

MAGIC

Screenplay by: William Goldman

From his novel

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JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTS, INC.
277 Park Avenue
New York, 10017

A WORD ABOUT THE FLASHCUTS

At various times, throughout what follows, we are using what we call 'flashcuts'.

These basically are a way of filling out, fleshing out what Corky is saying. For example, when he speaks of his father, we might see his father -- but Corky goes right on talking.

In other words, the flashcuts slow up nothing.

They are also, always, silent. So if we flashcut to someone laughing, we see it, but don't hear any sound.

They are, again also, brief. They are almost blinks.

But we hope they will people Corky's life, make it more real, without getting in the way of the story.

The only reason I have put this page in at the front is this: the flashcuts will read longer than they take. In other words, this version will not move as quickly or more than likely as smoothly as the one before.

But the scenes themselves will play as quickly as if there were no flashcuts at all.

Remember then: they are fast.
 they are silent.
 they tell us more than we can learn
 by dialog.
 they interrupt nothing: all scenes
 are continuous.

If anyone is still awake, they may now start the screenplay.

FADE IN ON:

1 A SCREEN FULL OF DAZZLING LIGHTS.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

THE LIGHTS changing slightly but enough that we can now tell what they are: automobile headlights. It's night, and we've been looking at a Los Angeles freeway.

CONTINUE PULLING BACK

and we're coming through a window, and as we do, there is the rasping sound of someone having trouble breathing.

CAMERA BEGINS TO PAN AROUND

2 AN ABSOLUTELY SENSATIONAL ROOM. The room is in a small apartment that is simply jam-crammed with magic apparatus.

The breathing sound continues, getting just a bit louder, as we pan by bookcases filled to bursting with volumes of every size and age, all dealing with one aspect of magic or another. On the floor is box after box piled high with incredible paraphernalia: egg bags and collapsible bird cages and wands and handkerchiefs of every color, and billiard balls, some hollow, some not, and false fingers and thumb tips and dozens of decks of playing cards and make-up -- beards and mustaches galore -- and top hats and sponge balls and flags and silks and linking rings and tables with secret drawers half pulled out and --

-- and the breathing sound is getting a lot louder now, as we're clearly moving in on whoever's breathing.

There are framed posters too -- forty years old some of them. And these posters have one thing in common: the name MERLIN JR. He is playing at every theatre for which there's a poster, and in some, his name is small and at the bottom, in others, large and at the top -- and when his name is large we see his picture too, and in these old pictures he's a young man, huge and terribly homely, doing his best to smile for the camera, his large hands holding playing cards or his mouth breathing flames.

Now at least we see him as he is. Aged and weak, he lies dozing on a sofa in this wild jumble of a place, a thin blanket half covering his body. He is clearly one very sick old man. Now, from MERLIN --

CUT TO:

CORKY quietly entering the apartment, carefully closing the door without a sound. He moves immediately to MERLIN, studies the old man briefly.

2

CONTINUED:

CORKY seems distraught, takes a deep breath. He lightly touches MERLIN'S forehead with the backs of his fingers, gently pulls the blanket up so that it properly covers the giant.

CORKY WITHERS is a sweet young man, bright and shy. He is casually dressed, cardigan sweater, slacks and shirt open at the throat.

MERLIN

(Eyes still closed)

Did you knock 'em dead, Corky?

CORKY

(Turns quickly, goes
to refrigerator)

I did everything right.

MERLIN

(Eyes open now)

You mean it went perfect?

(Shakes his head)

Your first time on your own,
and me not there to see.

CORKY

(Taking medicine
from refrigerator)

Don't make it more than it was.

MERLIN

Don't give me that inferiority
crap. I'm an old man, I only
want to hear good news. The
five lift go okay?

CORKY

(Returning with
medicine and spoon)

I never did it better.

MERLIN balefully eyes the medicine. If this much isn't clear so far, let's say it here and now: MERLIN adores the young man, and CORKY reveres MERLIN.

MERLIN

When you're famous, don't forget me.

CORKY

I'll never forget you, now open.

2 CONTINUED: (2)

MERLIN

(He hates his
medicine)

What's the point, I'm ready for
the taxidermist anyway.

(But he takes it.

As CORKY returns to
the refrigerator--)

Not three guys alive can do what
you can with cards. I'm telling
you, Kid, you're as good as the
game.

CORKY

Sure, sure, sure, another Houdini.

MERLIN

Were you scared? I was when I
started.

FLASHCUT TO

3 OUTSIDE THE HOLLYWOOD STARDUST. JUST A JOINT OFF THE
STRIP. TWO SIGNS OF INTEREST IN THE WINDOW -- THE FIRST
LISTS THE CURRENT ATTRACTION: 'SECOND AND FINAL WEEK --
THE DREAMERS.'

THE OTHER SIGN, ABOVE IT, PERMANENT, READS: 'EVERY MONDAY.
8 P.M. AMATEUR NIGHT.'

CORKY STANDS STARING AT THE AMATEUR NIGHT SIGN.

CORKY (OVER)

I wasn't calm, but I wasn't all
that worried -- I guess I figured
I'd done all the practicing I
could, so what the hell.

CORKY STILL STARES AT THE SIGN. AND ONE THING IS CLEAR --
HE IS INCREDIBLY NERVOUS.

WHICH MEANS ANOTHER THING IS CLEAR -- WHAT CORKY TELLS THE
OLD MAN IS NOT ALWAYS QUITE THE TRUTH. AS HE ENTERS THE
CLUB --

FLASHCUT TO

4 INSIDE THE HOLLYWOOD STARDUST. THE MAIN ROOM IS CURTAINED
OFF BEYOND. THIS IS THE BAR, WHERE THE AMATEUR PERFORMERS
WAIT TO GO ON. A DOZEN OR SO MILL AROUND, SMOKING. CORKY
STAYS OFF BY HIMSELF, WORKING WITH HIS CARDS, WATCHING THEM
DANCE IN HIS HANDS.

4 CONTINUED:

MERLIN (OVER)
You the only magician?

CORKY (OVER)
Yessir. The other men all wanted
to be Bob Dylan and the girls did
mostly Barbara Walters imitations.

NOW ONE OF THE WALTERS TYPES TURNS AND BOLTS TOWARD THE
STREET.

CORKY (OVER)
Some of them panicked before they
got up to perform.

MERLIN (OVER)
Not you, though.

CUT TO:

5 CORKY AND MERLIN by the sofa.

CORKY
(Quick smile)
Not me. See, the guy in charge
ran things so well --

FLASHCUT TO

6 A BEARDED MAN HOLDING UP A SMALL HOURGLASS.

CORKY (OVER)
-- he had one of those hourglass
egg timers -- when he turned it
over, you started, and when the
sand was finished, so were you.

THE BEARDED GUY GIVES A SHORT INTRO AND CORKY CLUMSILY
MOVES ONTO THE STAGE, PERSPIRING. THE BEARDED GUY GOES
OFF TO ONE SIDE AND

FLASHCUT TO

THE HOURGLASS BEING TURNED OVER, THE SAND STARTING TO RUN.

FLASHCUT TO

CORKY, BLINKING ALONE ON STAGE A MOMENT.

FLASHCUT TO

THE LIGHTS. BRIGHT AND HOT AND

6

CONTINUED:

FLASHCUT TO

THE AUDIENCE. SPARSE, MAYBE HALF FULL. SOME YOUNG, SOME NOT. SOME SOBER, MOST NOT. AND NOT ALL OF THEM PAYING ATTENTION. THERE'S A COUPLE NECKING OFF TO ONE SIDE -- THE GIRL'S TRYING TO SEE THE STAGE, THE GUY'S MORE INTERESTED IN HER BODY.

FLASHCUT TO

THE MAIN TABLE IN THE FRONT, HALF A DOZEN WEALTHY LOOKING PEOPLE, PROBABLY SLUMMING FOR THE NIGHT. ONE WOMAN DOMINATES THIS GROUP -- A RICH-BITCH TYPE, MAYBE FORTY, SLEEK AND DARK. EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE LIFTED OR FIXED TO MAKE YOU KEEP YOUR LOOKS HAS BEEN DONE TO HER. ON SIGHT, YOU JUST LOATHE HER.

FLASHCUT TO

CORKY ON STAGE, LOOKING AROUND HALF FROZEN. FINALLY HE BRINGS OUT A DECK OF ORDINARY PLAYING CARDS.

MERLIN (OVER)

You begin with some flourishes?

CORKY (OVER)

You always taught me they were the best attention grabbers.

MERLIN (OVER)

And? And? Was I right?

CORKY (OVER)

It was amazing -- everybody quick shut up and watched me -- no more whispering; nothing.

FLASHCUT TO

CORKY, ON STAGE, DOING A SPRING FLOURISH, THE CARDS SEEMING ALMOST TO JUMP FROM ONE HAND TO THE OTHER. THEN A GRACEFUL DROP FLOURISH, ENDING IN KIND OF A BOW. HE STANDS, PERSPIRING WORSE NOW, LOOKS AT THE AUDIENCE.

FLASHCUT TO

THE NECKING COUPLE. HE'S ALMOST GOT HIS HAND ON HER BREAST. SHE SLAPS IT AWAY.

FLASHCUT TO

A GROUP OF YOUNG PEOPLE. THEY KIND OF CLAP.

6

CONTINUED: (2)

FLASHCUT TO

THE RICH BITCH. THE GUY NEXT TO HER WHISPERS SOMETHING
AND IT BREAKS HER UP. SHE THROWS BACK HER HEAD AND ROARS
AND

FLASHCUT TO

CORKY, KIND OF FROZEN, SURPRISED AND

FLASHCUT TO

THE RICH BITCH. LAUGHING.

MERLIN (OVER)

Once you had 'em, then what'd
you do?

CORKY (OVER)

I quick told this pudgy lady at
ringside to pick any card she
wanted as long as it was big
casino, the ten of diamonds.

FLASHCUT TO

THE PUDGY LITTLE LADY, HOLDING UP THE TEN OF DIAMONDS,
SURPRISED AND EXCITED AND

FLASHCUT TO

CORKY, STANDING PALE IN THE BRIGHT LIGHTS IN THE HALF
EMPTY ROOM, LOOKING AROUND AND

FLASHCUT TO

A TABLE OF THREE, LEAVING THE STARDUST AND

FLASHCUT TO

CORKY, STARING AROUND AND HE IS DRENCHED NOW, EMBARRASSED
BUT TRYING TO HANG IN AND

CUT TO:

7

CORKY AND MERLIN by the sofa.

CORKY

I forced the ace on her perfectly
and everybody loved that, so then
I went right into the Rising Aces.

7 CONTINUED:

MERLIN

And the five lift worked great?

CORKY

(Nods)

Yessir.

FLASHCUT TO

8 THE FIVE LIFE IN CLOSE UP.

CORKY (OVER)

The sand was really pouring out of that goddam hourglass but I told myself to forget it and just concentrate on the moves. So I took my time and made it work and everybody applauded like crazy.

FLASHCUT TO

CORKY, RUBBING HIS HANDS TOGETHER AND

FLASHCUT TO

THE RICH BITCH. LAUGHING ON AND

FLASHCUT TO

THE ACES, RISING MIRACULOUSLY OUT OF CORKY'S HANDS AND

FLASHCUT TO

THE RICH BITCH. AND SHE WILL NOT STOP LAUGHING.

FLASHCUT TO

THE AUDIENCE. INDIFFERENT.

CUT TO:

9 CORKY AND MERLIN by the sofa.

MERLIN

I'm telling you Kid, you're as good as the game.

CORKY

Thank you.

(Shrugs)

Then I took a few bows and got off.

(He makes a smile)

CUT TO:

9 CONTINUED:

MERLIN. CLOSE UP. There is a pause. Finally --

MERLIN
(Soft and sad)
Aw Kid, don't bullshit me...

CUT TO:

CORKY. He hesitates. Quietly --

CORKY
I really did do everything right.
(Beat)
Only nobody much cared.

MERLIN
And?
(CORKY shakes his head)

FLASHCUT TO

10 CORKY IN CLOSE UP. SCREAMING AT THE AUDIENCE.

MERLIN (OVER)
Go on.

CORKY (OVER)
(This is very hard
for him)
I guess I cracked.

FLASHCUT TO

THE AUDIENCE. STARING UP AT HIM. IT'S ALL WEIRD NOW.
NIGHTMARE TIME.

FLASHCUT TO

CORKY IN EXTREME CLOSE UP. GOING ON AND

FLASHCUT TO

THE RICH BITCH, LAUGHING.

CORKY (OVER FLASHCUTS)
You stupid sons of bitches, I
said, don't you know how hard
that was, that's a thousand hours
of my life you just saw.

CUT TO:

11 CORKY AND MERLIN by the sofa.

MERLIN

They don't care from hard, Kid --
they want to be entertained.

CORKY

(Stands -- he has been
deeply humiliated and
he's not bothering to
hide it anymore)

I didn't exactly do you proud,
all in all.

MERLIN

Did you talk to the people, Corky,
did you use your charm, give the
good patter?

CORKY

(Goes to far window,
stares out at the
night)

I can't, you know that.

MERLIN

You got to -- you think people
liked my magic? -- they like me --
all my great jokes about how
everyone was always mistaking me
for Cary Grant? That's what won
'em over. The magic only kept
'em there.

CUT TO:

MERLIN, tiring badly now. Voice softening.

MERLIN

Corky?

(No reply)

You want to be as good as the
game, don't you?

CORKY

(Back turned)

You know I do.

MERLIN

(Drifting)

Then you better find yourself
some charm, Kid.

CUT TO:

11 CONTINUED:

CORKY, turning; deeply moved. Soft --

CORKY

...how...?

CUT TO:

MERLIN. Eyes closed as at the start. There is a pause.
Then --

MERLIN

...you'll think of something...

HOLD ON THE OLD GIANT. HOLD. Then --

FADE OUT.

In the darkness comes the babble of voices. They sound happy and young, men and women maybe in their twenties. Bursts of occasional excited laughter.

FADE IN ON

12 A LONG LINE OF PEOPLE, mostly young couples and --

PAN ALONG THE LINE TO THE FRONT -- we're back at the Hollywood Stardust again. Only there are a few changes. For one, the BEARDED M.C. is at the door, trying to deal with the large crowd. For another, in the window of the place is a large photo of CORKY and beneath that, the printed sign: 28th week.

CUT TO:

A BLACK LIMO gliding up, stopping.

A MAN OF FORTY gets out. His name is GEORGE TODSON and he's quite handsome and wearing quite possibly the most expensive hairpiece in the Western World. He touches it surreptitiously as he gets out, walks toward the Stardust, pauses at the picture of CORKY a moment, then goes to the BEARDED M.C. by the door.

TODSON

I'm George Todson -- C.B.S.
television -- I'm meeting a Mr.
Ben Greene.

BEARDED M.C.

(Impressed)
Yessir; he's inside.

He opens the door for TODSON who enters as the crowd boos loudly and

CUT TO:

13 THE LEGENDARY BEN GREENE seated at a back corner table in the club. He's small, bald, probably close to 80, and just maybe the most successful talent agent ever. (He is nicknamed THE POSTMAN and will be called that in the stage directions, but never in actual dialog.)

TODSON

(As they shake)

I guess this Withers is your latest sensation.

(THE POSTMAN nods)

You've booked him into a very classy spot, Ben.

POSTMAN

I found him here -- not easy getting him to move.

TODSON

(Looking around the dump; it's jammed)

He likes this place?

POSTMAN

He bombed here his first time out; didn't give up, worked his ass off, came back a year later, hit it big.

(Takes out a cigar)

Never been a magician like him.

TODSON

You dragged me down here for a magician? I run a goddam network -- we can't book those guys on kiddie shows anymore --

POSTMAN

Your father got his start working for me, you little fart, don't tell me what bombs -- magic is misdirection, that's all it is, and misdirection is getting the people to look in the wrong place at the right time.

TODSON

So?

POSTMAN

Well of course magic's had trouble on the tube -- you can't misdirect a goddam camera.

(As TODSON grunts,
sits back glumly --

CUT TO:

13 CONTINUED:

THE BEARDED M.C. standing on stage.

BEARDED M.C.
Say hello to Corky Withers.

CUT TO:

THE AUDIENCE, applauding as CORKY wanders on stage, and he's dressed exactly as he was the first time, cardigan sweater and all, and he looks just as insecure. He does the same spring flourish, follows with the drop flourish. There is some applause, not a whole lot.

CORKY
(Hard to hear)
Ordinary deck of cards.

CUT TO:

TODSON AND THE POSTMAN. TODSON is really unhappy.

TODSON
(To the POSTMAN)
Loaded with stage presence -- I
can't decide does he remind me
more of Errol Flynn or Valentino.

CUT TO:

CORKY, fanning the cards for a pretty girl in the front.

CORKY
Would you pick any card you want
as long as it's big casino, the
ten of diamonds.
(THE PRETTY GIRL holds
up the card for the
audience -- it's the
diamond ten. Applause
again, still not much)

CUT TO:

TODSON AND THE POSTMAN

TODSON
Dynamite opening, Ben. Does he
actually get better? Amazing.

POSTMAN
I guess he's a little tense tonight
on account he knows we're here.

CUT TO:

13 CONTINUED: (2)

CORKY, throat dry, going on.

CORKY

My teacher was a great man, Merlin Junior --

(Someone laughs)

-- truly -- and this is his version of the Rising Aces.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ATTRACTIVE GIRL AT RINGSIDE. CORKY hands her the deck, keeping the four aces held out; he shows the aces to the audience.

CORKY

All right -- here are the four aces and we'll put them on top of the deck --

(He does -- then, to the ATTRACTIVE GIRL)

-- now would you please pick any card you want and cover the aces? --

(She does)

-- thank you -- now --

(And suddenly he stops, terribly flustered)

-- omigod I'm sorry, I did that wrong, you don't cover the aces in this trick, one sec' --

(And as he takes the deck back, reaches to take off the top card -- suddenly --

VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE

(It's a rough, street smart voice, whisky filled)

-- he's gonna pull a five lift, watch him -- watch him --

(CORKY freezes, stares out in the audience as we --

CUT TO:

THE POSTMAN AND TODSON. TODSON stares around.

