

MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD

Screenplay

by

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Based on the novel

by

Erich Segal

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

4/30/82

1. X

FADE IN:

1 EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

1

The CAMERA PANS BUILDINGS and the green in an ESTABLISHING SHOT, and CONTINUES MOVING until it CLOSES IN on a window, then MOVES THROUGH THE WINDOW to the inside of a:

2 INT. CLASSROOM

2

BOB BECKWITH is seated, with TEN STUDENTS who are seated in a kind of semi-circle surrounding him.

This is a SENIOR SEMINAR in ELEGIES.

The students are equally divided between YOUNG MEN and YOUNG WOMEN about twenty-one years old. Some are slouched in their seats; others are sitting up.

BOB

Whitman spent a good part of his time during the Civil War visiting hospitals...reading to sick and wounded soldiers...and writing letters for them. Here the poet was also the activist giving of his time and of himself to make a difference in the world around him.

FIRST STUDENT (female)

But didn't he try to help buy his brother out of the army?

(Bob nods)

I find that hard to square with his "activism."

BOB

I don't. The matter of his brother Jeff was very much a family problem.

SECOND STUDENT (male)

I think that's a cop-out, Professor Beckwith.

THIRD STUDENT (male)

So do I. I'm not saying what he did was wrong...if there was a draft and I could buy myself out, I'd do it in a second. But I could hardly go around thinking of myself as an activist...especially if I was supporting the war.

CONTINUED

3

BOB

3

(smiles)

You both have interesting points
of view about Whitman. Even if
you were right about disputing
his "activism"...and I don't
think you are...I for one will
be forever grateful that his
going to the hospitals and
ministering to nearly one hundred
thousand sick and wounded enabled
him to write this single and
magnificent line describing our
tragic Civil War, "America, brought
to hospital her fair youth."

Silence...the students are appreciative of this line too.

BOB (cont'd)

Now the elegy on Lincoln's death.

As he reads...the CAMERA PANS the faces of the students.

BOB (cont'd)

(reading)

"When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star droop'd in the western
sky in the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-
returning spring."

CUT TO:

4

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

4

Bob is crossing the green.

There is a commotion to his left.

The BASKETBALL TEAM, COACH and TWO ASSISTANT COACHES are
being photographed by two PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Admiring students are kibitzing and horsing around.

Bob glances in that direction as he continues to walk
toward the ADMINISTRATION BUILDING which looms ahead
of him.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE OF THE DEAN - DAY

Bob is seated across from a well-dressed (business suit) administrator, a man in his early 50's.

THOMPSON

Hello, Bob.

BOB

Hi, Larry.

THOMPSON

Coffee?

BOB

No thanks.

THOMPSON

How're Sheila and the girls?

BOB

Fine, great.

THOMPSON

How about a drink?

BOB

Am I going to need it?

THOMPSON

(uneasily)

Bob, I don't have to tell you how much I admire you as a man and a teacher. I've ready your books... well, you know how our budget fellas are. They treat their computers as though they wrote the Ten Commandments?

BOB

I know. What's the bottom line from Mount Sinai these days?

THOMPSON

(uneasier still)

God knows your junior faculty's probably the best in the country...but you're going to have to let some of them go.

BOB

(firmly)

How many, Larry?

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

THOMPSON
(almost sheepishly)
Nine.

BOB
Jesus!

THOMPSON
(shaking his head)
Bob, I don't have to give you a
lecture on our economic problems.
We've simply got to trim the fat -
as it were.

BOB
Larry, how come this university's fat
seems to be concentrated totally in
the Humanities? Isn't there any flab
in Computer Science or Math?

THOMPSON
Those courses are in demand. It costs
a hell of a lot to send a kid to
college these days, and with the job
market being what it is, the parents
want to make damn sure their kids are
going to be able to compete effectively
when they graduate.

BOB
Then why don't we just turn this into a
vocational school? What the hell ever
became of those well-rounded human beings
universities are supposed to produce?
We're breeding cultural amnesiacs.

THOMPSON
(paternally)
Look, you're not the only one who's facing
cuts. We've simply got to balance the
budget.

BOB
(with quiet irony suppressing
his anger)
Larry, on my way here I saw the basketball
team posing for a picture for Sports
Illustrated. I counted a head coach, a
trainer, and three assistants - all for
just 15 guys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

THOMPSON

(quietly)

Come on, Bob, you know athletics
not only pays for itself...it
turns a profit. Any time we come
near a national title the alumni
rush to their checkbooks.

(wanting to conclude, rising)
Well...

BOB

(getting up)

Thanks for your time. At least now
I know where we stand.

THOMPSON

So, are you going away for the
holidays?

BOB

No, not this year.

THOMPSON

See you after the break.

BOB

Happy Easter, Larry.

THOMPSON

Happy Easter.

BOB

Then why don't you just turn
this into a vocational school?!

(calming)

We're supposed to teach them how
to think about values, culture...
how to live and grow in a way that
enriches their spirit not their
pocket!

BREWSTER

(riding over Bob's
last words)

I know what a University's for!

BOB

Sometimes I wonder! I just saw
the basketball team and its three
coaches having its picture taken!

BREWSTER

Athletics pays for itself...and
then some...you know that! Bob,
I need your cooperation. These
are tough times.

BOB

And when the going gets tough, the
tough get going.

BREWSTER

Going where?

BOB

Perhaps to another university.

BREWSTER

(after a beat)

Don't act hastily, Bob.

BOB

I won't, Larry.

A beat. Then Bob stands.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

6

It is a quiet, lovely, tree-lined street, with charming,
comfortable-looking houses.

CONTINUED

Bob turns into the driveway and parks his car alongside a station wagon in the garage.

7 INT. BECKWITH HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

7

as Bob enters.

BOB
(closing the door)

Hi!

SHEILA (O.S.)

Hi!

The CAMERA PANS BOB through the living room, dining area. PAULA, Bob's youngest (age 9) runs to greet her Dad. He kisses her.

