

No. 00357

THE LONELY LADY

Revised First Draft Screenplay

by

EDWARD HUME

Based on the novel by

Harold Robbins

THE LONELY LADY

FADE IN

EXT. SOUTHWEST LANDSCAPE - DAY - HIGH LONG HIGHWAY

A stretch of two-lane blacktop snaking away from camera between low hills of sand and dry grass. Distant oil derricks. Scene is desolate, washed-out, harsh heat waves. A car appears like a dot in the distance, headed this way, then abruptly pulls to the roadside, still about a quarter of a mile away, so that we hear no sound. The passenger door opens and a woman (Jerilee) leaps out. The driver lunges after, grabs her. She hits him, pulls away, runs toward a roadside fence. The driver takes a step, stops, watches her crawl through the fence, yells after her. She just keeps going, out across the wasteland. Driver watches a moment, turns back to the car, pulls out a suitcase, hurls it after her, gets back in the car, peels a sharp U-turn....

CLOSE - WIDE FENCE - BROKEN SUITCASE

as a few pieces of scattered clothing catch the wind, snag in f.g. barbed wire. We hear the car drive swiftly away, vanish into the distance. Slow refocus to the woman wandering away from camera without looking back.

CLOSE HANDHELD - JERILEE

A woman of 26, entering the middle of nowhere. Canary-yellow scarf, pearly-white blouse hanging half-open, out of her element. Beautiful face slick with sweat, intelligent brow, eyes reflecting some dreadful compulsion. In a gesture of sharp despair reaches up, yanks off her scarf....

TIMECUT - HIGH LONG PAN - JERILEE

wandering past giant oil derricks, casting long shadows. Tumbleweed, mesquite.

HER POINT OF VIEW - PASSING PUMP RIGS

moving up and down, solitary machines humping the earth....

QUICK CLOSE - JERILEE

staring at the pump, bemused and fearful, as though it is human.. Passes o.s..

EXT. DESERT - SAND DUNES - DUSK - JERILEE

comes over the crest of a dune, backlit by rosy twilight. Pan her to darker horizon, the trail of her footprints.

DISSOLVE TO

SAME NIGHT - LOW FULL ON NIGHT SKY ABOVE - STARS

START VERY CLOSE - JERILEE'S PROFILE

as she lies on the sand, facing the stars overhead. We hear the distant rumble of engines, see the flicker of lights. The engines grow louder, buzzing and whining, the lights bouncing brighter until...headlamps loom up over b.g. dune. A dune buggy skids downhill, followed by another buggy and a pickup truck. Voices whooping, modern cowboys out for a night ride. Jerilee doesn't move as the lights and sounds whirl around her. Now, a set of lights races directly toward camera and the pickup screeches to a stop, its lights setting Jerilee's profile in sharp relief. A pair of dungareed legs hops from the cab, hurries forward. Southwestern twang:

CHARLIE'S VOICE

Benson? Looka this. There's a stiff over here!

(beat)

Get over here, Benson!

Camera slowly pivots across her face as we see two more sets of lights pull up, illuminating Jerilee, sprawled in the sand.

HER POINT OF VIEW - FAVOR THREE "COWBOYS"

rolled-brim Stetson, hard hat, "Cat" bill cap, sleeveless sheepskins, one drinking beer; they approach, look down over camera....

HIGH CLOSE - JERILEE

still staring straight up, oblivious, half-open blouse revealing a breast. Bare feet. Sand in her hair. Lips dry and cracked.

CLOSE - FAVOR BENSON

bends over her, surveys the length of her body, awestruck, looks up.

BENSON

What we got here, Charlie Lambbone,
ain't no stiff.

CHARLIE'S VOICE

(excited)

Hot shit -- it's a sweet piece of
free tail.

Benson tosses his beer can at Charlie, looks back at Jerilee, wondering, cautiously touches her chin, looks into her eyes.

BENSON

You hurt, lady?

(no response)

What you doin' way the hell out
here anyway?

Now, Jerilee's eyes swivel to meet his -- bold, unafraid, slightly mad. (Her accent is definitely not of the Southwest.)

JERILEE

I'm looking for the white fucking
whale.

CLOSE INTERCUTS

as Jerilee rolls up to her elbows, blouse falling open. The cowboys take a step back, surprised. Charlie's mouth falls open. He removes his hat.

CHARLIE

Ohhh, Benson, she's just achin'
for it.

Benson is studying Jerilee's face in close, sees the manic look in her eyes. She waves a hand to make him disappear.

BENSON

How'd you get here?

JERILEE

Sky broke and I fell out.

CHARLIE

(moves closer as if to
touch Jerilee)

Bet she's as horny as you'n me.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Benson stops his eager buddy from fondling Jerilee's exposed breast.

BENSON

Unh-unh, Charlie. What this lady
is, is loco.

INT. STATE POLICE HEADQUARTERS - HANDHELD FISHEYE - POINT OF
VIEW SHOT - WALKING

along a corridor. Some State Troopers appearing at doorways
as we pass. (Angle is so wide they appear to fall off the
sides of the screen.)

ANOTHER ANGLE - TRACKING JERILEE

supported by two State Troopers, a blanket over her shoulders.
The three cowboys hover b.g. She looks as if she's somewhere
else. The "madness" somehow brings out the radiant Ophelia-
like beauty of her face.

TROOPER #1

What's your name, Miss?

JERILEE

Rag. Doll. Raggedy Ann. Sang
in the choir sweet as an angel.

The Troopers exchange a glance.

QUICK FAVOR "COWBOYS"

conferring with Trooper #3.

BENSON

...didn't have nothin' with her.
Sure ain't from around here, way
she talks....

INT. BOOKING OFFICE - TIGHT INTERCUTS - FAVOR JERILEE

sitting in a corner, face against the wall, blanket tight
around her, glancing suspiciously toward...three Troopers
and a plainclothesman.

TROOPER #2

No, ma'am, you haven't done nothin'
bad. We just want to help you get
home safe....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

(disjointed)

No. This is not a safe place, she said. Cut and reshoot.

TROOPER #2

Pardon, ma'am?

JERILEE

She said rewrite the whole goddamn scene before God finds out it even exists!

TROOPER #2

(to Trooper #1)

Better call McClellan....

JERILEE

Sure, sure, bring on the whole team. More the merrier. She's got something for everyone. Here. Wanna stick it in my fucking ear?

HANDHELD CUTS - FAVOR JERILEE

as she springs up, throws off the blanket, starts pulling off her blouse. The Troopers are taken aback. One retrieves the blanket, tries covering her. She pushes him reeling away, strips off her blouse, unzips her slacks....

TROOPERS' VOICES

You can't do this in here, ma'am...
catch her arms behind. Sammy...
oh mama....

She dances away along a bench, kicking off her slacks, runs naked out the door...into the communications room...startled police bug-eyed in disbelief...into the practice-range room, where beneath a life-size target of a spread-eagled man, she is wrestled into submission by troopers....

QUICK CUT - HER POINT OF VIEW - TROOPERS

holding her down off camera.

HANDHELD CLOSE ON JERILEE'S FACE

eyes alive in the pleasure of pain, clenching her teeth, passively letting them shackle her....

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT - PAN JERILEE

in straitjacket, strapped to a hospital stretcher, as it is rolled into an ambulance. Hold on her face, aware of the keenest surrounding detail, as the doors slam, engine starts, scene jerks as the ambulance drives off. Two attendants move in beside her for the ride. She looks them straight in the eye. Slow zoom in as her eyes gradually "withdraw," close, her mouth barely open, and:

DISSOLVE TO

MUSIC

begins. Title and credits over:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY - EASEL - CLOSE FOLLOW

brush-tip slowly painting the simple figure of a little girl. Sequence gently dissolves through the evolution of this picture: the face is sad, the mouth open, an arm extended, feet off the ground, a dress of vivid dissonant colors. The girl stands apart from a knotted group of other faces, legs, breasts, etc. Looming above the scene is the dim godlike spectre of a man....

Camera opens to reveal the brush in Jerilee's hand, working from poster-paint pots lined along the bottom of the easel. She sits on a stool alone at the end of a long, sunny room, a smock over her hospital gown. Her face is sad, ascetic, childlike, remote. Sequence consists entirely of Jerilee and her relationship to the pictures she is creating. Camera "observes" the paint pots, Jerilee's hand, the girl's mouth, her mouth, the girl's feet, her feet entwined in the rungs of the stool.

WOMAN'S VOICE

That's a very nice picture.

CLOSE - FAVOR JERILEE

hears the voice, stops cold, eyes congeal, paranoid. Music stops. Behind her stands a woman Therapist in a white jacket.

THERAPIST

Wouldn't you like to sign your picture?

QUICK CLOSE - JERILEE'S HAND

opens. The brush falls to the floor, splattering yellow....

FAVOR PICTURE

as Jerilee reaches out, methodically pushes the easel. It begins to topple backwards....

QUICK - THERAPIST

Mouth soundlessly opens....

HIGH CLOSE ON EASEL

slamming against the floor, paint pots spewing red-yellow-black-green-white-blue across the picture. (Scene begins to graduate down to slow motion.)

VERY CLOSE - JERILEE

drawing her knees up under her chin, eyes "withdrawing."
Scene (film speed) graduates down to very slow motion until we freeze frame. End Credits.

ACKLEY'S VOICE

We don't know who she is or where she comes from. Missing Persons hasn't come up with anyone approaching her description. Odd, no one's even looking for a woman like that.

WOMAN'S VOICE

What do you mean, 'a woman like that?'

ACKLEY'S VOICE

You know what I mean.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY - START ON DR. ACKLEY

psychiatrist, short scruffy beard, rimless glasses, chambray shirt, gentle Southwestern accent. He is standing, looking o.s. A Nurse stands slightly behind him, also looking o.s. It is her voice we heard.

NURSE

She only eats ice cream.

LONG ON DINING TABLE - TWENTY WOMEN PATIENTS

in hospital gowns, eating supper. Some talk to themselves.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

One giggles, one sobs, both ignored. At the far end of the table, Jerilee, gaunt and pale, hair dissheveled, slowly eats a dish of ice cream.

NURSE'S VOICE

We told her she had to finish
supper before she got dessert.
She stopped eating. Yesterday
I gave her back the ice cream.

BACK TO ACKLEY AND NURSE - VERY CLOSE - JERILEE'S POINT OF VIEW

ACKLEY

Has she spoken to the other patients?

NURSE

She hasn't talked to anyone in
three weeks. But she plays Scrabble
with Laura and Phyllis.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY - START ON SCRABBLE BOARD

on a bench. Ackley's hand placing the "D" tile on the word
"RAPID" (crossing the word "ALMOST"). Camera opens to Ackley
and Jerilee, watching him.

ACKLEY

Your move.

She just looks at him. He is prepared to wait her out.
(Intercut close their silent waiting game.) Now, Jerilee,
still looking him straight in the eye, defiant, reaches up
under her gown and begins slowly masturbating.

INT. INFIRMARY - ANGLE TOWARD DOOR TO HALL - PATIENTS

filing by outside. Jerilee passes, returns, glances in,
cuts out of line, hurries toward camera, grabs up a pair of
f.g. scissors. A woman Attendant rushes in after her.
Jerilee runs o.s.

ATTENDANT

Hey Dora! You put those down!

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - HANDHELD CUTS - JERILEE

clutching the scissors, rushes down the hall, now pursued by
two attendants. B.g. line of patients begins to shout and
squeal...Jerilee runs into the lavatory....

INT. LAVATORY - CUTS ON JERILEE

standing before the mirror, chopping off hunks of her hair. As the attendants rush in, she scampers into a toilet cubicle, slams the bolt....

HIGH SHOT - JERILEE

standing on the bowl, hacking her hair. One attendant tries crawling in beneath the locked door, the other tries climbing over the top. Blond hair drops in thick strands....

INT. BED WARD - DAY - START CLOSE - JERILEE

hair trimmed short (and neat) around her head, arms locked around her knees. It is raining on the window behind her.

ACKLEY'S VOICE

Okay. I'll do the talking.

INTERCUT - ACKLEY

sitting Indian-style on the next bed (bare mattress).

ACKLEY

Something happened. And now you don't trust anybody. You don't trust yourself. So you try throwing yourself away. You try to get lost. You try going backwards, fifteen-ten-five-baby-in-a-blanket. Trouble is, you wind up in a place like this.

She says nothing, just watches him. He tries a small smile.

ACKLEY

You're listening to me.

JERILEE

I've seen a lot of mouths move.

Her first words in weeks. He tries drawing her out, but it's like stretching a rubber band:

ACKLEY

Nice to hear from you.

JERILEE

Getting hard?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ACKLEY

You like being alone, but you don't like being lonely. You like games, but you won't tell anyone your name. They call you Dora....

JERILEE

I'm Joan of Arc.

ACKLEY

I'm Henry the Fifth.

JERILEE

Then you're as schiz as I am.

ACKLEY

You think you're schiz?

JERILEE

I'm deaf, dumb and blind. I'm Helen Keller in a whorehouse. I'm O.

ACKLEY

What's O?

JERILEE

O. Doughnut. Zero. Our Lady of the Holes. I don't want to talk to you any more. Get lost.

She turns around, stares out the rainy window, hugs her knees harder. Beat of silence. Ackley slips off the bed, slowly walks away.

ACKLEY

Suit yourself. If there's someone somewhere you'd like to talk to, let me know.

As he moves o.s., camera draws in tight on Jerilee, staring at the wet window.

ANGLE FROM DOOR - WIDE - ACKLEY

approaching camera, Jerilee sitting on distant b.g. bed.

JERILEE

Milstein.

Ackley stops, turns back.

ACKLEY

What?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

Milstein.

ACKLEY

Who's Milstein?

JERILEE

He's my friend.

INT. L.A.P.D. SQUAD ROOM - DAY - SLOW PAN

long room, twenty desks, several plainclothesmen working, clustered talking, some uniformed officers moving about. Air of impersonal efficient everyday big city business. Pickup and slow dolly to obliquely introduce one of the shirtsleeve detectives talking on the phone. Swarthy, laid-back, late 30's, holster bunched on windbreaker slung on desk. His name is Ed Milstein. He is squeezing lemon into his pyrofoam tea, looking for a place to drop a wet teabag....

MILSTEIN

I don't know who you're talking about.

(beat)

It might help if you gave me a name.

(beat)

Look. I don't know anybody in -- you're where in Oklahoma?

(beat)

Where's that?

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - START CLOSE - PHOTOSCAN MACHINE

as a picture of Jerilee's face begins to materialize from the machine, below the heading: "Name: Unknown/Age: 25?/#438873/McClellan SH Okla"

VERY CLOSE - MILSTEIN

watching the face appear. His brow and eyes register a complete change of expression, from sloe-eyed stoicism to keen vulnerability....

INTERCUT - EMERGING PICTURE AND HIS FACE

as though they are looking at each other.

EXT. McCLELLAN HOSPITAL - DAY - ANGLE FROM APPROACHING CAR

as point of view drives up gently curving road. A complex of old brick buildings behind a cyclone fence. (Buffeting winds.)

INT. MILSTEIN'S CAR - SAME - MILSTEIN

studies the forbidding complex ahead, tired, in need of a shave. (Milstein is out of his element, unsure why he has even come.)

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - ACKLEY AND MILSTEIN

as several patients wander by (Milstein viewing them uncomfortably).

ACKLEY

You've driven a long way.

MILSTEIN

I'm scared of flying.

ACKLEY

How do you know her?

MILSTEIN

I don't. Seven months ago I arrested her. Didn't spend more than an hour and a half with her.

Ackley looks surprised, then a different thought occurs to him.

ACKLEY

Is there some charge against her in Los Angeles?

MILSTEIN

No.

ACKLEY

(studies him)

Then why did you come all this way?

Milstein conceals his own uncertainty.

MILSTEIN

If she's in here and I'm the only friend she has....

ACKLEY

(unconvinced)

That's your reason?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MILSTEIN

Doctor. You're asking for my
help.

INT. HOSPITAL DAYROOM - DAY - PAN PATIENTS

Isolated figures throughout the room, some standing catatonic, one gently tapping his forehead against the wall. Jerilee sits alone, watching a television set. Hold on Milstein entering, gesturing Ackley to leave him alone. He approaches Jerilee....

FAVOR JERILEE

as Milstein sits beside her, looks at TV (Felix the Cat). As if he's just back from the store:

MILSTEIN

Hi.

She looks sharply, recognizes him with wide-eyed disbelief, then swiftly arcs the gamut of joy, gratitude, confusion, fear, suspicion...nonchalance.

JERILEE

Hello, Milstein. What are you
doing here?

MILSTEIN

Just passing through.

JERILEE

Don't shit me. Give a little
whistle. Ping! The magic word.
Like rubbing fucking Aladdin's
lamp. Milstein! Ping! The
wandering Jew, just passing through.
Jiminy fucking Cricket!

He turns to her, calm, eye-to-eye.

MILSTEIN

The way I heard it, we're
supposed to be friends.

JERILEE

(shrill, defensive)
What do you want off of me!?

MILSTEIN

Nothing.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He rises wearily, walks o.s.

JERILFE

Where are you going?

MILSTEIN'S VOICE

Back home.

JERILEE

Arriverderci, asshole!

QUICK CLOSE - MILSTEIN

burned. (How much abuse can he take?) He exits past camera without looking back.

QUICK BACK TO JERILEE

furious that he has walked out on her.

INT. DINER - NIGHT - CLOSE - MILSTEIN

brooding alone over beer and scrambled eggs. Bluegrass music on jukebox.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

on diner isolated by roadside, as huge trailer-truck roars through scene. (Music from above.) Milstein can be seen through window, still sitting at the counter.

INT. HOSPITAL "GARDEN" - DAY - START ON ACKLEY

looking out a window toward camera, watching....

HIS POINT OF VIEW - JERILEE

ambling along a path below, looking down at her feet, looks up, sees....

HER HANDHELD POINT OF VIEW - A MAN

(his back to camera) sitting alone on a working bench. As point of view moves closer, we see it is Milstein, working a newspaper crossword puzzle. He looks up once toward camera, then back to his puzzle (feigning disinterest).

FAVOR JERILEE

watching him, wondering whether to trust him.

JERILEE

Are you really my friend?

He looks up at her again, nods simply. Tentatively, she sits down at the other end of the bench.

BACK TO ACKLEY'S HIGH POINT OF VIEW - MILSTEIN AND JERILEE

sitting together on the same garden bench.

ON ACKLEY

at the window.

BACK TO VERY CLOSE - JERILEE

speaking to Milstein.

JERILEE

Everybody wants to be something.
It's just that -- everyone
wanted me to be something else.

VERY CLOSE - MILSTEIN

listening, and:

QUICK TO

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. HOSPITAL MATERNITY CORRIDOR (1953) - GERRAGHTY

(Jerilee's father), a blue-collar 30, wavy hair, boyish smile quickly fading. He addresses a doctor in surgical gown, a little drunk:

GERRAGHTY

A girl? Jesus Christ, it wasn't
supposed to be no girl. I already
got one of them.

INT. BABY'S ROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON INFANT - JERILEE

of three months, in a crib. Tilt up past a rubber football suspended above the crib as a plaything...To a 2-1/2 year-old girl (her sister Bobbie) pulling a chair to the side of the crib. Bobbie climbs up, looks in at Jerilee, now lifts a large pitcher of water, starts pouring it into the crib! The baby starts crying...!

EXT. HILLY COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - HANDHELD "CLIMBING" A TREE

up, arduously up, through the branches....

CLOSE - FAVOR JERILEE - 1958

A girl of five, short hair, baseball cap, sweatshirt, jeans, climbing up into the tree, clutching a Raggedy Andy doll, sits on a branch, looks out....

HER POINT OF VIEW - MEADOW BELOW

Picnic blanket. We see a 7-year-old girl (Bobbie), long blonde hair, dancing down the hill, twirling her skirt through the tall grass.

