going to be so
happy when he finds you started
on the floor. We're very grateful,
Papa.

PAPA

Bah. It'sa nothing. Tonight
you take letter to Mama. You
tell her - Papa take care
everything.

He hands her the wine and works loose one of the joists so
that it hangs alone and is in danger of breaking by its own
weight.

PAPA

Hold it.

182 CONTINUED:

182

Emily gets a hunched shoulder under the joist.

EMILY

Got it...

Papa climbs out of the hole. Emily perspires, feels the pinch of the joist, squirms. Time passes. Her eyes pop from the strain. Her tongue hangs out.

EMILY

(precariously)

Papa...

No answer from Papa. Groping around, Emily manages to put her hands on a board, which she now braces against the joist. The effort leaves her exhausted. She crawls toward the hole, wondering what the hell happened to Papa.

EMILY

(coming up through
the hole)

Papa...Where are you?

No answer. She climbs the ladder out of the hole and back into the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM

183 FULL SHOT

183

Lighting a fresh cigar, papa stands before a wide stretch of the living room wall, studying it.

EMILY'S VOICE

(from the kitchen)

Papa...

He doesn't bother to answer, so keen is his concentration. And now Emily comes through from the kitchen. Seeing him so absorbed in the blank wall, she stands beside him and studies it too, brushing off her clothes.

PAPA

(without looking
at her)

Hammer. Big one...

She crosses to the kitchen, disappears a moment, then reappears with Papa's hammer. His hand is out to receive it, but he keeps looking at the wall. Spitting on his hands, Papa steps up to the wall, rears back.

183 CONTINUED:

183

EMILY
(with a gasp)
Papa!

Papa slams the hammer clean through the wall.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROCCO FRONT YARD AND DRIVEWAY - DAY

184 A dump truck spills red brick on the lawn and pulls 184
out of the driveway. Other material is stacked up:
lumber, sand, cement, flagstone. John Gregory, Nick's
neighbor, watches the truck pull into the street.

185 STREET BEFORE ROCCO HOUSE 185
Nick, in his car, waits, surprised, for the truck to pull
out. He drives into his yard, CAMERA PANNING. He steps
out, looks at the material and nods at Gregory.

NICK
Hello, John.
(pleased)
Well - at last!

JOHN
Yeah...He finally got started.
How'd you talk him into it?

NICK
I didn't, John - it took an
Act of God.

JOHN
What's the brick and stone for?

NICK
Brick? Stone?
(looks at it; then
uneasily)
Well, I don't know...

From the side of the house o.s. comes the bellow of Papa's
voice in song, joined by Emily, and the sound of a crashing
hammer. Nick looks in alarm at John, then moves toward the
sound.

186 AT SIDE OF HOUSE 186
A gaping hole -- site of the new fireplace. Clouds of dust
boil up from within. Barely visible inside are Papa and
Emily, tossing out plaster, lath, etc., and singing happily.

PAPA

Look out, Kid!

A shovelful of debris sails past Nick.

EMILY

(excited)

Nick. Oh, Honey!

(scrambles through
hole; she's a mess)

Guess what!

Nick behaves like a man who has simply given up.

EMILY

Can't you guess what we're doing?

Nick shakes his head, waves of fatigue inundating him.

EMILY

Don't just stand there. Say
something!

Nick's fingers gather up the flesh in his face.

EMILY

A fireplace! Papa's building
a fireplace.

Nick nods vaguely.

EMILY

Aren't you happy? We've always
wanted one...

A muscular truck driver enters the frame. He carries an
invoice.

TRUCK DRIVER

Your name Nick Rocco?

Nick turns, dazed.

TRUCK DRIVER

Sign here, please.

He indicates the bottom line, hands Nick a pencil. Nick
studies the invoice. Its contents freezes the hair on the
back of his neck. He hands the invoice back without signing
it.

186 CONTINUED:

186

EMILY
(taking the invoice)
I'm Mrs. Rocco.

She signs it. The truck driver squints at Nick and exits.

EMILY
...and all the time I thought
you'd be pleased.

Still dazed, Nick makes his way through the hole and into the house. Emily follows.