X
X
X
X
X
X

PAULA
Aren't you home early?

BOB
I decided to skip the faculty meeting.

PAULA
(ever solicitous)
Won't you get into trouble?

BOB
(smiling)
Full Professors with tenure
can never get in trouble.

He heads for the kitchen, Paula at his heels.

CUT TO:

8 INT. BECKWITH KITCHEN - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING

8

Bob pushes through a swinging door from the dining area into the kitchen.

Bob makes the rounds, affectionately kissing his wife, SHEILA, and his other daughter, JESSICA (age 12), giving a special hug to Sheila as well. She smiles at him. Bob looks at the counter.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BOB
What's going on?

SHEILA
It's hamburger with blue cheese
from the New York Times

JESSICA
Anyway, Mom, they're all fruits,
creeps, wonks or nerds.

BOB
At the New York Times?

SHEILA
(smiling)
Jessie's lamenting the quality of
the opposite sex at school -- or
actually the lack of it.
(a beat, still smiling)
Sometime's I wish they'd outlaw
puberty.

PAULA
What's puberty?

JESSICA
(to Paula)
We need two tablespoons of finely-
chopped parsley, birdbrain.

PAULA
Birdbrain yourself.

As Paula goes to the Fridge and takes out some parsley:

SHEILA
How'd it go with Larry?

BOB
The Board's not giving an inch.

SHEILA
How did you leave it?

BOB
Unresolved.

Paula approaches the Cuisinart with the parsley.

CONTINUED

SHEILA

You don't need the processor
for two tablespoons of parsley.
Give it to me...I'll do it.

Paula hands Sheila the parsley. As Sheila chops it with
a knife,

BOB

I'm going to try and set a
meeting with all the other
chairmen for tomorrow night.

SHEILA

The humanities fight back.

BOB

(smiling)
Something like that. I'd like
you to be there.

SHEILA

All right.

Sheila puts the chopped parsley into a small glass dish with
the hamburger meat. Jessica begins mixing it.

X

PAULA

I wanna do it...!

JESSICA

I started it!

BOB

Knock it off. Paula, let's wash
up and start setting the table.

CUT TO:

INT. BECKWITH DINING ROOM - NIGHT.

Bob, Sheila and the girls are finishing up dinner.

JESSICA
(To Bob)

Did Mom discuss my plan with you?

BOB

What plan?

JESSICA

About Europe.

BOB

What about it?

JESSICA

I'd like to go.

BOB

You will someday.

JESSICA

I mean this summer. Garber's has a teenage tour.

BOB

You're not a teenager.

JESSICA

Oh, Daddy, don't be punctilious. I'm old enough to go.

PAULA
(Attacking)

You're only 12½.

JESSICA

Shut up, birdbrain.

BOB

What's your rush, Jessie? Why can't you wait another year?

JESSICA

I refuse to spend another boring summer at Grandma's on bourgeois Cape Cod. Besides, what if there's a nuclear war? I could die without seeing the Louvre.

BOB

Jessica, I have it on good authority that there won't be a nuclear war for at least three years. Ergo, you have plenty of time to see the Louvre before we all get zapped.

CONTINUED

JESSICA
You're not taking me seriously.

PAULA
Daddy's saying no!

JESSICA
No he isn't!

PAULA
He hasn't said yes.

Jessica looks at Bob.

BOB
I've said maybe.

JESSICA
Meaning?

BOB
It means I'll discuss it with
your mother.

SHEILA
Oh, I forgot to tell you that
Louis Moncorge called from France.

BOB
What did he want?
(She shrugs)
Should I call him back?

SHEILA
No. He's on his way to the
country, but he's going to try
you at your office tomorrow at
four...our time. Remember, you
promised not to lecture in France
this summer...or anywhere else.

BOB
I know.

PAULA
(Indicating Jessica)
If she gets to go to Europe...I
...I wanna go to Asia!

CUT TO:

10 INT. STUDY - NIGHT.

Sheila is sitting in an easy chair reading a book. Vivaldi is playing quietly on the stereo. Bob enters carrying a couple of drinks.

BOB
We're getting together at Doug's
tomorrow around six...six-thirty.

SHEILA
What about dinner?

BOB
(Sitting on an arm of the chair.)
Kathy's going to make a buffet.

SHEILA
(Still reading)
How nice. It'll be like a party...

BOB
How's it reading?

SHEILA
He's a good writer but his prose
has more starch than a laundry.

BOB
Honey, if they all wrote like
Churchill, you'd be out of a job.
Anyway, let's not work tonight.

Sheila smiles. Bob leans forward and kisses her as we:

CUT TO:

10 OMIT

CUT TO:

10A INT. BECKWITH STUDY - NIGHT

10A

Sheila is seated in an easy chair reading a book. She has a notebook nearby and is jotting down her thoughts. We can see the back cover of the jacket. It is the PHOTOGRAPH of an attractive man.

Vivaldi is playing quietly on the stereo.

Bob enters. Sheila doesn't look up, but continues reading.

BOB

We're getting together at Doug's tomorrow around six...six-thirty.

SHEILA

What about dinner?

BOB

(sitting on an arm of the chair)

Kathy's going to make a buffet.

SHEILA

(still reading)

How nice. It'll be like a party.

Bob takes the book out of her hands and looks at the photograph of the author on the jacket...GAVIN WILSON.

BOB

Business or pleasure?

SHEILA

Business...The Press is going to re-issue Wilson's books; I've been asked to revise and edit them.

BOB

Great, that's quite a coup. How old is Gavin Wilson?

SHEILA

I have no idea. That book was published four years ago.

She reaches out for the book, but Bob places it on the floor.

BOB

Come on, you've done enough editing tonight.

Sheila smiles.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BOB (continued)
I'm not getting any younger either.

Bob leans forward and kisses her as we:

CUT TO:

11 INT. BOB'S OFFICE - UNIVERSITY - AFTERNOON

11

Bob is seated behind his desk, talking to a MALE STUDENT.