TODSON

Goddam drunks --

13 CONTINUED: (3)

VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE
He's not lifting just the top
card, he's gonna grab five --

CUT TO:

CORKY, upset, staring around for the heckler too.

CORKY
I'm sorry -- if you think you can
do better, you're welcome to try --

VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE
-- just gimme a hand getting up
there, schmucko, and step aside.
(And as CORKY starts
into the audience
everyone begins
applauding)

CUT TO:

TODSON AND THE POSTMAN as the applause builds.

TODSON
What's going on?

THE POSTMAN shrugs, says nothing. TODSON stares across
the dark room.

CORKY
You really think you're good?

VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE
I'll guaranfuckingtee ya I am.
(And on that --

CUT TO:

CORKY AND FATS moving back onto the stage. FATS is a
large ventriloquist's dummy, dressed like a longshoreman.
He is everything CORKY isn't. Vulgar, abrasive, you
name it. CORKY handles him brilliantly.

CORKY
Well, you've ruined the Rising Aces --

FATS
(Soft)
You see the girl with the jugs? --
(He stares at a girl
at ringside)

13 CONTINUED: (4)

CORKY

(Quickly)

The young lady in the white sweater,
yes I see her, so what?

FATS

I wonder if she'd like a little
roll in the shavings with me.

CORKY

I don't think you're funny --

FATS

(Points to the audience)

-- well they do --

(And we --

CUT TO:

THE AUDIENCE AND TODSON taking it all in. They do think
FATS is funny. When he goes for a laugh, he gets it.

TODSON

(A little interested now)

Nice gimmick; the dummy. What's
his name?

POSTMAN

Fats.

TODSON

(Watching close now)

Really a clever schtick.

CUT TO:

FATS AND CORKY, interrupting each other.

CORKY

I will now change a diamond into --

FATS

-- I guess the reason I'm such a
great lover is --

CORKY

-- I don't want to hear about your
sex life if you don't mind --

FATS

-- tell us all about yours then --
everybody likes short stories --

13 CONTINUED: (5)

CORKY

(As the audience
begins to laugh)

Don't encourage him.

(Holds a deck of
cards to FATS)

Pick a diamond and I'll hold it
and it'll change into a heart.

FATS

(Taking a diamond)

If you're so great, change it
while I'm holding it.

CORKY

You won't give it back?

(FATS shakes his
head 'no.')

That's another trick you've ruined.

(CORKY sighs)

All right; I'll have to try
something else.

CUT TO:

FATS

FATS

You're not gonna change my
diamond into --

(Suddenly he stops)

Jesus --

CUT TO:

CORKY, looking at FATS.

CORKY

-- what? --

FATS

It turned into a heart while I
was holding it.

(And as he holds the
card up, we see it's
now a heart. FATS
shakes his head.)

How'd he dooooooo that?

CUT TO:

TODSON AND THE POSTMAN as the applause from the audience
builds.

13 CONTINUED: (6)

TODSON
How did he do it?

THE POSTMAN says nothing, merely smokes contentedly on his cigar.

TODSON
(The applause is
even louder now)
Kid's good, I'll give you that.

POSTMAN
Good? I've got maybe the best
magician in fifty years matched
with the first X-rated dummy on
the block --
(Glances at TODSON)
-- eat your heart out.
(now, from there --

CUT TO:

14 THE POSTMAN AND TODSON making their way backstage toward
the dressing room area.

TODSON
You say he really bombed here
the first time?

POSTMAN
(Nods)
'Course, he didn't have the
dummy then.

TODSON
Dummy helps, no question.
(Hurrying to keep up)
Local talent?

POSTMAN
(Head shake)
Brought up around Grossingers.
I think his old man worked at
the health club, gave massages,
something like that.
(Knocking on a door)
Me.

FATS' VOICE
(From inside)
Shit, it's old gangrene.

14 CONTINUED:

TODSON

(Laughs)

Gangrene -- that's funny.

(The POSTMAN gives
him a look, opens
the door as we --

CUT TO:

15 CORKY'S DRESSING ROOM. Small, with the usual debris on the make-up table. Two photos in a leatherette holder. One is of MERLIN with a sweet-faced chubby lady.

THE OTHER

PHOTO is of a VERY PRETTY GIRL, maybe seventeen. It looks like a newspaper shot. She's at the peak of a cheerleading jump and wearing the proper costume.

CORKY sits holding a needle and thread, working at fixing a small tear in FATS' coat. FATS lies across his lap. CORKY smiles nervously as THE POSTMAN AND TODSON enter.

POSTMAN

Just wanted to make a quick intro
-- Corky, our visitor from New
York, George Todson.

CORKY

(As they shake)

How do you do, sir.

TODSON

You've got a lot of potential --
(And he stops, suddenly
startled as we quick --

CUT TO:

FATS, reaching up, grabbing TODSON by the arm --

FATS

What about me?

TODSON

You're good too, Fats.

FATS

(Sitting up)

Thanks, Mr. Wigson --

(He is staring at

TODSON'S hairpiece now,
riveted on it)

-- I mean Mr. Toupeson --

15 CONTINUED:

CORKY

Todson.

POSTMAN

(Laughing)

That's what I call funny.

FATS

(To THE POSTMAN who
is roaring)

You'll strain your pacemaker.

(TODSON smiles; he's
clearly impressed)

POSTMAN

(To TODSON)

Give us one sec'?

TODSON

(Starts out, stops)

How did you change the diamond
to the heart.

FATS

I'm the misdirection -- while
we're bullshitting, you could
bring an elephant on stage --

POSTMAN

(Finishing)

-- which is why this magician
wouldn't bomb on the tube -- the
camera watches their faces, not
Corky's hands.

CUT TO:

CORKY, FATS AND THE POSTMAN smiling, nodding, waiting
while TODSON exits. The second he's gone --

CORKY

(Soft)

How did it go?

POSTMAN

Senfuckingsational.

FATS

See? I'm catching.

CORKY

What happens now?

15 CONTINUED: (2)

POSTMAN

We reel him in slow -- the same kind of low key way Steve Martin was built up last year. I'm not letting you near New York 'til we're close to making a deal.

CORKY

I'll just stick here then?

POSTMAN

I'd rather book you into a small lounge in Vegas for the experience. Plus the area talk shows -- Tom Snyder, Dinah Shore -- all building toward Carson. If he asks you to come back like I think he will, that should do it.

(Indicating FATS)

You keep Motormouth here in line while I work on those droolers at the network. Should take five, maybe six months -- when I buy you lunch at the Four Seasons, you'll know we're home free. Sound okay?

CORKY

Yessir.

POSTMAN

You're a good kid, Corky.

FATS

(Whispering in
CORKY'S ear again.)

Hey, you know what I think?

CORKY

What do you think?

FATS

We're gonna be a star...

CUT TO:

CORKY. CLOSE UP. Hard to tell just what he's thinking. Hold for a moment. Then, suddenly --

CUT TO:

15A A WHITE DOT MOVING TOWARD CAMERA. Hold, as the dot slowly materializes into a dazzling white Corniche, zooming down Park Avenue, weaving in and out of traffic as we --

CUT TO:

16 THE POSTMAN at the wheel of his beloved eighty thousand dollar car. Driving like a maniac, he makes a wild left turn from the center lane as we --

CUT TO:

17 THE DOORMAN OF THE FOUR SEASONS. THE POSTMAN guns his Corniche into the no parking area in front of the place. As the doorman hurriedly moves in to do his duty --

CUT TO:

18 CORKY, standing alone and out of sight, watching, hidden. He is, as always, casually dressed, tieless. And terribly nervous.

CUT TO:

19

POSTMAN

(Handing bill to
DOORMAN)

Franklin, it seems I'm breaking
the law --

(He gestures to the
'no parking' sign)

DOORMAN

(Accepting the money)
I'll see no one touches it, sir.

POSTMAN

No one must ever touch a Rolls
but a Rolls man.

(He smiles, enters
the restaurant)

CUT TO:

20 CORKY, still standing as before, uncertain. He starts out, hesitates, moves back to where he was before, alone in shadow. Hold for a moment, then --

CUT TO:

21 THE MAITRE D' of the Four Seasons, standing imperiously by the reservations desk. This is the outer room, lovely and bright. An odd look crosses the MAITRE D'S face as we --

CUT TO:

21 CONTINUED:

CORKY, hesitantly making his way up the stairs toward the reservations desk. He glances nervous around the elegant room and --

CUT TO:

All the handsome, well dressed, secure-seeming people, and from them, suddenly --

FLASHCUT TO

THE RICH BITCH -- THE ONE WHO WAS LAUGHING ALL THROUGH HIS ACT THAT TERRIBLE FIRST NIGHT AT THE STARDUST -- AND CORKY'S BACK IN HIS MIND TO THAT NIGHTMARISH TIME AND SHE WILL NOT STOP HER GODDAM LAUGHING AND --

CUT TO:

CORKY, frozen in the Four Seasons, his hand going to his open throat as he realizes he's the only man there without a necktie and --

CUT TO:

THE MAITRE D', watching, not smiling at all and --

CUT TO:

CORKY, panicked, beginning to retreat and --

CUT TO:

THE MAITRE D', staring toward CORKY --

MAITRE D'

-- excuse me -- one moment --

CUT TO:

CORKY, half stumbling as the MAITRE D' closes in.

MAITRE D'

-- perhaps I can help you --

CORKY

(Barely getting it out)
...Ben Greene please...?

CUT TO:

THE MAITRE D', all smiles now.

21 CONTINUED: (2)

MAITRE D'
Oh, Mr. Greene. Of course.
(And as he gestures
toward the main room --

CUT TO:

CORKY. CLOSE UP. Giving one gigantic sigh of relief.
Hold for only a moment before we --

CUT TO:

22 THE POOL ROOM of the Four Seasons, which has to be the prettiest restaurant anywhere, and, waiting at the best table, THE POSTMAN. He watches as CORKY is ushered in. THE POSTMAN has an odd look on his face; the eyes betray nothing. There's a bottle of red wine, two glasses, both properly filled.

CORKY
(Sits)
Hi.
(Nothing from the
POSTMAN)
Is everything okay? Do they want
me?
(Still no reply)
The network people, I mean.

POSTMAN
Have a cigar for later, Corky.
(He hands over an
enormous cigar)
Take two, they're big.
(He hands over
another)
I invented conspicuous consumption;
don't you forget that.

CORKY
Listen, if you're trying to get
my attention, you've got it.

POSTMAN
Do me a favor?
(CORKY waits)
Try not to turn shitheel -- that's
almost an automatic once a guy
makes it big; I'd love to see you
beat the odds.

CORKY
Maybe I won't make it big.
(MORE)

22 CONTINUED:

CORKY (CONT'D)

(Tense, excited)

What is it? -- I've just come
3,000 miles, no more games, tell
me --

POSTMAN

Two years ago you couldn't get
arrested, two years from now you're
gonna have it all: CBS wants a
pilot special, Cork.

CORKY

A what?

POSTMAN

(Sips wine)

A pilot special is what they gave
Rich Little awhile back. When
they're hot for someone like they
are for you, they make a contract
that hinges on the first show:
if it hits, you're off and running
for a bunch more.

CORKY

And it's all set and everything?

POSTMAN

It's set, but it's not set-set.
Who'll spend how much for publicity?
How much for guest stars? You'll
have to take the medical exam,
just agent stuff --

(Stops)

-- what's wrong?

CUT TO:

CORKY. Kind of a half smile.

CORKY

I don't think I want to take the
medical exam.

CUT TO:

CORKY AND THE POSTMAN

POSTMAN

(Shrugs)

Any special reason?

22 CONTINUED: (2)

CORKY

Principle.

POSTMAN

What the hell do you mean, principle?

CORKY

(THE POSTMAN waits)

Remember that first night you
came backstage at the Stardust
and said you wouldn't mind handling
me? Remember what I said?

POSTMAN

Goddam right -- you said I could
represent you, but you wouldn't
sign.

CORKY

That was principle too -- because
if we're happy with each other,
our word should be enough, to
hell with signing some piece of
paper.

POSTMAN

But why is this with the medical
exam 'principle'?

CORKY

They're saying there's something
wrong with me.

(Quieter now)

Well, I say I'm fine. I'm fine
and I don't need any doctors poking
around inside, thank you.

POSTMAN

Are you serious about this?

(CORKY nods)

I mean, is this a dealbreaker?

CUT TO:

CORKY. He nods his head. Softly --

CORKY

I guess it is...

(Now from here --

CUT TO:

23 THE POSTMAN'S OUTER OFFICE IN THE WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY. SADIE, his black secretary, sits at her desk. SADIE is as old as he is, and immaculately dressed. THE POSTMAN'S VOICE is audible coming down the hall.

POSTMAN (OVER)

Sadie? Sadie?

(He enters, stops
by her desk)

What's the first rule for being
an agent?

SADIE

Never forget an actor killed
Lincoln.

POSTMAN

Head of the class.

(Rubs his eyes)

Get me Bernstein in legal.

(As she reaches
for the phone)

Corky's turned impossible, I
can't believe it.

(As he heads into
his main office --

eyes to the heavens --)

I should have been a cesspool
cleaner like my mother wanted.

(As he moves away --)

CUT TO:

24 FATS AND CORKY. In his hotel room on Central Park South. Their heads are close together. CORKY is staring dead ahead, concentrating.

FATS

Corky's so cheap that last night
he sent his girlfriend out to
hustle --

CORKY

-- not true, not true, just
ignore him --

FATS

-- and when she came back this
morning he asked how much she'd
gotten and she said, 'Sixteen dollars
and ten cents' and Corky said,
'Ten cents? My God, who gave you
ten cents?' and she said, 'Everybody.'

(Beat)

Dammit.

CUT TO:

24 CONTINUED:

CORKY AND FATS, a different angle, and what we begin to see is that he's staring at a mirror and is rehearsing.

CORKY

(With extreme care --
watching his lip line
for the slightest
movement. In his own
voice)

'And she said 'everybody.'

(Again)

Everybody.

(Slower; practicing
with great care)

Body. Buh. Buh. Body.

(As we've watched,
the movement has
gone from slight
to unnoticeable.
Satisfied, he uses
his FATS voice now)

'And she said 'everybody.'

(As he's about to go
on the phone rings
and he picks it up)

POSTMAN (OVER)

Couldn't budge 'em, Cork.

(CORKY just grips
the phone)

You there?

CORKY

I thought you said they wanted me --

POSTMAN (OVER)

-- they do, but --

CORKY

-- didn't you explain about the
principle? --

CUT TO:

25 THE POSTMAN IN HIS OFFICE. A large impressive room, lots of plaques and photos on the wall. THREE MEN in dark suits and ties sit across the desk from him.

POSTMAN

Kid, this is network policy --
legal policy -- I'm sitting here
with three of our genius lawyers --
(MORE)

25 CONTINUED:

POSTMAN (CONT'D)
My God, their I.Q.'s alone must
total up to a hundred -- we've
called CBS a dozen times and
they're not about to spend half
a million and find out on taping
day there's some kind of health
problem --

CUT TO:

26 CORKY, loud.

CORKY
There's no problem!

POSTMAN (OVER)
Corky --

CORKY
You -- make -- them -- understand.
(And as he slams
down the phone --

CUT TO:

27 THE POSTMAN. He shakes his head, turns to the lawyers.

POSTMAN
Shoo for awhile, huh fellas?
Lemme deal with this alone.
(As the lawyers
start to rise --

CUT TO:

28 CORKY IN HIS ROOM. He stands over the phone, taut, wild.
Now he whirls, starts pacing around aimlessly, caged. He
passes the mirror he was practicing in, stops, stares.

CUT TO:

CORKY'S FACE IN THE MIRROR. His left eye is starting to
flutter, his face seems pale. Now there is a faint puls-
ing along his left temple and as he grabs his head, starts
to knead it, pressing all he has against the left side of
his face --

CUT TO:

FATS, watching.

CUT TO:

28 CONTINUED:

CORKY, discomfort growing, spinning as the phone rings again and as he picks it up, mutters 'yes?'

POSTMAN (OVER)

Kid, I don't have to ask what the trouble is because I know what it is.

CORKY

I told you before --

CUT TO:

29 THE POSTMAN in his office.

POSTMAN

-- It's just success, kid --
please believe me -- you want it
but you're afraid of it -- it
happens to everybody at this
stage --

CUT TO:

30 CORKY, his left eye beating badly now.

CORKY

-- Not afraid --

POSTMAN (OVER)

Just stay right there -- I'll be
right over, we'll talk it through,
we'll --

CORKY

I'm not afraid!

POSTMAN (OVER)

Hang tight, Cork, I'm on my way.

CORKY

(Huge)

I -- won't -- be -- here.

(And as he slams
the phone back
into its cradle --

CUT TO:

31 CORKY, running along Central Park South, hailing a cab, starting toward it but it's occupied and now he begins running even faster and his luggage looks heavy but he manages to pick up his pace even more as we --

CUT TO:

31 CONTINUED:

ANOTHER FULL CAB and --

CUT TO:

ANOTHER CAB, crammed with people and --

CUT TO:

CORKY, wildly running, and across the street he sees an empty cab and without looking one way or the other he charges for it -- cars swerve to avoid him, some people yell, some honk horns but he keeps on, keeps on -- HOLD ON THE NOISE AND CONFUSION OF THE CITY AS CORKY CONTINUES TO RUN...

32 Now -- silence -- and we're looking at something pretty but we can't tell quite what, but it's yellow and lovely and we --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Leaves. Thousands and thousands of yellow leaves blowing along a country road -- we're in the Catskills now, off the main drag. Some of the trees are already beginning to look barren.

PULL BACK FARTHER TO REVEAL

THE CAB CORKY WAS RUNNING TOWARD. It's driving along the country road. As it comes to an intersection --

CUT TO:

33 INSIDE THE CAB. CORKY sits in the back, his suitcases beside him. He holds a deck of cards, does one hand cut over and over.

THE DRIVER is a KID, 20 at the outside, sharp and slender. He's a chronic bubble gum chewer too.

KID DRIVER

(Glancing at a road sign)

Should hit Grossinger's inside another 20 minutes.