CLOSE - BOBBIE

a "little princess" dancing along the woodline.

FAVOR GERRAGHTY

wearing an old air force sergeant shirt, walking up the hill with his wife Veronica, blonde, 30, long skirt. Viewing Bobbie:

GERRAGHTY

Ain't she the little lady.

VERONICA

Where's Jerilee?

GERRAGHTY

Hunting snakes.

CLOSE - JERILEE

in the tree above, silently watching.

HER POINT OF VIEW - FATHER AND MOTHER

below, lie down on the picnic blanket. Gerraghty immediately rolls against Veronica, starts fondling her.

VERONICA

Hey, what do you think you're doing?

GERRAGHTY

Crankin' up for a little joyride.

VERONICA

My God not here -- the kids

CLOSE CUTS - GERRAGHTY AND VERONICA

as he presses a leg between hers, toying with her hair.

VERONICA

(aroused)

You got something on you?

GERRAGHTY

Uh-unh. Hell with it.

She half-pushes him away.

VERONICA

The hell with you. I'm not getting knocked up again.

GERRAGHTY

Oh come on, chicken. What the hell. Maybe it'll be a boy.

VERONICA

I've had it with kids.

GERRAGHTY

You serious?

VERONICA

You're goddamn right I'm serious!

QUICK CLOSE - JERILEE

high in the tree, hugging Raggedy Andy.

EXT. MOTORCYCLE DRIVING 1958 - DAY - CUTS ON JERILEE

still 5, clinging to her father as he maneuvers the bike up and down green hills, out onto a highway, accelerates away with a roar!

EXT. ROADSIDE - LATER DAY - GERRAGHTY

flaps open a huge tarp beside his parked motorcycle, pulls off the toolbox. Jerilee stands, emulating him, thumbs hung in jeans pockets.

JERILEE

Whatcha doing, Dad?

GERRAGHTY

Because you're my kid, and a good kid, I'm gonna show you something special. Now watch close.

SEQUENCE OF CUTS/DISSOLVES - DISASSEMBLING THE MOTORCYCLE

as Gerraghty takes apart the frame, seat, fenders, shocks, wheels...goes to work on the power train, gas tank, carburetor, pipes, battery, cam chain, etc. Jerilee watches carefully. Final cut opens over cycle parts spread out neatly across the tarp.

GERRAGHTY

Well, Jer? What do you think of that?

JERILEE

It sure looks complicated.

GERRAGHTY

It got us out here. And it'll get us back. Things ain't no more complicated than that. Nothin' ain't no more complicated than that. No right nor wrong in the whole shebang. Just what it takes to take care of yourself.

(beat)

You been watchin'?

JERILEE

Oh, I been watchin'.

GERRAGHTY

Want to help me put her back together, then?

Jerilee nods enthusiastically.

SEQUENCE ON REASSEMBLY - JERILEE AND GERRAGHTY

working together into dusk. Final cut opens as they climb on the bike, roar away into the evening.

EXT. MOTORCYCLE DRIVING - NIGHT - JERILEE

clinging to her father.

JERILEE

Dad? How come you didn't show
Bobbie Jo?

GERRAGHTY

Bobbie Jo? She's just a pretty
little girl.

JERILEE

But I'm a girl, too. Aren't I
pretty?

GERRAGHTY

You sure are. But you're smart,
too. Like your Dad.

She hugs him tighter, but uncertain about something....

INT. BATHROOM - JERILEE

(still at 5) standing in her underwear before a full-length door mirror, studying herself. She turns, opens the medicine cabinet, surveys her father's shaving things, now to her mother's makeup, reaches for the lipstick and rouge brush....

TIMECUTS - JERILEE

caking lipstick across her mouth, rouging her cheeks like a harlequin, painting on heavy eyeshadow, drops a box of talcum in the sink, tries scooping it back up, washing the rest (most) down the drain, pasty on her fingers...hears someone outside the door, turns in a panic toward....

ANGLE ON MIRROR DOOR - JERILEE

looking like a mad dwarf whore. Her reflection swiftly slides away as the door opens and Bobbie (age 7) enters in skirt and sweater, stares, starts laughing, calls back:

BOBBIE

Momma...!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

No. No, don't tell....

BOBBIE

Momma, come look at Jerilee!

FAVOR VERONICA

looming up at the door, stares in at the mess, at Jerilee trying to hide in the shower. (Bobbie's eyes dancing with malicious amusement b.g.)

VERONICA

What are you doing with my things?

Look at this mess. Look at yourself.

You look like a little slut.

JERILEE

But Momma, I just wanted to look like you....

Veronica propels her back into the shower, turns on a burst of cold water. Jerilee howls!

INT. CHURCH CHOIR STALL - START ON CHILDREN'S CHOIR

White gowns. Singing angelically. Slow zoom isolates Jerilee, smaller than the others. She cries....

EXT. SANDLOT BASEBALL FIELD - DAY - START ON JERILEE

age 9, bat in hand at the plate, determined eye.

QUICK WIDE - ON FIELD

reveals runners on first and third. All boys (9-12).

FAVOR GERRAGHTY

in the stands among other parents. Tips a quick snort from a paper bag.

GERRAGHTY

Atta baby Jerry! Wear him down.
Wait for the good one. Slam it
off his knees!

BACK TO JERILEE

as she connects with a good one, starts running....

INTERCUT - GERRAGHTY

going crazy in the stands....

QUICK - OUTFIELDER

watching the ball sail over his head, turns to chase it....

CLOSE TRACKING - JERILEE

digs past first, rounds second, heading for third....

CUTS ON THIRD BASEMAN

awaiting the throw. Jerilee slides, feet high, knocking him to the dirt. He jumps up, furious, humiliated. Jerilee is dusting off her uniform, nonchalant. The crowd is cheering!

THIRD BASEMAN

You think you can get away with
that because you're a girl.

Jerilee turns and slugs him in the stomach! He drops his glove and starts pummeling her. She grabs and wrestles him to the ground...!

BACK TO GERRAGHTY

cheering in the stands!

INT. CAR DRIVING - DAY - START ON JERILEE

in passenger seat, dirty baseball uniform, pleased, listening to her father whoop it up behind the wheel. (We are moving through the outskirts of a small-town commercial district.)

GERRAGHTY

Love it, love it, love it! Did you
see the look on his face when you
finally let him go? Jackrabbit!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

The thing is, Dad, I never should've gone for the extra base. If I'd been thrown out at third we would have lost the game.

GERRAGHTY

But you weren't thrown out. You beat the sumbitch. Yahoo!

He rears back laughing, slapping the wheel. Jerilee feels the car veering....

QUICK TO ROAD AHEAD - HER POINT OF VIEW

as we slide into the oncoming lane. Another car is just pulling out of a gas station, straight toward camera....

QUICK TO JERILEE AND GERRAGHTY

as she grabs his arm in a panic.

JERILEE

Dad, look out you're...!

INTERCUT ROAD AHEAD

as we slide far to the left -- the oncoming car spins right to avoid us. Gerraghty whips the wheel back to the right, unwittingly bringing point of view back directly in line with:

EXT. ROAD - SAME - GERRAGHTY'S CAR

swerves broadside into the oncoming car, crashes...!

CUTS ON GERRAGHTY'S CAR

flipping over in midair....

QUICK ON JERILEE

hurled from the open door....

GERRAGHTY'S CAR

slams upside down into a tree, one door hanging open, hubcaps and tailpipes rolling, clinking in the street, horn honking, flames spreading across the exposed bottom, smoke puffing from the windows....

JERILEE

on all fours near the gas station, rising, looking back. People run forward from b.g. gas station, look in horror past camera. Jerilee crawls up, starts limping toward camera. A station attendant grabs her, holds her back.

JERILEE

Daddy...!

BACK TO GERRAGHTY'S CAR

as it explodes; flames drafting through the windows.

EXTREME CLOSE - JERILEE - PROFILE

screen right.

RAPID DISSOLVE TO

EXT. MC CLELLAN HOSPITAL - GARDEN - DAY - TIME PRESENT -
EXTREME CLOSEUP - JERILEE - PROFILE

on screen left. Now she turns to camera.

JERILEE

Why am I telling you this? Why
are you listening?

WIDE - PAST JERILEE TOWARD MILSTEIN

pausing in the path they've been walking, calm. Some other patients pass, not disturbing their rapport.

MILSTEIN

You asking me? Or accusing me?

She studies him a moment.

JERILEE

Accusing myself.

(beat)

There are a lot of really crazy
people in here. And some who
aren't crazy at all.

MILSTEIN

Are you trying to tell me something
about yourself?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

She draws in, angry and defensive:

JERILEE

Is that what you came for? To feel
up my head?

MILSTEIN

Are you going to start yelling at
me all over again?

She relaxes, remorseful.

MILSTEIN

I'm not sure what I came for, but
I'm sure no shrink.

(small grin)

I just thought that, for a writer,
that was a pretty dumb observation.

She cocks her head, the flicker of a grin. Milstein bends to
a plot of flowers.

JERILEE

You're not supposed to pick the
flowers.

He picks one anyway, offers it. When she refuses, he breaks
off the stem and reaches forward. She shrinks back, freezes,
as he slips it into her hair.

MILSTEIN

There. Now you really look nuts.

CLOSE - FAVOR JERILEE

as her face softens, trusting him a little more.

INT. VERONICA'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT - JERILEE AND BOBBIE

(9 and 11) sitting on the stairs in their nighties, Jerilee
the tomboy, Bobbie the lacy valentine. Small, somewhat run-
down house, central stair hallway. Open to Veronica, hair
permed, red dress, opening the front door to a large, husky,
awkward man in a checkered work coat.

VERONICA

Girls, this is Mr. Whelan. He works
for Georgia-Pacific.

Bobbie curtsies on cue. But Jerilee turns and runs up the
stairs.

INT. MOTHER'S ROOM

Start on picture of Gerraghty and Veronica. Jerilee runs into scene, snatches the picture....

INT. GIRLS' ROOM - ANGLE BENEATH BEDCOVERS - JERILEE

climbs under, turns on a flashlight, looks at the picture, opens her diary, writes:

JERILEE'S VOICE

I hate Mr. Whelan.

INT. VERONICA'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Start on door opening. This time, a tall, smiling man with bushy hair, necktie, enters. Veronica turns to Jerilee and Bobbie on the stairs.

VERONICA

Girls, this is Mr. Hudson. He's the manager at Safeway.

HUDSON

Hello girls.

Veronica gives Jerilee a pointed look. As the girls curtsy, a busty, gum-chewing fifteen year old, Kathy, enters from the living room.

VERONICA

There's pie in the fridge, Kathy. I want them both in bed by eight-thirty.

KATHY

Okay. Have a good time.

As Veronica and Hudson exit, Kathy immediately picks up the hall phone, dialing:

KATHY

(to Jerilee
and Bobbie)

Okay, you guys. Don't burn the freaking house down.

(into phone, coy)

Mickey? Come on over.

INT. GIRLS' ROOM - NIGHT - JERILEE

sits on her bed, writing in her diary. Bobbie is dancing to a bossa nova record on a portable phonograph.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BOBBIE

How did you like Mr. Hudson?

JERILEE

I think he's a creep.

BOBBIE

Well, you got to admit he's better than Mr. Whelan.

JERILEE'S VOICE

(while writing)

Who are all these men? Where does momma go with them? What does she do? Bobbie Jo says she goes dancing at a motel. She never went dancing with dad.

BOBBIE

What are you writing all the time?

JERILEE

I'm writing a famous book.

BOBBIE

Whoever heard of a girl who wrote a famous book?

JERILEE'S VOICE

Why did Kathy tell us to stay in our room when her boyfriend came over? I bet they aren't dancing either.

Jerilee looks up, full of curiosity.

JERILEE

Want a piece of pie?

BOBBIE

Kathy told us to stay in our room.

Jerilee is already half out the door. Bobbie follows.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT - DARK - JERILEE AND BOBBIE

edge down the stairs in their nighties, peer through the banisters.

THEIR POINT OF VIEW - KATHY AND BOYFRIEND

making out on the living room floor by television light.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He is pulling off her sweater. She is unhitching his pants, bending into his lap.

SLOW ZOOM TO

CLOSER - JERILEE AND BOBBIE

eyes growing wider. Whispers:

BOBBIE

Oh my God. Look what she's doing to him. Come on, Jerilee, you're too young to see stuff like this....

Jerilee stares, fascinated, refusing to budge.

JERILEE

No I'm not. I'm going to watch.

INT. VERONICA'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT - JOHN RANDALL

entering. He is 40, topcoat, executive look. It is now clear that Veronica has been successfully working her way up the mating ladder. Open to Veronica, peasant blouse, turning to the girls, again on the stairs. Jerilee notices her mother holding Randall's hand.

VERONICA

Girls. This is Mr. Randall. He works for a big bank. John, this is Bobbie Jo and Jerilee.

JERILEE

Are you taking momma to a motel, dancing?

RANDALL

No, as a matter of fact. Your mother and I have something to tell you.

INT. GIRLS' ROOM - LATER - JERILEE

hiding under the bedcovers with Raggedy Andy, flashlight.

VERONICA'S VOICE

Jerilee. Where are you hiding?

She turns the flashlight out. Screen goes dark, until Veronica pulls the blanket away, revealing Jerilee, clutching Raggedy Andy.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Touched and anxious, Veronica sits on the bed beside her.

JERILEE

I don't want a new father!

VERONICA

But we need a man to take care of us.

JERILEE

Daddy said everyone can take care of themselves.

VERONICA

You don't understand. A woman needs a man.

JERILEE

Why?

VERONICA

(flustered)

So we can live better than this. We'll move to Massachusetts. You'll have a new name, a room of your own....

JERILEE

I like this room. I don't want a new name.

VERONICA

He's a nice man, Jerilee. He wants to get to know you.

JERILEE

I don't want to know him. I already have a father.

Veronica loses her temper:

VERONICA

Well he's dead, thanks to you. Does that mean my life has to be over?

CLOSER CUTS - FAVOR JERILEE

who looks as if she's just been hit with a shovel, traumatized. In the ensuing silence, Veronica sees the damage she's done, throws her arms around Jerilee, begins hysterically rocking her back and forth.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

VERONICA

Oh, baby, I'm sorry. I didn't mean
it, I didn't mean it....!

CUT TO

INT. CAPE COD HOUSE - EMPTY BEDROOM - DAY - JERILEE

(still 9) standing alone in the middle of her "own" brand new room, all sunlight and blank white walls, looking toward the window. The scene states the theme of loneliness and isolation (underscored by appropriate music). Starting behind her, camera slow tracks 180° around Jerilee, ending close on her face, peach soft and beautiful, eyes wistful and searching, sensing her uniqueness.

ANGLE OUT THE WINDOW

where we see the sparkling sea, white dunes, tall grass.

TIME CUT TO

SAME - WIDE FLOOR LEVEL TOWARD JERILEE

sitting against the far wall in a half-shaft of sunlight, writing in a notebook, pencil scratching....

JERILEE'S VOICE

Once upon a time there was a little
girl who lived alone in a great cal-
ico castle in the middle of a stormy
sea....

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. CAPE BEACH - ANOTHER DAY - JERILEE

(still 9) nestled against a dune, with Raggedy Andy, reading James Stephens' A Crock of Gold:

JERILEE'S VOICE

...at one place a sheer wall of
stone, ragged and battered, looked
harshly out. To this rocky wall
the he-goat danced. At one place
there was a hole in the wall covered
by thick brush. The goat pushed his
way through and disappeared. The
children, curious to see where he
had gone, pushed through also....

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. SAME - YEARS LATER - 1968 - JERILEE

now 14-15 [played by the actress of time present], sitting against a dune on a windy day, dressed in jeans, peajacket, inverted sailor's cap. Stack of books: Iris Murdoch, Anais Nin, Updike, Justine by Lawrence Durrell, City of Glass by Walter Thornton. She is writing on a legal pad:

JERILEE'S VOICE

(maturer)

She saw a figure emerge through the fog. No, no, no...

(scratches out
the line)

The figure approached out of the fog and sat down beside her. She squinted but couldn't tell whether it was a woman or a man....

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)

I couldn't tell whether you were a girl or a boy.

Jerilee looks up with a start, catching her breath.

HER POINT OF VIEW - WALTER THORNTON

a man of 45, handsome, lean, weatherbeaten face, shaggy hair, battered canvas cap, holding a kite string. A red setter, Sweeney, dashes about chasing seagulls.

THORNTON

I've been watching you out here for days. Don't you live in a house?

INTERCUT - JERILEE

does a doubletake, stares at Thornton, recognizing him.

JERILEE

Yes I...we live just down the...
Aren't you Walter Thornton?

She lifts the book, compares his picture on the dustjacket. He squats down. (As scene progresses, Thornton becomes increasingly enchanted with her innocent, animated face.)

THORNTON

Oh, that was taken to make me look distinguished. I'm really a slob who like kites.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

THORNTON (Cont'd)

(indicates dog)

That's Sweeney. Now he's distinguished.

JERILEE

(excited)

I read City of Glass. It's a beautiful book. I also read Slingshot, and saw the movie.

THORNTON

Your parents let you go to dirty movies?

JERILEE

Oh it wasn't that bad. They left out the best parts.

THORNTON

So you're a writer too.

JERILEE

(covering her pad)

It's just a silly story.

THORNTON

Tell me about it. Or does talking kill the flow?

JERILEE

(rapt)

I can't believe I'm actually talking to....

THORNTON

(winces)

You're making me feel like something in a wax museum.

(reads the title)

A New Color.

JERILEE

It's about a painter whose pictures begin happening in real life. Very representational. It's sort of a fairy tale about will power.

Thornton studies her closely, impressed.

THORNTON

May I read it when you're finished?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

JERILEE

You? I've never shown anybody anything I've written.

THORNTON

I don't mean to be nosy....

JERILEE

Oh no, no, I mean I'd love you to....

THORNTON

What's your name?

JERILEE

Jerilee Randall.

THORNTON

You're a rare one, Jerilee.

JERILEE

(makes a face)

I'm -- wha...?

THORNTON

Go outside sometime and look back through the window at yourself. See what you're becoming. Here. Have a kite.

Thornton hands her the kite string, rises and walks away, waving without looking back. Jerilee looks after him, full of wonder, then up along the kite string....

QUICK CUT TO

RED KITE

dancing against the sun overhead.

INT. JERILEE'S ROOM - NIGHT - JERILEE

wearing only a man's long shirt. Red kite hung on the wall. She stands in front of a mirror, looking into her own face. Grimaces like a monkey, then grins at her own humor. Rolls her eyes, sucks in her mouth, strikes a pose, arms in the air. No magic. Now she looks down along her body, grows serious. Almost solemnly, she lets the shirt fall away from her shoulders.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON JERILEE

gazing at her nakedness in the mirror, as if seeing her womanliness for the first time. She gently runs a hand up over her belly, cups a breast, runs her other hand between her legs. Slow zoom into mirror where a vague face floats in the half open door....

QUICK CUT TO

JERILEE

springs around, startled....

CLOSE - JOHN RANDALL

(five years older) standing there, watching her, not moving.

FULL ON JERILEE

exposed in the middle of the room, her face full of shame and outrage, gasps, quickly dips to retrieve the shirt....

QUICK CUT TO

RANDALL

vanishes from the door (as if he was never there).

VERY CLOSE - JERILEE

still shaken, staring at the empty doorway, cocks her head, wondering about this strange power.

INT. RANDALL DINING ROOM - START ON JOHN RANDALL

eating discreetly, glances up, finds Jerilee looking at him, looks away. Camera proceeds to circle the table, where John, Veronica, Jerilee and Bobbie dine. Veronica notices the tension between her daughter and husband, finally speaks to Jerilee:

VERONICA

Kay Wetherill saw you with a man
at the coffee shop after work.
Who was he?