We can see a delightful framed photograph of Sheila, Jessica and Paula on his desk.

BOB
Why do you want to drop the Shakespeare course next semester, Mr. Ryan?

Ryan is quiet...slightly embarrassed.

RYAN
Look, I've always enjoyed the little Shakespeare I've read. That's why I considered taking the course. But I'm a physics major trying to get into graduate school, and I just can't risk a below A grade.

BOB
My advice is to relax and just enjoy your Shakespeare.

RYAN
You think I can keep my average up?

BOB
I don't see why not...you can do anything you set your mind to do. And besides, I'll feel much safer and happier knowing there's a physicist out there who's read his Shakespeare.

Ryan smiles. The PHONE RINGS. Bob picks it up.

BOB (cont'd)
(into the phone)
I'll be right with you.

CONTINUED

Ryan stands to leave.

BOB (cont'd)
You'll be much happier, too,
Mr. Ryan. "Simply the thing
I am shall make me live."

RYAN
Shakespeare?

BOB
(smiling)
You've just gotten an A on your
first exam.

Ryan is smiling too, as he leaves...closing the door.

BOB (cont'd)
(into phone)
Hello...

LOUIS (V.O.)
(French accent)
Hello, Bob...

BOB
(pleased)
Louis...ca va?

LOUIS (V.O.)
Bien.

BOB
How's Simone?

LOUIS (V.O.)
Well...
(a long beat)

BOB
Louis?

LOUIS (V.O.)
I'm here.
(slight beat)
Do you remember Nicole Guérin...?

As the expression on Bob's face changes:

CUT TO:

5/3/82

13. X

12 EXT. CAMPUS - AFTERNOON

12

Bob is walking. We can tell from his expression that something is troubling him...deeply.

LOUIS (V.O.)
She was the doctor who treated
you when...

BOB (V.O.)
(interrupting)
Yes, I remember her...

CUT TO:

12A EXT. CAMPUS WALK - LATER IN AFTERNOON

12A

STUDENTS are hurrying by as Bob sits on a bench. His expression is the same...deeply troubled.

LOUIS (V.O.)
She was killed in a car
crash yesterday following some
surgery.

BOB (V.O.)
I'm sorry to hear that...
(a beat)
I haven't been in touch with
her since then. It was ten years
ago.

LOUIS (V.O.)
Yes, I know...

CUT TO:

12B EXT./INT. BOB'S CAR - SIX O'CLOCK - MOVING SHOT

Bob has turned into his block. He rides past his house
as we hear:

BOB (V.O.)
Why are you calling me, Louis?
(a long beat)
Louis?

LOUIS (V.O.)
Yes, I'm here...

Bob realizes that he has driven past his house, stops, and
backs up.

CUT TO:

13 OMIT
14 OMIT

15. INT. BECKWITH HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

We see Sheila coming out of the kitchen and entering the living room as we hear the front door closing.

CUT TO:

Bob enters the house, drapes his coat over the bannister, and walks upstairs.

CUT TO:

SHEILA
(calling)

Bob?

Sheila walks through the living room, into the hallway, sees Bob's coat, picks it up and goes upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Bob is sitting down on the edge of the tub. Sheila enters.

SHEILA (surprised to see him there)
Bob, Are you all right?

BOB
Huh? Where are the girls?

SHEILA
Having dinner with Stephanie.
Nora'll bring them back later.
Are you going to change?

BOB
No.

Bob doesn't move...he just sits there with a troubled look on his face.

SHEILA
What's wrong?
(silence)
You aren't sick are you?

BOB
No...no.

SHEILA
What is it?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Bob gets up, exits bathroom and goes into the bedroom with Sheila following.

SHEILA

Look darling, I'm sure you'll be able to work something out at the faculty meeting tonight. That's what's bothering you isn't it?

BOB

Jesus.

That single word just increases her anxiety.

SHEILA

Please Bob...tell me what's going on.

BOB

Sit down, love. Remember when I went to France and gave my lecture on Baudelaire's translations of Poe?

SHEILA

Sort of...that was a long time ago.

BOB

You were pregnant with Paula.

SHEILA

(nodding)

And?

BOB

(quietly)

I had an affair.

SHEILA

A what?!

BOB

In France. Ten years ago.

SHEILA

And you're telling me now?

(pause)

Is this some sort of joke?

CONTINUED

BOB

No. It's true. I'm sorry.

SHEILA

(nervous laugh)

Is it somebody I know?

Bob shakes his head.

SHEILA

Who was it?

BOB

Nobody. Nobody special.

SHEILA

Who, Robert?

BOB

Her name was Nicole Guerin.
She was a doctor.

SHEILA

How long did it last?

BOB

Two...three days.

SHEILA

Which....two or three days?

BOB

Does it matter?

SHEILA

Not really...except everything
matters.

(a beat; sitting on
the bed; looking down)

Why didn't you tell me before?

BOB

I didn't want to hurt you.

SHEILA

Why do you want to hurt me now?

(looking at him)

You're going to run off with
her. Is that what you're trying
to tell me?

BOB

(quickly)

No, no...of course not. I
haven't seen her in ten years.
She was killed in an accident
a few days ago.

SHEILA

(lashing out)

Is there someone you want me to
write a letter of condolence?!

(a beat)

You must have some reason for
telling me all this now.

BOB

I have a reason.

SHEILA

I'm listening. Boy am I
listening.

BOB

(quietly)

She had a child.

SHEILA

We have two. So what?

BOB

He's mine. The boy is mine.

She stares at him for a moment then, softly;

SHEILA

Jesus...

(after a beat)

What makes you think he's yours?

BOB

Louis was a close friend of hers.
He's absolutely certain.

SHEILA

Maybe it's Louis' child!

BOB

(with restraint)

There's no question that he's mine.
No matter how angry you are....
That's a fact.

SHEILA

I suppose you've been getting little
report cards on him from Louis?

BOB

No. He never said a word about it.
She made him promise never to tell
me.