CORKY

(Suddenly looking carefully around)

That can wait --

(To the KID DRIVER)

-- take your next left; keep going into town.

(As the KID DRIVER nods --

CUT TO:

34 A SMALL EMPTY HOUSE. It's on a forlorn smalltown street.

CUT TO:

35 CORKY standing by the motionless cab, staring at the empty place; the motor is still running. Now --

FLASHCUT TO

36 THE SAME HOUSE ONLY WHEN PEOPLE LIVED IN IT. A RUNTY POWERFUL MAN IN A GROSSINGER'S SWEATSHIRT IS TOSSING A FOOTBALL WITH A LARGE, POWERFUL TEENAGE BOY.

ON THE FRONT PORCH OF THE HOUSE, IGNORED, A SMALL BOY SITS WATCHING AND WHITTling ALONE. THIS IS CLEARLY CORKY.

FLASHCUT TO

CORKY, CLOSE UP, HE STOPS HIS WHITTling, LOOKS OUT AT THE OTHER TWO.

FLASHCUT TO

THE FATHER AND OLDER BROTHER. THEY PAY CORKY NO MIND.

FLASHCUT TO

THE FOOTBALL IN MID AIR.

FLASHCUT TO

THE BIG BROTHER RUNNING, MAKING A GRACEFUL CATCH.

FLASHCUT TO

THE FATHER, FIST CLENCHED AS IN TRIUMPH.

FLASHCUT TO

CORKY, ALONE, WATCHING THEM MOVE OFF DOWN THE STREET. (DURING THIS, THE FOLLOWING TALK HAS BEEN GOING ON BETWEEN CORKY AND THE KID CAB DRIVER.)

KID DRIVER (OVER)

Your place?

CORKY (OVER)

(Quietly)

I was born there.

KID DRIVER (OVER)

You must remember it being a whole lot bigger, huh?

CORKY (OVER)

No.

36 CONTINUED:

KID DRIVER (OVER)
Wanna go in?

CORKY (OVER)
No point.

CUT TO:

37 CORKY getting back into the cab.

KID DRIVER
Family all gone?
(CORKY nods, gestures
to drive on)
You're lucky -- I live with four
brothers -- all assholes.
(He blows a bubble,
drives on)

CUT TO:

38 CORKY, in the backseat, lost in thought. As the cab
moves away --

FLASHCUT TO

39 THE HOUSE AND THE TWO MEN PLAYING FOOTBALL. GRADUALLY,
THEIR IMAGE FADES: THEY JUST DISAPPEAR AS WE --

CUT TO:

40 A SMALL TOWN CEMETERY. It's on a hill, postcard pretty.
The cab is stopped again, motor running.

CUT TO:

41 CORKY in the back seat. The windows are fogged; as he
turns and looks out --

FLASHCUT TO

42 A BURIAL IN PROGRESS. THE OLDER BOY WHO WAS THROWING THE
FOOTBALL STANDS BESIDE A WOMAN. THERE IS A MINISTER, JUST
A FEW OTHERS. THE LITTLE BOY WHO WAS WHITTLED STANDS A
BIT APART. IT'S CORKY AT HIS FATHER'S FUNERAL.

CUT TO:

43 CORKY in the back seat of the cab. As he wipes the fogged
up windows with his arm, the image of the funeral fades
away, leaving just the plain cemetery and the rows of
graves.

43 CONTINUED:

KID DRIVER

I don't wanna come on like some
ghoul, but you got people in there?

CORKY

(Blinks)

People?

(Quiet)

Just family.

(He stares at the
graves as we --

CUT TO:

44 ANOTHER COUNTRY ROAD AND THE KID DRIVER making good time.

CUT TO:

45 INT. CAB

KID DRIVER

(Glancing back)

You look a lot like yourself,
y'know that?

(CORKY doesn't
understand)

I caught you on the Carson show
a couple times.

(Now CORKY nods)

You must get a ton for that.

CORKY

Exposure, mainly.

KID DRIVER

How'd you luck into it? -- I sing
great, I know they'd cream over
me --

CORKY

My agent -- William Morris --
arranged it --

KID DRIVER

Is this Morris guy a personal
friend of Carson's -- that how it
works? --

CORKY

(Half smile now)

William Morris is the name of an
agency, not a guy and --

(MORE)

45 CONTINUED:

CORKY (CONT'D)
 (Suddenly all attention)
 -- hold it.
 (Sharper)
 Right here.
 (As the car slows --

CUT TO:

46 A SIGN, flaking but still legible. It reads:

FINAST CABINS
 Your Private Pleasure Dome
 On the Shores of Lake Melody.
 Swimming, Rowboats, Free Volleyball.

CUT TO:

47 THE CAR, stopped, motor running, as CORKY gets out, starts across the road, begins walking down and --

CUT TO:

48 THE BUNGALOW COLONY. There are a lot of these in the Catskills. This one has a large house, halfway down the hill from the road. And below it, scattered on the grounds, a couple of dozen cabins of various sizes. Beyond the cabins, at the bottom of the hill, a deep blue lake, barely big enough for water skiing. The largest and clearly nicest cabins are nearest the water.

Right now, the place looks deserted.

CUT TO:

CORKY and the deserted colony as he continues down toward the main house.

CUT TO:

49 THE HOUSE as CORKY knocks on the door. He knocks again, rings the bell. It's chilly. He throws his arms across his body for warmth.

CORKY
 Hey?
 (No answer)
 Anybody?

FEMALE VOICE (OVER)
 (From inside)
 What do you want?

49 CONTINUED:

CORRY
Cabin?

FEMALE VOICE (OVER)
We're kind of closed.

CORRY
(Looks around the place)
Something by the lake is what I'm
after. This is just the kind of
place I'm looking for, I won't be
disturbed here.

FEMALE VOICE (OVER)
That's for sure.

CUT TO:

THE SECOND FLOOR WINDOW AND THE FEMALE peering down --
can't see her clearly; sun off the glass.

FEMALE
But like I said, we're kind of
closed.

CUT TO:

CORRY, looking up, taking out his wallet.

CORRY
Fifty bucks a night -- in advance.

FEMALE
We just reopened.
(Now on that --

CUT TO:

50 THE CAB, motor running, the KID DRIVER standing alongside
as CORRY gets out his suitcases.

KID DRIVER
You don't want me waiting? How
you gonna get to Grossinger's?

CORRY
I'll call a local cab when I need
one.
(Looks at the KID)
How much?

KID DRIVER
Eighty bucks.
(MORE)

50 CONTINUED:

KID DRIVER (CONT'D)

(Quickly)

Not counting tip.

CORKY

(The money in his hands)

Here's a hundred for the driving --

(THE KID DRIVER is
pleased)

-- and another hundred for a favor.

(He holds it out)

KID DRIVER

Name it.

CORKY

You didn't bring me here.

THE KID DRIVER'S face breaks into an understanding smile -- he grabs the dough, then CORKY'S hand, shakes it up and down, really excited and as he keeps on shaking --

CUT TO:

51 THE LARGEST CABIN nearest the lake. THE FEMALE from the house unlocks the front door, opens it, leads CORKY in.

CUT TO:

52 INSIDE THE PLACE. CORKY looks around. She breaks the silence.

FEMALE

What you see is what you get.

(Gesturing)

Bedroom's back there --

(Pointing)

-- kitchenette, bathroom across.

Here's your key.

CORKY

Fine.

(Takes it, hands
her some money)

CUT TO:

THE FEMALE. She glances at CORKY, takes the money, goes, closing the door behind her.

CUT TO:

53 CORKY. He hesitates, then goes quietly to the window facing up the hill. THE FEMALE walks into view, moving up the path toward the main house. She doesn't once glance back. CORKY stares.

CUT TO:

CORKY. CLOSE UP. On his face now, a dreadful look of sadness. Then --

FATS (OVER)
(His voice muffled
and distant)
Hellllllppp-hellllllpp -- calling
all schmuckos -- save me --
(As CORKY turns --

CUT TO:

54 FATS' SUITCASE as CORKY opens it, takes FATS out, goes back to the window with FATS, stares up at the retreating figure of the girl. CORKY watches her steadily while FATS glances all around the place, getting used to his surroundings.

FATS
I hate the country already, it's
full of leaves. All you hear is
crunch, crunch, crunch.
(Taking in the cabin)
This is Grossinger's?
(Staring at CORKY)
You think I'm some palooka from
Palookaville? You book us into
this dump for a coroners'
convention?
(CORKY says nothing)
Why the silent act?
(Now he turns his head,
follows CORKY'S glance,
sees the distant girl)
I wonder if her ass is on ball
bearings --

CORKY
-- shut up --

FATS
-- oooh-hooo -- sounds like I
stepped on a corn.

CORKY
(Soft)
No, it's just...
(MORE)

54 CONTINUED:

CORKY (CONT'D)
(That terrible sadness
is still with him)
...I carried her picture all
these years and she didn't
remember me.
(FATS looks at CORKY --)

CUT TO:

CORKY. CLOSE UP. Quiet. Hold. Then --

CUT TO:

55 A PICTURE OF JAMES DEAN. Only after we look at it a
moment, we realize it isn't Jimmy, just somebody who
looked a lot like him when the photo was taken. Now --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

PEGGY ANN SNOW, looking at the picture a moment, then
taking a large book from a bottom shelf -- we're in Peg's
bedroom -- and as she flips the book open --

CUT TO:

THE BOOK. It's her Normandy High Yearbook and she turns
pages until she comes to a young lovely cheerleader caught
at the peak of her jump. The caption reads: 'Peggy Ann
Snow Scores One for Our Side.'

CUT TO:

PEG, studying herself in her mirror. Now she can see
herself and the picture at the same time. She shakes
her head, closes the book, turns and we --

CUT TO:

A CAT as Peg picks it up. She holds it very close.

PEG
(Soft)
He didn't remember me.

HOLD ON PEG. That same terrible look of sadness is in
her eyes too...Suddenly the cat jumps out of her arms.

CORKY'S VOICE (OVER)
Hello...I'm sorry.

PEG
What?

55 CONTINUED:

CORKY'S VOICE (OVER)

No soap.

CUT TO:

56 PEG COMING DOWN THE STAIRS.

PEG

(Going to the door)

I didn't think you'd like it.

You leaving now?

CORKY'S VOICE (OVER)

(Laughing)

I didn't mean 'no soap' that way

-- I meant there wasn't any; or
towels either.

PEG

C'mon in; you can grab what you
want and -- omigod, you brought
Fats!

CUT TO:

57 CORKY AND FATS standing in the doorway.

FATS

(Turning to CORKY)

And you thought Peg didn't remember.

PEG

(To CORKY now)

You knew who I was too?

(CORKY nods)

FATS

(As he and CORKY

move inside)

Well why didn't you two at least
grunt at each other? --

CORKY

(Flustered)

-- she was upstairs and I couldn't
tell for sure -- the sun was
reflecting --

(Shrugs)

-- by the time I was sure, I
figured she'd have said something
but she didn't so I just shut up.

57 CONTINUED:

FATS

(Turning to PEG now)
What's your story?

PEG

Well, it's been so long and I
watch you on the t.v. but when
he didn't say anything, I didn't
want to embarrass anybody --

FATS

(Shaking his head)
-- we're all so goddam sensitive
I could whoopse.

CUT TO:

PEG, laughing now, looking at FATS.

PEG

He's just as cute as on the tube --

FATS

(Outraged)
Cute? Virile, yes; sexy, yes;
Ronald Reagan is cute.

CUT TO:

FATS, watching PEG, then CORKY, as they stare at each
other a moment inside the front door. FATS just turns
his head from one to the other.

PEG

(Really excited; to
CORKY)
Could I hold him just once?
(FATS starts panting
excitedly)
I'll be careful.
(CORKY hesitates,
hands FATS over)
He's heavy --

FATS

(Outraged again)
Husky, you bimbo.

PEG

(To CORKY)
His lips didn't move.

57 CONTINUED: (2)

FATS
(Very Bogart)
That's 'cause you're not stroking
my levers, sweetheart.

CORKY
(Pointing to the
slit in the back
of FATS' outfit)
Right in there.

CUT TO:

PEG, slowly sliding her fingers into the slit and before
she's ready --

FATS
(Big)
She goosed me!
(PEG pulls her hand
out fast, surprised)

CORKY
Ignore him. Go right ahead.

PEG puts her hand in the slit again, touches a lever.
FATS' eyes cross. She touches another; his ears wiggle.
She moves her hand farther up and FATS begins making
sexual groans. PEG breaks out laughing.

CORKY
(Smiling)
Don't encourage him.
(Now from that --

CUT TO:

58 THE FRONT DOOR OPEN; PEG on the steps; CORKY and FATS
just below; CORKY carries towels, washrags, soap, etc.

PEG
So if you need anything else --
(From down below in
the woods now, a
cat's cry. FATS
jerks around)
-- that's just my big old cat;
probably found a dead bird.

FATS
Probably made a dead bird --

58 CONTINUED:

PEG
(As CORKY starts away)
Hey? You wouldn't want any wine
or anything?

CORKY
(Quick nod)
Terrific -- lemme just get my
stuff down to the cabin and maybe
clean up a little and --

FATS
-- wait a minute, what stuff?
There's mostly me and I wanna
stick around.
(CORKY waves, starts
down the hill; PEG
closes the door as we --

CUT TO:

59 FATS AND CORKY. Lush. Walking slowly through the night.

FATS
She hugged me to her bosom.
(CORKY nods)
I suspect she found me irresistible.

CORKY
Don't we all.

FATS
How late you gonna stay up there?

CORKY
(Shrugs)
I don't know; why?

FATS
If you stayed late, that might
mean you were getting hugged to
her bosom too.

CUT TO:

60 FATS. CLOSE UP IN THE NIGHT. His eyes seem almost
blazing.

FATS
Which might just make old Fats
jealous --
(Beat)
-- and we wouldn't want that --
(MORE)

60 CONTINUED:

FATS (CONT'D)
(Longer one)
...would we now...
(HOLD ON FATS' STARING
EYES AWHILE. Then --

CUT TO:

61 A HALF EMPTY JUG OF GALLO HEARTY BURGUNDY. Behind it, a fireplace. We're in the living room of the house. PEG AND CORKY sit on opposite couches, drinking.

PEG
You never really told why you
were here.

CORKY
Hiding.
(She looks at him)
Got to get my head on straight.
My agent -- he looks like the
Ancient Mariner in that poem we
hated in high school --
(She nods)
He's negotiating for a shot for
me to maybe make it big -- we
argued -- I thought it was just
principle.
(Drinks)
The truth is probably I'm scared
of success, that's all.

CUT TO:

THE FIRE, as PEG crosses to it, begins shifting the logs with a poker.

PEG
You always were this weirdly timid
person, Corky, that's for sure.

CORKY
(Nods, watches her)
Folks still run this place?

PEG
Nah; they took a condo near
Lauderdale; said it was mine
but I couldn't make a go.

CORKY
Too bad.

61 CONTINUED:

PEG

The Catskills are dying, and
that's the truth. Me and Duke
are looking to sell.

CORKY

(He means this next,
and it's true)
God, you're beautiful.

PEG

(Smiles)
Don't I wish.

CORKY

I had such a crush on you.

FLASHCUT TO

62 PEG AS A HIGH SCHOOL CHEERLEADER AND WE'RE IN SLOW MOTION
AND IT'S LATE AFTERNOON AND SHE'S MOVING SLOWLY TOWARD THE
CAMERA AND IT'S ALL FILLED WITH THE HAZE OF MEMORY AND SHE
CONTINUES TO MOVE FORWARD, NOW SHE'S RUNNING GRACEFULLY,
AND IT'S ON A FOOTBALL FIELD AND THE BACKGROUND'S DEEP
GREEN AND SHE REALLY IS A GLORY. (THEY CONTINUE TALKING
OVER)

PEG (OVER)

Well, no one ever accused you
of having good taste, Corky.

CORKY (OVER)

When I moved away, I whittled
you a present. A wooden heart.

FLASHCUT TO

63 CORKY. LATE AFTERNOON OUTSIDE THE GYM OF HIGH SCHOOL.
HE STANDS SHIVERING, STARING UP AT THE LIT GYM.

FLASHCUT TO

64 PEG, COMING OUT OF THE GYM AND

FLASHCUT TO

65 CORKY, STARTING TOWARD HER, A GOOD DISTANCE AWAY, THEN
SUDDENLY TURNING, HURRYING OFF AND

FLASHCUT TO

CORKY, OPENING HIS FIST, STARING AT THE WOODEN HEART.
IT'S REALLY LOVELY. NOW, AS HE DRAWS BACK HIS ARM --

FLASHCUT TO

65 CONTINUED:

THE WOODEN HEART, THROWN THROUGH THE AIR TOWARD SOME WOODS.
IT ARCS SLOWLY THROUGH THE SKY, AND IS GONE.

PEG (OVER)

You never gave it to me though.

CORKY (OVER)

I lost it before I got it finished.

CUT TO:

66 PEG, in the present, getting up from the fire, starting
back to the chair.

PEG

I knew you had a crush. I was
always pretty for you.

CORKY

I didn't say pretty.

PEG

You didn't pick up on my 'Duke'
mention either. He is, after all,
my consort, my spouse --

(Pumping up the cushions)
-- I'm very big on enlarging my
vocabulary.

CORKY

Are you very big on Duke?

PEG

We separate what seems like every
full moon -- it hasn't been your
everyday Debbie Reynolds marriage.

CUT TO:

CORKY, refilling his glass and hers as she returns to the
couch. There's a lot of sadness in the room just now.
The fire is blazing.

CORKY

Where is he?

PEG

Quick business trip.

(Looks at her watch)
More specifically, at this hour
I would guess he'd be seducing
some barmaid.

CORKY

Sorry.

66 CONTINUED:

PEG
(Shrugs)
Whatever.

CORKY
(Quickly)
Does he still look so much like
James Dean?

CUT TO:

PEG, starting to answer, but then with no warning, she is crying, her face buried in the cushions of the couch.

CUT TO:

CORKY, quickly taking her wine glass, bringing it to her.

CORKY
Here -- hearty burgundy, very
medicinal.