RANDALL

(quickly)
What man?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

Walter Thornton.

VERONICA

Who is Walter Thornton?

BOBBIE

Jim Thornton's father.

VERONICA

Who is Jim Thornton?

BOBBIE

The cutest boy in Port Clare. He's
going to Yale in the....

JERILEE

Walter Thornton just happens to be
probably the finest writer in the
whole country.

BOBBIE

Lah-di-dah.

RANDALL

What were you doing with him in a
coffee shop?

JERILEE

He's helping me with one of my
stories.

VERONICA

One of your stories?

BOBBIE

Sounds like one of Jerilee's stories
all right....

JERILEE

He was kind enough to read it. And
he liked it. He even let me read a
scene from his new play.

RANDALL

When did this little literary
liaison begin?

JERILEE

On the beach last fall.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

VERONICA

You've been seeing this man since last fall?

JERILEE

No. He's been away most of the winter....

VERONICA

Do you know anything about him, John?

RANDALL

He bought the old Stebbins place over in Folly Cove. Banks in New York. Been married a number of times....

JERILEE

Why are you all being so nasty?

VERONICA

Because he's probably three times your age....

JERILEE

For God's sake, Mom, I'm not sleeping with him....

RANDALL

That's no way to talk to your mother, young lady.

Jerilee looks at Randall with pointed hostility.

VERONICA

...and because I don't like hearing second hand gossip even if it isn't true.

JERILEE

What does that mean?

VERONICA

You know exactly what it means.

Doorbell rings. Bobbie pops up, starts to exit.

BOBBIE

It means Kay Wetherill's a dirty-minded old poop. Excuse me. I have a date with Kenny Osgood. Or his father.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 3

RANDALL

It means you should spend more time
with friends your own age. Like
Bobbie does.

INT. BOBBIE'S ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE - BOBBIE

removing her makeup, pulling on a robe. Troubled.

JERILEE'S VOICE

Did you do it tonight?

BOBBIE

Do what?

FAVOR JERILEE

pigtails, T-shirt nightie, cross-legged on the floor, watching
her sister closely.

JERILEE

You know. Get laid.

BOBBIE

Jerilee! What kind of talk is that?

JERILEE

Well? Did you?

BOBBIE

(beat; coy)

Sort of.

JERILEE

How do you 'sort of' get laid?

BOBBIE

Stop saying that.

(beat)

You'll find out soon enough.

JERILEE

No, I want to know right now.

BOBBIE

You want if for one of your stories?

JERILEE

Who's going to tell me if you don't?
Mamma?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

They grin at each other.

JERILEE

What happened? Was it good?

BOBBIE

(beat)

He seemed to be having a good time
for himself.

JERILEE

You mean he got off and you didn't.

BOBBIE

Jerilee!

JERILEE

Come on, Bobbie, I want to know.
Did you come?

Bobbie fixes her sister with a slow burn.

JERILEE

Did you have an orgasm?

BOBBIE

I know, I know what it means.

JERILEE

Well? Did you?

BOBBIE

I don't know...I'm not sure whether
I did or not.

JERILEE

What do you mean you're not sure?
Haven't you ever had one?

BOBBIE

'Course I have.

JERILEE

How? You do it yourself?

BOBBIE

Jerilee, that's terrible.

JERILEE

What's so terrible about it? I do
it all the time.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

BOBBIE

You're crazy, talking like this.
You talk this way to other people?

JERILEE

Why do you do it with Kenny if it's
so yucky?

BOBBIE

I didn't say it was yucky. It's
supposed to get better.

JERILEE

Boy. You must like him a lot.

BOBBIE

He's so-so.

JERILEE

That's what Sherry Sutherland said
about Bill McCrary. You should hear
what he made her do.

BOBBIE

Let me tell you something, Jerilee.
You do what a boy likes or you'll
find yourself on the outside look-
ing in.

JERILEE

On the outside of what? What's so
great about jerking some guy off
in the back seat of a car?

Bobbie rises in a huff, grabs a towel, heads o.s.

BOBBIE

I'm taking a shower.

JERILEE

I don't blame you.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - START ON SCREEN

where we see a particularly dramatic scene (from a 1967-68
Universal picture).

FAVOR JERILEE

in the audience, holding hands with Bernie, a neat long-haired
16 year old.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

She is absorbed in the film. He is absorbed in Jerilee, shifts his leg against hers. She reacts, instead, to something on the screen. He looks once, then angles his arm around her shoulder, reaches down inside her sweater. She reaches up, holds his hand there (stopping it from further exploration). Frustrated, Bernie runs another hand over her thigh. She wriggles, aroused but fighting it.

INTERCUT - SCREEN

CUT BACK TO

CLOSER SIDECUTS - JERILEE AND BERNIE

as he twists, maneuvering Jerilee's hand between his legs. It just rests there, her attention's still on the screen. He gives her a horny, forlorn hound dog look.

INT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - NIGHT - JERILEE AND BERNIE

eating banana splits. He has little appetite.

JERILEE

Sure I liked the film. I just felt they messed up the ending.

BERNIE

I guess it's me you don't like.

JERILEE

I do like you, Bernie. I think you're the most interesting guy in the whole school.

BERNIE

Interesting. Because we talk about Dylan Thomas and civil rights.

(beat)

So how come you clutch when I touch you?

JERILEE

I said I like you. I didn't say I want to fuck you.

Bernie's mouth drops open. Jerilee, completely ingenuous, keeps eating her banana split. Bernie looks around quickly to see if they've been overheard, turns back, confused but hopeful.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BERNIE

Jesus, Jerilee. You don't have to talk that way.

JERILEE

Isn't that what you're talking about?

Bernie stares at her, his hopes growing. He leans forward, whispering:

BERNIE

I can feel it. I can feel you turning on....

JERILEE

Sure you can. Sometimes I get so horny I could just pop.

Bernie's amazement mounts. He leans closer, eager:

BERNIE

So what are you saving it for? Pop!

JERILEE

I'm not just a body, Bernie.

BERNIE

(exasperated)

You want me to say I respect your mind, that I love you, all that shit? This is supposed to be the Age of Aquarius, right? Everybody's doing it.

JERILEE

Well I'm not everybody. And everybody I know's doing it and hating it. I'll do it my own way, when it means something.

EXT. YACHT CLUB - DAY - START VERY CLOSE JIM THORNTON

19, blond, resembles his father, blazer over unironed work shirt -- looking over his shoulder past opening camera, eyes rivetted on someone distant. He leans against a rail at the end of a wharf, where a Fourth of July party is in progress. Boating types and young people in "radical" dress of the 60's. An electronic band plays Beatles music.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BERNIE'S VOICE

She's seventeen and starting
Barnard in the fall. She wrote
the senior play, reads Joyce Carol
Oates, listens to Creedence and
Dylan, likes French films....

We now see Bernie (polo shirt) standing beside Jim, talking
confidentially....

THEIR POINT OF VIEW - JERILEE

now 17, full-figured, a waitress at the club party, serving
drinks and canapes, joking with patrons, warm, gracious and
beautiful.

BERNIE'S VOICE

She's probably the great cosmic
bang of all time but nobody 'round
here's taken squat off her.

BACK TO JIM AND BERNIE

JIM

You mean you haven't.

BERNIE

I've got a theory she's either a
dike or an incipient nun.

JIM

My man, the pipes is all the same.
It's all in the persuasion.

Jim pushes away from the rail -- eyes still on Jerilee -- moves
in her direction.

ANGLE NEAR SMORGASBORD CART - JERILEE

loading two plates for patrons. Jim squeezes in beside her,
picking at the platters -- artichoke, cheese, a drumstick.
He waits till she looks, then smiles sweetly, all Ivy League
charm:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JIM

Hi.

JERILEE

Hi.

JIM

I'd like to talk to you when you
get off work.

She looks up, slightly taken aback (liking him), unsure.

JIM

I'm sorry. I hate coy introductions.
I'm Jim Thornton.

JERILEE

Your dad's Walter Thornton?

JIM

Are you going to hold that against
me?

JERILEE

He's a nice man. I'm Jerilee
Randall. And I'm off at eleven
but I'll be pretty tired.

JIM

Then we don't even have to talk.
We can sit over there under the
fireworks and watch the drunks
fall into the bay. I give a great
foot rub.

Jerilee begins to smile....

EXT. SAME - NIGHT - START ON FRED BASSETT

18, black, playing electric piano in the band (he is good).
The music is getting wild....

FULL SHOT - AMONG PARTY PATRONS

dancing on the wharf. Chinese lanterns. Occasional bursts of
fireworks, barrel bombs, Yankee-boys, small Roman candles.

CUTS ON JIM THORNTON AND JERILEE

dancing. Jim leads her faster and faster. Jerilee is having
a good time.

CUTS ON BERNIE AND MARIAN

his "date" for the evening. Marian is stoned, dancing flamboyantly. At a burst of fireworks, she shouts:

MARIAN

Hap---py New Year...!

BACK TO JIM AND JERILEE

as he peels off toward the bar. Follow Jerilee, exhausted, as she sits down near Fred, playing up a storm at the piano. She rubs her feet.

JERILEE

He was supposed to give me a foot rub.

FRED

He'll give you a lot hairier than that, darlin'.

She looks up at Fred. He wags his brow, half-serious.

FRED

He's been puttin' down rum 'n' Cokes like the world's coming to an end.

JERILEE

Fred. Are you jealous?

FRED

(easy)
I always loved you, Jerilee.
(mock nigger)
You 'n' me's workin' folks.
(mock effete)
We hear a different music from the honky hoi polloi.

JERILEE

(fondly)
You are jealous. Well, hell, I always loved you, too.

She rises, kisses him.

FRED

Take care of yourself.

JERILEE

Always do.

FAVOR JIM

returning with drinks, a little unsteady, hands one (half-spilling) to Jerilee. At a gigantic burst of fireworks overhead....

FAVOR JERILEE

looking up, full of wonder, the colors reflecting off her upturned face. Jim consumes her with his eyes, swilling half his drink. Daring, resolute, plastered:

JIM

You are the most beautiful woman
I vever seen'n my life.

She looks back slowly, untouched by this sort of flattery. Mona Lisa.

INT. JIM'S CAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT - JERILEE

gets in. Jim closes the door. As he moves around to the driver's side, Jerilee hears something in the back seat....

FAVOR BERNIE AND MARIAN

making out in the back seat, passing a roach. Vengeful:

BERNIE

If it isn't ole Jerilee....

QUICK BACK TO FAVOR JERILEE

surprised. Jim climbs in, looks back.

JIM

Our chaperones for the evening.

Jerilee quickly considers a hasty exit. But Jim starts the car, throws it into reverse. Jerilee lunges forward, throwing up an arm to keep from hitting the dashboard. Bernie and Marian bounce around in the back seat, laughing.

EXT. SAME - PARKING LOT - NIGHT - HIGH ON JIM'S CAR

lurching backwards, straightens, squeals out....

FAVOR FRED

standing between cars in the shadows, watching them go, sucks a cigarette, worried.

INT. JIM'S CAR DRIVING - NIGHT - JERILEE AND JIM

in the speeding car. In the back seat, Bernie rolls his head against the rear window, heaving and moaning, Marian unseen, o.s. Jim checks the rear-view mirror, amused. Jerilee is quietly terrified.

JERILEE

You just passed my road.

JIM

A little nightcap at my Dad's, a little skinny-dip....

JERILEE

I don't want a little skinny-dip.
I want to go home, Jim.

Marian pops up in the back seat, abrasive:

MARIAN

Oh come on you conceited twat.
Shake the shit out, let the sunshine
in for Chrissake. I can't handle'em
both...!

QUICK CLOSE - JERILEE

freezes, eyes go to the door handle.

EXT. THORNTON HOUSE - NIGHT - LONG ON JIM'S CAR

barrels fast up the driveway, stops. Camera holds high and long as Jim, Marian and Bernie pile out. As Jim comes around to Jerilee's door, she suddenly bolts out, runs o.s. Jim, Bernie and Marian chase her, laughing....

EXT. THORNTON SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT - JERILEE

runs into scene; Jim gaining, catches her from behind.

CLOSE - JERILEE

by the pool's edge, Jim gripping her from behind, pressing.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JIM

Whatsa matter, Guinevere? Don't
you like a good time? I smell
bad or something?

She tries breaking his grip. It is like steel.

THEIR POINT OF VIEW - BERNIE AND MARIAN

tearing off their clothes, running bare-ass along the other
side of the pool.

BACK TO JIM AND JERILEE

JERILEE

Let me go....

JIM

What's your nut? Better when you
fight it? Oh you're so soft....

Sound of splashing in the pool...!

JERILEE

You're pathetic.

In a burst of sudden rage, Jim grabs and rips open the front
of her dress. Jerilee screams, drops to her knees, hugging
her front closed. When he bends over, she pushes him off-
balance into the pool, jumps up, runs o.s. Half-laughing from
sport and embarrassment, Jim climbs out, pulling off his coat,
shirt, runs after her, knocking over deck chairs, a glass
patio table....

QUICK ON BERNIE

in the water, impaling Marian from behind against the pool's
edge, both watching Jim chase Jerilee, goofy smiles....

EXT. PINE GROVE ABOVE BEACH - NIGHT - TRACKING JERILEE

runs out of the trees, along the beach. She hears Jim gaining
from behind, slows down to a walk, resigned. He walks up
behind her, wet, barely restrained fury:

JIM

Why'd you say that?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

(holding back tears)

Because you've got to prove yourself
in front of your friends. Because
you think you've got to score to be
a man. Because I thought you were
different and you're the same old
selfish shit.

He shoves her from behind. She sprawls forward in the sand.

CUTS - JIM AND JERILEE

as she brings her knee up into his descending groin. He howls,
lashing back, striking her twice in the face! Jerilee groans,
covers her face. In a brutal flurry, Jim tears away her
dress. She blindly clips him in the side of the head. He
punches her down, jams a knee between her legs, wrenches her
open....!

"RUNNING" HANDHELD ANGLE - LONG TOWARD JIM AND JERILEE

as someone "sees" Jerilee on her back, kicking Jim. He is
hitting her again and again and again! out of control, half-
rises, kicks her, pulls off his belt, rolls onto her, holding
her down by the throat. Point of view hastens forward,
faster, f.g. feet brisk in the sand -- until Jim looks up
into camera close....

FRED

black face in moonlight, contorted with rage, leaps upon
camera.

CUTS ON FRED AND JIM

as Fred tears Jim away, pummeling him, sends him reeling back
toward the water's edge. In silhouette we see Fred beating
Jim to his knees in the water....

SLOW ZOOM TO JERILEE

head senseless in the sand, clothes torn, face beaten bloody,
nose misshapen, mouth open, bruised eyes staring straight up
into....

ANGLE ON NIGHT SKY - STARS

peaceful and still above. Voice from the present:

JERILEE'S VOICE

The stars. That's what I remember
now. Not the cartoon kind that
swirl around in your head. The
real stars in the sky....

EXT. RECREATION PORCH - DUSK - TIME PRESENT - LATER -
LONG SHOT

on screen porch extension. (Optional: Matte some stars in
dark sky above ribbon of sunset.) We see the figures of
Milstein and Jerilee alone on the porch, as though caged
together there. She works at a wooden table. He stands near
a bright Coke machine.

JERILEE'S VOICE (f.g.)

...that oh so slowly move if you
lie there watching them long enough.
Like gods....

INT. PORCH - SAME - CLOSE - JERILEE

eyes vivid ("saner"), hands working on something just o.s.
Smock over sun dress.

JERILEE

...the only gods there are.
(looks up sharply)
I'm sounding bananas again.

FAVOR MILSTEIN

sucking a Coke by the screen, listening intently, turns and
looks out through the screen. And intercut..

MILSTEIN

I've got a telescope at home, my
place in Santa Monica, little
porch off the kitchen, whenever the
Santanas drive the goddamn smog
away. I saw the rings around Saturn
last week. Helps keep the streets
in perspective. Helps keep me sane.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

She studies him, intrigued.

JERILEE

You never say anything about what
I tell you.

MILSTEIN

It's your life. You're telling me
what you want to.

Now open to favor a small head of clay she is sculpting with
a plastic knife and fork. The head of a man.

JERILEE

You're a good listener.

MILSTEIN

That's my profession. I listen.

JERILEE

And then you nail them, right?

They exchange a grin. Milstein indicates the clay head.

MILSTEIN

Who's that?

JERILEE

You.

He walks around the table, critical.

MILSTEIN

What happened to the script you
were working on?

She looks up sharply, then continues molding the head.

JERILEE

Ninety pages in a typewriter-paper
box under a bed in some motel,
can't remember where.

(changes subject)

How come you're not working?

MILSTEIN

Me? I'm home in bed with a cold.

JERILEE

Blowing your sick pay on a burnt-
out case.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

MILSTEIN

I like you.

JERILEE

(stops sculpting)

You don't even know me.

MILSTEIN *

Haven't you ever liked someone
instinctively without knowing them?
-- whatever the hell that means.

Jerilee goes silent, stares at the head, as if about to
destroy it.

MILSTEIN

You liked me.

JERILEE

You weren't after something.

MILSTEIN

And now you're not so sure? Are
you too fucked over to believe
that someone can sense and care
for who you are? -- whatever the
hell that is.

CLOSER INTERCUTS - JERILEE AND MILSTEIN

JERILEE

I -- don't want you to feel sorry
for me.

MILSTEIN

Sure you do. Isn't that a part of
liking someone? The feeling and
the sorrow? I do feel sorry for
you....

JERILEE

You sound like a priest.

MILSTEIN

Yeah. Milstein the priest.

They laugh quietly together....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

WOMAN'S VOICE

Dora! Lights out in ten minutes.
Brush your teeth.

Jerilee dutifully sprinkles water on the clay head, pulls a plastic Baggie over it, looks up once at Milstein, not wanting him to go.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY - LONG FULL ON PATIENTS
breakfasting.

CUT TO

SERVING LINE - ACKLEY AND MILSTEIN

with trays, coffee and corn muffins...As they move with the line:

ACKLEY

You can tell me nothing?

MILSTEIN

I could tell you plenty. But I
didn't come as your tool; I came
as her friend.

ACKLEY

She has your confidence.

MILSTEIN

She didn't ask for it. I didn't
offer it. We didn't have to. She
trusts me. Isn't that the first
principle of therapy?

ACKLEY

Are you equipped to make clinical
evaluations?

MILSTEIN

I'm not making any. When I'm there,
she spontaneously talks about herself.
She feels better about herself....

They make their way to a corner table.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MILSTEIN

Doesn't she seem better to you?

ACKLEY

'Better?'

MILSTEIN

Less nuts.

As they sit down, even Ackley smiles at this.

ACKLEY

Her behavior seems more appropriate.
But never underestimate the cunning
of psychotics.

MILSTEIN

Or the cynicism of psychiatrists.

Ackley's smile turns sour, then thoughtful.

ACKLEY

Sorry about this coffee. Let's
say you are helping her. What
happens when you go?

MILSTEIN

When I go, I hope to take her with
me.

ACKLEY

Why?

MILSTEIN

I haven't got the faintest idea.

Ackley looks off as he sees:

LONG SHOT - ENTRANCE - MORE PATIENTS

entering, Jerilee among them. She sees:

ACKLEY AND MILSTEIN

Milstein looks up, sees her.

BACK TO JERILEE

looking betrayed, turns and exits. An attendant stops her,
but she jerks away, stalks out....

INT. CORRIDOR - TRACKING BACK WITH JERILEE

as Milstein b.g. tells attendant he'll handle it...Pan as he catches up to Jerilee, looking right and left for a door to exit, gives up, stares out the screened window at the end of the corridor.

JERILEE

You tell him everything, don't you?

He says nothing. She turns, angry (and vulnerable).

JERILEE

And you were late. You were supposed to be in the day room at eight.

Milstein checks his watch (touched by her need).

MILSTEIN

Which is it? I don't give a shit, or I'm out to screw you?