INT. ROCCO LIVING ROOM

187 The furniture is pushed back and covered with sheets. 187
Stunned, Nick walks toward the kitchen. Emily and Papa follow him.

INT. ROCCO KITCHEN

188 Nick enters and just stands in front of the hole in 188
the kitchen floor, staring down at it. Emily and Papa come in. Nick looks from the hole to Emily.

EMILY
(self-consciously)
Oh, that...

She turns to Papa for assistance.

PAPA
Get yourself a carpenter, Kid...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROCCO LIVING ROOM - DAY

189 Papa is working on the fireplace. He has the fire- 189
box and chimney bricked up to a height of five feet.
Scraping the last of a batch of mortar from the mortar board, he bangs his trowel and eylls.

PAPA
More mud!

EXT. ROCCO HOUSE

190 AT FRONT YARD 190
Emily stands at a mortar box, hoeing the mixture. She is very hot and perspiring, but obviously having the time of her life.

 EMILY
 Coming up, Papa!

She puts a wheelbarrow in place and shovels mortar into it.

191 IN THE GREGORY YARD 191
Nora and John are just leaving their house when they see Emily hard at work.

 NORA
 Shouldn't Nick be helping you
 with that, Emily?

192 AT ROCCO OPEN FRONT DOOR 192
Nick emerges.

 NICK
 Nick's trying to earn money to
 pay for that goo - and a baby,
 if we're lucky enough to have
 one.
 (crossing to Emily)
 How many times do I have to tell
 you to let Papa do that?!

He takes the shovel roughly from her and proceeds to scoop mortar into the wheelbarrow.

 EMILY
 It's fun; besides, I feel fine.
 Back in the old country, Papa's
 mother --

 NICK
 (interrupting)
 Look! I just had a session with
 his Uncle Mingo.

 PAPA'S VOICE
 More mud!

 NICK
 Ah, keep your shirt on.

192 CONTINUED:

192

He takes hold of the handlebars and pushes the wheelbarrow along a planked ramp into the front doorway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROCCO HOUSE - DAY

193 FULL SHOT

193

The chimney is now ten feet high, with Papa working on a scaffold which is reached by a ladder. We see Emily climbing this ladder, carrying a bucket of water. On the ground Nick waves angrily at her, yelling for her to come down at once. Father Gondolfo is at Nick's side, watching...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROCCO HOUSE - DAY

194 FULL SHOT

194

Now the chimney is almost complete, shooting up higher than the gables of the house as Papa puts down the last few bricks. The ladder is of course much higher and steeper, and this time we see Nick climbing it - a hod of mortar on his shoulder. For the likes of him it is a perilous task, and down below we see Emily, Father Gondolfo and the Gregorys holding their breaths as Nick makes the perilous ascent.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROCCO LIVING ROOM - DAY

195 FULL SHOT

195

Papa's huge, ornate fireplace is nearing completion. We see Emily and Father Gondolfo nearby, engaged in very serious conversation. With Nick's help, Papa sets a large stone into the mantel. CAMERA MOVES IN as Papa and Nick grin with satisfaction, and we see the following inscription chiseled on the stone:

195 CONTINUED:

195

"FOR MY GRANDCHILDREN
..VITTORIO ROCCO..."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROCCO LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

196 CLOSE SHOT THE FIREPLACE 196
as Emily's hand strikes a match and sets a pile of kindling
afire. CAMERA PULLS BACK, and we see Emily, Nick, Papa,
the Gregorys, and Father Gondolfo raising glasses and drink-
ing a toast to the first fire. Then Emily breaks her glass
against the mantel, thereby christening the fireplace as
smoke and flame fill the firebox.