PEG
(Fighting to get
control, embarrassed;
wiping her eyes)
Admit it: now I'm beautiful...
(HOLD ON PEG. Then --

CUT TO:

67 FATS in the cabin, seated in a chair. CORKY comes in and FATS is talking before he's through the door.

FATS
(Grumpily)
How was the orgy?
(CORKY says nothing,
unbuttons his shirt)
Did you score?

CORKY
The high point of the evening
was when I reduced her to tears.

FATS
Hey schmucko, attaway --
(CORKY moves toward
the bathroom)
When are we moving on?

CORKY
(Shrugs)
Tomorrow, day after; soon.

CUT TO:

68 THE BATHROOM AS CORKY enters, quietly shuts the door, leans his head against the wall, closes his eyes, whispers: 'Peggy Ann Snow, Peggy Ann Snow, Please let me follow wherever you go.'

FATS (OVER)

(Muffled)

What'd you close the door for?

CORKY

I'm contemplating taking a piss, you mind?

FATS (OVER)

Ohhh -- dainty, ain't he?

(Muffled still, but louder)

Stick your head out one sec'.

(As CORKY opens the door --

CUT TO:

69 FATS. CLOSE UP. Angry --

FATS

Were you thinking of her?

(CORKY, shocked, says nothing. FATS continues to stare. Hold on the unblinking eyes...Now --

CUT TO:

70 A BEAUTIFUL STRETCH OF WOODS, flooded with sunlight. We're around the lake from the cabins, PEG AND CORKY are walking close together. We hear them talking, but it's not realistic in the sense that they're close enough for us to see clearly. It's as if their sounds were drifting to us on autumn winds.

PEG

So how long did you work with this Merlin guy?

CORKY

I worked for him --

FLASHCUT TO

71 CORKY LOADING UP A MAGIC SUIT -- A TUXEDO JACKET -- AND THE LINING IS FILLED WITH PULLS AND HOOKS AND TINY POCKETS. CORKY IS TAKING SILVER DOLLARS AND PUTTING THEM IN GROUPS OF FOUR IN VARIOUS HOLDERS ON THE INSIDE.

CORKY (OVER)

-- years. He taught me everything, but I never performed or like that; never on my own.

CUT TO:

72 THE BEAUTIFUL STRETCH OF WOODS as before.

PEG

Why not?

CORKY

Probably afraid I'd fail.

PEG

Dope.

CORKY

It wasn't 'til the week he took
really sick and he begged me
that I got the guts to try --
(As they continue
to move --

CUT TO:

AN ABSOLUTELY GLORIOUS GIANT OAK. They sit beneath it,
close together.

PEG

You bring any tricks up with
you?

CORKY

I don't do trick --
(She looks at him funny)
-- tricks means something set
up beforehand, a box with a
fake lid, a stacked deck of
cards; I don't do that.

PEG

You just use whatever's available?
(CORKY nods)

Here -- amaze me.
(And she tosses him an acorn)

CORKY

(Catching it)
An acorn? Come on, willya.

PEG

That was available.

CORKY

(sighs)
What the hell, I'll try, give
me an acorn.

CUT TO:

72 CONTINUED:

CORKY. He shows her his hands; they're empty, the acorn's gone.

PEG
(A little excited)
Do that again.
(She hands him
another acorn)

CORKY
Do what again?

CUT TO:

PEG. She looks at his hand -- it's empty again.

PEG
You bastard --
(And she starts to laugh)
-- I really love magic.

CORKY
Not magic. Just skill. All
explainable.

PEG
I don't think I want to believe
that. Can you explain everything?

CORKY
Pretty much.

PEG
What can't you explain?

CORKY
Look -- I don't want to get into
this -- magic's just to entertain,
you're not supposed to take it
seriously.

PEG
(Pushing it)
What can't you explain?

FLASHCUT TO:

73 OUTSIDE A HOSPITAL WARD. CORKY SITS ON A BENCH ALONE NEAR THE MAIN DOOR. HE WORKS WITH A DECK OF CARDS ALMOST UNCONSCIOUSLY. EVERY SO OFTEN HE GLANCES INTO THE WARD ITSELF.

MERLIN SITS INSIDE ALONGSIDE A BED. HIS CHUBBY WIFE IS IN THE BED. THEY ARE CLOSE TO EACH OTHER.

73 CONTINUED:

CORKY SITS AND WAITS, THE CARDS MOVING IN HIS HANDS WITHOUT HIS PAYING ANY ATTENTION AS HE CONCENTRATES ON MERLIN AND THE SICK WOMAN.

CORKY (OVER)

Merlin -- his wife was his assistant before me -- they were close, they really cared and those last days in the hospital with her...

(Pause; quietly)

... he claimed he could read her mind...

PEG (OVER)

You believe that, don't you?

CUT TO:

74 CORKY AND PEG as before under the tree.

CORKY

I don't know; I want to, I guess. See, in their act, they used to do a lot of phony telepathy crap with mostly cards.

(Beat)

But those last days, they both wanted it enough, wanted to touch each other enough, was how he put it.

PEG

Do you know the exact procedures they did and everything --

CORKY

Course but --

(Looks at her)

-- please; let's not get into this.

PEG

It'll be fun.

CORKY

I'd fail.

PEG

So what?

FLASHCUT TO:

75 THE RICH BITCH FROM THE HOLLYWOOD STARDUST. LAUGHING.
ALWAYS LAUGHING.

CORKY (OVER)
I don't want you thinking bad
of me, let's say.

CUT TO:

76 CORKY AND PEG as before.

PEG
Forget the whole thing --
(And she rises abruptly,
starts walking off --)

CORKY
(Calling after)
I'm trying to get away from
pressure -- please --

CUT TO:

PEG. Stops, glances back.

PEG
Who's putting you under pressure?
Not me? I just thought it might
be a kick --
(Turning again)
-- but it's forgotten.

CUT TO:

77 TWO DECKS OF PLAYING CARDS on a table, one black, one red.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

THE LIBRARY OF THE MAIN HOUSE. PEG AND CORKY sit across
a coffee table from each other, the cards in between. PEG
is excited and pleased; CORKY very tense, hesitant. The
room is half lit; there's something eerie about the whole
place. You get the feeling something not necessarily
pleasant is about to happen.

CORKY
Okay, you've shuffled both decks,
right?
(PEG nods)
Take either deck then.
(MORE)

77 CONTINUED:

CORKY (CONT'D)

(She picks the one farthest
from her, the black)

Pick one card from your deck and
look at it.

(She glances at the
six of hearts)

PEG

Now what?

CORKY

You must really look at it.

PEG

(Surprised at his tone)
I'm looking, I'm looking, don't
get mad.

CORKY

(Quiet again)
Put it back and cut the cards
as much as you want.

(She cuts twice)
Now take my pack and find your
card and take it out.

CUT TO:

PEG, as she takes the six of hearts from the red deck.

CORKY

Okay; just keep that one card.

PEG

(As she puts his deck
down)
What happens now?

CORKY

What happened with Merlin was
she put the card next to her
heart while he went through her
deck kind of like this.

(He picks up the black
deck, riffles through)

PEG

What's my card?

CORKY

I don't know -- you've got to
think hard.

77 CONTINUED: (2)

PEG
(Closes her eyes)
Okay, I'm thinking really hard.
(Opens her eyes)
Well?

CORKY
(Embarrassed)
Sorry.
(Starts to put her
deck down)

PEG
Don't stop -- I'm concentrating
my ass off.

CUT TO:

CORKY. Nothing. He riffles through the cards faster and
you can sense a building desperation --

CUT TO:

PEG, watching him.

PEG
Close your eyes and think.

CUT TO:

CORKY. He closes his eyes, holds the pack tight.

CORKY
I'm sorry, I told you, I asked
you please --
(And now his eyes
open wide)
-- omigod, it's red, isn't it?

PEG
(Her excitement
building too)
I don't know, maybe it is, maybe
it isn't, I give away nothing --
(But she's practically
squeezing the six of
hearts now and as she
starts to close her
eyes again --

CUT TO:

77 CONTINUED: (3)

CORKY. CLOSE UP. And there's light perspiration forming now and he's deep into something, his body rigid and now he's beginning to breathe harder and

CUT TO:

PEG, caught up in it too, and she takes the hand that isn't holding the card, puts the knuckles in her mouth, bites down hard and

CUT TO:

CORKY, frantically going through her deck, taking one card out and

CUT TO:

PEG. Christ she wants this and

CUT TO:

CORKY. He does too, his hands are trembling.

CORKY
(Whispered)
...turn...

CUT TO:

THE CARDS. She turns over the six of hearts. He turns over -- the deuce of diamonds.

CUT TO:

PEG, staring at it, and for a moment she's stunned, but then she's got it all under control.

PEG
Listen, we came close, what the
hell we had fun, that's the name
of the game anyway --
(And as she starts
to stand --

CUT TO:

CORKY. Pale.

CORKY
Sit down, Peg --
(She hesitates)
-- get back down!

CUT TO:

77 CONTINUED: (4)

PEG, sitting quickly, and for the first time now, she's starting maybe to get afraid.

CUT TO:

CORKY, and maybe she's got reason to be, because he looks terrible, pale and taut and now, as we watch, his left eye starts to flutter and he rubs it as he talks, rubs it hard, but it keeps on blinking.

CORKY

That was your fault -- you started out fine, I got the red fine, but then you let me drift.

PEG

Corky, Jesus, forget ---

CORKY

I was in bad shape in New York,
Peg --

(Rubbing his temple now)
-- I had to run and where do you go when there's no place to go, you go home, except there was nothing but empty houses and old cemeteries and then I figured I'd stop by here and ask your folks about you, where were you living, what city, how many kids -- I never expected to find you -- I've loved you all my goddam life and I needed a piece of good news about Peggy Ann Snow -- and now you humiliate me.

(Gesturing sharply)
Shuffle the goddam cards fast.

CUT TO:

PEG, a little more frightened and as she starts quickly to shuffle, CORKY stares at her, the vein beat in his temple visible now.

CORKY

We're going to do it right
this time --

(His voice is getting
strange)

-- I just know we will because
we both want it enough.

(Beat)

Take your card and look at it
and put it back, and cut them.

CUT TO:

77 CONTINUED: (5)

PEG, following orders; this time her card is the three of clubs. She puts it back, cuts the deck in the silence, conscious always of CORKY'S eyes. Then she goes through his deck, takes out his club three.

CUT TO:

CORKY, taking her deck, holding it in his hands.

CORKY

Look at me --
(She does)

PEG

-- should I think now?

CORKY

Yes. Very hard.

PEG

I am.

CORKY

No; I can tell by your eyes
you're not.

PEG

I'm frightened is why --

CORKY

-- nothing to be afraid of --

CUT TO:

PEG'S EYES.

PEG

But if it goes bad --

CUT TO:

CORKY'S EYES.

CORKY

It won't go bad -- not if two
people want something as much
as this --

CUT TO:

PEG. CLOSE UP. Staring.

CUT TO:

77 CONTINUED: (6)

CORKY. CLOSE UP. God knows what he's thinking but his eyes are boring in on her relentlessly and

CUT TO:

PEG, suddenly damn near shocked out of her skin as her cat brushes her legs and as she yells --

CUT TO:

CORKY, unruffled, still staring at her --

CORKY

It doesn't matter -- nothing
in this world matters except
what we're doing.

CUT TO:

CORKY'S EYES.

CORKY

...there must be nothing in
your mind but your card...nothing
in your mind but what...?

CUT TO:

PEG'S EYES.

PEG

...my card...

CUT TO:

CORKY'S EYES. Dead silence now.

CUT TO:

PEG'S EYES. The silence goes on. They are staring at each other, nothing else exists, not in this or any world and

CUT TO:

CORKY'S EYES. He's like some great hypnotist from some other time, staring, staring and

CUT TO:

PEG, clutching her three of clubs, staring as the silence seems about to break around her and

CUT TO:

77 CONTINUED: (7)

CORKY, and suddenly his eyes are filled with tears.

CORKY

(Numb)

...is it...?...please...the...
three of clubs...

CUT TO:

PEG, managing to nod, turning over her card. She looks like she might cry too. Now --

CUT TO:

CORKY, sagging back in the chair, closing his eyes.

CORKY

...see...?...see...?...I didn't
fail...

CUT TO:

PEG. She sits there, watching him; she is terribly moved. She slowly gets up and begins to cross into his arms --

CUT TO:

78 CORKY AND PEG rolling over in bed, they're in CORKY'S cabin by the lake, naked, making love.

The blinds are down, it's dark, even though outside there are still slants of late afternoon sun trying to get through. We are nearing the end of their time now, we see it mostly in shadow and silhouette, and as their bodies rhythmically rise and fall and rise we

CUT TO:

79 FATS, in the next room, listening, listening, and the breathing from the bedroom is getting louder and FATS just sits there and now we start a series of quick cuts, back and forth, from the dark bedroom to the living room and each time we go to CORKY AND PEG they are more abandoned, building, and each time we return to FATS it's more of a CLOSE UP AND MORE AND MORE until when they climax we

CUT TO:

FATS' EYES. Extreme close up. From the angle we're watching it looks like he's thinking. God knows what. HOLD ON FATS. Now --

CUT TO:

80 THE BED. CORKY AND PEG lie in each other's arms. It's the inevitable 'later.'

PEG

I'll bet they don't give service like that at Grossinger's.

(CORKY says nothing)

Drop in again in fifteen years.

CORKY

Why the jokes?

PEG

I'm kind of feeling my way along; I never fooled around before.

(Looks at CORKY)

True. I guess sex wasn't that big a deal in my life.

CORKY

What about Duke?

PEG

Mainly he blew in my ear a lot.

(CORKY can't help laughing)

True. I deceived him into thinking it drives me mad. He tongues away at me and I moan a lot but secretly I'm making grocery lists.

(Kisses CORKY)

I can be a very crappy lady when I put my mind to it.

CORKY

I'll take you just like you are.

(She rumples his hair)

Well?

PEG

Huh?

CORKY

I meant that about taking you.

Will you come or not?

PEG

What are you talking ---

CORKY

-- I'm serious -- I got lots of money with me -- let's you and me take off. Just us.

80 CONTINUED:

PEG

I dump Duke and you'd leave Fats,
that your offer?

CORKY

It's not crazy goddamit -- you
don't care for Duke and you know
it --

CUT TO:

PEG. Gently.

PEG

I'm sorry, Baby, but it's just
impossible.

(CORKY kisses her.

As they break --)

Well, improbable, maybe.

(And now he starts to

hold her, stroke her

body, kiss her eyes --)

Unlikely then; let's put it
that way...

(As she holds him --

CUT TO:

81 THE MAIN HOUSE AS THE TWO OF THEM APPROACH. Getting
deeper into dusk.

PEG

Thanks for walkin' me home,
mister.

CORKY

Peg?

(She studies him)

Just say the word and we'll go.

PEG

A man appears after fifteen years
and says 'Run away with me,' a
girl ought to at least be able to
take a bubble bath and think a
little --

(CORKY nods)

After that I'll get dinner started.

CORKY holds up his index finger, kisses it, then places
it gently on each of her nipples.

81 CONTINUED:

CORKY

I saw that in a French movie
once.

PEG

Why the hell were you so shy
all those years ago...

She goes inside and CORKY stands still a moment.

CUT TO:

82 CORKY breaks into a wild jubilant run, tearing down the
hill, veering in and out like a drunken driver, leaping
for tree branches and we've never seen him like this
before, never nearly this happy. Now --

CUT TO:

83 FATS as CORKY steams in.

CORKY

What d'ya say, Sports Fans.

(FATS grunts)

Getting your period?

FATS

Kind of blue is all.

(Sighs)

I miss the city bad.

CORKY

The country grows on you --

FATS

-- so does fungus --

CORKY

-- I told you once already we'd
leave --

FATS

-- when? --

CORKY

-- when I want to, now drop it --

FATS

-- what's so great here? -- tell
me that --

83 CONTINUED:

CORKY

-- simmer down! --

CUT TO:

FATS, watching CORKY. Little pause. When FATS talks next, things are quiet again, quiet and reasonable.

FATS

Okay. How's this for a solution?
You stay around and turn hayseed,
I'll head on back to Manhattan
where there's action.

CUT TO:

CORKY. No reply.

FATS

I take it the silence means
'no'?

CORKY

(Shrugs)
Discussion's over, that's all.

FATS

(Suddenly big)
I -- want -- out -- of -- here.

CORKY

(Big right back)
Simmer -- the -- hell -- down!

FATS

(And they're into it now)
Just because --

CORKY

-- watch it mister --

FATS

-- just because --

CORKY

-- you been warned --

FATS

(Bursting out)
-- just because some sagging
bitch of an ingenue drops her
pants for you --

83 CONTINUED: (2)

CORKY

-- that's it! --

FATS

(Imitating PEG)

-- oh Corky, you do it so good,
oh my God, Corky, you're even
better than the garbage man --

CUT TO:

CORKY, grabbing FATS roughly, and the second he does --

CUT TO:

FATS, CLOSE UP. Screaming in sudden surprise as we

CUT TO:

84 THE POSTMAN. He stands mute in the cabin doorway, staring,
ashen and pale, and from his old face

CUT TO:

CORKY, really pleased to see the old man.

CORKY

How do you like it? -- I think
it's gonna be terrific --

THE POSTMAN says nothing, just looks at them.

FATS

What's with Gangrene? -- Blue
Cross repossess your tongue?

CORKY

Come on in, Ben -- I'll do the
whole routine --

(Stops)

-- how the hell did you ever
find me, you're amazing --

FATS

-- I'll bet it was that kid cab
driver -- he must have called
the office and found you --

CORKY

-- is that it? -- that's right,
I told him I was with William
Morris --

(MORE)

84 CONTINUED:

CORKY (CONT'D)

(Shaking his head)

-- he looked like a hustler
so I gave him a hundred to shut
him up -- how much did you give
him to talk?

POSTMAN

Doesn't matter.

CORKY

Right, right, you're here, that's
the main thing, so grab yourself
a seat and watch, but remember I
haven't got this anywhere near
performance level yet --

POSTMAN

(Cutting in)

How long you been like this, kid?

CORKY

Like what?

(Starts laughing)

Omigod, you don't think that was
for real, how do you think I
rehearse?

POSTMAN

No good.