(beat)

Put on a picnic dress, if you've got one. We've got permission to leave the grounds.

QUICK CLOSE - JERILEE

cocks her head, (ashamed and) pleased.

EXT. LAKE - DAY - START ON BOAT REFLECTION .

and tilt up to Jerilee, leaning over, viewing her reflection in the water.

JERILEE

They told me I was beautiful, but I didn't believe it. I never saw myself as beautiful.

FAVOR MILSTEIN

cutting up apples and cheese in the rowboat, pouring wine into paper cups.

JERILEE

He broke my nose, my cheekbone and jaw. Split my lip and one of my ears....

VERY CLOSE - JERILEE

eating apple, sipping wine, philosophical (ironic):

JERILEE

...you'd hardly know it, the doctor
did such a good job on the face.

HER REFLECTION

as she looks back at herself.

JERILEE'S VOICE

Nobody knows there are a thousand
ways of being raped.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - TIME PAST - 1968 - START VERY
CLOSE - JERILEE

propped up in a hospital bed. Arm in a cast. Head swathed
in bandages, nose in a cast, mouth stitched (dry blood), eyes
badly bruised, looking out through "mask."

BOBBIE'S VOICE

Oh my God look at your face!

JERILEE

You look at it. I'm on this side.

HER POINT OF VIEW - BOBBIE

leans in toward camera, upset. And intercut.

BOBBIE

Jim Thornton's in jail, the bastard.

JERILEE'S VOICE

Bastard? You couldn't wait to get
a date with him.

BOBBIE

I didn't know he was a nut.

JERILEE

He's not a nut. He's just a guy
who didn't get what he wanted. And
I'm still on the outside looking in.

TIMECUT- RANDALL AND VERONICA

looking down into same point of view, obsessive urgency.

RANDALL

A man is going to show you a picture, honey, and all you have to do is nod.

JERILEE

What'll happen to Jim?

RANDALL

Lock him up and throw away the key, I hope.

JERILEE

I can't do that.

VERONICA

Jerilee, look at you. Look what he's done. He could do it again.

JERILEE

No he won't. He did what he thought he should do. No one ever said no to him. He didn't know it'd wind up like this.

RANDALL

She doesn't know what she's saying.

JERILEE

Yes I do.

VERONICA

If you don't press charges -- do you know what they'll think?

JERILEE

Who?

VERONICA

Everybody. They'll think you're promiscuous -- peculiar. That you asked for this.

JERILEE

Is that what you think?

VERONICA

Not me. Everybody.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Jerilee fixes her mother with a knowing look, silent.

RANDALL

We'll come back tomorrow.

TIMECUT - SAME - FRED BASSETT

FRED

That's a mean look, darlin'.

JERILEE

(groggy)

Fred...?

FRED

They found your nose down the hall,
glued it back on....

JERILEE

(hurting)

Don't make me laugh.

TIMECUT - VERONICA

VERONICA

Who was that person?

Jerilee regards her mother with pity.

TIMECUT - DOCTOR

removing head bandage from point of view intercut Jerilee,
her eyes still puffed and purple. Voices just outside door:

VERONICA'S VOICE

Your son practically killed her.

THORNTON'S VOICE

I'm not here to excuse my son,
Mrs. Randall, I came to see Jerilee.

VERONICA'S VOICE

She doesn't want to see you.

THORNTON'S VOICE

Has she told you that?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

VERONICA'S VOICE

Stay away from my daughter!

JERILEE

Walter...?

TIMECUT - THORNTON

looks down into camera, his face ravaged, shaken. He looks as if he could break down at any minute. Quiet, profound emotion:

THORNTON

Oh dear child, I'm so sorry....

Camera slowly pivots open to profile two-shot (Note: ending staccato cut sequence, softening the exchange.) Jerilee reaches out a hand. He looks surprised, gently takes the hand.

JERILEE

Why should you be sorry? You didn't do anything.

THORNTON

I could have been there. I could have prevented it.

JERILEE

He couldn't help it. He's no different from any other boy who gets drunk and horny. He thought I was willing when I wasn't. Don't worry, Walter. I'm not going to give him a hard time.

Thornton is amazed and touched by the poise and magnanimity of this young battered beauty.

THORNTON

I'm sending him to his mother in England for a year.

JERILEE

(urgent)
Are you going away too?

THORNTON

No. I have a play to write.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

Will you let me read some of it?

THORNTON

I'll read you all three acts when
I'm finished.

JERILEE

Oh, I'd like that.

She lifts his hand. He is uncertain. She guides him:

JERILEE

Touch me.

THORNTON

What?

JERILEE

I want you to touch my face.

TIGHTER TWO-SHOT

as she guides his fingers over her swollen lips, puffy brow, eyelids, the lumpy bandage that is her nose. Thornton is transfixed, as if in the presence of something holy. She savors his touch, tender and sensual.

EXT. THORNTON HOUSE - DAY - QUICK FULL ON HOUSE

QUICK FAVOR JERILEE

face nearly healed, but for a heavy bandage across her nose, brow still discolored, staring at the house. Thornton stands just behind her, keen to her reaction.

TIMECUT - QUICK ON SWIMMING POOL

QUICK FAVOR JERILEE

surveying the scene, remembering.

TIMECUT - PAN TREE GROVE

to beach, where Jerilee looks back across the sand. Thornton steps into scene.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

THORNTON

It doesn't upset you -- being here?

JERILEE

The idea scared me. But today is like -- turning on a light in a dark room.

He studies her, struck again by her self-containment. He holds up a manuscript in a battered script cover.

CLOSE - FAVOR JERILEE

taking the manuscript, growing excitement:

JERILEE

You've finished it.

He nods, pleased with her pleasure. She opens the cover.

INSERT - TITLE PAGE

"The Fifth of July / A Play by Walter Thornton"

BACK TO SCENE

as she hands it back to him.

JERILEE

You promised to read it to me.

INT. THORNTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT - HIGH ON LIVING ROOM

past beam ceilings to Thornton and Jerilee sitting on the floor before a fire in the hearth. He is reading to her:

THORNTON

Herrick: Maybe next summer we'll be different people. Cynthia: I don't want to wait a year to find out. Herrick: You don't want to wait for anything. Herrick exits. Cynthia crosses to the kitchen table, sits, lays down her head and quietly sobs. Stage light softens to night. Distant fireworks burst offstage. She rises, moves to the window, watches the display climax and fall to silence. A knock at the door. She turns, looks toward the door. Curtain.

Thornton closes the manuscript.

FAVOR JERILEE

looks up, touched, impish, breaks the silence:

JERILEE

You've written a play about me.

THORNTON

Have I embarrassed you?

JERILEE

You're the one looking embarrassed.

They both laugh, breaking the tension.

THORNTON

What do you think of it?

JERILEE

Oh, I like it! Very much!

(pauses)

But...something bothers me. Can I tell you?

THORNTON

That's why I asked.

JERILEE

Okay. She's like me but she's not. I'm not that smart. And if she's that smart, would she be that naive with Willie?

THORNTON

She has to be smart enough to maneuver the people around her, or there's no story.

JERILEE

But would a man as sophisticated as Herrick fall in love with a girl that young? What attracts him besides her youth?

THORNTON

That's not enough?

JERILEE

Not just her body. And certainly not her smarts. That'd turn him off real fast. Unless she were a woman. But she's still a girl.

They exchange a fleeting glance, aware that they are talking about themselves.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

THORNTON

Do you think he fell in love with
what she could be?

JERILEE

Yeah. Yeah, but then you've got to
say that. Not through her character,
through his.

THORNTON

(touches script)

That's what I've got to do.

JERILEE

This is ridiculous. It's a beautiful
play and I'm coming on like a critic.
I'm sorry.

THORNTON

But you're right what you're saying.

JERILEE

Then you're not angry with me?

FAVOR THORNTON

almost blurts out something "emotional," stops himself, gazes
at Jerilee with a moment's unconcealed adoration.

THORNTON

Your parents will worry where you
are.

JERILEE

I'll tell them.

THORNTON

They won't like to hear.

JERILEE

That's their problem.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - VERY CLOSE - JERILEE

as a Doctor removes the bandage from her nose. "Perfect"
again. He gently swabs it with alcohol. Her entire face has
taken on a wiser, more womanly, lustre. The Doctor hands her
a mirror. She looks at herself without emotion.

DOCTOR'S VOICE

That's a fine nose.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

I'm not looking at the nose.

She is looking deep into her own eyes....

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. THORNTON'S POOL - DAY - LONG SHOT - TOWARD JERILEE

walking (out of the dissolving image of her own face) alone on the beach toward camera slow zooming open from point of view near f.g. pool.

HENNINGER'S VOICE

Fannon wants to go right away. He's booked the Belasco for November.

THORNTON'S VOICE

Here she comes now.

HENNINGER'S VOICE

She's exquisite.

THORNTON'S VOICE

She's a pure one, Mark. She helped me understand my own characters. She's not even eighteen yet.

(beat)

And I've never wanted anything so badly in my whole miserable life.

Jerilee looks up toward camera, smiles radiantly.

FAVOR THORNTON AND MARK HENNINGER

rising from chairs beside a patio table, as Jerilee enters scene. Mark is 40, tall, short beard, jersey turtleneck.

THORNTON

Jerilee. This is Mark Henninger. He's going to direct 'The Fifth of July.'

INT. PARENTS' BEDROOM - EARLY A.M. - RANDALL AND VERONICA

wearing robes, groggy, awakened early, sitting on the edge of the bed, stupefied. Jerilee, dressed, fresh as a daisy, sits beside them.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

I want to go to New York with Walter Thornton. His play is going into rehearsal in two weeks.

Randall and Veronica look at each other, incredulous.

RANDALL

In two weeks you're starting college.

JERILEE

I don't want to go to college. At least not now. I want to write.

VERONICA

This is like a bad dream.

JERILEE

No it's not. It's a dream come true. The director has asked me to audition for the lead.

VERONICA

You've never acted in your life!

JERILEE

Oh I won't get the part -- I don't have any illusions about that. But I'll never have a better chance to learn dramatic writing first hand. I've helped Walter with his play. He wants me to come.

RANDALL

And what do you suppose his motives are?

JERILEE

Probably the same as mine. I love him.

VERONICA

Love!? It's disgusting -- a man older than your own father, a man whose son raped you....

JERILEE

So what? He's not his son. He's gentle and kind. He thinks and feels....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

VERONICA

We all think and feel...!

JERILEE

He reads what I write, and he's honest about it. He even likes some of it.

VERONICA

Of course he does! You're a beautiful, young girl.

JERILEE

For two months I've looked like Frankenstein.

VERONICA

(bitter)

Did you come in here to ask my opinion?

JERILEE

Momma, I can't worry any more what you think. You want me to be like everybody else and I'm not. Let Bobbie be like everybody else. I wish you could be happy with what I am. But if you can't, I'm not going to be unhappy about it.

They stare at each other in silence.

RANDALL

Let her go, Veronica. Let her find out for herself.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY FIFTH AVENUE - DAY - ZOOM OPEN

from Thornton and Jerilee exiting the Sherry Netherland. He still wears his battered cap. She wears a jeans suit and yellow scarf. It is a beautiful fall day. She says something wry, and he practically doubles over with laughter. Camera opens wide south down Fifth Avenue, across the trees of Central Park....

EXT. SCRIBNER'S BOOKSTORE - DAY - QUICK JERILEE

seen through the window, studiously scanning an art book. Thornton viewing her fondly in these new circumstances. She looks up, catches his glance, smiles.

INT. RUMPLMAYER'S - DAY - JERILEE AND THORNTON

being served mountainous fudge sundaes at the marble soda fountain. She indicates his cap. He takes it off. They attack the sundaes....

INT. BERGDORF SALON - JERILEE

steps before a three-part mirror in an orange chiffon gown, swirls elegantly, looks toward Thornton, sucks in her cheeks, makes a monkey face, crosses her eyes....

EXT. EIGHTH AVENUE - DAY - TRACKING DRUNKS

shuffling the curb, sleeping on doorsteps in the sun....

SAME TRACKING JERILEE AND THORNTON

walking 8th Avenue, among the pimps and winos. Jerilee is fascinated and unafraid. Thornton steers her around a corner....

EXT. BELASCO THEATER - DAY - HIGH TILT DOWN

to Thornton and Jerilee, walking out into the street, below, looking up toward the marquee. She hugs him....

THEIR POINT OF VIEW - QUICK ON MARQUEE

announces "OPENING NOV 21 A NEW PLAY BY WALTER THORNTON."

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY - PORNO SHOP - JERILEE

tries peeking in the door. Thornton tries coaxing her away. She insists, pulling his sleeve. Grudgingly, he enters....

INT. PORNO SHOP - TRACKING JERILEE

as she studies the rubber goods, giant genitalia, spidery vibrators, beaver cards, wide-eyed amusement....

TIMECUT JERILEE

carefully turning the pages of a fuck-suck magazine, leans over, shows the centerfold to Thornton, who quickly looks away....

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY PARK - DAY - ANGLE BEHIND TWO WOMEN

on a park bench, tenderly fondling each other, studying each other's mouths in close. Refocus to bench opposite, where Jerilee and Thornton watch, eating large pretzels....

EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY - JERILEE AND THORNTON

stop before a window. She points to an old black Underwood typewriter. Thornton is saying, "But I've got a bigger and better one." She is saying, "But I like that one." They enter....

EXT. CENTRAL PARK OR RIVERSIDE PARK - DAY

They stroll past bicyclists, benchwarmers....

JERILEE

I want to get started this week. I've got this idea about a brother and sister who finally meet when they're sixteen and eighteen. I want to put down my impressions of today....

THORNTON

Take it easy. Don't 'use' today as material. Experience things purely. Don't think about them so much. Don't think about books to be written, pictures to be taken. Just live and let the story shape itself subconsciously. Let it seize you.

She walks around in front of Thornton (walking backwards).

JERILEE

I want to kiss you.

THORNTON

Right here?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

Right here.

They stop in the path. Jerilee reaches, gently cups Thornton's head, leans up and kisses him softly, twice.

CLOSE TWO - JERILEE AND THORNTON

suddenly aware of the other strollers, benchwarmers, glancing at them. Resume tracking.

JERILEE

What do you think they're thinking?
A case of father-daughter incest?

THORNTON

Peter Pan and the dirty old man.

JERILEE

Are you a dirty old man?

THORNTON

Absolutely.

She cocks her head, studying him fondly.

JERILEE

You're so gentle, Walter. I wonder if you're afraid of making love to me.

Thornton looks sharply vulnerable (and aroused).

THORNTON

Gentle? My feelings are anything but gentle.

(beat)

I don't want you to think I brought you to New York to make love to you.

JERILEE

(guileless)

Don't you want to?

THORNTON

I want you more than anything else in the world. That's what I'm afraid of. That you'll see in me all the violence and selfishness of other men.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

Bullshit. You don't have to
make up for other men, Walter....

THORNTON

...that you'll find me foolish
and doting.

JERILEE

Oh please be foolish and doting.
Isn't that what loving is? I've
never been loved before.

Thornton's eyes are alive with amazement. She feels his
excitement, ignites it:

JERILEE

Don't think about it. Seize
it!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - (LATE) - DAY - FAVOR FRENCH WINDOWS

flanked by elegant drapes, tassels, overlooking Central
Park. Jerilee walks into scene wearing only her jeans
and yellow scarf, bareback. Instead of closing the drapes,
she opens the French windows. In flood the sounds of New
York -- taxi horns, buses accelerating, horses' hooves,
doormen's whistles, music from somewhere. She turns to
camera, pleased by this welcome intrusion of the outside
world, starts to pull off her jeans....

FAVOR THORNTON

barechested, still wearing his battered cap, viewing her
woman's body for the first time....

THORNTON

Is this show for me or the entire
city of New York?

QUICK BACK TO JERILEE

as she grins (nervous), hurls her pants at camera....

BACK TO CLOSER - FAVOR THORNTON

hit by the pants.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE'S VOICE

Take off that stupid-looking hat.

THORNTON

(wry)

Now that you've got my clothes off you think you can tell me what to do.

She enters scene, takes off his cap. He reaches, pulls off her scarf. All props gone, they are both suddenly very nervous, standing inches apart, looking over each other's bodies. Jerilee shudders, afraid.

JERILEE

I'm -- scared to death.

THORNTON

Me too.

He reaches, slowly, slowly draws her against him, breasts soft against his chest. A wave of warm pleasure radiates through Jerilee. She closes her eyes, her hands reflexively rising up along his back.

BED - LEVEL ANGLE - CUTS FAVOR CLOSE JERILEE

lies back, Thornton beside her. They kiss. He kisses her shoulders. The mode is gentle, almost too gentle. She draws him down against her (protective), her rhythm beginning to build. Thornton looks into her closed eyes, worried. Something is not quite right. She opens her eyes, sensing the same thing. Without a word, he guides her hand down o.s. She fondles him, eye-to-eye. Now ready, Thornton enters her. She winces, uttering the tiniest whimper of pain, then relaxes back into oblivion, thighs rising to grip his sides, coaxing him deeper. But his rhythm quickly overtakes hers. Out of control, racing ahead, Thornton reaches a climax in a matter of seconds....

CLOSER - FAVOR JERILEE

her eyes opening, baffled, imploring Thornton, her body writhing, urging. But he is enervated, makes a half-hearted attempt to ride her rhythm, collapses. She watches, scared-rabbit eyes, feeling the sudden enormous loss, as he slides out of her body. Breathless:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

THORNTON

I'm sorry...dear one...I couldn't
help myself....

She reaches down o.s., hoping to rouse him again. He stops
her arm.

THORNTON

No.

Bewildered, she watches as he slides down along her body
o.s. She wags her head, briefly resisting his mouth, then
clenches her teeth, silent gasp. His hands reach back
up into scene, hold her arms down. Now alone in scene,
she feels another pleasure mounting, moves her body
against it, vehement -- until she comes in a rush, briefly
cries out, her arms springing free, grabbing at the empty
air above her. Camera draws in closer as she catches her
breath, opens her eyes, searching the ceiling and walls for
something to give her moment meaning.

TIME CUT - HIGH SHOT STRAIGHT DOWN ON BED

where Thornton is curled asleep beneath the sheet, Jerilee
watching him. She rises, naked, moves o.s.

ANGLE ON FRENCH WINDOW - NYC AT DUSK - JERILEE

steps naked into scene, stares out into the night, the
city sounds somehow heightened by the coming of night.
(Composition underscores the theme of loneliness.)

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT (SAME) - JERILEE

illuminates herself by snapping on the f.g. desk light,
sits naked before the old-fashioned Underwood typewriter,
studies it a moment. Now, she inserts a piece of paper
into the carriage. Carefully, one letter at a time, she
begins to type....

INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME - THORNTON

asleep. Sound of typing -- at first slow, then accelerating
-- awakens him. He opens his eyes, lies there listening,
stoic.

INT. BELASCO THEATER - START MARK HENNINGER

sitting alone in the tenth row, feet draped over a seat back, hands 'praying.' Open to Thornton, Guy Fannon and a Cue Girl, two rows behind. Fannon, the producer, is 55, red silk tie, dapper pin-stripe suit, tan bald pate. From the stage:

JERILEE'S VOICE

You were seventeen once, Herrick.
Can't you remember seventeen?

FAVOR STAGE - JERILEE AND PAUL MAXON

actor, 35, moustache, Mets T-shirt, sandals, holding a script, leaning against a ladder. Jerilee, pants suit, on her knees, across the stage from Paul. Two pools of isolated light. She auditions, her reading too emotive:

JERILEE

Can't you remember how your body
held every secret, how your eyes
saw things no one else had ever
seen?

(beat)

Maybe when I'm twenty or thirty
or forty like you, maybe when
I've had twenty men and ten
babies and seen the Great Barrier
Reef I'll look back at now and
know it was just a feeling, just
a bagful of shitty promises. But
let me find that out. Don't take
that away from me.