EXT. ROCCO CHIMNEY

197 Curls of white smoke pour out of the chimney and into 197
the night sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STEEPLE OF CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

198 HIGH ANGLE SHOT 198
The bells of the steeple are not ringing. As CAMERA SLOWLY
PANS DOWN.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH VESTRY - DAY

199 Emily and Nick stand before Father Gondolfo in the 199
marriage ceremony. The priest wears a surplice and cassock.
Delia and the Gregorys are present as witnesses, and so is
Papa - and a few friends. The old man weeps to himself.
For the first time he wears a full suit of clothes. Emily's
pregnancy is now hugely defined, for she wears Mama Rocco's
ancient wedding gown and bridal veil, altered. She clutches
a bouquet of flowers. We want a simple, sincere ceremony.
The priest turns to Nick.

FATHER GONDOLFO

Repeat after me: with this
ring I thee wed...

NICK

(placing ring on
Emily's finger)
With this ring I thee wed...

FATHER GONDOLFO

And I plight unto thee my troth...

NICK

And I plight unto thee my troth...

Being a mixed marriage, no blessing is given. But the
priest reads this final prayer from his Sacristy manual:

FATHER GONDOLFO

Almighty God, deliver them from
all evil temper, and from every
heedless action which may embitter
or weaken the tie by which Thou
has bound them. Let not the
trials and crosses of this life
cause them to murmur, nor let
their earthly prosperity cause
them to forget Thee, the Author
and Giver of all blessings...
through the same Christ our Lord.
Amen.

His words leave Emily and Nick enthralled, renewed in their
love. It is good, this second marriage - it holds richness
undreamed, and Emily smiles in gratitude.

EMILY

Thank you, Father.

She turns to Nick and he kisses her. They cling to one
another in quiet joy, and the tide of their happiness reaches

199 CONTINUED:

199

Papa, the priest and the other guests. Emily takes Nick's arm, and like blind lovers they cross to the door and exit. Very proud and pleased, Papa follows.

EXT. VESTRY DOOR AND STREET

200 Nick and Emily emerge, arm in arm, and walk toward 200
their car parked at the curb. Papa and the other guests
step out to watch. Papa shoves a fresh cigar into his mouth
and follows the bride and groom.

201 TWO NUNS 201
turn from the street and walk toward the sacristy. They
pass Nick and Emily, note Emily's dimensions, and roll their
eyes in pious unbelief.

202 TWO OR THREE PASSERSBY 202
also look on in amazement at the strange bride.

203 AT THE CAR 203
Nick opens the door for Emily who suddenly winces in pain
and gasps, doubling up. Nick grabs her, alarmed.

NICK

Honey!

EMILY

(gasping)

The hospital. Hurry!

Writhing, she gets into the car with Nick's help as Papa
comes up, bursting with curiosity and concern.

PAPA

What's wrong?

NICK

The baby's coming!

He hurries around to the driver's seat. Papa gets in
beside Emily who keeps gasping. He pats her hand.

EMILY

Hurry, please.

Nick fumbles with the keys, finally gets the car started.

203 CONTINUED:

203

PAPA

Get goin', you jackass.

The car lurches forward and swings into the street. Fastened to the spare tire is a sign reading "Just Married". And tied to the bumper is a string of tin cans that clatter in an uproar against the pavement.

204 AT CURB

204

As the car pulls away the wedding guests hurry forward laughing and waving goodbye. Father Gondolfo stands in the b.g. with the two shocked nuns.

FATHER GONDOLFO

(to the nuns)

It may not look it, Sister
Constancia, but that marriage
was made in heaven.

INT. NICK'S CAR (PROCESS)

205 Emily is white-faced, biting her lip, waiting for the 205
next pain. Feebly she waves her bouquet at the guests.
Papa looks back at the clattering tin cans.

PAPA

The baby's coming and you fool
around with tin cans..

NICK

I tell you I don't know anything
about it.

EXT. BUSY STREET

206 RUNBY

206

Nick's car goes slithering through traffic, the string of
tin cans kicking up a noisy furor.

INT. NICK'S CAR (PROCESS)

207 Grimly Nick drives ahead full speed. Emily groans 207
and clutches the flowers as her body tightens.

NICK

Chin up, Baby. We're almost
there.

207 CONTINUED:

207

He jerks the steering wheel, barely missing a big truck.
Papa almost panics at the close shave.

PAPA

(yelling)

Watch the road!

(brooding, to Emily)

You come to Sacramento! Bring
the baby. Live with me and Mama.