CORKY

It's for the act -- for chrissakes,
watch now --

(To an imaginary
audience --)

Ladies and Gentlemen, for your
viewing pleasure, my version of
The Miser's Dream --

FATS

-- was it a wet dream? --

CORKY

-- shut up --

(To the audience again)

-- imagine if you will --

FATS

(Cutting in on cue)

-- when I have a wet dream, all
that happens is I wake up covered
with sawdust.

84 CONTINUED: (2)

CORKY

If you don't stop interrupting,
I'm going to put out a contract
on you with a Mafia woodpecker --

FATS

(Sighing)

-- what I wouldn't give for a
wood pecker --

CORKY

(To the audience)

-- don't encourage him, ladies
and gentlemen.

(Now he looks at

THE POSTMAN)

Merely great beginning, wouldn't
you say?

POSTMAN

(Soft)

Is this why you wouldn't take
the medical exam? Figured
someone would find out?

CORKY

Bullshit, I'll take the stupid
exam, I was afraid of success,
like you said, I needed to get
my head on straight. I'll take
the exam, do the show, whatever
you want.

POSTMAN

What I want, kid, is for you to
see somebody.

CORKY

(Beat)

Who... who would I see?

POSTMAN

(Big)

Quit with the games.

FATS

(Bigger)

Quit with the yelling!

CORKY

Shut up.

84 CONTINUED: (3)

FATS

He should show a little grati-
fuckingtude -- you been slaving,
coming up with great new stuff --
(To THE POSTMAN)

-- that was blockbuster material,
mister -- when I come back with
wanting a wood pecker, they'll
plotz in Vegas, that's funny.

POSTMAN

Nothing's funny. Not any more.
(And he starts for
the door)

CORKY

What're you gonna do?

POSTMAN

Make a few phone calls.

CORKY

Tell people, you mean?

POSTMAN

Corky, you're not in control.

CUT TO:

CORKY. He just stares across the quiet cabin. Then --

CORKY

Ben? You owe me a listen, don't
you think?

CUT TO:

THE POSTMAN. He stops, nods. CORKY gestures toward the
single sofa. THE POSTMAN moves to it, sits, as CORKY
starts talking.

CORKY

I was kind of out of control --
back in the city, I could feel
myself starting to slip down
the iceberg.

POSTMAN

So you took off.
(CORKY NODS)
And now you're fine?

84 CONTINUED: (4)

CORKY
(Nods again; quietly)
On account of Peg.

FATS
She's the local town pump;
terrific knockers --

CORKY
-- shut up.
(Back to THE POSTMAN)
I've known her since high school.
I never figured I'd have a chance
with her, only now everything's
changed, she believes in me.

POSTMAN
Girls are for down the line, kid;
right now, you've gotta let me
help, I know a lot of people,
great doctors --

FATS
-- he means headshrinkers --

CORKY
-- shut up --

FATS
-- he thinks you're a fruitcake --

CORKY
-- he doesn't -- he never said
that -- he's on our side --

CUT TO:

FATS. Big.

FATS
He's the villain, don't forget
that -- never forget that --

CUT TO:

THE POSTMAN, looking at them.

POSTMAN
Kid, you're not, as we sit here,
responsible and I can prove it.

84 CONTINUED: (5)

CORKY

How?

POSTMAN

Easy. I'll ask you to do a little something -- something anyone ought to be able to do -- and if you do it, we'll forget the whole thing, and if you can't, we'll think about getting you to see somebody fast; is it a deal?

CORKY

(Smiles)

Name it.

POSTMAN

(There is a pause;
then --)

Make Fats shut up for five minutes.

CUT TO:

CORKY, starting to laugh.

CORKY

Five minutes? I can make him shut up for five years.

POSTMAN

Wonderful.

(He points to the chair
across from him)

CORKY

(Smiling as he sits)

I feel like the village idiot if you want to know the truth.

CUT TO:

THE POSTMAN. He says nothing.

CUT TO:

CORKY, watching him.

CORKY

Can we talk, or has it gotta be strictly semaphore.

(THE POSTMAN shrugs)

CUT TO:

84 CONTINUED: (6)

THE POSTMAN. He reaches into his inside coat pocket, brings out an Individuale. Carefully, he bites off the end, lights it, blows smoke.

CUT TO:

CORKY, still with half smile.

CORKY

How long so far?

POSTMAN

(Checking his watch)
Thirty seconds.

CORKY

Gosh -- that leaves four and a half minutes to go, think I'll make it?

(THE POSTMAN inhales deeply, blows smoke)
You don't happen to have another of those.

(THE POSTMAN reaches into his coat pocket, hands a cigar to CORKY)
Take two, they're big -- remember when you said that?

POSTMAN

A pro never forgets his good lines, kid.

CORKY

How long now?

POSTMAN

(Looks at his watch again)
Coming up to a minute.

CUT TO:

CORKY. He nods, concentrates in the silence on the cigar. He sticks it in his mouth, gets it lit. Then --

CORKY

(Looking dead at THE POSTMAN)
Think we'll laugh about this someday?

84 CONTINUED: (7)

POSTMAN

Might.

(CORKY nods, drums his
fingers on the chair
arm)

CORKY

It'd be a terrific scene if you
ever write your autobiography --
(Excited suddenly)

-- hey, I know what you should
call it: 'Failing Upwards, or
How to Succeed in Show Business
by Outliving Everybody.'

(THE POSTMAN makes
a smile)

Two minutes yet?

POSTMAN

(Head shake)

Minute forty-five.

CUT TO:

CORKY. He leans back, closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

THE POSTMAN. He sits, impassive, staring, smoking his
cigar. He reaches over for an ashtray, flicks his ashes
neatly. The silence is the longest so far.

CUT TO:

CORKY. Eyes still closed, he starts talking.

CORKY

This is very cruel of you, you
know that.

CUT TO:

THE POSTMAN, looking at CORKY. Quietly --

POSTMAN

I don't mean it to be.

CORKY

(Eyes open now)
I don't know if I'll ever be
able to forgive you.

84 CONTINUED: (8)

POSTMAN
That would be sad.

CORKY
Time?

POSTMAN
(Glances at his watch)
Two and a half minutes to go.

CUT TO:

CORKY. Long pause. Then, almost imperceptibly, his head begins to shake.

CORKY
...I can't make it...

CUT TO:

THE POSTMAN. Answering back just as softly.

POSTMAN
...I didn't think you could...
(And on that --

ZOOM TO:

FATS. HUGE CLOSE UP. Belting it out --

FATS
Hello, everybody, this is Mrs.
Norman Maine -- my mother thanks
you, my father thanks you, my
sister thanks you and I thank
you -- you have nothing to fear
but fear itself, nothing to give
but blood, sweat and tears,
nothing to lose but your chains --
(Building)
-- here he is, boys --
(Louder)
-- here he is, world --
(Roaring)
-- here's Fats!

CUT TO:

THE POSTMAN, standing slowly as CORKY watches.

FATS
(Looking up at CORKY)
You're not letting him out of here?

84 CONTINUED: (9)

CORKY

I think you better sit down.

POSTMAN

(Slowly for the door now)
Kid, I lived through Tallulah
Bankhead and the death of
vaudeville, I don't scare easy.

CORKY

(Rising)

I need my chance --

POSTMAN

-- your only chance is to get
help fast and that's what I'm
gonna see happens --

(And he's almost to
the door as we --

CUT TO:

85 CORKY, running at the OLD MAN, grabbing him, trying to
spin him around but THE POSTMAN twists free and then
for the first time, he's yelling --

POSTMAN

Don't -- you -- ever -- raise --
a -- hand -- to -- me -- again!
(His anger is almost
biblical now)

CORKY

You're taking my one chance --

POSTMAN

I'm your one chance.
(And he's moving slowly
out the door and gone)

CUT TO:

86 CORKY, staring for a moment at the departing figure dis-
appearing in the heavy dusk -- then he turns, begins to
pace the cabin --

FATS

He's right -- the Postman's
right; you are crazy.

CORKY

I tried to stop him, didn't I?

86 CONTINUED:

FATS

Tried? -- tried? -- you failed.(CORKY continues his
frantic pacing)Goddamit, look at me!

(CORKY stops, stares)

You know it's the hatch for you.

CORKY

But there's nothing wrong with me --

FATS

-- I know that and you know that,
but all those pissant drones who
run the world, they hate us because
we're special -- they'll put you
somewhere deep and lonely --

CORKY

-- don't...

(And for an instant, his
left eye starts blinking)

...talk that way --

FATS

-- cut the migraine shit, schmucko --

(CORKY'S hands start
massaging his temples)

-- don't you care about anything?

-- Christ, don't you even care
about the girl? --

CORKY

-- Peg? -- I love Peg --

FATS

-- I hope she loves you too --
so on visiting day she can bring
crayolas and the two of you can
color together --

(And on that --

CUT TO:

FATS AND CORKY, and it's gone fast up 'til now but that's
slow compared to this next and it builds in pace and
volume --

CORKY

--- what do you want from me? --

86 CONTINUED: (2)

FATS
-- you know goddam well what --

CORKY
-- I don't --

FATS
-- liar --

CORKY
-- tell me --

FATS
-- weakling --

CORKY
-- I'm not, I'm not --

FATS
-- stop the Postman --

CORKY
-- I can't --

FATS
-- gutless fuck --

CORKY
-- I can't --

FATS
-- stop the Postman! --

CORKY
-- how? -- how? -- with what? --

FATS
-- MEE -- MEE -- MEE -- MEE --
MEEEEEE! --
(And now suddenly --

CUT TO:

87 THE POSTMAN, CLOSE UP as the first blow stuns him and he does a half turn, grunts, blinks in the twilight as we

CUT TO:

FATS, being swung through the air again, CORKY holding tight to his feet so that he's like an ax flying, and we're in the woods, not far above the lit cabin and

CUT TO:

87 CONTINUED:

THE POSTMAN as the second blow lands, and his hands were raised to ward off the attack but FATS breaks through and as he smashes home, there is that hollow sound of wood against skull and THE POSTMAN starts to stagger now as we

CUT TO:

FATS, flying through the air and this time as he hits he gives a cry of pain -- ANHHH -- as if he were the one in anguish, not the old man and

CUT TO:

THE POSTMAN, slipping to his knees, blood coming from his nose now, and

CUT TO:

FATS, attacking again, and again there is the hollow sound as he strikes home, and right after, FATS' answering cry of pain, and now THE POSTMAN is crawling, or trying to, but FATS is relentless, again he strikes, again and

CUT TO:

88 PEGGY'S CAT, moving through the woods. There is a hollow sound. The cat stops. Another hollow sound. The cat looks. Pause. Finally, one last time there is the hollow sound. Silence in the woods then. Except for the awareness now of heavy breathing, of someone having been through a terrible exertion. And as that breathing continues and the CAT moves off --

CUT TO:

89 CORKY. DRAINED. He leans against a tree, the body of THE POSTMAN visible behind him. CORKY is panting. There is blood on his shirt. And as a sudden look of surprise hits his face --

CUT TO:

THE HOUSE UP ON THE HILL AND PEG in the front doorway.

CUT TO:

CORKY, staring up at her, wild now, glancing around at the body, back toward PEG, then back to the body again as we

CUT TO:

89 CONTINUED:

PEG, moving away from the house --- a long distance off but obviously on her way down and

CUT TO:

CORKY, trying to control his breathing, suddenly shouting out --

CORKY

-- what is it? -- what's up? --

CUT TO:

PEG, stopping, staring down. From her position, he is hard to see.

PEG

Oh. I meant to ask, did you want me to unthaw the asparagus tips or the French cut green beans?

CUT TO:

CORKY; he blinks at the question. From behind him now, there is the beginning of moaning.

CORKY

Either.

PEG

(Moving down again)
No fair -- you're the man, you've got to make the decisions --

CORKY

-- Asparagus tips --
(The moaning sound is louder now --)

PEG

Hey? How come you're in the woods?

CORKY

Walking. Thinking.

PEG

About me? You changing your mind about me?

89 CONTINUED: (2)

CORKY

Jesus, no --

PEG

-- you better not, you bastard --
(She half waves, half
smiles, turns and as
she moves back to the
house --

CUT TO:

90 A PAN SHOT OF THE WOODS AS THE MOANING SOUND INCREASES.
Now we pass the body of THE POSTMAN, still as before,
face down. The sound of pain clearly doesn't come from
him and as the CAMERA moves on --

FATS' VOICE (OVER)

...Laddie...Laddie...

CORKY (OVER)

What? --

FATS

...my head...you broke it...

And now the CAMERA is on FATS who lies sprawled out, eyes
wide, and what he says is true: his skull is starting to
splinter. Now --

CUT TO:

CORKY, kneeling beside FATS who continues to moan in deep
anguish.

CORKY

What'll I do? --

FATS

... can't think... help me...

CORKY

I will, don't you worry, I'll
take care --

(And as he reaches
down, starts to
lift FATS --

CUT TO:

90 CONTINUED:

FATS, CLOSE UP, and the instant that CORKY starts to move him, a terrible cry of pain bursts out and on that --

CUT TO:

91 FATS' SUITCASE lying open on the bed. We're back in the cabin and the suitcase is filled with tape and all kinds of hats and shoes and changes of clothes and we

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

CORKY, winding tight shoelace-like pieces of tape around FATS' skull. As he pulls it tight, making FATS look all right again --

CORKY

This should do it --

(One final adjustment)

-- better?

FATS

I guess.

(Beat)

Does it show?

CORKY

(Getting a wig out
of the case --

FATS is bald at
the moment, the old
wig, bloody, lying
on the floor)

I'll put this on and slip you
into your overall outfit with
the cap -- no one'll be able
to tell a thing.

CUT TO:

FATS, as CORKY adjusts the new wig, pulls the cap down tight, next sets to work changing FATS' clothes. During this --

CORKY

I've been doing some thinking

-- What would you say if I
called the police and told?

91 CONTINUED:

FATS

You're not being logical; look
-- Gangrene was taken care of
because he was going to have you
put away and if you tell the cops
they'll have you put away --

CUT TO:

CORKY, working quickly. FATS is starting to look terrific again.

CORKY

But what would we do with him?

FATS

Go bring me any identification
from his pockets.

CORKY

Why?

FATS

Time for a little dip -- get
yourself some stones, put them
in his pockets --

CORKY

(Stops working on FATS,
shakes his head)
I'm not that strong a swimmer.

FATS

Just dog paddle out to the middle
and drop him down --

CORKY

-- I know this lake -- there's
snapping turtles out there,
everybody said that, and once
there was a water moccasin scare
and --

FATS

-- I don't much care if the Loch
Ness Monster's out there and
ravenous --

92 CORKY hesitates, crosses the cabin, stares out at the
water in the early evening moonlight.

FATS

(Soft)
...do it beautifully...
(And on that --

CUT TO:

93 THE SHORE OF LAKE MELODY. Night. We're not far from the cabin. Hold. Sounds from the wood nearby. Now a bird sound. Then wind. It's cold. The water looks uninviting. And now without any warning or noise, a large turtle moves into view. God knows if it's a snapper or not but you don't want to mess with the thing as it plods toward the water, starts to swim out, disappears, and once it's gone --

CUT TO:

94 THE CABIN WINDOW THAT FACES THE WATER. FATS has been propped up so that he's looking out. He sits there, motionless, eyes wide as we

CUT TO:

95 THE SHORE AGAIN and CORKY dragging THE POSTMAN down toward the chill water. He's in his shorts and he holds THE POSTMAN under both arms. As he gets closer to the water, the ground gets wetter, and his feet sink slightly into the shore; as he pulls them out, there is a suction sound.

CORKY is cold already, his body covered with goosebumps, and he is not relishing what he's doing. At the water's edge he changes his grip slightly; he's beginning now to shiver. He glances far up the hill toward the main house, gathering courage and

CUT TO:

96 FATS in the window, watching. Eyes wide.

CUT TO:

97 CORKY and the OLD MAN, as he glances one last time up toward where PEG is. Then, a quick deep breath and he begins backing into the water. The lake stays shallow for a while and CORKY continues moving through the chill water quickly, THE POSTMAN less of a burden now that the lake is taking most of the old man's weight, and when it's chest high, CORKY shifts grips, releases the old man's armpits, goes into a lifesaving position, his left arm around THE POSTMAN'S chest, and when that's secure, CORKY pushes off, sidestroking out into deeper water and as he does

CUT TO:

98 THE LAKE, the surface dark, not easy to see, even with the moonlight and

CUT TO:

99 CORKY, very cold now, swimming along, and

CUT TO:

100 FATS in his window from CORKY'S point of view, starting to get smaller as CORKY continues his journey and

CUT TO:

101 SOMETHING on the lake surface near CORKY, and it looks like a stick, it must be a stick, except now it goes down under the water and there's a small ripple where it used to be and maybe it was the mouth and face of a snapper, maybe not, we don't really see enough to know for sure as we

CUT TO:

102 CORKY, beginning to labor now, swimming on, frightened, keeping at it, cold, keeping at it, and

CUT TO:

103 THE FACE OF THE POSTMAN, being carried through the deepening lake and

CUT TO:

104 CORKY, swimming slower, breathing more heavily and as he glances in toward shore

CUT TO:

105 THE CABIN and FATS and we're a good ways off now, forty yards, more maybe and

CUT TO:

106 CORKY, swimming again, teeth shattering, both from fear and freezing and he takes another stroke, another and as a sound of something else in the water makes him give a little cry as he spins around

CUT TO:

107 A WIDENING RIPPLE -- maybe a fish jumped, we don't linger long enough to see as we

CUT TO:

108 CORKY, really getting frightened now, it's all over his face, the fear and from that --

CUT TO:

109 THE POSTMAN, as slowly his eyes start to open.

CUT TO:

110 CORKY, swimming alone, laboring badly, and THE POSTMAN'S face is away from him so he doesn't know and as he takes another stroke --

CUT TO:

111 THE POSTMAN, CLOSE UP, blinking slowly and

CUT TO:

112 CORKY, swimming and

CUT TO:

113 THE POSTMAN starting to raise his hands and

CUT TO:

114 CORKY, watching as the hands move out of the water, the body begins to turn and as he screams

CUT TO:

115 THE LONG BONY FINGERS OF THE POSTMAN as they clutch at CORKY'S throat, dig into his flesh and

116 CORKY AND THE POSTMAN and CORKY tries to break the old man's grip but the fingers are digging deeper and tighter into his neck and as they flail and sink

CUT TO:

117 FATS watching from the window, and he almost seems to be leaning forward more against the screen, trying to see across the lake's surface until we

CUT TO:

118 THE LAKE as CORKY AND THE POSTMAN burst out and CORKY gasps, tries for air, but THE POSTMAN will not let go no matter how much CORKY pounds and pounds and as they start to sink a final time --

FLASHCUT TO:

119 A WHOLE SERIES OF WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL 'DROWNING MAN' IMAGES -- JUMBLED AND INCOHERENT, WITHOUT ORDER, AND THEY COME FAST, REALLY LIKE BLINKS, AS WE SEE PEG AND THE RICH BITCH WOMAN LAUGHING AT THE CLUB AND CORKY FROZEN OUTSIDE THE FOUR SEASONS, AFRAID TO GO IN AND CORKY IN HIS NEW YORK HOTEL ROOM, SLAMMING DOWN THE PHONE AND HIS FATHER IS THROWING A FOOTBALL AND HIS MOTHER IS UNABLE TO WALK STEADILY AND HIS BROTHER IS BEING BURIED AND

CUT TO:

120 THE SURFACE OF THE LAKE. The water is rippling. But no one is in sight. HOLD as the ripples widen in the night. Keep holding. Yellow moonlight butters the water. It's really lovely...Now --

CUT TO:

121 BRIGHT MORNING SUNSHINE AND PEG standing a little distance above CORKY'S cabin. Her back is to the main house up the hill.