PAUL

Are you telling me to go?

She rises and rushes across the stage to him.

JERILEE

No. I'm asking you to tell me
I'm wrong.

QUICK CLOSE - PAUL AND JERILEE

as he puts his arm around her (looks over her breasts).

PAUL

Good reading.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

Thanks but I was terrible.

MARK'S VOICE

That was lovely, Jerilee. But don't deliver the last line on the run. Say it, wait for his response, then hurry across like a kitten.

TIMECUT - CLOSE - ANGELA DICKEY

an actress of 25, stage beauty, dark hair, kneeling where Jerilee knelt. Her reading is controlled, tremulous, professional.

ANGELA

You were seventeen once, Herrick.

FAVOR JERILEE

now sitting between Thornton and Fannon. Whispers:

JERILEE

At least I didn't blow the lines.

THORNTON

You wrote those lines.

She holds up a finger for silence, impish. Angela's reading continues o.s.

JERILEE

She's good, Walter. Really good.

Fannon looks toward her, exchanges a glance with Thornton (you dirty devil).

FANNON

My dear, she's your principal competition.

JERILEE

There's no competition, Mr. Fannon. Give her the part.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - BACKSTAGE - FAVOR ANGELA

approaches, hugs Jerilee. Thornton, Paul, Fannon, Mark talk heatedly b.g. Sound of o.s. hammering, music.

ANGELA

Guy Fannon told me what you said.

JERILEE

It was the director's choice, Angela. It was the right one.

ANGELA

But you're the real Cynthia.

JERILEE

Well, let's not get too literal about it. I was around when Walter wrote the play. Cynthia's her own character.

ANGELA

Why are you so modest?

JERILEE

It's not modesty. That's just the way it was. When I write my own play I'll be pushy and obnoxious. Much more than Walter.

ANGELA

(quieter)

You shacking out with Walter?

JERILEE

I guess you could call it that.

Angela studies her closely, intimately.

ANGELA

Let's have lunch sometime. Just us.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT - JERILEE

again finds herself frustrated beside a sleeping Walter.

INT. HOTEL SITTING ROOM - DAY - JERILEE

jeans and sweatshirt, typing frenetically, finishes a page, scans it intently. Sound of front door slamming.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

Walter?

Thornton enters, looking harrassed. The sight of Jerilee at the typewriter unsettles him further. He kisses her, heads for the bar, pours a straight shot.

THORNTON

You don't have to work all the time, you know.

JERILEE

I just finished the story you wanted to show your agent.

THORNTON

I'd like to go over it with you first.

JERILEE

Is something wrong?

THORNTON

Paul had a fight with Mark and walked out.

JERILEE

What does that mean?

THORNTON

It means we may lose our leading man on the eve of our first full dress. They had a quarrel over the seduction scene in Act Two. Paul says he won't play it passive. Then Fannon, who's scared shitless, corners me and asks if I'll rewrite, giving Herrick more of a motive for agression...and I refuse to lie down and roll over for an actor or a producer...!

JERILEE

Actually it would make a better scene.

Thornton stares at her, nonplussed.

INT. SAME - NIGHT - HIGH SHOT DOWN

where Jerilee and Thornton work together. Ravaged room service trays. A dozen script pages laid out across the floor.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Thornton paces the room, reading to himself out loud. Jerilee types, pulls out the last page, hands it to Thornton. He rapidly reads it to himself.

THORNTON

You did it. You're a bloody wonder.

JERILEE

Let me get you some coffee.

Thornton is gathering up the pages.

THORNTON

The hell with coffee. I'm going to wake up Henninger right now and stick this up his you know what.

FAVOR JERILEE

as Thornton goes rushing out. Sound of door slamming. Silence. Weary, she bends and starts collecting balls of paper, discarded scenes, tossing them into the wastepaper basket...(applause anticipates:)

LONG DISSOLVE TO

INT. BELASCO THEATER - FIRST-NIGHT AUDIENCE

applauding wildly, periodic "bravos!"

FAVOR STAGE

where Angela, Paul, an older woman and a younger man are taking bows. Now Paul alone. Now Angela alone. The ovation escalates to a roar...!

SRO SECTION - THORNTON AND JERILEE

tuxedo and orange-chiffon dress, giddy with excitement. Fannon squeezes through the applauding crowd, claps Thornton heartily on the back, laughing. Now Mark comes through, grabs Thornton, drags him o.s. Thornton reaches back, pulls Jerilee after him....

INT. BACKSTAGE - HANDHELD CUTS FAVOR JERILEE

moving toward the stage lights, sound of applause, sees

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Fannon urge Mark, then Thornton, out onto the stage. Thornton releases Jerilee's hand. She waits in the wings, standing beside another girl, 20, stage makeup, Angela's understudy. On stage, the actors turn and applaud the author and director...

CLOSE - JERILEE

waiting in the wings, happy for Thornton, exchanges a curious glance with Angela's understudy....

INT. NYC SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT - START ON FANNON

working his way through a thick crowd of tuxedoed well-wishers. He holds up an armful of newspapers.

FANNON

Six out of six!

The room cheers!

FAVOR ROUND TABLE

where Thornton, Jerilee, Mark, Angela, Paul and Audrey Cheevers sit. Audrey is an agent, 60, dumpling, heavy-framed glasses, froggy smile. They all cheer the news.

VOICE

Kevin Most of NBC just called us
'unashamedly romantic...the best
American play since The Subject
Was Roses....'

CUTS FAVOR ANGELA

giving Jerilee a Cheshire cat smile. As Thornton accepts congratulations....

CLOSE - PAUL

leans over Jerilee's shoulder.

PAUL

I sure wish we could have played
this run together.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

But Angela's fantastic!

PAUL

Sure, sure, she'll probably win a Tony. Offstage she's a bitch.

Jerilee turns directly to Paul, quietly vitriolic:

JERILEE

Oh? And how did you have me pegged?

PAUL

You? You're Walter's cherry pie.

She looks as if she's about to turn and paste him one, controls herself, rises o.s., boiling mad inside.

INT. POWDER ROOM - FAVOR AUDREY CHEEVERS

sitting beside Jerilee, speaks to her in the mirror.

AUDREY

Aren't you Walter's...?

JERILEE

Cherry pie.

Audrey bursts out laughing.

AUDREY

Darling girl -- you've got to expect every man in the room to make a pass at a girl like you. Believe it or not, I was beautiful too, once. What I was going to say was -- Walter's Muse.

JERILEE

Oh? Thalia or Melpomene?

AUDREY

(impressed)

I'm Audrey Cheevers, Walter's agent.

JERILEE

(surprised)

Miss Cheevers. I'm Jerilee Randall. Walter's talked to you about my writing.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

AUDREY

You write too?

Jerilee looks perplexed. Audrey quickly reads the situation, compassionate, leans over, puts a bejewelled claw on Jerilee's young downy arm. Confidential:

AUDREY

Are you any good?

JERILEE

(crestfallen)

He -- thought so.

AUDREY

Jerilee. I've known Walter for twenty years. He's never without a Muse. And he's absolutely terrified of competition.

(slips Jerilee
her card)

Call me this week.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - NIGHT - LONG ON TAXI

pulling up before the hotel. Thornton, a little unsteady on his feet, gets out with Jerilee.

DOORMAN'S VOICE

Congratulations, Mr. Thornton.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT - THORNTON AND JERILEE

enter. He is drunk. She is subdued.

THORNTON

I say the hell with fancy hotels.
Let's get a fancy apartment.

JERILEE

I don't need fancy, Walter.

THORNTON

Of course you do. We're a hit. I
love you. We're getting married.

He bear hugs her. Jerilee closes her eyes, heartsick, endures his clumsiness.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

I never said I want to get married.

THORNTON

What's wrong? Don't you love me?

JERILEE

(painful)

I never loved anyone so much.

THORNTON

Then don't spoil it....

JERILEE

Oh God we're beginning to sound like the people in your play.

THORNTON

Our play.

JERILEE

No. Your play. I was only your Zelda.

THORNTON

You're not a Zelda, Jerilee. You're everything to me.

JERILEE

I'm everything to you. Where does that leave me?

THORNTON

You're jealous.

JERILEE

No. I'm pissed. I spoke to Audrey Cheevers tonight. And Guy Fannon. You never spoke a word to either one of them about my work.

Thornton sobers almost immediately, runs his hands over his face.

THORNTON

I was waiting to put the play to bed.

JERILEE

I could say something very nasty right now. But I don't want to hear myself grow up any faster than I am already.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

THORNTON

I'll speak to Audrey in the morning....

JERILEE

That's not the point, Walter. I didn't ask you to do me any favors. You said I was good. You said you'd already spoken to them....

THORNTON

You're so impatient. You want everything at once.

JERILEE

My God, I thought I wrote that curtain line myself....

THORNTON

(explodes)

The fact is -- you're not that good, yet!

CLOSE FAVOR JERILEE

shocked. Her eyes well up with tears.

JERILEE

Which way? In Bed? Or on paper? Both seem to suit you just fine.

INTERCUT•THORNTON

regretting his last statement, approaches to placate her. Jerilee recoils, holding back sobs.

THORNTON

My dear child....

JERILEE

Stop calling me a child! I'm a woman, old enough to fuck you to sleep every night. I'm a writer, good enough to rewrite half your play -- about me! So why did you lie to me? Was I some kind of threat to you?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Thornton turns and lopes out of the room.

BACK TO - CLOSE ON JERILEE

surprised by his retreat. She stands there, hears him wretching, throwing up in the o.s. bathroom. Repulsed, she turns and hurries out the door....

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT - TRACKING JERILEE

as she walks alone beneath the trees, deserted avenue, feeling betrayed. The figure of a man rises from a shadowed bench, twenty feet behind, follows her. Suddenly afraid, she quickly doubles back across to the building side of the street...

REVERSE OPPOSITE AVENUE - TRACKING JERILEE

as she hurries back toward the hotel, the man gaining behind her. Terrified, she instinctively stops, wheels around to face him.

CLOSE ON MUGGER

Dark glasses, sideburns, stops too, facing her, surprised.

INTERCUT - VERY CLOSE ON JERILEE

facing him, the hate in her eyes almost a palpable thing. The mugger hesitates a moment, alarmed, then quickly darts down a side street. She cocks her head, feeling suddenly fearless.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY - CAMERA SLOWLY CIRCLES JERILEE

as she squats typing in the middle of the floor. She completes a page, yanks it out of the typewriter, scans it, rises, calls:

JERILEE

Walter...?

Realizes he is not there. Alone with her work. She walks to the window, looks out across the city with a new sense of resolve....

INT. AUDREY'S OFFICE - DAY - START ON AUDREY CHEEVERS

behind a desk littered with books and manuscripts. Play posters framed on oak walls. Window view high over midtown Manhattan, Audrey smokes a small clay pipe.

AUDREY

With most good young writers I usually have to play den mother, editor, psychiatrist -- ferret out their fortes, make them aware of their excesses, without reducing them to tears. But you need no stroking, Jerilee....

FAVOR JERILEE

eyes wide with growing joy.

AUDREY

(continuing)

Arnold Gingrich at Esquire wants to publish your story 'The Executioner' with minor changes. As for 'Missing Persons,' I think it's the basis for a first-rate play or film. How would you feel if I spoke to Guy Fannon about it?

JERILEE

(beat)

How would I feel? I'd feel -- like I can't believe it!

AUDREY

How do you think Walter's going to take this?

JERILEE

I don't know. I want him to be proud of me.

AUDREY

Would you like me to tell him?

JERILEE

No. I want to do that.

EXT. EAST 47TH STREET - DAY - JERILEE

running past pedestrians, darting through traffic....

EXT. (BELASCO) THEATER - DAY - JERILEE

passes beneath the marquee, where lines form before the box office....

INT. BACKSTAGE - JERILEE

enters, looks around, sees Angela in leotards, sitting in a yoga position, eating yogurt.

JERILEE

Angela. Have you seen Walter?

Spoon in mouth, Angela points o.s. Jerilee goes that way.

LONG SHOT BETWEEN SCENERY MATTES - THORNTON AND UNDERSTUDY

(the girl who waited in the wings with Jerilee on opening night, Sc.____, p. 73) silhouetted at the other end of the mattes. He is whispering into her hair....

QUICK CLOSE JERILEE

sees them, goes stony....

VERY CLOSE THORNTON AND UNDERSTUDY

embracing, quietly laughing. Now, Thornton looks quickly this way, toward Jerilee. The understudy has her tongue in his ear....

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT - JERILEE

sitting numbly aboard a subway as it comes to a stop, motor idling. We hear the doors whoosh open.

MOTORMAN'S VOICE

Hey lady. This is the end of the line.

Oblivious, she rises, moves o.s....

INT. HOTEL (SHERRY NETHERLANDS) LOBBY - DAY - JERILEE

enters. A Desk Man intercepts her in mid-lobby.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DESK MAN

Excuse me, miss. There's a message for you.

She takes the offered envelope, opens it, mortified to find five one-hundred dollar bills, scans the short letter with astonishment, looks up, sees....

FAVOR LUGGAGE DOLLY

containing one suitcase, an orange chiffon dress in a clothes Baggie, a battered Underwood typewriter case.

BACK TO JERILEE AND DESK MAN

JERILEE

Did Mr. Thornton say where he'd gone?

DESK MAN

England, miss.

INT. SARDI'S - DAY - GUY FANNON AND JERILEE

sitting in a rear booth. His arms are under the table.

FANNON

How would you like to adapt 'Missing Persons' for the stage. We could work on the script together.

JERILEE

Is your hand on my crotch a part of the deal?

FANNON

I'd be less than honest if I didn't say -- I sincerely hope so.

She removes his hand.

JERILEE

Then you're not really interested in 'Missing Persons.'

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

FANNON

If the script works, I'll produce it.

JERILEE

That's too much of a risk.

FANNON

Broadway is an ongoing risk, and the risk is all mine. I'm offering to buy an option on your story, pay an advance on the script. Exceedingly generous for a girl Walter Thornton left standing on Fifth Avenue.

JERILEE

Mr. Fannon....

FANNON

Please call me Guy.

JERILEE

Please call me a cab.

INT. TAXI (WEST 40'S) - DAY - JERILEE

sitting in the back seat, a lost soul.

CABBIE

Where to, lady?

Jerilee just looks at him, uncertain. Cabbie turns around.

CABBIE

Come on, come on -- you gotta be going somewhere....

CUT TO

EXT. SOUTHWEST HIGHWAY - DAY - TIME PRESENT - DRIVING POINT OF VIEW AHEAD

through gently rolling hills, oilfields, the landscape as in the opening sequence. (Let roll a few moments in silence to acclimate the viewer to the abrupt cut.)

JERILEE'S VOICE

You can't hold me, you know.

Point of view decelerates.

MILSTEIN'S VOICE

Wanna climb out right here?

FAVOR MILSTEIN AND JERILEE

in his car, Milstein at the wheel.

JERILEE

No thanks. I already did that once.

He accelerates. She looks at him obliquely.

JERILEE

How did you get me out?

MILSTEIN

Technically, you're still a ward of the great State of Oklahoma, released to my custody on a missing witness warrant. The truth is -- they wanted to get rid of you anyway.

JERILEE

I pay my own way. Rent, groceries, everything.

MILSTEIN

(chuckles)

With what?

JERILEE

(defensive)

When I sell my next fucking screenplay, that's with what. In fact, I'll pay you back double.

MILSTEIN

You sound like a street junkie on hard-up day.

JERILEE

That's the way it's got to be. You aren't going to complain about a hundred per cent interest, are you, Milstein?

MILSTEIN

Suits me.

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - LATE DAY - LONG ON CAR

passing through spectacular red rock formations, sunset.

EXT. ALBUQUERQUE MOTEL ROW - NIGHT - DRIVING POINT OF VIEW AHEAD
turns into a motel courtyard. Wary:

JERILEE'S VOICE
Where do you think you're going?

MILSTEIN'S VOICE
To sleep.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - WIDE FULL ON ROOM

Two double beds. Jerilee squats on one, hugging her knees, looking toward the sound of Milstein brushing his teeth in the bathroom. Now, he comes out, pants and undershirt, toweling his face, walks to the far side of the other bed, turns out the light. In the semi-darkness, Jerilee sees him shed his trousers, slip under the covers.

MILSTEIN
Good night.

CLOSER - FAVOR JERILEE

intrigued, still watching Milstein, a lump in the adjoining bed. Finally, he turns over:

MILSTEIN
Get some sleep, willya?

She cautiously crawls under the covers, clothes on, head on the pillow, still watching him.

JERILEE
Milstein?

MILSTEIN
Hm.

JERILEE
Thanks.

MILSTEIN
Don't mention it.

INT. TRUCK STOP DINER - DAY - JERILEE AND MILSTEIN
at the counter. Milstein is eating a bowl of chili.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

Do you usually have chili for
breakfast?

MILSTEIN

I like chili.

JERILEE

How did you become a cop?

MILSTEIN

I come from a long line of dentists.
That wasn't for me -- the insides
of other people's mouths. I wanted
to be a naval architect. But I
flunked structural engineering.

(eats)

So I became a cop.

INT. MILSTEIN'S CAR DRIVING - DAY - POINT OF VIEW AHEAD
highway through pastureland.

JERILEE'S VOICE

Do you have kids?

MILSTEIN'S VOICE

Never married.

JERILEE'S VOICE

How come?

FAVOR JERILEE AND MILSTEIN

as she now drives. He shrugs....

MILSTEIN

Came close once.

JERILEE

What was her name?

MILSTEIN

(beat)

Emily.

He is silent on the subject. She doesn't press him.

EXT. SAN BERNARDINO FREEWAY - NIGHT - PAN MILSTEIN'S CAR

INT. MILSTEIN'S CAR DRIVING - NIGHT - POINT OF VIEW AHEAD
passing beneath a huge overhead "Los Angeles" sign.

FAVOR JERILEE AND MILSTEIN

She is still at the wheel.

JERILEE

There's not a pretty way into this city.

MILSTEIN

It's not a pretty city.

JERILEE

It's not a city. It's a suburban refugee camp.

MILSTEIN

So what brought you out here?

JERILEE

Universal bought an option on 'Missing Persons,' and agreed to give me a shot at the first draft.

INT. VW DRIVING - DAY - 1972-73 - POINT OF VIEW AHEAD -
HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY

driving south beneath "Franklin Avenue/Hollywood Bowl" sign
(as if straight cut from above driving scene).

JERILEE'S VOICE

So I did what any other no-name
starry-eyed writer does when
Hollywood beckons....

FAVOR JERILEE

(five years younger than time present'), at the wheel of an
old Volkswagen, yellow scarf, looking lost.

JERILEE'S VOICE

I bought a second-hand VW and got
my ass out here.

(beat)

Hollywood....

TIME CUTS - DAY - POINT OF VIEW AHEAD

down Hollywood Boulevard: Street sign, midnight cowboys in dark glasses, taco stands, a transvestite queen and his two pups, Grauman's Chinese, old ladies on bus benches...old Columbia sound stages on Gower Street, "FOR SALE" sign... underpass Chicano graffiti....

JERILEE'S VOICE

I couldn't find it.

INTERCUT - JERILEE DRIVING

along Sunset Strip: T-shirt shops, rock groupies at outdoor cafes...winding up into the labyrinthine streets of the Hollywood Hills, Laurel Canyon psychedelic-tacky....

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY - PINK STUCCO COTTAGE

in disrepair, flaking paint, strangled by bougainvillea. Jerilee is talking with Landlady, a fat woman in curlers and a mumu. Four spaced-out hippies exit adjoining house in army fatigue jackets, ogle Jerilee, wag their tongues. Jerilee writes a check on the roof of her VW....

CUT IN JERILEE AND LANDLADY

LANDLADY

Actress?

JERILEE

Writer.