Nick turns and glares at him.

NICK

Will you shut up!? She's got
a home!

EMILY

(writhing)

Just get me to the hospital.
Oh, please!

EXT. BUSY STREET

208 A great hubbub of tin cans as Nick's car swerves 208
around the corner and speeds down the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TWENTY-SECOND STREET SANTA MONICA - DAY

209 St. John's Hospital is in the b.g. as Nick's car barrels 209
down Twenty-Second Street and into the hospital driveway.

EXT. ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL DRIVEWAY

210 Nick and Papa leap out. Nick hurries around to 210
help Emily disembark. Emily favors a wide, stiff stance.
Her face indicates severe abdominal cramps. She still
clutches her flowers and Nick and Papa assist her up the
stairs. At that moment an ambulance pulls into the drive-
way, which Nick's car is now blocking.

PAPA

Go park the car, Kid.

210 CONTINUED:

210

NICK

But --

He has no choice. The ambulance is waiting. He watches a moment as Papa helps Emily up the stairs. She has that tentative, cautious movement of someone who has been kicked in the stomach. Frantic at the sight, Nick jumps into his car and guns it away, CAMERA PANNING TO SHOW the car sweeping into the hospital parking area and pulling into a parking slot a hundred yards away. CAMERA HOLDS as Nick gets out and starts running back toward the hospital entrance.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL MATERNITY FLOOR - DAY

211 AT ELEVATOR

211

The elevator doors open and Nick gets out. Wild-eyed, he crosses to the nurse's desk. A busy nurse looks up from her paper work. Other nurses and internes come and go.

NICK

My name is Rocco. Where's my wife?

NURSE

But I thought the old gentleman...

NICK

(exasperated)

No, no! He's got nothing to do with it!

The nurse nods o.s. Nick follows her glance.

212 HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM NICK'S ANGLE

212

Across the hall Papa sits in this waiting room. He sees Nick and steps out, agitated, coming toward his son. Nick hurries to meet him.

NICK

Where is she?

Papa shrugs. Then his eyes bulge as he stares down the hall.

213 DOWN THE HALL

213

Emily steps out of a door. A staff doctor and a nurse follow. As she comes toward Nick, we are looking at the most embarrassed and sheepish woman in the world. She carries the bouquet of flowers like an old broom. Nick hurries to her. They meet in silence. He understands, and he puts his arm around her.

NICK

So we had a dress rehearsal.
Next time, the real thing.

Papa has a pained expression. It says, what - no baby?

EMILY

I'm sorry, Papa...

The staff doctor comes up smiling.

DOCTOR

Come back in about a week,
Mrs. Rocco.

NICK

Is everything okay, Doc? I
mean - otherwise?

DOCTOR

Indigestion. Give her milk of
magnesia.

Emily looks at Nick with a foolish smile. They move to the elevator.

214 AT ELEVATOR

214

The elevator doors open and several nurses get out. They all turn for a look at the bride. Nick, Emily and Papa get into the elevator. With a wistful smile, Emily looks at her faded bouquet, and then tosses it to one of the nurses as the door closes and the elevator descends.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. ROCCO HOUSE - NIGHT

215 UPSTAIRS BEDROOM WINDOW

215

Emily appears for one last sentimental view of the yard and

215 CONTINUED:

215

the neighborhood. Then she shuts the window and draws the curtains.

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

216 EMILY

216

She turns from the window and checks an elaborate array of baby items - crib, blankets, bassinet, etc. A birth pain strikes - not severe, but real and meaningful. Quickly she checks her wristwatch. The pain subsides. She takes a coat from the closet and lays it across the bed beside an open suitcase. Now she closes the suitcase.

INT. ROCCO LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

217 Nick frets over a pile of bills as Emily comes down the stairs. Another big one belts him in the eyes. 217

NICK

(holding the bill)

Ninety dollars for a set of andirons. Aw, Honey. Will you try and hold it down? We're almost broke - and we still got the hole...

EMILY

I'm sorry...

She crosses to the fireplace and toys with some chess pieces on a chess table.