PEG

Water's on to boil for your instant.

CUT TO:

122 CORKY, yawning, coming out the doorway, looking up at her, but before he can say a word --

CUT TO:

123 PEG

PEG

Careful.

(Beat)

Duke got home late last night -- way after dinner -- he didn't much like the notion of me being here alone with a man. He's watching us.

CUT TO:

124 THE MAIN HOUSE from CORKY'S point of view. The first floor living room window more precisely. It's hard to tell for sure, but maybe someone's standing staring out, motionless.

CUT TO:

125 CORKY AND PEG

CORKY

You think it's smart for me to come up there now?

PEG

I think he wants to watch us together.

CORKY

Give me five minutes.
(MORE)

125 CONTINUED:

CORKY (CONT'D)

(He turns to the
cabin, stops,
turns back to
PEG)

Has he got a telescope?
(PEG looks at him
confused)

Because if he doesn't I'd like to
say that going to bed with you was
maybe the three best things that
ever happened to me and I'd love
some instant, and I adore you, and
I take it with cream and sugar,
and your breasts belong in the
Louvre which is a museum in Paris
that I plan on visiting with you
once you get wise and decide to
leave the old ear-blower.

CUT TO:

PEG, looking down at CORKY, not the least unhappy.

PEG

Are you ever something.
(As she turns --)

CUT TO:

126 DUKE, sipping coffee at the small kitchen table, and he
doesn't look like James Dean, not any more. He's balding
and has a paunch and bags under the eyes from too much
boozing. He still seems powerful, an ex-jock gone badly
to seed.

CORKY (OVER)

Hey anybody.

PEG (OVER)

We're in the kitchen.

PEG is at the stove as FATS AND CORKY enter.

CORKY

(Excited)

My God, Duke, how are you? --

DUKE

(As they shake)

Doin' okay.

126 CONTINUED:

PEG

You take your coffee --
(DUKE watcher her --
with only a brief
beat)
-- how?

CORKY

(Sitting across from
DUKE)
Everything.

DUKE

Sorry I wasn't here to greet you,
help with the entertaining and
all.
(On the word 'entertaining'
he glances at PEG who is
readying CORKY'S coffee.
Sexual tension is clearly
in the room)
But somebody's got to earn a living.

CORKY

You're still in real estate, right?

DUKE

Gave that up. Dull. What I
really love is the out of doors,
fishing, hunting; that probably
seems dull to someone like you.

CORKY

No, not at all --
(As PEG puts down his
coffee)
-- perfect.

DUKE

Doing a little selling nowadays --
sundries, like that. Surprised Peg
here didn't bring you up to date.

CORKY

She may have -- the truth is,
once I start drinking wine, you
can forget about me.

CUT TO:

FATS, suddenly turning to DUKE, starting to talk.

126 CONTINUED: (2)

FATS

Listen, that stuff you sell? --
you don't happen to have a penis
do you, my last one caught Dutch
Elm disease so it's murder getting
an erection.

DUKE

(Breaks out laughing
-- to CORKY)
God damn, that's clever --

FATS

(outraged)
Don't tell schmucko that, tell me
that, I'm the talent.

CUT TO:

CORKY, clamping his hand over FATS' mouth, but FATS starts
going 'mmmm' 'mmmm' 'mmmm'.

CORKY

(During this -- to
DUKE)
You travel a lot in your work?

DUKE

(Shaking his head)
Hey, how do you do that? It's
terrific, I'm really glad you're
here for me to see.

CORKY

Thank you.
(Looks down at FATS
who is still going
'mmmm')
Will you be good now?
(FATS nods 'yes')
I mean it; promise?
(FATS' head bobs
up and down, 'yes'
'yes' 'yes')

FATS

(To CORKY, softly, as
CORKY takes his hand
away)
Ask him if he's glad I'm here too.

CUT TO:

126 CONTINUED: (3)

DUKE. He's got a decent smile. Now he nods.

DUKE

The both of you.

(HOLD on DUKE a
moment, then --

CUT TO:

127 PEG in the kitchen doorway as DUKE, lumberjack shirt on now, leaves.

PEG

How long you gonna be?

DUKE

As long as it takes to board up
the far cabins.

CUT TO:

128 CORKY AND FATS at the table; CORKY is finishing his coffee, blowing on it, watching the steam rise.

PEG

(As she holds the
door half open)

Don't get all overheated and catch
cold now.

(She closes the door)

CORKY

(Staring at the steam)

How'd I do?

PEG

(Staring after DUKE)

Just unbelievable.

FATS

(Miffed)

Too bad Fats wasn't here -- He
might have been a little help,
gotten a few laughs --

PEG

(Looking at FATS)

You're always unbelievable.

FATS

(Whispering to CORKY)

Brains as well as boobs.

128 CONTINUED:

PEG smiles, glances out the back door, crosses to the table, sits. She looks at CORKY, slides her lovely hand into his palm. It's a quiet moment, gentle, relaxed. The tension that began the scene has ended. HOLD ON PEG AND CORKY. Then --

CUT TO:

129 DUKE, seen through leaves, walking along. He holds a hammer and a tool box. As he walks along

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

130 THE WINGED VICTORY. No, that is a typo, and this isn't the statue in France. It's small and metal and it's a very famous emblem and now

PULL BACK A LITTLE FARTHER TO REVEAL

A WHITE CORNICHE. It stands stuck in mud in a ratty path that leads down the back of the property to the lake.

DUKE is still walking as before. He hasn't seen the car yet, he's going at right angles to it --

-- only now he does see it and he just stops dead. For an instant, he stands there. Then slowly he moves toward the machine. When he reaches it he looks at it, touches the Winged Victory on the hood with the tip of his finger.

Now he moves around to the driver's door, opens it, closes it, stands there, confused.

Then he takes off for the house as we

CUT TO:

131 CORKY, carrying a few pieces of firewood to his cabin. He stops as DUKE calls to him from up the hill; PEG stands in the background.

DUKE

You drive a Rolls?

CORKY

(Half smile)

Don't I wish.

(Clutching the wood tighter, he strolls on again)

131 CONTINUED:

DUKE

Well, it's somebody's white Rolls
parked out there --

(CORKY throws the
wood aside, starts
to run as we

CUT TO:

132 THE CORNICHE stuck in the mud as CORKY AND DUKE circle it,
PEG watching them both.

CORKY

That's gotta be Gangrene's --
(Shaking his head)
-- why would he leave it though?

DUKE

Whose is it?

CORKY

My agent's --
(Glances through the
window)
Keys in and everything -- he's rich
as hell, but still, you just don't
leave an 80 thousand dollar car
and walk away.
(Puzzling it out)
He must have come looking for me.

DUKE

Looking for you?

CUT TO:

CORKY; he hesitates, studying DUKE.

CORKY

If I level with you will you not
nose it around?

(DUKE nods)

I'm in hiding; I've got a lot of
career problems and I haven't been
behaving all that normal.

DUKE

Can you find out what's happened?

CORKY

(Nods)

I can sure as hell try.
(MORE)

132 CONTINUED:

CORKY (CONT'D)
 (As they all three
 start away, CORKY
 turns to DUKE)
 Would you mind trying to get it
 unstuck?

CUT TO:

DUKE, smiling.

DUKE
 Me driving an 80 thousand dollar
 car? I'd mind that a lot.
 (As he heads for
 the car --)

CUT TO:

133 CORKY. CLOSE UP. On the living room phone.

CORKY
 (Into receiver)
 Sadie? It's me, is he in?
 (Beat)
 Please.

CUT TO:

PEG listening in the kitchen.

CUT TO:

CORKY. CLOSE UP.

CORKY
 (Into phone)
 Don't yell at me, goddamit --
 (Louder)
 -- I'm sick of hearing about
my erratic behavior -- how'd
 you ever find me?
 (Beat)
 And I tipped that bastard cabbie
 so he wouldn't tell.
 (Beat)
 We were on a long walk is why you
 didn't find anybody --
 (Quickly)
 -- never mind who the 'we' is,
 finish about the car.

CUT TO:

133 CONTINUED:

PEG listening as CORKY starts to laugh.

CORKY (OVER)
I'd love to have seen that, you
hitchhiking a ride to Grossingers.
Why didn't you have them come
unstuck the car?

CUT TO:

CORKY. CLOSE UP.

CORKY
(Holding the phone
away from his ear
a moment)
Quit yelling, I should have known,
nobody touches your Rolls but a
Rolls man.

CUT TO:

134 DUKE, outside, walking toward the kitchen door.

CUT TO:

135 CORKY in the livingroom,

CORKY
You're actually paying a Rolls
guy to come all the way up here?

PEG
(In the doorway)
Duke's on his way.

CORKY
(Nods, circles his
thumb and forefinger)
Yessir, that was the 'we.'
(He lowers his voice;
PEG moves out of
sight again.)
Yessir; a lot.

CUT TO:

PEG, listening intently.

CORKY (OVER)
No, it's not ridiculous; we grew
up together.

CUT TO:

135 CONTINUED:

CORKY. CLOSE UP.

CORKY

Yes, she's married, but I think
she's leaving him for me --

(quickly)

-- I'm not a homewrecker, the
marriage was over, I swear to
God.

CUT TO:

136 PEG. Listening; she turns as DUKE approaches the cabin --

CUT TO:

137 CORKY, as the sound of DUKE coming up the steps reaches
him.

CORKY

-- and I'm not talking about
puppylove, Ben --

(CORKY'S eyes are
closed now)

-- the subject is salvation...

(HOLD ON CORKY. He
is, at this moment,
moved. Now from his
face --

CUT TO:

138 DUKE. He holds a water glass of scotch in one hand, the
half empty quart bottle in the other and he's pacing
across the upstairs bedroom. He looks angry, brooding,
by now a little drunk.

PEG moves from the bathroom, clad in a slip. She opens a
closet door, takes out an ironed skirt, begins dressing.

DUKE

Some fish.

(Stops by the window,
glares down at the
lake and CORKY'S
cabin)

Some fish he takes me for.

(Glance at PEG)

Your old pal I'm talking about.

PEG

I suspected.

DUKE

That story is so fulla holes --

138 CONTINUED:

PEG

-- why do you keep repeating that,
so a car's here, who cares?
Besides, Corky agrees with you.
It's a crazy story but there it is.

PEG sits at a small vanity, begins applying a small amount
of make up.

CUT TO:

DUKE, watching her. He finishes his glass, pours some
more scotch.

DUKE

Some happy coincidence -- guy
drives ninety miles and you and
Corky just happen to be off in
the woods while he's snooping.

(Whispering)

You put out for him in the woods,
did you?

PEG

I love it when you're drinking --

DUKE

-- Well why didn't you tell me
about this goddam legendary walk
before?

CUT TO:

PEG. Working on her eyelashes now.

PEG

No comment.

DUKE

-- Listen to me -- I know his
story's bullshit because I got
the car out of the mud and it was
nothing -- now if I can do it,
anybody can --

PEG

-- maybe he tried, maybe he
couldn't, he was old --

DUKE

(Quickly)

-- Corky never said he was old --

PEG

-- he must have to me --

138 CONTINUED: (2)

DUKE

(Quickly)

-- when?

PEG

-- we were having dinner probably --

DUKE

(Quickly)

-- unh-uh -- he got squiffed fast
and flaked out, that's what he
said earlier --

PEG gets up from the vanity, goes back to the closet, grabs
a scarf, as we

CUT TO:

DUKE, spinning her around.

DUKE

How did you know he was old, did
you see him? --

(Grabbing her now)

-- answer that --

PEG

-- no I never saw him --

DUKE

Why not, he must have rung the
bell -- a man drives ninety miles,
he's gotta ring the goddam doorbell,
wouldn't you agree? --

PEG

-- I didn't answer any bell, now
quit this!

CUT TO:

DUKE, rougher and rougher now.

DUKE

Why not? What were you doing
that was so imp --

(And now he stops)

-- did he ring while you were
screwing? Is that it?

(Bigger)

That is it, isn't it?

PEG

It's isn't --

138 CONTINUED: (3)

DUKE

-- why didn't you invite him in
to watch? --

PEG

-- shut your dirty mouth --

DUKE

Did you screw Corky?

PEG

No!

CUT TO:

PEG as DUKE hits her in the mouth, backhands her hard,
sending her spinning back into the door and there are
sudden tears of anger in her eyes as he grabs her again.

DUKE

-- I'll pound you all day you
keep lying --

PEG

-- I'm -- not -- lying --

DUKE

(As he raises his
hand to belt her
again)

-- the truth -- the goddam truth --

(All he's got)

-- did you fuck him? --

CUT TO:

PEG. CLOSE UP. Screaming --

PEG

No. -- no! -- I didn't --
(Beat -- then huge)

-- BUT I WANTED TO.

(And on that --

CUT TO:

DUKE. He blinks, stunned.

CUT TO:

PEG, ripping her arms free.

CUT TO:

138 CONTINUED: (4)

PEG AND DUKE, standing close, staring at each other. No sound but their breathing. Hold on their anger. They look like two club fighters who have pounded each other 'til they're arm weary. Hold...Then --

CUT TO:

139 Duke. It's a little later. He stands by a rowboat moored in front of CORKY'S cabin. Fishing equipment is already put in. CORKY is in the open doorway.

DUKE

C'mon; it'll be fun. If you don't like fishing, I'll let you row.

(CORKY hesitates)

I just had a good talk with Peg; I'd like one with you now.

CORKY

(Disappearing inside)

I'll grab a jacket.

(His voice now calling)

Where is Peg?

DUKE

(Going to the boat)

In town. 'Making a decision' she said.

CUT TO:

CORKY, a windbreaker on now, exiting the cabin, closing the door.

CORKY

You seem upset.

CUT TO:

DUKE, watching CORKY.

DUKE

Should I be?

(CORKY says nothing,
locks the cabin door)

Why you doing that?

CORKY

(Shrug)

Habit.

DUKE

I mean, we trust each other,
don't we?

139 CONTINUED:

CORKY

(To the boat)

'Course.

(DUKE gestures for
CORKY to get in as
we

CUT TO:

DUKE, pushing off powerfully and as the boat drifts out into the lake, DUKE seats himself in the middle, takes the oars, strokes with evident skill.

CUT TO:

CORKY, staring at the water. They are going in the direction he took THE POSTMAN the night before.

CUT TO:

THE WATER. You can see a good way down.

CUT TO:

CORKY, concentrating on the water. Then he looks at DUKE.

CORKY

(Brightly)

You're the one wants to fish,
let's try over there --

(he points in another
direction)

-- I'll do the rowing.

DUKE

I know the best holes -- when I
get us there, you can take over.

CUT TO:

THE WATER AGAIN.

CUT TO:

DUKE as CORKY nervously stares down at the lake.

DUKE

What are you looking for?

CORKY

(Quickly watching
DUKE)

Nothing.

CUT TO:

139 CONTINUED: (2)

CORKY, watching as DUKE brings in the oars, reaches for a bottle of scotch, takes a swallow. Then he holds the bottle out to CORKY.

CORKY
I'm not much of a drinker, I
told you that.

DUKE
You told me a lot of things.
(Another swallow, puts
the bottle down)

CORKY
What's that supposed to mean?

CUT TO:

DUKE. CORKY is very tense now. DUKE reaches for his bait casting rod; the plug is already in place. He casts.

CUT TO:

THE PLUG landing with a soft splash. We're very close to where THE POSTMAN was taken. Maybe over it.

CUT TO:

DUKE, reeling in.

CUT TO:

THE BOAT AND THE TWO MEN. The silence is getting hard for CORKY now. DUKE finishes reeling in, casts again.

DUKE
Peggy said you screwed her last
night.

CORKY
(Breaks out laughing)
Damn. And I told her to keep it
a secret.

DUKE
Think it's funny, do you?

DUKE says nothing, just reels slowly in.

CORKY
Is that why --

DUKE
-- shit -- snagged on something --

139 CONTINUED: (3)

CORKY

-- is that why you brought me out here? Try and get me to admit to something that never happened? If it is, I'd like to go back in now.

DUKE

(Pulling at the rod)

Heavy --

CORKY

I'd like to go back in now, Duke.

CUT TO:

THE PLUG, as DUKE pulls it free, reels quickly in.

CUT TO:

DUKE, casting again. As he does, quietly --

DUKE

What she said was she wanted to go to bed with you.

(Beat)

I'm losing her, Corky, and I don't know what to do.

CORKY

All she does it talk about you, Duke -- you're not losing anybody.

DUKE

When I said before I quit the real estate business? There wasn't any business left to quit.