LANDLADY

(seen them all)

Writer, actress....

INT. PINK STUCCO COTTAGE - DAY - JERILEE

standing in small shabby room, collapsed couch, ratty rug, burlap curtains. But to her, it is beautiful, full of hope. She lifts her typewriter onto an old table by the window, looks out over the commercial district of Hollywood, removes the cover from her typewriter.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE'S VOICE

For the first time in my life, I
was on my own.

EXT. UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS - DAY - COMMISSARY PLAZA

and pan to Jerilee crossing toward the Producers' Building,
yellow scarf, white blouse, wide-eyed at the surroundings.
Black Tower b.g. Early lunchers turn to study the latest
"starlet." (Research note: In '72 or '73?)

INT. STENDAL'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY - JERILEE

waiting with four young actresses (18-22), all beautiful.
Bland plush interior, ficus in chrome planters. Alex Stendal,
producer, thirty-five, short, swarthy, wide-lapel suit, wan-
ders out of his office, looking over the "goods," confers
with his secretary, glances back at Jerilee (double-take).

INT. STENDAL'S INNER OFFICE - DAY - STENDAL

spread-eagles casually on leather couch opposite Jerilee.

STENDAL

You're much too good looking to be
a writer, Jerilee.

JERILEE

What are writers supposed to look
like?

STENDAL

Gertrude Stein at best.

JERILEE

Maybe I should put a sack over my
head.

STENDAL

(laughs)

You're something else. Why don't
we have lunch?

JERILEE

Weren't we going to talk about
'Missing Persons?'

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STENDAL

We will. Over lunch. Polo Lounge
okay? Twelve-thirty?

JERILEE

Sure. How do I get there?

STENDAL

In a studio limo.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY - LIMOUSINE

rolls up the main driveway. Jerilee and Stendal get out.
He waves to a friend....

INT. POLO LOUNGE - DAY - MAITRE D'

indicates the crowded interior.

STENDAL

We'd like someplace where we could
talk.

MAITRE D'

I'm so sorry, Mr. Stendal. All
the good tables are gone. But we
could arrange something nice for
you in a cabana.

Stendal turns to Jerilee, perks his brow for her "approval."
Naive, she grimaces, nods. (He slips the Maitre D' a twenty.)

INT. CABANA ROOM - DAY - STENDAL AND JERILEE

watch a green-jacketed waiter arrange champagne and salads on
linen. Louvre doors open onto a private palm-shrouded sundeck.
Stendal tips the waiter, who exits. Jerilee watches the door
click shut, Stendal sit on the bed, strip off his jacket, toe
off his Gucci loafers, rise.

JERILEE

Do you do this sort of thing for
all the Gertrude Steins?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

STENDAL

Beats the commissary. Hungry?

She looks over the avocado, shrimp, covered chafing dish, Stendal pours champagne.

JERILEE

I'd like to talk about the story.

STENDAL

(toasts)

Sure. Here's to story conferences.

He sips, runs a hand around the side of her neck.

JERILEE

Have you read 'Missing Persons?'

STENDAL

I think it's a terrific piece.
I'd like to see you take the script
all the way.

JERILEE

Is this a subtle way of telling
me I have to fuck you for it?

Stendal bursts out laughing. She half-smiles, sweetly uncertain.

STENDAL

You are something else....

JERILEE

No, I just want to know what's
going on.

CLOSER TWO SHOT

as Stendal puts his arms around her waist. Talking to a child:

STENDAL

What's going on is -- I'm the
studio and you're the talent. We
need each other.

JERILEE

If I was a guy, would you ask me
to suck your cock?

Suddenly, Stendal is no longer amused....

EXT. UNIVERSAL - BACK LOT - DAY - JERILEE

walking with Larry Samson, a young (25), heavyset, bearded agent, unbuttoned vest, jacket over his shoulder, lugging a heavy brief case.

LARRY

I don't know what you said to him,
but they're looking for another
writer.

Jerilee utters a single big sob of disappointment, covers her mouth. He pats her on the back.

JERILEE

Did he say why?

LARRY

Oh sure. Something about your
coming across too feminist.

JERILEE

Because I wouldn't fuck him.

LARRY

Well, he didn't put it quite that
way. But movies haven't been made
for better reasons.

JERILEE

But I'm a writer, Larry....

LARRY

You're getting logical again....

JERILEE

...and he hadn't even read my story.

LARRY

He read a synopsis -- short but
good -- and he liked what he read.
Don't be so goddamn precious...!

JERILEE

Okay, okay, don't yell at me.
What should I do?

LARRY

I could call him back and say
you had your period or something.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

Jesus, Larry. You're as bad as they are.

LARRY

(grins)

Sure I am. I'm your agent. I get ten percent. I promised Audrey I'd keep you writing.

JERILEE

I won't work for that son of a bitch.

LARRY

Then get to work and write your own screenplay.

JERILEE

And live on what?

LARRY

There's always television. I'll see what I can come up with.

She is comforted by his warm bullish honesty.

JERILEE

Tell me something. Do men think of anything besides their cocks?

LARRY

Oh sure. Money and food and football and pussy, and sunsets sometimes. Sometimes. Don't be naive, Jerilee. I'd like to climb in your pants, too, but I've got too much poise to try before I know you better.

EXT. SANTA MONICA SIDESTREET - NIGHT - TIME PRESENT -
MILSTEIN'S CAR

turns into a driveway beside a small two-story house. Palm trees. 1940-style neighborhood (off Georgina).

INT. HIS PARKED CAR - NIGHT - MILSTEIN AND JERILEE

exchange a glance. She looks out the window.

INT. MILSTEIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - HANDHELD CUTS ON JERILEE

alone, walking slowly through the downstairs living room, den, sunroom. The interior is that of a summer house, cozy, casual, simple furniture, white beams, stone fireplace, Indian rug on the wall, French prints.

FAVOR WALL-TO-WALL BOOKCASE

as she runs her fingers along the bindings: Dickens, forensic medicine, Chaplin, the Miranda decision, African Genesis, Mailer, Galbraith...an archery bow.

FAVOR MODEL SHIPS

on a worktable. Intricate whaling hulls, a modern sub....

INT. SUNROOM - SAME - JERILEE

sees a cello resting against a corner chair, a set of barbells, pre-Columbian figurines on a shelf, telescope....

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - JERILEE

flips a light switch, low-key spots illuminate a modern brick kitchen. It is clear that Milstein is a gourmet cook: copper hood, microwave oven, spice racks, hanging copper pots, whisks, ladels, sausages, string of garlic. Sound of Milstein entering the house, talking to someone, a dog yips, scampers about....

FAVOR MONGREL DOG

ugly and smiling, wagging its tail, sniffing along the floor. Tilt up to Milstein setting down an armful of potted dwarf palms, rubber plants, ivies.

MILSTEIN

See you found my second-floor kitchen.

TWO SHOT

JERILEE

The cop who cooks.

MILSTEIN

I like to eat. Let's get some fresh air in here.

Jerilee is petting the dog. Milstein opens door to porch.

MILSTEIN

That's Victoria.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

Hello, Victoria.

MILSTEIN

The Coopers next door dog-and-plant-sit for me on my extradition capers. I look after their parrot when they go to Vegas. Victoria just had a litter, that's how come all the tits. Ugliest pups you ever saw. I just didn't have the heart to have her fixed, take her sex away.

Jerilee is seeing another Milstein -- in his element.

JERILEE

You play the cello?

MILSTEIN

Yeah. Give me a hand making up your bed.

INT. JERILEE "GUEST" ROOM - NIGHT - MILSTEIN AND JERILEE

tucking in sheets and blankets. Small cozy room, slanted ceiling, colonial wallpaper, fireplace, desk, candlestick on night table.

MILSTEIN

This is the best room in the house, morning sun, nice tree outside the window. You can probably see Andromeda out there in the sky right now.

JERILEE

What will the Coopers think of your new houseguest?

MILSTEIN

I could give a fuck what they think.

Jerilee looks out the window, back at Milstein.

JERILEE

I don't get you, Milstein.

MILSTEIN

Don't try.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

Why do you want me here?

MILSTEIN

(wry)

It's stimulating to have someone creative around.

JERILEE

Come on, what do you want?

MILSTEIN

Why don't you start asking yourself what you want?

CLOSE - JERILEE

silent, studying him.

JERILEE

I don't know. I stopped wanting.

MILSTEIN

No you didn't. You just pussied out. You stopped writing. I lock you in here you'd start writing on the wallpaper.

JERILEE

Ohhh, you want to be my coach, my patron, my probation officer.

MILSTEIN

Ohhh shut up. I don't know nothin' about writing. I just hate to see things unfinished.

JERILEE

Milstein. I lost the script.

MILSTEIN

Bullshit! It's here and here and here....

He punches his head and heart and crotch....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MILSTEIN

I've been listening to it for a week. And it probably isn't even what you started a year ago. But what the hell difference does that make? Start over again!

She is startled by Milstein's vehemence. He is afraid of frightening her, feigns weary impatience:

MILSTEIN

Look. I'm a working stiff. I got to be to work at eight in the morning. I'll rip a typewriter off the department for you. They won't miss it. Here's some bread you're gonna pay me back double. Buy yourself some clothes, buy yourself some vitamins, eat some ice cream, go to the hairdresser. Start being somebody again, for christsake. Sweet dreams.

TIME CUT TO

FAVOR WINDOW - NIGHT - STARS

"Andromeda" seen through branches of a tree....

FAVOR JERILEE

in bed, dark room, feeling peaceful, beginning to feel like "somebody again," looking toward the window....

CUT TO

INT. GEORGE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1975 - START CLOSE - JERILEE

in the same position as above scene (but three years earlier). The room is expensively furnished in teak and white modern, mirror headboard, vase of flowers. As scene progresses, camera slowly opens to reveal George Marcus in bed beside her. George is an actor, 30, athlete's body, classic macho good looks, enswathed naked in sheets. They have just made love, caught their breath, still. Jerilee is now 21, at the peak of her physical beauty, but with a hardening edge of cynicism (self-contempt). He touches her.

JERILEE

Aren't you supposed to fall asleep afterward?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GEORGE'S VOICE

I can't get enough of you.

JERILEE

You better. You've got a six o'clock makeup call.

GEORGE'S VOICE

They'll wait. I'm the star.

JERILEE

(turns)

You're not holding up my picture.

GEORGE

Don't flatter yourself. It's your first script. They're only making it 'cause I'm in it.

JERILEE

You say you're doing it for my sake? It's the best role you've had in years.

GEORGE

And you went to bed with me to prove it.

JERILEE

God, you are a shit.

TWO SHOT - ANGLE IN CEILING MIRROR

GEORGE

So we're both shits. I didn't know we'd wind up liking each other. Neither did you.

(beat)

Did you?

JERILEE

You want to hear me say it again. 'Oh George you're fantastic. Oh George you give me multiples....'

BACK TO BED LEVEL

as George looks hurt and angry.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

Don't look so forlorn. Half the girls in the country would like to be where I am right now -- as you've pointed out on a number of occasions.

GEORGE

I don't care. I only want you.

JERILEE

You're not that good, you know.

She gives him a mocking sardonic look, turns away (hating herself). Stung, George embraces her from behind.

GEORGE

Why are you so mean after we make love?

(jokes)

That's supposed to be the man's prerogative. Am I such a big asshole? I sound like one to myself sometimes. But you know I really love you....

She turns back quickly, holds her hand across his mouth.

JERILEE

Don't say that. You are fantastic. And I am mean. And I don't know why....

CLOSE - JERILEE

as George wraps his arms around her from behind, comforting her, arousing himself, begins moving against her. Jerilee closes her eyes as if in pain....

EXT. UNIVERSAL - BACK LOT - DAY - JERILEE

exiting a sound stage door, lugging a script folder.

FAVOR JAGUAR SEDAN

driving by, brakes. Angela Dickey is at the wheel.

ANGELA

Jerilee....!

Jerilee enters scene, pleased to see her.

JERILEE

Angela. What are you doing out here?

ANGELA

A picture for Dory Benjamin. We just got back from a month in Greece.

JERILEE

Where do you go from 'up?'

ANGELA

Been reading about you in the trades.

JERILEE

Me?

ANGELA

You and George Marcus. You'll have to tell me about it sometime. We never had that lunch in New York. Maybe we can make it out here. Here's my number.

Angela hands Jerilee a slip of paper. As Jerilee takes it, Angela gives her hand a little squeeze.

INT. SCREENING ROOM - START ON MOVIE SCREEN

(framed so that we are not at first aware that we are watching a movie within a movie.) We see George playing a scene, jogging along the beach with a girl. They are talking about her sister....

REVERSE - JERILEE

sitting beside George in the small, darkened screening room. Several other persons in the dark. Half-whisper:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

What's she talking about -- her sister? I didn't write that.

GEORGE

It's just a scene Fred's toying around with.

JERILEE

Toying around? Who wrote it?

GEORGE

Shhh -- you'll get credit.

JERILEE

I don't want credit. The scene makes no sense! Where's Fred? I'll kill him.

GEORGE

Jesus, Jerilee, you're sounding like a writer.

Jerilee gives George a bizarre look, rises, exits b.g. door. George never takes his eyes from the screen.

INT. LADIES' ROOM - LONG ON JERILEE

hunched over a basin, having the dry-heaves....

INT. JERILEE'S STUCCO COTTAGE - DAY - LONG TOWARD JERILEE

in her writing outfit -- yellow scarf, sweatshirt, jeans -- working at her typewriter. She pauses, rises, runs towards camera, again dry-heaves over a basin....

CLOSER - JERILEE

in the mirror, quickly looks up, a horrific look coming over her face. She lifts her sweatshirt, feels a breast, studies the nipple....

INT. DOCTOR'S CLINIC OFFICE - DAY - START ON JERILEE

JERILEE

(bitter)

What difference does it make? He's not pregnant.

INTERCUT - DOCTOR AND CLOSE - JERILEE

DOCTOR

Perhaps he could be of some comfort to you.

JERILEE

He's married. He's a star. He's the creep who's making my picture. And I thought I was safe.

DOCTOR

What method were you using?

JERILEE

The pills made me sick. The coil hurt. I went back to a diaphragm.

DOCTOR

They're clever little critters, aren't they?...

JERILEE

Doctor, I'm here because I want a therapeutic abortion.

DOCTOR

You understand the risks involved.

JERILEE

The risk is having a baby I'm not ready for.

DOCTOR

Do you have another friend who could make the experience a little less lonely?

CLOSE - JERILEE

thinking about the friends she doesn't have.

INT. CLINIC - OPERATING ROOM - VERY CLOSE - OB-GYN STIRRUPS

Gleaming chrome, leather straps, as hands lower Jerilee's bare legs into place....

VERY CLOSE - JERILEE

watching, alert, appalled....

QUICK CLOSE - HYPODERMIC

being yanked from skin....

JERILEE

goes groggy, lids heavy....

WIDE LOW - SUBJECTIVE - DOCTOR AND NURSE

behind surgical masks, looming over camera, monstrous against bright overhead lights....

DISSOLVE TO

SLOW MOTION DISSOLVE SEQUENCE - HALLUCINATORY MEMORIES OF

- 1) A kite dancing against a blinding sun....
- 2) Toy football swinging over crib (subj. camera)....
- 3) Raggedy Andy against the wall of an empty room....
- 4) Thornton tenderly touching her bandaged face....
- 5) Bobbie Jo (7) dancing along the woodline....
- 6) Wearing mother's makeup in opening mirror door....
- 7) Gerraghty frantically twisting steering wheel....
- 8) Audience bursting to its feet in applause....
- 9) Giant rubber phalli in a porno shop....

INT. ANGELA'S CAR - DAY - POINT OF VIEW AHEAD

driving north along Pacific Coast Highway (Paradise Cove).

FAVOR ANGELA AND JERILEE

Angela at the wheel of her Jaguar, Jerilee drawn and pale.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

They drive in silence a few moments, the day gorgeous outside.
Staring straight ahead:

JERILEE

Men.

Angela glances once, silent acknowledgement.

ANGELA

I've been there too.

JERILEE

(looks sharply)

How did you feel?

ANGELA

(carefully)

Invaded. Robbed. Alone. Free.

(beat)

Why don't you stay with me a few days?

JERILEE

I think I'd rather be in my own place tonight.

ANGELA

Call me if you change your mind.

EXT. JERILEE'S STUCCO COTTAGE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. JERILEE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - JERILEE

asleep, and slow zoom in as she twists in the throes of nightmare. Sound of distant pile-driver thumping....

DISSOLVE TO

DISSOLVE SEQUENCE - HALLUCINATORY MEMORIES OF

- 1) Abortionist working between raised knees....
- 2) Jim Thornton straddling her, spreading her legs....
- 3) John Randall leering through a crack in the door....
- 4) Bernie breathing heavily into her neck....
- 5) Walter Thornton grunting close, coming too fast....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Throughout this sequence, a distant abrasive voice:

VERONICA'S VOICE

The hell with you. I'm not getting
knocked up again...Look at this
mess, look at yourself, you look
like a little slut...Well he's
dead, thanks to you. Does that
mean my life has to be over?...
Love!? It's disgusting...disgusting
...disgusting....

- 6) Jim Thornton, pants down, pulling camera toward his shadowy crotch....
- 7) Fannon's mouth, spittle and old teeth....
- 8) The mugger running toward camera....
- 9) Stendal's hand on her neck....
- 10) George humping her fiercely from behind....

Jerilee cries out...! Sound of pile-driver abruptly ceases.

BACK TO SCENE - NIGHT - JERILEE

rises up in bed, her own voice waking her, heart thumping in the silence. She feels around blindly on the dark bed, feeling something strange, throws off the blanket.

QUICK - NIGHT TABLE LAMP

as her hand snaps it on. Her hand is bloody....

HIGH SHOT ON BED

the sheet red with blood, blood between her legs, nightgown stained with blood...!

CLOSE - JERILEE

staring, numbed, confused, whimpers, reaches for phone....

HANDHELD CUTS WOBBLY - JERILEE

accidentally knocks the phone to the floor, crawls out of bed, camera "falling" to the floor with her, weak from shock and hemorrhaging, a trail of blood, finally retrieves the phone, punches the seven digits, waits....

JERILEE

Angela...?

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - TRACKING ANGELA

walking fast alongside Jerilee unconscious on a hospital cart, plasma bottle. An attendant tells her to wait as Jerilee is wheeled directly into an emergency room. Hold tight on Angela's face through the window of the swinging door. Now, George's face appears at the other window. Angela and George turn and look at each other, Angela's expression one of consummate contempt.

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - DAY - TERRACE

high on a hill, overlooking the Pacific. Pan to Angela settling Jerilee on a chaise beside a small pool, tucking a blanket around her legs, offering her water and a pill. Angela sits near, beside a stack of scripts. Jerilee stares intently out to sea, smoking a cigarette.

JERILEE

I'd never thought of having children.
Now that I don't have any choice, I
can't think of anything else....

She starts to cry. Angela rises, puts her arms around Jerilee.

ANGELA

Go on. Go through it. You've
got to go through it to come out
the other side.

JERILEE

George came to the hospital.

ANGELA

I know.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

He said I should have had the baby.
His wife can't have children so they
would have adopted it. My baby!

(beat)

He apologized for his high sperm
count and offered to pay the hos-
pital bill. When I told him I'd
had a hysterectomy, he asked how
long would it be till I could have
sex again.

(beat)

I don't know why I'm so bitter. I
can't blame George. It takes two
sticks to make fire. But why do
I always seem to come up with the
short end...?

Angela listens with compassion, strategically silent, watches
Jerilee belt down another pill, chin high.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. BEACH (LEO CARILLO) - SUNSET - LONG - JERILEE AND ANGELA

walking barefoot along the tideline. Jerilee does a little
dance to avoid the water. Angela chases her. Now, they walk
side-by-side, heads down, not touching. Jerilee speaks rapidly,
gesturing with her hands, drawing great circles in the air,
suddenly cartwheels!