(pause)

Honey, if it's any consolation to
you it was the only time that I've
ever been unfaithful. And I never
saw her...spoke to her...or wrote
to her after those few days.

SHEILA

(long beat)

What else did Louis say?

BOB

The boy has no other family. And
that Louis and Simone are willing
to take care of him....

SHEILA

(standing)

Good. They'll make great parents.

(slightest beat)

We're late....

As SHEILA walks past BOB and out of the BEDROOM:

CUT TO:

SHEILA

What makes you so sure he's yours?

BOB

She was a friend of Louis'. He's
absolutely certain.

SHEILA

Oh, the good Professor Moncorge.

BOB

(emphatically)

She made him promise never to tell
me. Sheila, please believe me--

SHEILA

Why? Why should I believe anything
you tell me now?

BOB

Because I love you. I always have--

The phone RINGS. Sheila picks it up.

X

SHEILA

Okay, Kathy. Of course we're coming.

X

Yes, right away.

X

(She hangs up, picks up her handbag)
You drive.

X

X

CUT TO:

16 INT. BOB'S CAR - EVENING - MOVING SHOT

16

Bob is driving. Sheila is seated alongside, repairing
her makeup, taking deep breaths, getting hold of herself.
Neither speaks. We can feel the tension between them.
Bob brakes for a red light. The tension is even worse
without the movement of the car.

BOB

Are you okay?

SHEILA

(without turning)

What's his name?

BOB

Who?

SHEILA

The son I could never give you. The one
that's not Robert Beckwith, Jr.

X

A beat.

CONTINUED

BOB
Jean-Claude.

SHEILA
I suppose you told her you were
married?

BOB
Of course.

SHEILA
Before or after?

BOB
Before.

SHEILA
(sarcastic)
Nice lady.

BOB
(softly)
It was ten years ago, Sheil...

After what seems like an eternity, the light finally turns
green. Bob accelerates as we:

CUT TO:

17 KATHY AND DOUG MELTON'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

There are SEVEN CHAIRMEN of humanities departments and
their WIVES...socializing.

We see an attractive BUFFET set up on a table. The front
door CHIMES SOUND.

KATHY MELTON, fifty, opens the door for Sheila and Bob.

There is a buzz of warm greetings as they enter.

SHEILA
I hope you didn't wait for us.

KATHY
(affectionately;
meaning it)
Of course we did. Do you think we'd
start without our best and our
brightest?

(takes Sheila's
hand)
I don't believe you've met the
Dolans. He's the visiting lecturer
for the history department.

CONTINUED

Kathy leads Sheila and Bob to ANDREW and BETTY DOLAN. Andrew is forty-five. Betty, his very pretty wife, is ten years his junior.

Bob says hello to Andrew (they know each other), then Kathy introduces Sheila to Andrew and Betty.

SHEILA
I feel awful that we haven't
gotten together before this.

BETTY
It's my fault. You're a working
girl. I'm not.

DOUG MELTON calls over to Sheila and Bob.

DOUG
What are you drinking?

BOB
Vodka with a twist.

SHEILA
The same.

ANDREW
(pleasantly)
Maybe Sheila's not interested
in history.

SHEILA
Oh, but I am...especially French Affairs.

Bob reacts. Even here there is obviously not going to be any respite from the tension.

ANDREW
Why French?

SHEILA
My husband has some relatives...

Doug brings the drinks. Bob and Sheila take their glasses.

ANDREW
What particular period interests
you the most?

SHEILA
The present.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ANDREW

You mean the Fifth Republic?

(Sheila nods)

It's been an extremely absorbing
twenty years.

SHEILA

Especially the last ten.

MARSHA and LIONEL TINDALL walk over. They are in their late
fifties.

MARSHA

You look absolutely marvelous...
both of you. I don't know how
you do it.

LIONEL

What do you think our alternatives
are, Bob?

BOB

The choices are obvious...capitulate...
(some others are listening, too)
...or threaten to resign...all of us.

Murmurs.

BOB (cont'd)

If we caved in now...we're finished
anyway.

ANDREW

What if they accept our resignations?

BOB

We leave. If we don't, they'll keep
stripping our departments until there's
nothing left to teach but remedial
courses to anyone who can afford the
tuition.

LIONEL

Bob's right.

KATHY

(cheerfully)
Couldn't we eat first and get into
this later?

As they start to line up for the buffet:

SHEILA

It looks wonderful, Kathy.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

KATHY

I sent out for everything.
(a little sheepish)
You probably would have made
it all from scratch.

Sheila forces a smile. The compliments which are always
directed toward Sheila and Bob...the model couple...are
a little hard to take just now.

CONTINUED

Sheila notices that Bob is standing behind Betty on the line...talking to her. Bob's talking to an attractive woman feels somewhat different, too, now...as we:

CUT TO:

18 INT. BECKWITH BEDROOM - NIGHT

18

Bob and Sheila are undressing...in silence...until:

BOB

Sheila, you're the most important person in the world to me. I don't want anything to come between us.

SHEILA

I know you inside out, Robert. You didn't want it, you certainly didn't plan it, but now that you have it, you feel responsible. Right?

BOB

I feel I should do something.

SHEILA

You're not his father just because you screwed his mother.

BOB

I know...

(grimaces)

I still think I ought to go over and see the boy and speak to him.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHEILA
And say what?

BOB
I don't know. Just let him know
he's got another friend in the
world.

SHEILA
I don't want you flying to France.
I don't want you going back there
again -- ever.
(silence, until)
Bring him here.

X

BOB
(surprised)
Do you mean that?

SHEILA
He can stay with us for two weeks,
over Easter vacation.
(a beat)
That should give Louis ample time
to make some permanent arrangement
in France for the boy.

X
XX
X
X

BOB
(grateful)
You're incredible.

X

SHEILA
If you don't get this out of your
system...sooner or later you'll be
blaming me for something concerning
your...son.

X
X

BOB
(softly)
No--never!