CORKY

Tomorrow you're gonna regret you talked like this, so let's bag it for now, all right?

DUKE

See, Peg came in when I was on top and she's stuck with me all the way down and --

(Big)

-- goddamn it.

CUT TO:

THE PLUG. Or where it would be. But it's underwater now.

CUT TO:

139 CONTINUED: (4)

THE BOAT AND DUKE trying to get free.

DUKE
Feels like a whale.

CORKY
I'm cold, let's get the hell in.

DUKE
I can't get it loose --

CUT TO:

THE OARS as CORKY grabs them, tries to row away --

DUKE
-- you're breaking my pole --

CORKY
-- trying to help --

DUKE
-- well don't help, the whole
thing's coming now.
(And as he puts the
pole down, begins
pulling the strong
line in hand over
hand --

CUT TO:

CORKY, frozen and

CUT TO:

THE WATER and

CUT TO:

DUKE, pulling and pulling and

CUT TO:

THE WATER and something's starting to get visible down
there, coming closer and closer and

CUT TO:

CORKY, gripping one oar like a baseball bat and

CUT TO:

139 CONTINUED: (5)

DUKE, leaning over, pulling at whatever the hell is down there and

CUT TO:

THE WATER AND HERE IT COMES AND IT'S BIG and

CUT TO:

CORKY, exhaling sharply as the log breaks the surface, and DUKE unhooks his plug, drops it back.

CORKY

(Very quietly)

Any of that scotch left?

(DUKE hands it over;

CORKY takes a huge
swallow)

DUKE

Thought you weren't much on booze.

CORKY

Freezing my nuts off is all.

CUT TO:

DUKE, who nods, takes the bottle back, starts to drink, suddenly stops dead, mouth slack as we

CUT TO:

140 THE NEAR SHORE AND THE BODY OF THE POSTMAN, lying motionless half in and half out of the water...

CUT TO:

141 DUKE, and as he grabs the oars, starts rowing like hell --

CUT TO:

142 THE POSTMAN as DUKE AND CORKY scramble out of the boat, run to him, kneel by the body.

CORKY

(Looking at THE
POSTMAN)

I wonder who he is?

DUKE

I was thinking it might be your
Rolls guy.

142 CONTINUED:

CORKY

You kidding? -- Gangrene's only
about six foot three --

(Indicating a pocket)
-- see what his wallet says.

DUKE

(Touching THE POSTMAN'S
trouser pocket)

Nothing.

(A frisk of other
pockets)

Stripped clean.

CORKY

(Confused)

That doesn't make sense -- there
must be some identification --

CUT TO:

DUKE, interrupting, excited.

DUKE

Jesus Christ he might be still
alive --

CUT TO:

CORKY, excited too.

CORKY

-- Fantastic --

CUT TO:

THE POSTMAN as DUKE gestures to CORKY --

DUKE

-- I'll do the kiss of life --
run up the house -- call Normandy
Hospital -- tell 'em to get over --

CORKY

(Taking off running
like hell from the
Lake)
-- right --

DUKE

(Shouting after CORKY)
-- and stay at the house 'til
they get there so you can direct
'em straight here --

142 CONTINUED: (2)

CORKY

(Shouting back, over
his shoulder)

-- gotcha --

CUT TO:

143 DUKE straightening out THE POSTMAN'S body. He tilts the old man's head back, opens his mouth, reaches in, checks to see that the tongue has not been swallowed. Then he pulls briefly at THE POSTMAN'S teeth to see that they're not false. Now he hesitates a moment, glances up as we

CUT TO:

144 CORKY, flying through the woods, heading for the main house. Now --

CUT TO:

145 DUKE AGAIN. He hesitates, then, with his left hand, pinches THE POSTMAN'S nose shut. Finally he tilts THE POSTMAN'S head way back to the proper angle, puts his own mouth over the old man's and blows once, very hard.

No reaction. DUKE lifts his head, gets another deep breath of air, again puts his mouth over THE POSTMAN'S, again, blows hard into the other mouth.

CUT TO:

THE POSTMAN. His chest cavity is starting to swell ever so slightly.

CUT TO:

DUKE, swallowing air, getting ready for a third try. He does the kiss another time, blowing very hard, pinching THE POSTMAN'S nostrils tightly shut as he does so.

CUT TO:

THE POSTMAN, his chest cavity swelling still more. Now --

CUT TO:

DUKE, bending now, pressing his ear tight against THE POSTMAN'S heart. There are still some clothes in the way so he rips at the shirt, getting it open enough so that he can put his ear directly to the flesh above the heart.

CUT TO:

DUKE. CLOSE UP. You can see it on his face: nothing, no heartbeat. DUKE shakes his head a little, and as he closes THE POSTMAN'S eyes --

CUT TO:

146 THE ROWBOAT, sliding silently in toward shore by CORKY'S CABIN. THE POSTMAN lies sprawled and dead across one seat. DUKE gets out, stares at the cabin a moment, then glances at the corpse. He hesitates, then takes a key from his pocket and as he does --

CUT TO:

147 THE FRONT DOOR OF THE CABIN AS DUKE hurriedly inserts the master key, unlocks the door, slips inside and as he steps from sight --

CUT TO:

148 THE CABIN. It's dark, empty, totally silent. The blinds are drawn. Slender stripes of sun slant in here and there.

CUT TO:

DUKE, closing the door silently. He pockets the key, turns, looks around.

CUT TO:

THE CABIN. DUKE'S standing by the door near the living room closet. Beyond the living room is the bedroom, the bath and kitchenette in between and

CUT TO:

DUKE, starting to take a silent step forward, then suddenly giving a startled cry as we

CUT TO:

FATS, watching DUKE. He's seated on a stool by the kitchenette which has the curtain drawn across it.

CUT TO:

DUKE, a little flustered by having the dummy scare him. He shakes his head, moves to the desk, starts to open and shut the empty drawers as quietly as he can.

CUT TO:

THE LIVING ROOM CLOSET as DUKE feels around inside, finds nothing of interest. The suitcases are in the back and he takes them out, quickly opens the first and it's CORKY'S, empty. DUKE opens the second case, looks inside and

CUT TO:

148 CONTINUED:

FATS' CASE. All the stuff we've seen before, tape and canvas strips and changes of clothes and --

CUT TO:

DUKE, taking out FATS' WIG. He studies it carefully, touches the hair -- there are bits of dried red stuff matted here and there. DUKE looks at the wig a moment more. Slowly he puts it back, closes the case.

CUT TO:

THE LIVING ROOM as DUKE glances around it one last time, then heads for the bedroom in the back, passing the narrow area between the kitchenette and bath where FATS still sits, staring as before at the door. As DUKE moves past --

CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM as DUKE enters, goes straight to the closet, and as he opens it --

CUT TO:

THE CLOSET as DUKE begins a quick search but there's nothing much, a few of CORKY'S clothes on hangers, period.

CUT TO:

DUKE, the silence broken only by the sound of his footsteps as he crosses from the closet, starts to look at the bedroom dresser.

CUT TO:

THE TOP DRAWER as DUKE opens it. Nothing. Underwear and socks and that's it.

CUT TO:

THE SECOND DRAWER. Even emptier. A pair of pajamas, a couple of shirts, that's all.

CUT TO:

DUKE, frustrated, slamming the second drawer, then quickly glancing around because it made a louder noise than he means. He reaches down for the third drawer and as he does --

CUT TO:

148 CONTINUED: (2)

DIRTY LAUNDRY. The shirt and stuff we saw CORKY wearing on the cab ride up, all rumpled and stuffed inside.

CUT TO:

DUKE hesitates, then, not all that happily, he puts his hand into the dirty laundry, shoves it aside and we

CUT TO:

THE DRAWER. A PATEK PHILLIPE watch is there. It looks, and is, incredibly expensive.

CUT TO:

DUKE, examining the watch. Then he goes back into the drawer, pulls out a wallet, examines it.

CUT TO:

A BUNCH OF CREDIT CARDS. All of them made out to a 'Ben Greene.'

DUKE
(Muttering).
Ben Greene? Greene?
(Now he's got it)
Gangrene, son of a bitch --
(And as he takes out
some photos from
the wallet --

CUT TO:

THE POSTMAN with a lot of famous faces: Berle, Sinatra, Jack Benny, George Burns, Bing Crosby.

CUT TO:

DUKE, staring at all the photos.

DUKE
It is the Rolls guy --
(And as he folds
up the wallet --

CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM as DUKE stuffs the wallet and watch into his pocket, closes the door, starts quickly out and

CUT TO:

148 CONTINUED: (3)

FATS staring into the bedroom as DUKE starts to exit -- he's still sitting as before in front of the kitchenette curtain but his head has turned around and

CUT TO:

DUKE, stopping dead in front of FATS, staring at the dummy and as the realization hits home --

CUT TO:

149 DUKE, starting to scream as we

CUT TO:

FATS raising his right arm high -- he holds a knife and as he slashes out

CUT TO:

DUKE, frozen, trying to protect himself but too late as we

CUT TO:

FATS, driving the right hand home, sliding it under DUKE'S rib cage and as the blood begins

CUT TO:

DUKE, gasping, half turning, and

CUT TO:

FATS and now his left arm strikes, and it has another knife and it jams in harder and

CUT TO:

DUKE, crying out as the right hand knife strikes again and

CUT TO:

FATS, and it's like he's beating a bass drum as one arm curves out, then the other, then the first and

CUT TO:

DUKE, staggering back against the near wall, just across, starting to slide down and

CUT TO:

149 CONTINUED:

FATS, and he's relentless, and as DUKE'S body sinks FATS keeps on hitting, only now it's higher than the rib cage, now it's the chest and now it's the shoulder and

CUT TO:

DUKE as FATS slashes his neck and he's on his knees now, DUKE'S trying to crawl away but

CUT TO:

FATS AND HE WON'T LET HIM, he's swinging away, right arm, left arm, right arm, left and

CUT TO:

DUKE, with the floor swimming in blood and his face is bloody, his mouth is bloody, there's blood in his eyes, he's blind from it and

CUT TO:

FATS, arms raised, staring down. He hesitates and we

CUT TO:

DUKE. Dead.

FATS, as he drops the knives; they skip along the floor.

CUT TO:

DUKE. Lying there as we

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

150 CORKY, CLOSE UP, stunned, staring down at DUKE from the kitchenette area.

CORKEY

...Jesus, Jesus --

FATS

-- don't panic --

CORKY

-- what have you done? ---
(He runs to the
door of the
cabin, locks it
frantically)

150 CONTINUED

FATS
-- I said don't panic!

CORKY
-- what am I gonna do -- omigod --

CUT TO:

FATS, staring at the door and CORKY --

FATS
-- you're gonna listen and --
(interrupting himself
-- huge)
-- and -- listen -- to -- me!

CUT TO:

CORKY, numb, upset; he manages to look at FATS.

CUT TO:

FATS.

FATS
(Rattling it out)
You're gonna zoom to my suitcase
and whip out one of those nice
long pieces of canvas and you're
gonna wrap part of it around
Duke here and part around Gangrene
and you're gonna get a big rock
and wrap the rest around it and
row out and drop the bundle over
the side --
(Beat)
-- and if you do it right I'll
be able to say, 'Attaway, schmucko,
two birds with one stone.'

CORKY
Quit with the goddam jokes --

FATS
-- and after they're dumped you
hustle in here and clean up good
and unless you're a bigger
nincomfuckingpoop than I think,
inside of twenty minutes you'll
be taking a nice hot shower.

(And on that last
word --

CUT TO:

- 151 THE BATHROOM SHOWER ON FULL BLAST and CORKY finishing up.
He runs the water down on his face a moment more, then
turns off the spigots and

CUT TO:

A TOWEL as CORKY reaches for it, begins drying himself as
we

CUT TO:

- 152 THE BEDROOM OF THE CABIN as CORKY, half dressed now, passes
the window, glances out, stops, as we

CUT TO:

- 153 THE ROWBOAT OUTSIDE THE CABIN... PEG sits in it, alone and
forlorn. It's getting cold now as later afternoon sets in.

CUT TO:

CORKY, coming out of the cabin, putting on a sweater.
During this next he moves to her, and when she gestures,
sits beside her in the rowboat, gently rocking.

CORKY

You've had quite a day I guess.

PEG

(Shrugs)

Whatever.

(looks at CORKY)

Where's Duke?

CORKY

We had a blowup -- he tried to
get me to admit we'd gone to bed,
and when he couldn't he told me
he was going hunting and I should
be the hell out when he got back.

(PEG nods)

Are you coming with me?

CUT TO:

PEG. CLOSE UP.

PEG

I've drunk enough crummy coffee
in enough rotten luncheonettes
to qualify for the Guinness Book
of Records --

CUT TO:

153 CONTINUED:

CORKY, breaking in.

CORKY

Are you coming with me, I've
gotta know -- who wins, me or
Duke?

PEG

(Beat)

If I'm a prize, then you're a
winner.

(And awkwardly,
she embraces him
eyes closed)

And as soon as Duke gets back
and I can tell him in person
that I'm going, we can take off.

CORKY

(Beat; then, a
sweet smile)

Gee, I don't think you should
put yourself through a big
emotional scene like that.

PEG

I got to leave Duke with his
pride. We spent a lot of years
together and he's got to
understand he didn't fail.
We failed together.

CUT TO:

PEGGY, starting to rise. CORKY steadies her as they
leave the boat.

PEG

Let's the both of us pack, and
don't try arguing me out of this
-- anyway, he'll be home soon --
(A gesture toward
the darkening sky)
-- you can't hunt when it's
nighttime...

CUT TO:

CORKY, as she gives him a quick kiss, starts away. CORKY
just stands there. Now he half turns, looks not at her
but the cabin. Hold on CORKY.

CUT TO:

154 FATS inside the cabin, watching as CORKY gets out a suitcase, opens it. He looks at FATS, smiles.

FATS
Omigod, she's leaving Duke for
you.

CORKY
On the money.

FATS
(Really excited)
Infuckingcredibly fanfuckingtastic!

CORKY
(Little bow)
Thank you, sports fans.

FATS
So where are we off to?

CORKY
Don't get emotional about this --

FATS
(Cutting in)
-- about what, about what? --

CUT TO:

CORKY. CLOSE UP. There is a pause.

CORKY
I think maybe there's just gonna
be two of us on the honeymoon.

CUT TO:

FATS. Staring.

FATS
What's the punch line?
(CORKY says nothing,
continues packing)
You don't mean you'd leave me
behind even for a little? C'mon
Laddie, quit the kidding.

CORKY
My head's on straight now -- I
want to get to know her, that's
all. I want to take her places,
show her things, Paris, maybe,
like that.

154 CONTINUED:

FATS
Schmucko, you never been to
Paris yourself, what is this
'show her' routine?

CORKY doesn't answer, concentrates on his packing. FATS
watches. The silence goes on until finally --

CUT TO:

FATS, CLOSE UP, and there's never been such pleading in
his voice.

FATS
(Pleading)
...I'll be good...I promise I'll
be so good, you'll see...

CUT TO:

CORKY. He's terribly upset, keeps on packing.

CUT TO:

FATS.

FATS
All I wanna do is tag along.
(CORKY keeps silently
packing)
I wanna see Paris too...
(No reply)
...you want me to come crawling,
you want me to beg, okay, all
right, this is me, Fats, and
I'm begging --

CUT TO:

CORKY, still working, back turned to FATS.

CORKY
-- it's not easy for me either --

FATS
(Big)
-- it is -- it is easy -- you
won't be alone.

CORKY concentrates all he has on what he's doing.

CUT TO:

154 CONTINUED: (2)

FATS, and he stares at CORKY a moment more. Then, in a whisper --

FATS
...I'll tell...
(And on that,
CORKY whirls)

CORKY
What'll you tell?

FATS
(Still whispering)
...everything...
(Building now)
...I will, I swear...in the middle
of the act, one night when you
don't expect it I'll scream,
'There's bodies in Lake Melody!'

CORKY
(Beat)
I don't see that happening.

FATS
What makes you so sure?

CUT TO:

CORKY. CLOSE UP.

CORKY
You're not working with me, not
any more. I'm doing a single
now...
(HOLD ON CORKY.
Then --

CUT TO:

155 PEG'S SUITCASE. Open and full.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

PEG. Tense. Taut. She stands in her bedroom a moment
until she hears a sound -- house creak? door opening? --
something. Then she calls out --

PEG
Duke?
(To the doorway)
That you?

CUT TO:

156 THE STAIRS by the bedroom door leading down. The place is empty. No more sound. PEG glances at her watch. Almost six. She shakes her head, goes back to the suitcase as we

CUT TO:

157 THE LAKE. Darkening. Silent. The water murky and cold.

CUT TO:

158 CORKY in his cabin, staring out at the water. He turns, sits, begins doing one-handed cuts with the cards.

CUT TO:

159 FATS. Watching. The silence is heavy now; just the faint click of the cards is all.

CUT TO:

160 CORKY, working with the cards; click, click. His hands are moving as if they had a life of their own.

CUT TO:

161 PEG'S VANITY. She is stuffing make-up and cosmetics into a travelling bag. The bag is full. She zips is shut, mutters 'goddamn it,' drops the make-up case beside her other packed cases.

CUT TO:

162 CORKY, waiting down in the cabin, looking idly as his hands keep moving, faster. He is tenser than before.

CUT TO:

163 PEG pouring herself a glass of whisky. Not full or anything, but a decent shot. She pours in some ice cubes, some water, takes a tentative sip. She's tenser than before too. Now she drinks again, a long swallow. She jumps as the grandfather's clock in the corner begins striking.

CUT TO:

164 OUTSIDE THE MAIN HOUSE as the clock strikes on. Four. Five. Six. Seven.

CUT TO:

165 PEG, finishing her drink. She puts the glass down, picks up the Scotch bottle, starts to pour a refill, hesitates. She waits a moment more.