CUT IN TRACKING - JERILEE AND ANGELA

breathless, laughing, resume walking. Angela casually reaches
out, catches Jerilee's hand. Jerilee looks sharply....

QUICK - THEIR HANDS

together. Jerilee, suspecting only a friendly gesture, grace-
fully tries extricating her hand. But Angela holds firm....

CLOSE - INTERCUT - JERILEE AND ANGELA

as Jerilee studies her, confused and afraid. Angela returns
a simple, bemused smile. Jerilee looks down at their linked
hands, trying to understand why it feels so good.

FAVOR ROCK CAVES

as they approach camera. Angela suddenly turns....

VERY CLOSE - JERILEE

as Angela leans in, studies Jerilee's mouth, gently kisses her. (Two beautiful women.) Again, Jerilee is apprehensive. And again, Angela offers a comforting little grin:

ANGELA

It's all right.

Overcome, Jerilee impulsively kisses her back....

THREE CUTS PROGRESSIVELY CLOSER - THEIR MOUTHS

opening to each other, tentative, delicately exploring....

DISSOLVE TO

INT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - VERY CLOSE PAN - ANGELA

lying on the floor at the foot of the bed. Camera is so close we are at first unable to determine more than pure form. One hand rests languidly by her side. Pan traverses the skin of her calf, thigh, hip, waist -- the contour of her hip now establishing our whereabouts -- past Jerilee's face resting upside down on Angela's belly, hair splayed. Pan continues across Angela's breast, neck, uptilted chin. Jerilee's shoulder and hip in mauve b.g. light. Hold on Angela's face in profile. The two women are spent, merged, in a time out of time. Music: a solo cello plays Gabriel Faure's "Pavane," lush and mournful (continuing)....

ANGELA

Ever since New York, ever since I
played the role of a girl named
Cynthia, who was really you,
Jerilee -- I've felt you were my
other half....

CLOSER - JERILEE'S FACE

as Angela's other hand comes to rest gently on Jerilee's head.

ANGELA'S VOICE

Are you there?

JERILEE

I'm here.

INT. MILSTEIN'S SUNROOM - LATE DAY - TIME PRESENT - START VERY CLOSE - CELLO

as the bow draws smoothly across the strings, perfect vibrato. Slowly open to Milstein, shirtsleeves, still wearing shoulder holster, playing the cello. In the next room, sound of Jerilee typing....

INT. MILSTEIN'S KITCHEN - SAME - START CLOSE - TYPEWRITER

typing out two lines of dialogue: "KAREN'S VOICE: Are you there?/JOYCE: I'm here./SLOW DISSOLVE TO...."

FAVOR JERILEE

perched on a kitchen stool, typing on the counter, pauses, listening to Milstein play the cello in the next room, moved.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PALISADES - SUNSET - MILSTEIN AND JERILEE walking the bike paths along Ocean Avenue.

JERILEE

Sometimes the scenes leap right out of real life and write themselves, like I've lived the movie already and it's all a deja vu rerun. Other times I write the way I wish life had been. You were right. It's not the same script.

MILSTEIN

You're not the same person.

JERILEE

Milstein. Does it bother you -- some of the things I've told you about myself?

MILSTEIN

Some.

JERILEE

(sensitive)

Like what? George Marcus? Angela Dickey?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MILSTEIN

Unh-unh. The way you punish yourself.

She looks at him, never having thought of it this way.

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT - MILSTEIN AND JERILEE

sharing a cart. She carries a bottle of wine over her shoulder. He pauses in front of the spice display.

MILSTEIN

Where's the fucking cream of tartar?

She plucks a small tin from the shelf.

JERILEE

What are we making tonight?

MILSTEIN

Coquilles Saint-Jacques and Bavarian Cream.

FAVOR CHECKOUT COUNTER - MILSTEIN

watches Jerilee carefully enter the total in a notebook.

INT. MILSTEIN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - MILSTEIN AND JERILEE

making dinner. He sautes scallops. She whips heavy cream. He chops shallots, her papers and typewriter in the way.

MILSTEIN

Will you get your shit out of the way?

JERILEE

Don't call my script shit.

MILSTEIN

It's in the way, it's shit. When are you going to finish it?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

Next week.

He gives her a vulnerable glance.

INT. MILSTEIN'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT - MILSTEIN AND JERILEE

dine by candlelight. Coquille in scallop shells, salad, wine. It is a gourmet table, by now second-nature. Milstein is acting very sensitive:

MILSTEIN

And then what?

JERILEE

I look for a producer. Make a deal.
Pay you back. Move on.

MILSTEIN

It doesn't even have a name.

JERILEE

What do you think I should call it?

MILSTEIN

I don't know. What's it about?

JERILEE

A lonely lady.

MILSTEIN

There you go.

INT. JERILEE'S ROOM - MILSTEIN'S - NIGHT - TYPEWRITER

typing a title page: "THE LONELY LADY/Screenplay by...."

FAVOR JERILEE

pulling the sheet from the carriage, studies it, thoughtful, then inserts another piece of paper....

EXT. UPPER PORCH - NIGHT - MILSTEIN

adjusting his telescope, hears Jerilee typing into the night, worries about her leaving....

EXT. ANGELA'S HOUSE - DAY - 1976 - FULL ON HOUSE

and sound of typing o.s. Pan to Angela's Jaguar pulling up the hill, into the driveway. Angela gets out, walks up into camera close, hears Jerilee typing. (Same expression as Milstein, above.)

EXT. ANGELA'S PATIO - DAY - JERILEE

typing cross-legged on the chaise. (Little tray of water and pill bottles.) Angela exits onto patio behind her, views Jerilee with love (and apprehension), approaches.

ANGELA

You don't have to work all the time, love.

Jerilee looks up, smiles. They kiss. Jerilee pops a pill.

JERILEE

That's what Walter used to say.

ANGELA

Are you comparing me with Walter?

JERILEE

(theatrical)

You're incomparable!

ANGELA

I'm going on location next week.

Jerilee looks across.

ANGELA

Verona, Italy. For five weeks. I want you to come with me.

JERILEE

Oh Angela, I'd love to. But I've just gotten into this piece.

ANGELA

Bring it with you. We'd have a fantastic time.

JERILEE

You know the way I work.

ANGELA

(depressed)

Then I won't go.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

Oh come on. That's silly.

ANGELA

I don't care. I want you with me.

Jerilee looks up sharply.

JERILEE

Walter used to say that too.

CLOSER - INTERCUTS

as Angela, looking terribly hurt, turns without a word, and heads into the house. Jerilee looks after her, a little irked. She turns back to her work, resumes typing, can't concentrate, looks toward the house, rises....

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM - DAY - JERILEE

enters, finds Angela face down on the bed. She approaches, sits gently beside her. Suddenly, Angela turns over, her eyes wet with tears.

ANGELA

How can you be so blind? Don't you know that I love you and only want to be loved back a little?

JERILEE

I do love you, Angela....

ANGELA

No. No you don't. You have to need to love. You never seem to need anything.

JERILEE

I'm sorry I can't love you the way you want me to....

CLOSER - INTERCUTS

as Angela rises on her elbow, almost accusing.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ANGELA

You're afraid of what people will think of us together, aren't you? You're ashamed of needing me.

JERILEE

I don't care what other people think....

ANGELA

Then it's you. You can't face the idea of being gay.

JERILEE

Is that what's so important to you?

ANGELA

It is if you don't admit it. And you are, Jerilee. I knew it in New York. No straight gets off the way you do....

JERILEE

Suddenly you're not talking about love any more, Angela. What are you doing? Using sex to get some-thing else? Like most men do?

Angela restrains the impulse to slap Jerilee.

ANGELA

I feel sorry for you. You don't love anybody. You can't. All you can do is write about it.

CLOSE - FAVOR JERILEE

as she watches Angela rise, exit. Sound of Angela's car driving off....

EXT. JERILEE'S CAMARO - DAY - POINT OF VIEW AHEAD PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY

driving very fast, passing all traffic....

FAVOR JERILEE

driving with concentrated abandon, backseat suitcase.

ANGLE IN REAR-VIEW MIRROR

where a Mercedes 280SL gains on her....

INTERCUT - JERILEE

spotting the sports car, pulls inside to let it pass. The 280SL pulls by, and we catch a glimpse of Mike Shea, at the wheel, 30, long blond hair and beard, leather vest. Keen to the challenge, Jerilee accelerates back out into the speed lane, to pass....

LONG HIGH - PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - CAMERA

tailgates, starts to pass the sports car....

INT. 280SL - SAME - MIKE

watches Jerilee pass, grins, accelerates. Highway footsie.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - PARADISE COVE - THE TWO CARS

zip past camera, stirring roadside flowers....

EXT. PACIFIC COAST BAR - MALIBU - DAY - CAMARO AND 280SL

parked side by side.

INT. MALIBU BAR - DAY - JERILEE AND MIKE

into their third drink at the bar.

JERILEE

...two pictures. I practically had to blow the third gaffer to get 'em made and they turned out shit anyway. But I'm writing a good one now, and no one touches a fucking hair. Say, you don't happen to be in the movie business I hope.

She takes a pill.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MIKE

Nope. Real estate.

JERILEE

Good. I'm looking for a place.
On the water.

MIKE

I got such a place.

JERILEE

Cheap. Quiet.

MIKE

Cheap, quiet. My place.

JERILEE

Oh no, none of that. I'm burning
bridges.

MIKE

What I mean is -- I own it. I
own eight rental units.

JERILEE

And you live in all eight, depending
on who'll have you.

MIKE

(grins)
You're pretty smart.

JERILEE

In high school they called me super-
cunt. Straight A's and no one could
get to first base with me.

MIKE

I was a virgin until my junior year
at Stanford.

JERILEE

Good title, good title....

MIKE

(points)
Philadelphia.

JERILEE

Born in Oklahoma, raised in
Massachusetts, died and went to
heaven in California.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

JERILEE (Cont'd)

Would you believe I believed in God? Shut up and let's fuck, he's thinking....

Mike bursts out laughing. She grins.

JERILEE

That's a good laugh. You've been sitting there figuring how to ball me 'cause I got a nice mouth, good teeth and talk dirty.

MIKE

I wouldn't refuse an invitation.

JERILEE

Well let's get it over with. But strictly for jollies, you understand. I'm trying to get someone off my skin. A woman. I gave her my heart but she wanted my soul sort of thing. Does that shock you?

MIKE

Nothing shocks me.

Pan as they slip off the stools, start for the door, Mike half-holding Jerilee up....

JERILEE

By the way -- have you ever taken a motorcycle apart and put it back together again...?

EXT. MALIBU - DAY - HIGH LONG LENS ON BEACH - JERILEE

exits a two-story beachfront apartment, walks down the beach. Camera tilts across house to entrance on Pacific Coast Highway, as a car pulls up in front. Mike appears at the front door, looks both ways, up toward camera. Driver exits car, opens the trunk. Mike removes two suitcases, reenters house. Car drives o.s.

FAVOR THREE PLAINCLOTHESMEN

high on a bluff on the other side of the highway. One holds binoculars, another shoots pictures with a long lens camera. The third man is Milstein. He is speaking into a portable intercom....

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - JERILEE

bathing suit, T-shirt, barefoot, yellow scarf, working over her script, correcting with a pen. Sliding glass doors open to the ocean. She takes two pills.

FAVOR MIKE

leaning in the door.

MIKE

You should stop popping those things. They'll kill you.

JERILEE

They clear the head.

MIKE

I've got something better.
Up the nostrils. No calories.

JERILEE

No thanks, Mike.

MIKE

I never get small myself, just keep it around for friends.

(beat)

How about a quick lovin' spoonful. No calories.

JERILEE

Save it for the late news.

(rises)

Oh Jesus, you're not going away, you're a puppy-dog.
Let me make you some tea.

She rises o.s. He gives her ass a friendly squeeze.

INT. KITCHENETTE - SAME - JERILEE

putting on the tea kettle. A man (COLLINS) looms up past CAMERA. Jerilee looks, gasps, screams!

COLLINS

Where do you keep your suitcases, sweetie?

JERILEE

Who are you?...Mike!? Get out of here or I'll call the police....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

COLLINS

We are the police. Where are the bags? We saw them come in, we got pictures. We didn't see them leave....

HANDHELD CUTS

as Mike bursts through the door, Milstein and the Fed behind him. (Throughout SCENE, Milstein watches Jerilee, sympathetic.) Rapid, overlapping dialogue:

MIKE

Don't talk to them! Tell 'em you want to talk to your attorney....

JERILEE

What's going on around here....?

COLLINS

Sweetie doesn't know her boyfriend runs coke.

MILSTEIN

Come on, Mike. We picked up Rick at the airport already. They arrested Martinez ten minutes after he left here.

FED

Make it easy on yourself. Get us the bags -- willya? We'd hate to tear this nice place apart....

JERILEE

What are you talking about? This is my place....

MIKE

That's right. You need a warrant to come in here.

Collins holds up the warrant.

COLLINS

Fresh from the judge, Mike. Where are the bags?

Mike sits down, sullen, pulls out a set of keys, throws them on the floor. Monotonous, resigned:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MIKE

I was holding them for a friend.
I don't know what's inside.

TIMECUTS - BEDROOM - HANDHELD CUTS

as Milstein and the Fed roll back the bed, open a floor hatch, haul out the two suitcases, unlock one, open the lid, feel one of several bags filled with cocaine. Collins calls in a uniformed POLICEMAN. Jerilee is appalled.

COLLINS

(to Mike)

You're under arrest. You have
the right to remain silent, or
to consult with an attorney....

Mike holds out his wrists. He's heard it all before.

MIKE

Yeah, yeah, yeah....

The Policeman leads him out. The Fed is packing up the bags. Collins turns to Jerilee:

COLLINS

You're under arrest. You have
the right to --

JERILEE

(frightened)

Hey! I just rent the place from
him. Who asks their landlord
for references....?

COLLINS

Funny kind of renting. You've
been living with him six weeks.

JERILEE

He's my friend too. He's....
(stops, realizing)

COLLINS

Oh Mike's a charmer....

MILSTEIN

Your friend's been using this
place to stash his stuff, Miss.

COLLINS

Let's go, sweetie.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

She looks toward Milstein, who nods.

JERILEE

Let me change my clothes, at least.

Collins makes himself comfortable on the bed.

COLLINS

Change.

Milstein lifts Collins by the arm.

MILSTEIN

Get out of here, Collins.

The two men exit. Before he closes the door; comforting:

MILSTEIN

I'll take you in, Miss.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME - TIMECUT - ANGLE OVER TYPEWRITER

as Jerilee exits bedroom in sundress, sweater, finds Milstein alone, looking over her typewriter, script.

MILSTEIN

You're a writer.

She nods, nervous, as they start to exit.

MILSTEIN

Don't be afraid. Just stay cool and everything'll be okay. Don't you think you should lock up? Burglars can smell a bust a mile away.

She nods, grateful, locks the door behind her. HOLD on typewriter.

INT. POLICE STATION - SHARP CUTS ON JERILEE

having her picture taken, police number....

INT. (PURDUE STREET) JAIL - NIGHT - MATRON

slides open jail door, looking into CAMERA....

FAVOR JERILEE

facing the open door, turns to Milstein, trembling:

JERILEE

Do I have to go in there?

MILSTEIN

(to matron)

I'll stay with her in the conference room.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - EARLY A.M. - JERILEE

asleep on a bench. Milstein walks into focus, gently rouses her. Jerilee is startled by the unfamiliar surroundings, sees Milstein's comforting smile.

MILSTEIN

A public defender friend of mine's worked it out with the D.A. They'll drop the charges if you'll appear as a material witness for the prosecution.

INT. MILSTEIN'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY - MILSTEIN AND JERILEE

sipping coffee from paper cups. He hands her a card.

MILSTEIN

Mike's got himself some real heavy creepo Chicano associates. The type who look after their own. Anyone tries hassling you, give me a call. My name's Milstein. Forget that I'm a cop.

JERILEE

Why are you doing this for me?

MILSTEIN

Because it was obvious you didn't know your friend was dealing. Why don't you find some nice guy, get married, have kids...?

Jerilee starts laughing privately. The laughter turns sad, the edge of tears. Milstein is perplexed.

MILSTEIN

I say something wrong?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

No...

(sniffles)

No. You didn't say anything
wrong. You're a good man,
Charlie Brown.

EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT (PCH) - DAY - ANOTHER LONG SHOT

on SCENE [different from HIGH bluff angle, above]. We
see Milstein's car pull up, Jerilee get out, thank him.
Milstein drives off. Jerilee turns toward the door. Now,
POV starts forward....

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY - JERILEE

enters, catches her breath....

SERIES OF SHARP CUTS - HER POV

typewriter axed to a pulp, furniture overturned, refrigerator
door torn off, food thrown all over the walls, the shower
running on broken bottles, clothes smoldering in the fire-
place. An axe rests benignly on her bed. And everywhere,
torn script pages, wet, half-burnt....

HANDHELD CUTS - JERILEE

scrambling hysterically about, gasping, snatching up single
pages (most of them blank), crumpling them into balls,
saving the typed scraps, anguished...looks sharply toward
a RINGING PHONE, lifts the receiver....

EXT. (PCH) PHONE BOOTH - DAY - XCU MAN'S MOUTH

beneath black bushy moustache, speaking:

VOICE

Get lost, lady. Get out of
the state. Don't contact
the police. Or one of these
nights while you're sleepin',
we'll cut your fuckin' face off.

EXT. MILSTEIN'S PORCH - NIGHT - TIME PRESENT - NIGHT -
MILSTEIN AND JERILEE

in moonlight, wine glasses shimmery on the porch rail.
He sights through the telescope. As her monologue begins,
camera moves very slowly closer to and around her face.
(Please Note: The following monologue will be played over
appropriate scenes.)

MILSTEIN

Why didn't you call me?

JERILEE

I was just too scared. I ran.
I salvaged about forty-two pages of
my script and headed up into the
Sierras, looking for a cabin where
I could try to remember the missing
scenes. As soon as I closed the
door in the cabin, the phone rang.
A different voice reminded me I
was supposed to leave California,
not hide in it. A car followed me
all the way to the Nevada state line.
I thought I lost him, but at a truck
stop in Golconda I get paged to a pay
phone. 'Keep moving.' By the time
I got to Provo, I was so spooked,
I ran up to a guy in a restaurant
and yelled at him to stop following
me. I don't know when the real
nemesis went away, but the fear kept
me moving. The voice on the phone,
the man in the car, they became all
the people in my life who'd used my
ass. One no-name motel to another.
Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico. Taking
uppers to think, working over my
script in longhand, never getting it
right, fighting nightmares, taking
downers. Somewhere in New Mexico I
called home. Home? I called my
mother, and learned she'd just divorced
John Randall and was marrying someone
named Stanley. We were still strang-
ers. I told her I was 'on location.'
Finally one night at a motel outside
of Clovis, something snapped inside
my head. I felt no connection with
anything, not even my own body. It
was freakout time. I shoved the
script under the bed and fucked the
first guy who went for the ice machine.

PRODUCTION
NOTE:

THIS DIALOGUE
WILL BE PLAYED
OVER APPROPRI-
ATE FOOTAGE.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE (Cont'd)

I didn't care any more. There were no more dreams in Clovis, no more ideals. I was just a body sleeping in motel rooms, so I might as well let someone use up what was left. Texas. Oklahoma. You wouldn't believe some of the people I met. And I guess I'm down on their ten-best too. The last one was a chemical fertilizer salesman from McAlester. Two days and nights straight up, and he starts raving about divine retribution. I jumped out of his car....

She stops, realizing the story has come full circle, raises her glass of wine, sips.

FAVOR MILSTEIN

listening, still looking through the telescope.

MILSTEIN

Come over here. Look at this.