EMILY

My...it's certainly going to be different around here...

NICK

Just so we get one that doesn't cry...

EMILY

We won't... No, it'll never be like this again - you and I alone...

He shakes his head at all the bills. She has another pain. She glances at her watch. The pain subsides without his knowing she has had it.

217 CONTINUED:

217

EMILY

Nick - let me ask you a very blunt question.

NICK

That's the kind I like...

EMILY

Suppose we weren't having a child? What would have happened to us?

This is indeed an honest question and he looks at her startled.

EMILY

If I couldn't bring you children... and you knew it...

NICK

(stammering)

That's not a fair question... I mean---. I could always see my children... in your eyes... I could feel them... in your flesh...

EMILY

You haven't answered me.

NICK

Say - what's worrying you?

EMILY

Can't a person wonder about the future? How different it's going to be?

NICK

(back at his bills)

Had a fellow tell me it's better'n ever - after the baby's born.

EMILY

You won't be jealous?

NICK

Mmm. A little, I guess.

He gasps as he picks up a bill. Then another birth pain hits Emily - a severe pain this time, and her hands circle the bump and she grimaces and trembles...and the pain subsides. She glances at her watch.

217 CONTINUED: (2)

217

EMILY

It's time, Nick.

Nick gets to his feet, concerned.

NICK

You sure?

EMILY

An hour ago the pains were five minutes apart. Now they're coming faster - and sharper.

NICK

Then we'd better go.

EMILY

Will you get my things? I'll call the doctor.

Nick hurries upstairs. Emily crosses toward the kitchen.

INT. ROCCO UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

218 Nick runs into Emily's bedroom and picks up her coat 218
and suitcase. He comes out into the hall, pauses at Papa's
closed door, and quietly opens it. Heavy snores come from
the darkness within. He closes the door and tiptoes downstairs.

INT. ROCCO LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

219 As Nick comes downstairs Emily is pinning a note to a 219
bottle of wine on the fireplace. She crosses to the door,
where he helps her into her coat.

NICK

(indicating note)
What's that?

EMILY

So Papa will know...

Nick opens the door. She does not leave at once. She looks
at everything around her, lovingly. Then she exits with him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET BEFORE ROCCO HOUSE - NIGHT

220 Nick backs his car out of the driveway into the street, 220
and pulls away. Emily keeps looking back fondly at the
house.

INT. NICK'S CAR (PROCESS) - NIGHT

221 She sits far away from him, as if ashamed. Nick 221
smiles.

NICK
Why so far away?

She keeps looking at him. He is wonderful. She never before
realized how wonderful. Now she has pain. It is very strong.
She grabs the door latch and hangs on, perspiring.

NICK
(sympathetically)
It's rough...

EMILY
(as the pain
subsides)
It hurts a little, but it's
nothing like what my mother
said.

NICK
Not much traffic. We'll be
there in no time.

EMILY
If I should die, you won't be
able to marry my sister.

NICK
I don't want to marry your
sister.

EMILY
She's very attractive. But you
can't have her. Never. It's
the law of the church.

Nick just lets her talk. Another pain grabs her. She half
sinks to the floor, teeth clinched, panting as it subsides.

EMILY
I don't like boys. They're
nasty. They cause all the
trouble in the world.

221 CONTINUED:

221

NICK

Aw, honey. You'll love our son.

EMILY

Her name is Victoria.

NICK

Okay, honey. But Danny's a very nice name, too.

EMILY

I like Victoria better.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

222 At a boulevard stop, Nick barely beats the yellow
light and drives through.

222

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ADMITTANCE ROOM - NIGHT

223 Emily is comfortably bundled in a wheelchair and being
wheeled into the elevator by two nurses. At the desk, Nick
busily signs papers. Emily throws him a kiss and he smiles
back as the elevator ascends. Now the nurse behind the desk
gives him additional papers to sign, and he sighs at so many
of them.

223

INT. MATERNITY FLOOR - NIGHT

224 The elevator door opens and the nurses wheel Emily
down the hall, CAMERA TRUCKING AHEAD of them. One nurse
carries Emily's luggage.