SHEILA
Yes, you would. But you'll have to
manufacture some story to tell the
girls.

BOB
I don't like living lies.

SHEILA
You should have thought of that ten
years ago.

continued

CUT TO:

19 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

19

Sheila is scrambling eggs. Bob is seated at the counter.
Jessica and Paula rush in and sit at the counter.

They all exchange "good mornings" as Jessica and Paula
gulp down their orange juice.

PAULA

(to Bob)

You look awful, Daddy.

Bob glances at Sheila who nods okay.

BOB

(a beat)

It's just that a friend of ours
has died.

PAULA

(apprehensive)

What friend?

X

BOB

Nobody you've met.

PAULA

How come...if it's a friend?

X

BOB

She lived in France.

X

X

SHEILA

An acquaintance of your father.
He makes a lot of friends when
he lectures.

X

X

X

X

PAULA

(softly)

I'm sorry she died.

BOB

(slightest beat)

She had a son.

JESSICA and PAULA

(together)

How old?

CONTINUED

The two girls glare at one another.

BOB

...Uh...roughly Paula's age.

X

Paula now looks smugly at her sister.

X

X

BOB (cont'd)

And since he's an orphan, we thought
we'd invite him to spend some time
with us during Easter vacation.

PAULA

Oh, wow! What's his name?

BOB

Jean-Claude. Jean-Claude Guérin.

X

JESSICA

(pleased)

That sounds very French. It sounds
like I'll get to parler some français
to prepare for this summer.

X

X

X

X

SHEILA

We haven't decided about that,
young lady. Eat your eggs.

PAULA

Is he cute, Daddy?

BOB

(his own curiosity
is stirred)

That's hard for me to say. I've
never met him.

X

(a beat)

Come on you guys, get your books.
You're going to be late for school.

X

X

Jessica and Paula exit while talking excitedly about
Jean-Claude's forthcoming visit.

X

X

BOB (cont'd)

Will you be here when I get back?

SHEILA

I don't know.

CUT TO:

X

X

X

X

X

X

CUT TO:

19 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

19

Sheila is scrambling eggs. Bob is seated at the counter.
Jessica and Paula rush in and sit at the counter.

They all exchange "Good mornings" as Jessica and Paula
gulp down their orange juice.

PAULA

(to Bob)
You look awful, Daddy.

Bob glances at Sheila who nods okay.

BOB

(a beat)
It's just that a friend of ours
has died.

PAULA

(apprehensive)
Grandma?

BOB

(shakes his head)
No. Nobody you've met.

PAULA

How come...if she's a friend?

SHEILA

(serving the
scrambled eggs)
Your father makes a lot of friends
when he lectures. I didn't know
her either.

CONTINUED

PAULA
(softly)
I'm sorry she died.

BOB
She had a son.

JESSICA and PAULA
(together)
How old?

The two girls glare at one another.

BOB
Oh, about Paula's age.

PAULA
(mocking Jessica)
Too young for you. Tough beans!

BOB
And since he's an orphan, we
thought we'd invite him to spend
some time with us during Easter
vacation.

PAULA
Oh, wow! What's his name?

BOB
Jean-Claude.

JESSICA
(affecting her French
accent)
Jean-Claude. Who knows? Maybe
I'll get to parler some français
before this summer.

SHEILA
We haven't decided about that, young
lady. Eat your eggs.

PAULA
Is he cute, Daddy?

BOB
(his own curiosity
is stirred)
I don't know. I've never seen him.

CAMERA watches Sheila's face as she turns away from scene.

BOB
Come on girls, get your books.
I'm taking you to school today.
 (the girls run off)
 (to Sheila)
Will you be here when I get back?

SHEILA
I don't know.

X
X
X
X
X
X
X
X

CUT TO:

20 EXT. PAULA AND JESSICA'S PRIVATE SCHOOL - DAY

20

There are two buildings...and lots of grounds.

STUDENTS of all sizes are arriving from all directions.

CAMERA picks up Bob's CAR as he enters FRAME, and steadily moves closer as the girls clamber out.

Paula kisses Bob on the cheek and with a "bye Dad," she is off. Jessica lingers.

JESSICA
You can make her say yes.

BOB
 (a bit distracted)
Huh?

JESSICA
You know, Mom, the Europe thing.

Of course another "Europe thing" is very much on his mind... and his face shows it.

BOB
Uh. Yeah. Sure.

She kisses him quickly and dashes from the car towards one of the buildings.

As he shifts to start the car, a LITTLE BOY...lugging a big load of books...walks in front of the moving car.

INTERCUT CLOSE-UPS OF BOB

With P.O.V. shots of the LITTLE BOY (whose face we cannot see). CAMERA lingers TIGHT on Bob, who is clearly struck by the thought: Do I actually have a son like that?

CUT TO:

*My first son
is here.*

SOUND OVERLAP - LOUD NOISES OF JETS TAKING OFF AND LANDING

21 INT. AIR FRANCE TERMINAL - LAX - DAY

21

Excited voices of the crowd waiting to greet arriving passengers. Bob weaves his way through the crowd to the Air France arrivals area.

He looks around. There are desks from various International Airlines. He approaches Air France, where TWO GROUND HOSTESSES are chatting away in French.

BOB

Uh--excuse me.

GROUND HOSTESS 1

(French accent)

Yes sir?

BOB

Flight 049 from Paris--has it been delayed?

GROUND HOSTESS 1

Not at all, monsieur. It is just you have come about one hour too early.

BOB

Oh.

(a beat)

Thanks.

He goes and sits on one of the plastic chairs. No one else is around. It is silent except for the UPSCREEN SOUND of the hostesses chattering away in French. French.

He puts his head in his hands. Gradually, the distant sound of French voices wakens something long-dormant in his memory.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK

22 EXT. MONTPELLIER FRANCE - DAY - TEN YEARS EARLIER

22

LONG HIGH SHOT - THE UNIVERSITY

CAMERA moves toward the venerable lecture hall where Bob Beckwith is concluding a paper to the International Comp. Lit Conference.