Jerilee puts down her wine, looks through the telescope.

(Optional: Intercut her telescopic point of view on stars.)

MILSTEIN

That's the sword in the constellation Orion. What you're looking at is a nebula so vast, it's even bigger than the universe we think about....

He sips some wine, watching Jerilee watch Orion. He wants to say something else -- something about love and loss and longing, but....

MILSTEIN

How does it end?

JERILEE

The universe?

MILSTEIN

(laughs)

Your story.

JERILEE

I don't know. I'm having trouble with the ending.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MILSTEIN

We all have trouble with endings.
No one really knows what's going to
happen. You're lucky. You can
make it happen.

INT. JERILEE'S ROOM - DAY - JERILEE

typing furiously, finishes a page, removed it from the type-
writer, scans it, places it atop a stack. She rises, calling:

JERILEE

Milstein...?

THREE CUTS

on various rooms, empty....

INT. KITCHEN - SAME - JERILEE

realizing he is not home yet, looks at the wall clock, puts
on the kettle....

EXT. MILSTEIN'S DRIVEWAY - EVENING - MILSTEIN'S CAR

pulling in....

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - JERILEE

hearing the car come in, rises from her coffee. Open to
Milstein, entering, tenser than usual.

JERILEE

How was your day?

MILSTEIN

The usual. Big arson arrest.

He studies her closely, guesses:

MILSTEIN

You finished the script.

She nods, pleased. His eyes go cold (concealing emotion)!

MILSTEIN

Great.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

Want to read it?

MILSTEIN

I'll wait and see the movie.

JERILEE

Why are you in such a lousy mood?

In a burst of uncharacteristic emotion:

MILSTEIN

Because it means you're leaving,
that's why.

QUICK TO CLOSE = JERILEE

shaken, watches him leave the room, thump the wall, mutter a little "shit" of anger and self-disgust.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT - JERILEE

walking alone, having a think.

INT. MILSTEIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - MILSTEIN

in bed, trying to sleep, turns over, senses something, turns back....

FAVOR JERILEE

standing in the dark doorway, wearing just a man's shirt, fearing his reaction. She has crossed the threshold.

INTERCUT - MILSTEIN

realizing the importance of the moment. They have never made a sexual overture to one another. He says nothing, fearing encouragement, discouragement. She walks timidly up to the bed. Now they can see each other's eyes, the sheer nervousness. As if on cue, she opens the shirt, he draws back the covers -- she slides in beside him, he wraps his arms around her.

MILSTEIN

Does this mean you're staying?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

No.

MILSTEIN

Then what are you doing here?

JERILEE

I'm holding you, kissing you....

MILSTEIN

This shouldn't be happening....

JERILEE

Shut up, Milstein.

CLOSE CUTS ON THEIR FACES

as all the pentup desire of weeks suddenly comes undone.

(No music.) They are devouring each other, as if they wish to forget it as quickly as it's happening....

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - A.M. - MILSTEIN AND JERILEE

eating breakfast in silence. Then:

MILSTEIN

We're good.

JERILEE

Sure we're good.

MILSTEIN

Was that just your way of saying thank you.

JERILEE

No, it was my way of saying I wanted to make love with you.

MILSTEIN

Why are we so angry with each other all of a sudden?

JERILEE

(beat; calmly)

I'm not angry.

She reaches out, takes his hand, earnestly:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

You are a magician. You brought me back from the dead. You're my fix. You're my eyes, my backbone, my liver. I don't want to be afraid to pee without you holding my skirt. That's no basis for love.

MILSTEIN

Who's talking about love?

JERILEE

We are.

(beat)

I've got to let go now.

MILSTEIN

To pee on your own?

JERILEE

To stop being afraid.

Upset, he rises brusquely, pulling on his jacket.

MILSTEIN

I got to go to work....

INT. AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY - FAVOR LARRY SAMSON

his hand atop five identical scripts (in yellow covers.)

LARRY

It's the best work you've ever done. It's one of the best screenplays I've ever read. It will be a great film. But....

He rises, gesturing with his hands.

LARRY

It's too unconventional, Jerilee. It's too -- too damned personal.

JERILEE

It tells a story, Larry. That's all that matters.

LARRY

It'll be a bitch of a sale to the studios. I'd go for a director first. One with a studio deal.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

Who do you have in mind?

LARRY

Mark Henninger.

Jerilee starts laughing.

LARRY

What's so funny? He's got three straight hits. He's a highly personal director, who'll understand what you're trying to say.

JERILEE

Mark staged the Fifth of July in New York.

LARRY

So you know him. So much the better....

JERILEE

I don't mean that way. He'll try to change the ending. He'll round up his company of potheads and start improvising. He can't stand to tell a story, he'll leave it hanging in mid air.

LARRY

So we'll ask him to guarantee to shoot the script.

JERILEE

Insist on it. I also want a no-fuck clause in the contract.

LARRY

A waa...??

JERILEE

No creative coercion by sexual means. All promises of intent to be in writing.

LARRY

Are you kidding me? There is no such thing. No studio will write that into a contract.

JERILEE

Then this is one 'great film' that won't get made.

INT. MARK HENNINGER'S HOUSE - DAY - MARK

approaching camera across a stark white room. White furniture, white rugs and lamps, white canvasses on white walls. White turtleneck. He carries the script in his armpit. His beard is more "diabolic." Unctuous, intimate:

MARK

How many years has it been since we first sat beside Walter's pool...?

He clasps Jerilee's hands in his.

JERILEE

Fifty.

He laughs (on the intake), slides onto a white leather couch.

MARK

This is a remarkable piece, Jerilee....

JERILEE

But.

MARK

No buts. I'd like to do it. What you've left me to do. I especially look forward to our working together. I have some fantastic notions about the ending.

JERILEE

No, Mark.

MARK

No -- what?

JERILEE

No changes.

MARK

But darling, you know the way I work....

INT. RESTAURANT - LA SCALA-TYPE - DAY - LARRY AND JERILEE

huddling over lunch. Larry can hardly contain his excitement.

LARRY

Mark went for it. He committed!

Jerilee's response is so low key we have every right to believe she screwed Henninger to keep her script unchanged.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE

Yeah, I found a way to make him understand the ending.

LARRY

(doesn't catch it)

Universal's negotiating with us right now. I've got them up to a hundred-fifty and five points. Why don't you start shopping for a Benz or something?

JERILEE

The hell with the Benz, Larry -- whatever that is. We're going to make the movie!

[Note: Following movie-making sequence may use actual sites, sets, technical crews and equipment used in production of early sequences, substituting other actors for principals. Movie-within-a-movie.]

EXT. BEACH - DAY - FILM COMPANY - AERIAL SHOT RISING

Camera sweeps dramatically up, over and around a camera setup, crew, shooting a beach scene between a man and a young girl. Trucks and vans on nearby road. Power cables. (This shot, for example, could be picked up during the Thornton-Jerilee scene, above.)

SERIES OF CLOSE CUTS

film lens, clapstick, reflectors, sound equipment....

CUT IN MARK HENNINGER

huddling with his actor on the beach....

FAVOR JERILEE

dark glasses, perched on a driftwood log....

INT. SOUND STAGE - ANGLE STRAIGHT DOWN

in "operating room" set, where a woman is strapped into stirrups. Crew milling around....

CLOSE ON HENNINGER

adjusting camera level, conferring with Cameraman.

MAKEUP MAN

spraying "sweat" on the actress....

EXT. STREET SCENE - DAY - SLOW MOTION CUTS

on "Gerraghty's" car blowing up....

CUTS ON SEVERAL CAMERA SETUPS

recording the explosion....

HANDHELD ON CAMERAMAN

pursuing young actress as she rises screaming from the pavement, runs forward....

INT. SOUND STAGE - CUTS ON YOUNG GIRL

standing before mirror in empty room. Open to reveal just two walls, technical crew watching the shot. Henninger and Jerilee show the actress how to "see her nakedness" for the first time....

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY - ANGLE ON CAMERA CRANE

rising high above the road, as single car comes by, stops. The actress gets out, runs toward roadside fence....

TIMECUT - CAST AND CREW

lunching from a catering truck beneath cottonwood trees. The actress coy with a handsome bearded First A.D....

FAVOR JERILEE

wearing a little sailor's cap, eating with Henninger....

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - PRODUCTION LIGHTS

spotting actress lying on the sand, clothes "torn." Young actor takes direction from Henninger. A ring of technical crew surround the "rape" setup.

CLOSE CUTS

as Makeup Man applies "cuts and bruises" to the actress' face...Henninger showing young actor how to be convincingly pathological...Take One, from several different angles....

CLOSE - JERILEE

watching, then looks away, turns and walks down the sand....

INT. EDITING ROOM - INTERCUT

rape scene on Moviola...Henninger and two editors selecting the right frame for a cut, running scene backwards....

INT. OPTICAL STAGE - "STAR" MATTE

matched against "night hospital" scene....

INT. MUSIC STAGE - START OVERHEAD SCREEN

where we see a black and white print of actress running through the streets of New York. Open full over orchestra playing appropriate cue...Conductor...Henninger...mixers in booth....

FAVOR JERILEE

in a director's chair, exhilarated by the music....

EXT. WESTWOOD - BRUIN THEATRE - NIGHT - MARQUEE

announces "Jaws 2" and "SNEAK PREVIEW FRIDAY 8:30"...Open to lines at the box office, Jerilee on the curb alone, looking around, hoping to find someone in the crowds....

INT. THEATER - DARK - FAVOR JERILEE

standing along the side aisle, apprehensive, as sound of film ending. Applause starts gradually, builds to healthy approval. Smile of disbelief crosses her face. Henninger buoys into scene, hugs Jerilee. She is saying: "I think I'm going to be sick."

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - LONG TABLE

where fifteen to twenty people celebrate their good fortune

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

-- studio execs, production figures, Henninger. Slow zoom to Jerilee, at the end of the table, smiling, receiving congratulations. As zoom tightens, we see that she feels devastatingly alone, her eyes watery....

INT. JERILEE'S APARTMENT - DAY - SLOW PAN

vast high rise living room overlooking Beverly Hills. Sparse furniture, no carpets. Phone on floor. Wood slab desk, IBM typewriter, stack of paper, legal pad, felt tip pens, modern lamp -- the only signs of life. Camera comes to rest on Jerilee, jeans, sweatshirt, sitting against a bare wall a prisoner of her lonely craft. Phone rings. She pulls it to her on the cord, lifts the receiver.

JERILEE

Hello.

INT. AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY - LARRY SAMSON

on the phone, bursting with excitement.

LARRY

You been listening to the radio?
Anyone else call you yet? Am I the
first...?

BACK TO INT. JERILEE'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT JERILEE

JERILEE

Did they drop the bomb?

LARRY

You've been nominated.

She squints.

LARRY

Did you hear me? Your screenplay's
been nominated for an Academy Award!

Inexplicably, Jerilee hangs up, draws up her knees, drops her head onto her arms, starts to cry in the silent room.

EXT. MILSTEIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

lights in upper windows, car in the driveway. Crickets.
Jerilee walks into scene along the street.

QUICK CLOSE - TELESCOPE

silhouetted unattended on upper porch.

CLOSE - JERILEE

debating whether to knock on the door. Struggling with herself. She can't do it. Walks back into darkness.

EXT. MILSTEIN'S HOUSE - DAY - FULL SHOT - JERILEE

is back again. She approaches, puts an envelope into the mailslot. As she starts away....

FAVOR MRS. COOPER

the neighbor, holding Victoria, the dog.

COOPER

If you're looking for Sgt. Milstein,
he's in the hospital.

INTERCUT - JERILEE

alarmed.

JERILEE

What happened...?

COOPER

He got shot.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - HANDHELD TRACKING - JERILEE

fast down a corridor, arrives at a door flanked by two uniformed policemen.

POLICEMAN

Sorry lady, you can't go in there.

JERILEE

Is he all right?...

POLICEMAN

Speak to the doctor....

JERILEE

For chrissake he's my friend.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JERILEE (Cont'd)

(calls)

Hey Milstein! These assholes won't
let me in....!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - MILSTEIN

lying flat on the bed, sees...Jerilee trying to force her way
into his room, exasperated policeman trying politely to
restrain her.

MILSTEIN

She's cool, Parker.

Policeman exits. She hurries forward, leans on the edge of
the bed. Milstein winces. She pops away....

JERILEE

I'm not cool. I'm really upset...
ohhh Jesus I'm sorry. Does it
hurt. What are you doing in here?

MILSTEIN

I took a round in the lung, two more
in -- the ass.

Jerilee stares, then grins.

JERILEE

Does it hurt?

MILSTEIN

Only when I...You think it's funny?
I told you there's nothing particularly
glamorous about what I do.

JERILEE

Who shot you, the bastard -- I'll
kill him.

MILSTEIN

Big fencing operation on Slauson.
Surprised some dudes moving a ship-
ment of tires. I missed the lookout
in the rafters. A kid, fifteen,
covering for his brother.

She puts her forehead down on his hand.

JERILEE

When you get out of here, I'm taking
care of you.

CLOSER - INTERCUTS

as we see Milstein's expression change. He fears the involvement again.

MILSTEIN

We better not start that again.

JERILEE

Hey. I'm back. I want to stay.

MILSTEIN

You're doing okay on your own.

JERILEE

No I'm not. I miss you like crazy....

MILSTEIN

You'll get over it. I stopped smoking. I saw your picture opened.

JERILEE

Did you see it?

MILSTEIN

I'm waiting for it on television.

JERILEE

I just got nominated for an Academy Award.

MILSTEIN

No shit.

JERILEE

Aren't you proud of me?

MILSTEIN

Oh. Sure. Congratulations.

JERILEE

What is it with you, Milstein? I thought you wanted me around!
I thought you wanted me!

MILSTEIN

I did. I do. Now I got to let go too, Jerilee. Just a slight case of acute separation anxiety....

JERILEE

Why let go of something good?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MILSTEIN

Because it's not. It's the same
old fickle father-daughter shit....

JERILEE

I don't care how old you are. How
old are you?

MILSTEIN

Forty-two -- that's not what I'm
talking about! Why do you think
I'm a cop? Why do you think I went
to Oklahoma in the fucking first
place? So I could play God. Why do
you think I've been living alone all
these years? Because I'm just as
scared as you are.

JERILEE

I'm not scared any more.

MILSTEIN

(threatened)

Well I am.

They stare at each other, a sense of finality in the air.
Jerilee rises, subdued, bitter:

JERILEE

You really mean it, don't you?

MILSTEIN

Yes.

Jerilee looks down at him for a long moment, then turns and
walks to the door. She starts to open the door, stops, turns
and looks back at Milstein.

JERILEE

I'm going to win that Oscar, Milstein.

MILSTEIN

Probably.

JERILEE

No probablies. No woman's ever won
for screenwriting, but I'm going
prepared. I'm going to get the best
makeup man in town to paint a giant
golden Oscar right upside down the
front of my body....

CONTINUED

CONTINUED - 2

She indicates from her breasts to her crotch....

JERILEE

...with his big gold head resting
right -- where it's comfortable.
And if I win, I'm going up on that
stage and....

She feigns throwing open her gown

JERILEE

...show the whole damned world how
I got there.

MILSTEIN

(sadly)

You've got too much class to do that,
lady.

JERILEE

I've got too much class not to.

She exits.

EXT. DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION - NIGHT - STOCK - ESTABLISHING

April evening of the Academy Awards presentation. Limousines
drawing into the crescent drive. Spectator stands. TV
cameras. Searchlights.

STOCK FOOTAGE ON ARRIVING CELEBRITIES

INTERCUT - JERILEE

arriving alone, simple yellow gown, gold-flecked bodice....

EXT. POLICE CAR DRIVING - EVENING - MILSTEIN AND SUSPECT
handcuffed together in the backseat. Cop driving.

INT. PAVILION - TV MONITOR BOOTH

where the show's tech director punches up various shots....

FAVOR TV SCREENS

arriving celebrities, stage, audience, orchestra....

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LONG PAN TO MILSTEIN

questioning suspect, handcuffed to a desk. F.g. television screen shows a basketball game.

INT. PAVILION - ACADEMY AWARD SHOW PRODUCTION NUMBER - STOCK ending to audience applause.

INT. TV MONITOR BOOTH - INTERCUT

Technical director punching up....

TV SCREEN - TWO PRESENTERS

introducing a celebrity...applause.

CLOSE - JERILEE

in the audience, her agent seated beside her.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LONG TOWARD MILSTEIN

as f.g. hand turns television tuner to the channel showing the Academy Awards. The suspect is just being led away by another policeman. Milstein looks this way....

INT. PAVILION - SAME - FAVOR CELEBRITY

on stage, just concluding the writers' nominations:

CELEBRITY

...and Stephen Farrow and Michael
Cecca for 'Midnight Rain,' a CTS
Production for United Artists.

(beat)

And the winner is....

Opening the envelope....

CELEBRITY

Jerilee Randall!

CLOSE - JERILEE

incredulous, an unreal worried look on her face. Camera

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

follows as she rises like a zombie, hands reaching to help her, touch her...music and applause....

CLOSE - TV MONITOR - JERILEE

coming down the aisle.

INT. POLICE STATION - START ON TV SET

where we see Jerilee ascend to the stage. Open to Milstein, turning his head sharply, walking up to the television set....

INT. PAVILION - SAME - JERILEE

moves across the stage toward the celebrity, who kisses her, hands her the Oscar. Jerilee smiles, looks around....

CUTS ON AUDIENCE/TV BOOTH/MONITORS

all waiting for her acceptance speech....

BACK TO JERILEE

saying nothing, looking about, toying with the bodice of her dress....

QUICK TO MILSTEIN

watching the television set, worried for her....

BACK TO JERILEE

JERILEE

Hey Milstein -- you big dummy!

INT. TV MONITOR BOOTH - TWENTY SCREENS

showing Jerilee....

JERILEE

I love you....

BACK TO PAVILION STAGE - JERILEE

JERILEE

Meet me in the parking lot!

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CLOSE MILSTEIN

staring at the set, not believing his ears.

INT. PAVILION - HANDHELD FOLLOWS JERILEE

holding her Oscar, as she is escorted between vast curtains, backstage...b.g. applause and music.

INT. BACKSTAGE - TIMECUT - CLOSE JERILEE

wandering alone, holding Oscar by the head, among chattering celebrities. Flashbulbs, applause....

HER POINT OF VIEW - INTERCUT - FACES

which buoy up before her, smiling congratulations, chattering words not heard -- the faces of Stendal, Angela, Larry, Mark....

JERILEE

slips out an exit door....

EXT. PAVILION PLAZA - NIGHT - HANDHELD CUTS ON CROWDS

in formal dress, "swimming" past camera...colored fountains....

INTERCUT - JERILEE

holding Oscar, looking among the swirling faces, sees:

SUBJECTIVE - GLIMPSES OF FACES

of Thornton, George, Fannon....

JERILEE

moving through the crowds, the other way....

INT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CUTS

among milling crowds, honking cars, searchlights above...angry faces, headlamps, brake lights...b.g. Police siren approaching.

JERILEE

holding her Oscar, wandering in the parking lot, looking about at the confusion, sees....

MILSTEIN

parked in the center of traffic-- Blue light flashing -- standing by his fender, grinning, starts toward camera....

INTERCUT - MILSTEIN AND JERILEE

as they hurry to each other, embrace in the midst of traffic. She circles his waist with her arms, holding Oscar behind him....

TIGHTER CUT IN TWO

as he kisses her, comes away grinning.

MILSTEIN

Hey -- you weren't really going to do it, were you?

Jerilee grins, hands him the statuette.

JERILEE

Hold this.

She reaches to the top of her gown....

HIGH SHOT - RISES ABOVE PARKING LOT

where Milstein and Jerilee stand in the center of the crowded parking lot, swirling lights, angry honking cars. We see her throw open the front of her gown.

FREEZE FRAME

THE END