224

EMILY

(to the nurse)

I'm glad you keep everything
so nice and clean. It's terribly
important.

In the b.g. at the elevator, Nick steps onto the floor.

225 NICK

Down the corridor, he sees Emily. Sudden, crushing happiness
overwhelms him. His lips form her name. His arms go out.

225

226 EMILY 226
...the nurse has turned the wheelchair around, and she holds
her arms out to her husband.

227 WIDER ANGLE 227
...as Nick runs up and falls on his knees before Emily,
happy with a devastating happiness that all but kills him.
She holds his head, strokes his hair.

THE NURSE

Now, now. No more of that.

Nick gets to his feet, ashamed of his emotion.

EMPTY

He's my husband. Isn't he
adorable?

The Nurse smiles patiently and wheels Emily through a door, leaving Nick standing there alone. He turns and starts back toward the elevator.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FATHERS' WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

228 All the fathers have gone, save Nick. He sleeps, a 228
magazine on his lap. A nurse comes to the door.

NURSE

Mister Rocco...

Nick awakens.

NURSE

(continuing)

You can see your wife now.

Nick gets to his feet.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMILY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

229 Nick enters to find Emily in a small ocean of pain, 229
lying upon sheets wet and writhing with perspiration, her
mouth distorted, her teeth clenched, her fingers clutching

229 CONTINUED:

229

the iron bar across the top of the bed. His heart goes out to her in pity for the blinding pain. He can find no words to stem the enormity of this anguish, and as he reaches to console her, she takes his hand in her clawing fingers, and when the pain subsides, the hand is torn and there is a trickle of blood. For the first time she recognizes him, through a film of pain, of embarrassment.

EMILY

Get out of here... get out.

He backs away, sick of heart, ashamed, and gropes for the door, and exits.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

230 ...as Nick steps out of Emily's room, he is met by 230
Dr. Atchison and a nurse carrying a trayful of bottles and
hypodermics. Nick just stands there, dazed, sucking the
scratch in his hand. Without speaking, Dr. Atchison dips
cotton into alcohol and wipes the blood from Nick's hand.

NICK

My wife's in bad shape, Doc.

DR. ATCHISON

She's coming along beautifully.

NICK

I tell you she's suffering...

DR. ATCHISON

Nonsense. She's had scopolamine.

She won't remember a thing...

(looking at Nick
critically)

Here...

(taking pills from
a bottle)

Take these...

He puts them into Nick's hands, and he and the nurse enter Emily's room. As the door opens, Emily wails inside, o.s. Nick closes his eyes in pity. The door closes. Nick seems lost. An interne approaches.

NICK

Where's the chapel?

The interne doesn't quite hear and Nick gets very angry.

230 CONTINUED:

230

NICK
(continuing)
...the chapel! An altar! A
place where a man can kneel
down and talk to his God!

INTERNE
(astonished)
Down on the first floor, sir...

Nick glares at him and stalks away...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CHAPEL - NIGHT

231 Nick enters the chapel, blesses himself with holy 231
water, and walks down to the altar. He kneels, covers
his face with his hands, and prays.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CHAPEL - DAY

232 Shafts of the first rays of the morning sun come 232
through the chapel windows. Nick still kneels.

EXT. TWENTY-SECOND STREET SANTA MONICA - DAY

233 Coming down the middle of the deserted street in the 233
early morning light is Papa Rocco, his coat slung over
his shoulder, his feet hurting, but his face now lighting
up as he sees the hospital in the distance. He walks
faster toward it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CHAPEL - DAY

234 Now all of Nick's anxiety has spent itself, and his 234
face is at peace. He rises to leave, and turning, he sees:

235 PAPA ROCCO 235
sits in the last pew, his arms folded, stolid, with peasant
patience. He rises as Nick comes into the picture. His
eyes question Nick.

NICK

Not yet, Papa...

He puts his hand on his father's shoulder and they exit from
the chapel.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

236 ...as Nick and Papa emerge. Nick stretches his tired 236
muscles. Papa digs a telegram from his pocket, hands it
to Nick, who takes it, frowning.

PAPA

Maybe somebody die...