165 CONTINUED:

The ticking of the clock is audible now. Abruptly, she reaches for another glass and as she pours whisky into them both --

CUT TO:

166 CORKY in the cabin as PEG enters with two drinks.

CORKY

(Quickly)

-- how'd it go? Duke understand? --

PEG

-- we haven't talked yet --

CORKY

(Upset)

-- you mean he isn't back? --
Christ, Peg --

PEG

-- it got kind of scary up there
waiting --

(Handing the drink
over)

-- I wanted a drink but I didn't
much want to drink alone --

CORKY

-- let's get the hell out -- send
him a telegram later --

PEG

-- I'm sorry, my mind's made up --
(Drinks)
-- besides, he can't be much
longer --

CORKY

-- you don't know that -- he was
drinking heavy when he left here --

PEG

-- he take a flashlight with him,
did you notice?

CORKY

All I noticed was that huge goddam
elephant gun he was carrying when
he hinted I vacate the premises --
it's stupid waiting around --

PEG

-- then I'm stupid --

166 CONTINUED:

CORKY

(Little louder)

-- I didn't say you were stupid,
I said waiting was --

PEG

(Little louder still)

-- I'm aware of your opinion on
the subject --

CORKY

-- then try agreeing with me for
once instead of being stubborn --

PEG

(Big)

-- give it a rest, Corky! --
(And on that --

ZOOM TO

FATS, seated on his suitcase, belting it out --

FATS

'AHHHHHHHHHHH sweet mystery of life
at last I've found you.'

(Imitating Bette
Davis)

Fasten your seat belts everybody;
it's going to be a bumpy night.

(CORKY gets FATS,
brings him over)

I'm here to save you two from
yourselves.

(To PEG)

Want me to do something dazzling?

PEG

You do magic too?

FATS

Corky does magic, I only do
tricks --

(Excited)

-- I got just the thing -- Peg,
bring me a couple decks of cards
and I'll read your mind.

CUT TO:

PEG, staring at FATS now.

PEG

What do you mean?

166 CONTINUED: (2)

FATS

I'll pull the same card from
your deck that you've pulled
from mine --

PEG

-- that's not a trick -- you
can't do that --

CUT TO:

FATS. CLOSE UP.

FATS

-- sure, you just peek at the
bottom card after shuffling and
it's easy apple pie -- Corky makes
a big deal production number out
of it sometimes, like when he's
got some bimbo stewardess he
wants to screw -- he makes them
think their minds have touched
-- never fails --

(As he goes on --

CUT TO:

PEG. CLOSE UP. Numb and horrified and --

FATS' VOICE (OVER)

-- you'll never know how many
people want to believe in magic...

PEG

(Fights for control,
really tries to hang
in. Softly --)

...aw shit...

(And then her face falls
apart, her grief has
control and she whirls
out of the chair for
the cabin door and

CUT TO:

167 OUTSIDE THE CABIN as PEG tears the door open, starts into
the night but she only gets a few steps before CORKY'S
got her, tries to hold her, tries to calm her --

CUT TO:

167 CONTINUED:

PEG AND CORKY and she's smashing out at him and he gets one arm pinioned, then the other, but not for long, she's crying and humiliated and when she gets an arm free she pounds and pounds and --

CORKY

-- please!

PEG

-- were you laughing every second? --

CORKY

-- please I said! --

PEG

-- WAS I FUNNY, YOU BASTARD SON
OF A BITCH --

(And with that she gives
one final twist, breaks
wildly free and runs all
she has for the house as
we

CUT TO:

168 FATS, in his chair, waiting.

CUT TO:

CORKY, slamming in but before he can say a word, FATS starts talking.

FATS

-- listen to me -- you gotta
please just answer one small
question: why do you think I
blew the whistle?

CORKY

Because I was leaving, because
you were jealous.

CUT TO:

FATS. CLOSE UP.

FATS

Wrong, Schmucko -- I did it
because I could.

CUT TO:

168 CONTINUED:

CORKY. He says nothing, studies FATS.

FATS

And why didn't you stop me? Answer?
You didn't because you couldn't.

(And now he breaks

out laughing)

Look at him -- he still doesn't
understand.

CUT TO:

FATS, his eyes angled toward CORKY'S.

FATS

Better sit down, keed, while I
hit you with an explanation --
take a load off.

(CORKY sits in the
sofa)

Ever since we got together, I
laid low -- it was best for the
act, I let you share the limelight,
if there's one thing about me,
I'm big --

CORKY

-- save us --

FATS

-- but then earlier today, when
I begged you, pleaded not to be
left behind -- and you pissed ice
water all over me, well, that
tore it.

(Tone change now)

If I'm boring you, walk around,
I don't care --

(As CORKY begins to
pace nervously --)

-- you couldn't even make it at
an amateur night before I came to
the rescue -- it was me -- I took
a failure with the charm of Tricky
Dick Nixon and made a skyrocket.
So it's not gonna be you and her.
It's gonna stay you and me, except
from now on, even that's changed
-- henceforth, it's me and you.

CUT TO:

168 CONTINUED: (2)

CORKY.

CORKY

You done? I got a weak stomach.

FATS

You look tired.

CORKY

I'm not.

FATS

Then what're ya yawning for?

CORKY

Yawning? I'm not...
(But now he stretches,
yawns)

FATS

Gotta wake you up -- crawl around
a little, that should help.

CORKY

Ya think?
(He starts to crawl
across the floor)
Hey, it does help.

FATS

Up and at 'em.
(CORKY jumps to his
feet)
Thank me for making you wake up.

CORKY

Thanks, Fats.

FATS

With feeling -- like I'd do it --

CORKY

(Imitating FATS)
I'm filled with gratifuckingtude!

FATS

(Delighted)
Hey, you got talent after all --
let's see what else you can do --
(And now --

CUT TO:

FATS. CLOSE UP. Tight.

FATS

Fats says smile, Fats says frown,
Fats says touch the ceiling,
Fats says spinaround, Fats says
get a knife --

CUT TO:

CORKY, frozen as the word 'knife' hits.

FATS

Come on; from the kitchenette.

CUT TO:

THE KITCHENETTE as CORKY takes a knife FATS used on DUKE,
brings it out.

FATS

Gee, I wonder what might be fun
to do with it?

CORKY

(Quickly)

I could whittle something -- you
know I'm good at that -- fast too --
just name it --

FATS

Naw; I'm looking for something
with a little more pizazz.

CORKY

(A burst)

Don't do it!

FATS

You really love old Peg, don't
you; goddam it's touching.

CORKY

Please don't kill her.

FATS

Hey, schmucko, easy -- I would
never even dream of depriving you
of that pleasure.

CORKY

I can't do it.

168 CONTINUED: (4)

FATS

There's that old bugaboo of yours
again, lack of confidence.

CORKY

I -- won't. And -- you -- can't
-- make -- me!

CUT TO:

FATS, watching CORKY.

FATS

Okay, okay; wow, I really stepped
on a corn that time. If I can't
make you, I can't make you, how's
your head, Cork?

CORKY

Fine.

FATS

Good. Thought for a sec' there
you might be getting a migraine.

CORKY

Nope.

FATS

Just show how wrong you can be.
(And now --

CUT TO:

CORKY stands very straight, holding the knife. Nothing
shows at all. He looks just like CORKY.

HOLD.

The silence goes on. CORKY stands very straight.

KEEP HOLDING.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, CORKY'S left eye
begins to flutter. You can practically see the pulse
beating in the temple. He shuts his eyes, opens them
again. The fluttering is worse. He's beginning to
perspire now.

STAY WITH CORKY.

168 CONTINUED: (5)

The fluttering of the eyelid begins going out of control. CORKY is clearly getting worse and worse and now we begin a series of flashcuts, some of which we've seen before, some not but we start with a

FLASHCUT TO:

169 A BUNCH OF DUMMIES IN A MAGIC SHOP. ONE OF THEM IS FATS AND AS CORKY REACHES TOWARD A DIFFERENT DUMMY, IT'S ALMOST AS IF FATS SOMEHOW MOVES, FALLS FORWARD, DRAWS ATTENTION AS WE

FLASHCUT TO:

170 CORKY IN A TINY ROOM HOLDING FATS. BUT AWKWARDLY. HE LOOKS IN A MIRROR. HIS LIPS ARE MOVING MUCH TOO MUCH.

FLASHCUT TO:

171 FATS' HEAD TURNING. CORKY IS BETTER NOW. HIS LIPS DON'T MOVE AS MUCH AT ALL AND

FLASHCUT TO:

172 CORKY STANDING IN FRONT OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARDUST ONLY THIS TIME HE HAS FATS IN HIS ARMS AND

FLASHCUT TO:

173 THE AUDIENCE IN THE STARDUST LAUGHING AND DEEP IN ONE CORNER, WATCHING IT CLOSELY, IS THE POSTMAN AND

FLASHCUT TO:

174 THE POSTMAN AS FATS CRASHES DOWN AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AS THE POSTMAN FALLS

FLASHCUT TO:

175 DUKE AS FATS KNIFES HIM AND

CUT TO:

176 CORKY, standing there, the flashcuts of FATS' growing power are over. CORKY brings his hands up, presses his palms hard against his eyes which are fluttering worse than we've ever seen them and as CORKY grinds in to try to relieve pressure --

FATS' VOICE (OVER)

Drop your hands!

(MORE)

176 CONTINUED:

FATS' VOICE (OVER) (CONT'D)
 (CORKY'S hands go back
 to his sides. But
 his eyes stay shut)
 Open those baby blues.
 (CORKY'S eyes are
 staring again, the
 fluttering wild now)
 Looks to me like one of those gut
 wrenchers.
 (CORKY manages a nod)
 Hey, Cork, it's getting bad fast,
 you're losing color.
 (CORKY nods again; pale
 and sweating now)

CORKY
 (Whispering)
 ...please...

FATS
 Drilling right into the brain,
 is it?

CORKY
 ...yes...Yes...

CUT TO:

FATS, cheery as can be.

FATS
 Surprise.

CUT TO:

CORKY, standing as before, still in pain, but as we watch,
 the fluttering begins to slow.

CUT TO:

FATS, watching CORKY.

FATS
 It came fast, it can go fast,
 yes? Not so deep anymore?

CORKY
 ...not...so deep...

FATS
 It'll be all gone soon.

176 CONTINUED: (2)

CORKY

...thank...you.

FATS

(Suddenly roaring)

Want it back a hundred times worse
and a hundred days long?

CUT TO:

CORKY. He can only shake his head in silence.

CUT TO:

FATS. Pleased and contented.

FATS

Then take the knife on up the
hill, lover.

(Beat)

And kiss the girl goodbye...

(HOLD ON FATS a moment.

Then --

CUT TO:

177 PEG lying on her bed, drained. The tears are gone, she's
staring off. Her suitcases, packed and ready, are in a
corner of the room. Now there is a sound and as she half
sits --

CUT TO:

178 THE DOORKNOB. It turns. There is a pressure on the thick
door from the outside.

CUT TO:

179 PEG.

PEG

Duke?

FATS (OVER)

I left schmucko down at the cabin
-- open up, huh? You and me have
gotta have a quick palaver.

PEG

Corky, there's nothing to say --

179 CONTINUED:

FATS (OVER)

I told you, he's at the cabin --
you and me are the only ones can
straight this out.

PEG

Go 'way, Corky.

FATS (OVER)

Fats.

PEG

All right, go 'way, Fats.

FATS (OVER)

That's better -- at least we know
who we are now.

(Softer)

I've got a present that'll make
you smile; promise it will.

PEGGY lies back, shuts her eyes, says nothing.

FATS (OVER)

He made it for you. For you to
remember him by. He's leaving,
Peg, but he wants you to have
this.

PEG

Have what?

FATS (OVER)

A wooden heart.

PEG, lying there. She blinks. Probably she's touched a
little. She looks at the door again.

FATS (OVER)

(Hurrying on)

He whittled it for you before he
sent me up -- he's quick with his
hands, say you'll keep it.

PEG

Leave it outside the door.

FATS (OVER)

The reason what happened down
in the cabin was that he was so
humiliated, Peg --

(MORE)

179 CONTINUED: (2)

FATS (OVER) (CONT'D)

-- see, he never dreamed you'd ever care for him but when you did, and he'd lied to you, it just killed him. He's loved you so long and he couldn't go off with you when there was a lie at the center. Please take his heart, Peg -- so he'll know you don't feel contempt for him.

PEG

(Sitting now)

Oh I never felt that.

FATS (OVER)

At least that's something. I'll leave it by the door, Peg. 'Bye.

There is the sound of something being put on the wooden floor outside.

PEG waits a moment, then gets off the bed, takes a step toward the door, reaches for the locked knob with her hand, abruptly pulls her hand back.

PEG

Wait a minute, you didn't walk away.

FATS (OVER)

(Laughing)

Brains as well as boobs.

In spite of herself, PEG half smiles.

FATS (OVER)

(The sound of steps growing softer now)

Anytime you feel like playing with my levers, you'll call?

PEG

Sure, sure.

FATS (OVER)

(Soft)

...Peggy Ann Snow...

...Peggy Ann Snow...

(Softer)

...please let me follow...

(A whisper now)

...wherever you go...

CUT TO:

179 CONTINUED: (3)

PEG. CLOSE UP. And the little poem reaches her a little. She stands there, confused, lost in thought.

CUT TO:

180 THE BEDROOM WITH PEGGY frozen near the door. It's dark out. Far far beyond is the lake. CORKY'S cabin is visible, the one with the lights on.

PEG turns a moment, looks out at the cabin and the lovely lake in the moonlight.

Then she turns, reaches for the door a second time and as she does --

CUT TO:

181 THE HALL OUTSIDE. A quickly cut wooden heart is alone on the floor. Now --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

more and more of the hall, the CAMERA keeps retreating from the sweet little heart. From the door comes the sound of a lock starting to turn.

KEEP PULLING BACK.

We come to a corner and around it, CORKY waits. Or more precisely, his feet, because that's where we start --

CAMERA moves up along his body.

The hand holds the knife tight and ready.

CAMERA keeps moving.

CORKY'S chest is moving, he's breathing fast and deeply, in out, in out and now

CAMERA hits his face and it's a shocker -- his eyes are glazed and staring, his mouth has that expression we've seen before but not on him: the bottom line is just this: CORKY LOOKS LIKE FATS NOW. Quickly --

CUT TO:

182 THE DOOR TO PEG'S ROOM, slowly opening. She peeks out, looks around, sees no one. Then --

CUT TO:

182 CONTINUED:

THE WOODEN HEART as PEG reaches down, takes it, holds it close, studies it. She looks both sweet and sad. HOLD ON PEG'S LOVELY FACE a moment more, then --

ZOOM TO

183 FATS in his chair in the cabin as CORKY drops the knife, the blade covered with blood, on the chair beside FATS.

FATS

How are things in Glocca Morra,
keed?

CUT TO:

CORKY. He moves to the sofa, his back to us, lies down, can't help it, starts to cry.

CUT TO:

FATS. Watching.

CUT TO:

CORKY, just sobbing, but trying to get control. When he finally does --

CUT TO:

FATS, watching him.

FATS

(Quietly)

It's all right, you've had a big
day, let it all out.

CORKY lies there, his back still to us; he nods. The emotional outburst is passing over.

CORKY

(Soft)

She liked...the heart

FATS

You're a great whittler, she damn
well should have.

CORKY

She smiled when she picked it
up -- I saw -- she looked so
pleased and everything.

(MORE)

183 CONTINUED:

CORKY (CONT'D)

I made her happy...me...no tricks
or anything.

(Now, from FATS, a
sudden gasp)

What's wrong?

CUT TO:

FATS. CLOSE UP.

FATS

I don't know how to say this
since I haven't got a stomach,
but my stomach hurts.

CORKY

Bad?

FATS

(Weaker)

Getting...bad.

CUT TO:

CORKY, as his arm slips to the floor.

FATS

...getting...real bad now...

CORKY

...yes...

FATS

...what's going on...?

CORKY

...we're dying I think is what
it is...

He rolls onto his back on the couch. His entire shirt
front is red with blood.

FATS

...dying...?

CORKY

...I...I put the knife deep in
me...

FATS

...Christ, Laddie, it's spreading...

183 CONTINUED: (2)

CORKY

(Softer)

...I know...

FATS

...don't leave me here alone...

CORKY

...don't...worry...

FATS

...can you get over...?

CUT TO:

CORKY. He manages to roll off the sofa, lands hard, gasps for breath, pushes up with his arms, crawls slowly to FATS' chair.

CORKY

...what...?

FATS

...put me...flat...?

CUT TO:

FATS as CORKY takes him, gently places him stretched out on the soft sofa cushion.

CORKY

(Starting to die now)

...Fats...?

(Beat)

...she really liked my heart...

FATS

...why didn't you just leave...?
Go with her when you had the
chance...?

CORKY

...aw...she'd have never gone
with me...she'd have...turned
me down...I couldn't even make
her open the door by myself...
it was never me...always us...

FATS

...schmucko...us was you...

CORKY

...huh...?

183 CONTINUED: (3)

FATS

...it was you all the time...

CORKY nods.

CUT TO:

FATS. CLOSEUP. Long pause. Then -- barely audible.

FATS

...I hope I don't die first is
all...

CUT TO:

CORKY. CLOSE UP. Another pause, longer.

CORKY

...I think we'll go together,
chances are...

HOLD for a moment on CORKY. Then the CAMERA STARTS to pull away in that standard move that indicates the end of the picture except the second we've established that it's over --

CUT TO:

184 PEG, and it isn't over, as she walks out of the main house, holding her suitcases. She puts them down, looks down at the lit cabin by the water. PEG has put on make-up, changed clothes and is wearing a coat: she's never looked as soft and lovely.

PEG

(Calling down)

Hey it's me, I changed my mind,
let's give it a whack, see how
it goes.

(No answer from the
cabin. She takes
something out of her
purse, now looks at
it -- it's the wooden
heart)

What do you say?

(No answer)

I'm warning you, Cork, don't play
hard to get, I'm a woman, I can
always change my mind again.

(MORE)

184 CONTINUED:

PEG (CONT'D)

(And now, for the
first time, she
imitates FATS)

You may not have this
opportunitunity tomorrow.

(She stands there,
half smiling. Now
she begins to toss
the heart up in the
air, catches it,
tosses it again and
starts walking down
to the cabin)

HOLD ON PEG.

She keeps walking, holding the heart. Now she kind of
breaks into a little run. As she finally reaches the
cabin --

FINAL FADE OUT.