CONTINUED

BOB (V.O.)

Je veux profiter de cette occasion
de remercier tous mes collegues
français de leur invitation
flatteuse, et la chaleur de leur
hospitalite.

(I want to thank my French colleagues for the flattering invitation and the warmth of their hospitality.)

During the last few words of his talk, we

CUT TO:

23 INT. LECTURE HALL - THAT MOMENT

23

The room has the patina of centuries. Instead of undergraduates, older types fill the audience--other academics, etc. Bob is at the podium, his paper completed.

BOB

(to all)

Merci beaucoup.

Appreciative applause.

The CHAIRMAN, an elegant sixty-ish man, shakes Bob's hand warmly.

The applause continues as Bob leaves the podium, walks down the aisle (shaking a few hands en route) and joins LOUIS MONCORGE, who is in his early forties...and who pats Bob on the back in the manner of old friends.

LOUIS

Bravo, Bobbie, comme d'habitude.

BOB

I've had enough of this. Where is your car?

LOUIS

Just outside. A weekend in my village will do you good.

They continue walking out to Louis's car as we:

CUT TO:

4/30/82

29.

24 EXT./INT. - LOUIS'S CAR - AFTERNOON - MOVING SHOT

24

Louis is driving...Bob alongside. Outside we can see the French countryside.

BOB

It's beautiful here.

LOUIS

Of course! And wait 'til you see my little place. You must see my fruit trees. My vegetable garden is flourishing and my wife has been cooking for three days just to please you.

X
X

BOB

You mean you've allowed time for me to eat before I lecture your class?

LOUIS

I know it is an imposition, but my students will treasure hearing from an American of your standing.

BOB

(embarrassed by flattery)

Oh, come on.

X

Louis grins over at Bob.

Suddenly, a GOAT appears on the road in front of Louis's car. Louis swerves to miss it; the car skids, and hits a TREE.

Bob is thrown against the WINDSHIELD. Louis is shaken as he turns to Bob.

LOUIS

Bob...Bob...

Bob moans, but doesn't answer. Louis gets out of the car, opens the trunk, takes out a triangular reflective warning sign, and stands next to it, waving his arms as we see a car appear in the distance.

25 EXT. POLICE STATION - FRENCH VILLAGE - DAY

25

The POLICE CAPTAIN is in uniform but has removed his jacket to wash lettuce for a lunch salad when the SERGEANT OF POLICE comes to get him. The Captain removes his apron and dons his jacket.

CUT TO:

25A INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

25A

The Police Captain enters and goes to see Bob and Louis who are being questioned about the accident. Throughout the following scene, Police Captain and Louis in b.g., voluble French and gesticulations going on.

Bob is seated on a cot. Some first aid has been administered. There is a bandage on his forehead. He is pretty groggy. OFFSTAGE we HEAR Nicole's car arrive. X
Louis greets Nicole with a hug and kisses on both cheeks and brings her to Bob.

LOUIS
Nicole Guérin--Bob Beckwith.

Bob glances up at NICOLE GUÉRIN carrying a black leather doctor's bag, and tries to rise.

NICOLE
No, no--stay quiet.

BOB
(in mild protest)
It's nothing. I'm fine.

Nicole sits on the cot.

NICOLE
We'll see, then, eh?

As she slowly removes the bandage, Bob grimaces with pain.

BOB
It was kind of you to come.

NICOLE
No thanks are necessary. I would come for a stranger...and most certainly for a friend of Louis.

She looks at his forehead, and the side of his head.

CLOSE UP - BOB AND NICOLE - CHEEK-TO-CHEEK

BOB
What are you doing?

NICOLE
Checking your pupillary reflexes.

CONTINUED

BOB
(lamely)
But I'm not a pupil; I'm a teacher.

NICOLE
(chuckling)
You're not a comedian, either.

BOB
How bad is it?

NICOLE
A rule about accident victims...
which I just made up...is if the
victim can ask how bad it is, then
it's not too bad.

LOUIS
Thank God!

NICOLE
(stands)
Even so, I think he should go to
Granfleur to the clinic there.

X

LOUIS
I'll get the car.

NICOLE
It's the wrong way for you. I'll
take him.
(then to Bob)
It's where I live.

Louis rushes over to help Bob stand.

LOUIS
But, I insist--

BOB
No, Louis, go home. Don't
disappoint your wife. Tell her
I'll take a raincheck.

X
X

X
X
X

CONTINUED

LOUIS
Ah, then I'll call you tomorrow.

X

Nicole and Louis help Bob up.

NICOLE
Dizzy?

BOB
A little.

LOUIS
Would you like me to phone your home?

BOB
No, thanks. It would only worry them. I'll do it later.

NICOLE
Easy.

They are approaching the door.

NICOLE (cont'd)
I will feel better if I see some x-rays. If you have a mild concussion, you can stay at the clinic. If not, there's a nice inn nearby.

LOUIS
(to Nicole)
Chez Armand Dupuis.

NICOLE
Oui.

LOUIS
He keeps a fine kitchen. You must try his medaillons of pork with cream and calvados.

NICOLE
Relax, Louis. I shall care for him.

They step outside.

CUT TO:

INT. NICOLE'S CLINIC - DAY

26 INT. X-RAY READING ROOM - LATER

26

Bob is watching Nicole as she studies his x-rays.

BOB

Are my brains intact?

NICOLE

(smiling)

I'm not a psychiatrist. But I
don't see any signs of fracture.
However, I think you should stay
here a day or two for observation.
Basically, you're just
"shook up" as you say in America.
All I can recommend is time--and
more aspirin.

X

BOB
Ah aspirin, now I know you're a
serious doctor.

NICOLE
(laughs)
I'll check with you tomorrow.
All right?

BOB
Fine.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. GRANFLEUR - 1:00 p.m.

27

Bob and Nicole are walking on a charming cobblestoned street.