With some foreboding, Nick tears the telegram open and
reads the message. Nick's reaction could be horror or joy.

NICK

Papa!

PAPA

Who?

NICK

Uncle Mingo And The Bandits,
Papa! It's been sold! Sold
to the Saturday Evening Post!

(whistling)

Five thousand bucks!

(bewildered)

But -- how? Who sent it to
them?

PAPA

Miss Emily -- who else?

NICK

Aw, Papa...

He throws his arms around his father. The old man shakes
himself loose.

PAPA

Cut it out, kid...

236 CONTINUED:

236

NURSE'S VOICE
(over loud-speaker)
Will Mister Rocco come to the
fourth floor, please? Mister
Nicholas Rocco...

Father and son look at one another. This is it... the moment
of supreme importance... of joy, of fear. They walk toward
the elevator together.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MATERNITY FLOOR - DAY

237 DOORS OF DELIVERY ROOM 237
...swing open, and Emily is wheeled out. Nick and Papa are
there, and Nick steps up to Emily with mute thanks. Dreamily
she opens her eyes and smiles. He takes her hand a moment.
She transfers something into his grasp. Nick stands looking
after her, then smiles at a clove of garlic in his open palm.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BABY WARD - DAY

238 A nurse stands behind a plate glass wall, holding a 238
naked, squalling man-child. The only thing that distinguishes
him from a skinned rabbit is the fact that he has human hair.

On the other side of the glass stands Nick and Papa. Nick
studies his son in bewildering excitement. Papa is too
overcome to look. He weeps into a polka dot handkerchief.

NICK
Papa, look! He's got red hair!

PAPA
(nodding,
not looking)
Like Uncle Mingo...

NICK
...and his feet! Look how big!

238 CONTINUED:

238

PAPA
(not looking)
That's Uncle Mingo, all right.
The same man...

The nurse carries the baby away o.s. Nick puts his arm around Papa's shoulder, and they walk down the hall. Papa sniffing, brushing his nose.

PAPA
And now, I build a little one...

NICK
A little -- what, Papa?

PAPA
Upstairs...
(gesturing)
A little fireplace -- so big --
for my grandson.

NICK
(smiling, firm)
No, Papa. You're going home.
Tonight. The seven o'clock
train. Understand?

PAPA
(stalling)
But I ain't finish. Lot'sa
work. Who'sa fix the floor?

NICK
I'll get it fixed, Papa. But
I want you to go back to Sacramento.
Go back and take good care of Mama.
We're both family men now, Papa --
and we have to take care of the
people who love us.

Papa is looking not at a boy now, but at another father, and he nods sadly. Nick puts his arm around the old man and they start walking again.

NICK
And Papa -- you know those two
acres -- Well, tell Joe Muto
I'm sending him a little on
deposit...

238 CONTINUED: (2)

238

PAPA
(happy now)
Ha -- don't worry, kid. Joe,
he's my paesano. He don't sell
to nobody but me...

As they continue down the hall, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMILY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

239 Emily lies in bed with her eyes closed peacefully. 239
Nick quietly enters the room and goes to her side. Still
drugged, Emily opens her eyes and sees him.

NICK
Thank you.

EMILY
(feebly smiling)
Thank you, too.

She closes her eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROCCO HOUSE AND STREET - DAY

240 Nick brings Emily and the baby home from the hospital, 240
pulling his car up to the curb -- because a truck blocks
the driveway. The truck bears the following inscription:

ACE TERMITE REPAIR SERVICE

Nick helps Emily out of the car. They stand looking at
their house with its new brick chimney.

NICK
(proudly)
Good house.

240 CONTINUED:

240

EMILY
(imitating Papa)
She ain't plump. Floor, he's a
sag, three inch...

NICK
Big fireplace...

EMILY
(to the baby)
Plenty room for Santa Claus.

As they start for the house, the front door opens and Delia comes running down and takes the baby from Emily. Nora Gregory and her two children hurry from their yard, and all admire the baby. CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL BACK SLOWLY as Nick and Emily enter the house, and as the door closes, we:

FADE OUT.

THE END