BOB
This is a charming village. No
wonder you like it here.

NICOLE
Yes. I never want to leave.

X

An OLD WOMAN passes them and frowns disapprovingly.
Nicole chuckles

X

BOB
What's so funny?

X

X

NICOLE
Madame Sebastian...she has a sweet
shop...and a sour disposition.
Unusually tight-assed.

X

X

X

X

BOB
Where'd you learn your American
slang, Doctor?

NICOLE
(correcting him)
Nicole. I had an internship in
Pathology at Mass General in
Boston. It was absolutely wonderful.
I very nearly stayed on.

BOB
Why didn't you?

CONTINUED

NICOLE
(chuckling again)
I didn't ask you that...but if
that is included in your definition...
(slightest beat)
I have to get back. Go to the Inn
and rest, and I'll take you to
dinner.
(another beat)
If you'd like.

BOB
Very much.

NICOLE
D'accord.

As Nicole walks away, Bob watches her.

CUT TO:

27A	EXT. RESTAURANT - GRANFLEUR - NIGHT	27A
28	INT. PORT RESTAURANT - GRANFLEUR - THAT EVENING	28

A local CHANTEUSE is singing a love song. The patrons applaud. The restaurant is reverberating with raucous laughter and the obligato of clinking glasses. The Chanteuse thanks Bob for the bottle of wine he's paid for in appreciation of her artistry. The CAMERA PANS to where Bob and Nicole are sitting in the midst of dinner. Nicole is pleased that Bob approves of the local talent, and as they finish their meal with coffee and dessert, Bob watches Nicole gobble a mousse.

BOB
Do you always eat two desserts?

NICOLE
(laughing)
I know, it's disgraceful.
(a beat)
I find it fascinating to hear
an American discuss Beaudelaire.

X
X

She finishes the mousse, and sips her coffee.

BOB
What interested you the most in
his theories: good, evil or love?

X

CONTINUED

NICOLE
Love.

X

BOB
Baudelaire didn't dismiss romantic
love, but he didn't surrender to it
either.

NICOLE
That's what confuses me.

BOB
He believed that no human relations
are adequate to human desires.

NICOLE
I don't buy that.....

X

Suddenly their conversation is interrupted by a man's
raucous VOICE.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Nicole! Salut ma vieille, ma jolie
professeur de medecine!

NICOLE
(to Bob)
Ah, we're about to be honored by
a visit from the mayor himself.

At this moment, the MAYOR enters the FRAME, a bear of a
man in an open shirt. He immediately throws his arms
around Nicole. After enthusiastic huggings and endearments,
he finally turns to Bob and offers his hand.

MAYOR
Salut. Je m'appelle Claude. Et toi?

NICOLE
This is Bob, a professor from America.

CLAUDE
Enchante!

BOB
Would you join us for a glass of wine.

CONTINUED

CLAUDE
No, merci. I must go to join a
conference. The engrais workers
are threatening to strike again.

BOB
(to Nicole)
What's engrais?

NICOLE
Fertilizer.

CLAUDE
(interrupting)
Nicole, did I tell you the fantastic
slogan I conceived for the engrais
workers? Listen--"no money, no shit!"
Fantastic, eh?
(he roars at his own joke)
Listen, mes amis, I must go.
Ciao, monsieur.
(kissing Nicole)
Bonsoir, ma petite.

X
X

He ambles off.

NICOLE
(to Bob)
Quite a character, eh? Can you
imagine what France would be if
he replaced de Gaulle?

BOB
(smiling)
Yes. It would be Italy.

Nicole laughs. She is very beautiful when she does so.

NICOLE
You're funny.

They sip their coffee.

BOB
Why aren't you married?

NICOLE
I enjoy my independence too much.

CONTINUED

BOB
What about children?

NICOLE
(casually)
I've thought of it. Perhaps I
will if I find someone I like
enough to make a child with.

BOB
And raise it yourself?

NICOLE
(with a smile)
Why not?

BOB
That's no answer.

NICOLE
I don't have an answer...only
feelings.

BOB
Hmmm...

NICOLE
Or do you think only poets
have feelings?

BOB
Of course not.

She motions OFFSCREEN for the check.

NICOLE
I think we should go.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. ROAD ALONG THE SEA - LATER

29

A full moon casts a glow on the empty shore and the blue sea, making it seem almost enchanted. Bob and Nicole drive into the FRAME. Nicole is at the wheel.

BOB

I don't blame you for not going to Paris.

(Nicole smiles)

God, the sea is gorgeous.

NICOLE

Why don't we take a swim?

BOB

Now?

NICOLE

I mean just run in the water and get wet.

A beat.

BOB

Sure...

30 EXT. THE SEA BY MOONLIGHT - MINUTES LATER

30

Most of what we see is in silhouette. Bob and Nicole walk toward the sea. She takes his hand. The only SOUND is the MUSIC of the sea.

As they stand at the very edge of the sea, she begins to slip off her clothing quite unselfconsciously. They exchange looks. Bob knows it is his turn and he too begins to disrobe.

Finally, both rush into the water, splash each other and then... embrace.

BOB AND NICOLE

NICOLE

Bob...don't go back tomorrow...

X

A beat. All we hear is the SOUND of the sea.

CONTINUED

As they stand motionless in one another's arms, CAMERA PULLS BACK TO A LONG SHOT.

MUSIC UP. CAMERA now PANS beyond the lovers to a breathtaking shot of the starlit sea.

CAMERA HOLDS for a minute, then:

31 SOUND OVERLAP - VOICE ON LOUDSPEAKER

31

VOICE

Air France annonce l'arrivee
due vol 049, de Paris. Ceux
qui attendent les passagers sont
pries de se reunir a la sortie de
la Douane, porte numero cinq.

As the announcement is repeated in English, we:

CUT BACK TO:

32 INT. L.A. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - END OF FLASHBACK

32

Bob is jolted from his memories by the announcement. The hall is now swarming with people awaiting their loved ones. Bob gets up and tries to peek over the crowd at Gate Five.

VOICE

Air France announces the arrival
of flight 049 from Paris. Incoming
passengers may be met at Gate 5 of
the Customs Area.

The large double doors open. Bob holds his breath. But the first to exit are merely the CREW.

Just then, the doors open once more. This time a STEWARDESS leads a tousle-haired LITTLE BOY by the hand. She carries his battered green valise; he clutches an airline flight bag to his chest.

CLOSE ON BOB

Reacting...deeply moved. Here is his son.

STEWARDESS AND BOY

She is scanning the crowd and asking:

STEWARDESS
(French accent)
Professor Beckwith? Professor
Beckwith?

Bob makes his way through the crowd and presents himself.

BOB
I'm Professor Beckwith...

STEWARDESS
(with a smile)
And here is your little passenger.
(to the boy, as she
goes off)
Amuse-toi, mon petit. Au'voir.
(then to Bob)
He was a very good boy.

BOB
(nodding)
Thanks.

JEAN-CLAUDE
(to the departing
Stewardess)
Merci, mademoiselle.

BOB AND JEAN-CLAUDE

looking wordlessly at one another. Finally, Bob speaks.

BOB
(softly)
Bonjour, Jean-Claude.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Bonjour, monsieur.

BOB
Est-ce que tu as fait un bon
voyage?

JEAN-CLAUDE
Oui.

CONTINUED

BOB

Louis told me that you speak English well. Would you prefer speaking English or French?

JEAN-CLAUDE

I would like to practice my English. I have taken private lessons since I was small.

BOB

Okay.

(a long beat)

I was very sorry to hear about your mother. She was a fine woman.

X

JEAN-CLAUDE

Thank you, monsieur.

Bob picks up Jean-Claude's valise. As they start to walk, Bob's instinct is to put his free arm around the boy...but he pulls it back. Bob is beset with many more emotions than he anticipated...and conversation doesn't come easily.

They are passing a bar in the terminal. Bob needs a drink.

BOB

How about a Coke?

He doesn't wait for a reply. They approach the bar and Bob orders a Coke and a vodka with a twist.

BOB (cont'd)

How are Louis and Simone?

JEAN-CLAUDE

They are very well.

Bob hands Jean-Claude the Coke, then lifts his glass in a toast:

BOB

Welcome to America.

JEAN-CLAUDE

Thank you, monsieur.

Bob downs the vodka. Jean-Claude sips a little of the Coke.

BOB

Please just call me Bob.

CONTINUED

Jean-Claude nods. Bob pays for the drinks and they start walking again. Once more Bob's instinct is to put his arm around the boy, but once more he restrains himself.

BOB
Did you fly over the pole?

JEAN-CLAUDE
No, I flew over the English and the Canadians.

BOB
(smiles)
Is that a sample of French humor? X
Bob laughs. Jean-Claude giggles. His son has a sense X
of humor. Great. X

X
X
X
X
X

CUT TO:

33 OMIT
34 EXT./INT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON - MOVING SHOT 34

Bob is driving on the FREEWAY. Jean-Claude is fascinated by the whizzing cars and the new Southern California landscape.

JEAN-CLAUDE
One is impressed! So many cars!

BOB
Just like the Champs Elysees.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Only bigger.

Bob swings over to the LANES which continue the SAN DIEGO FREEWAY north past the SANTA MONICA FREEWAY.

CUT TO:

35 INT. PAULA'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 35
Sheila is picking up some dolls and books. Paula and Jessica are watching.

PAULA
Why do I have to move out?
Sheila doesn't answer. The CAMERA PANS her out of Paula's room. She is followed by Paula and Jessica.

JESSICA
I don't want her in my room!

CONTINUED

Sheila stops in the corridor.

SHEILA
(cranky)
Stop it!....both of you! He's
just here for two weeks.

35A INT. JESSICA'S ROOM

35A

As Sheila enters with Paula and Jessica.

PAULA
Is he going to feel better in
my room than Jessie's?

SHEILA
It's easier to move you.

PAULA
Sure, because I have less things!
Because Jessie gets everything
she wants!

JESSICA
That's not true!

PAULA
It is!

JESSICA
I'm getting you...and who wants
you?!

SHEILA
(really yelling at him)
I mean it! Cut it out now!

X

GIRLS
(in unison)
Okay-Okay.

This quiets them for now...as we:

CUT TO:

36 EXT./INT. - CAR - SUNSET BOULEVARD WEST - EARLY EVENING

36

Bob is stopped for a red light. Jean-Claude has fallen
asleep.

Bob studies Jean-Claude's face...then looks at his own
in the rear-view mirror.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

46.

He looks at the boy's face again...studying it...when:
The CAR behind him HONKS. The light has turned green.
As Bob accelerates:

CUT TO:

37 EXT. BECKWITH HOME - EARLY EVENING

37

Illuminated. We see Bob's car drive into the FRAME and stop.

CLOSE SHOT - BOB

as he takes one last private look at the sleeping boy, then nudges him.

BOB
(softly)
Jean-Claude, we're here.

CUT TO:

38 INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

38

From Jean-Claude's P.O.V. the CAMERA PANS slowly from the face of Sheila to that of Jessica and Paula, all of whom are staring silently at the young French visitor.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING SHEILA

who has gathered all her strength for this moment.

SHEILA
We were very grieved to hear about
your mother...and we're so very
glad to have you visit.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Thank you, madame.

PAULA
(bouncily)
Hi, I'm Paula.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Very pleased.

CONTINUED

And now the European aristocrat presents herself.

JESSICA
Jean-Claude, je suis Jessica.
Avez-vous fait un bon voyage?

JEAN-CLAUDE
Oui, mademoiselle. Votre
français est éblouissant.

JESSICA
(embarrassed; not
understanding him)
Huh?

PAULA
I think he said you were blue
in the face.

JEAN-CLAUDE
(diplomatically)
Your French is excellent.

JESSICA
(saved; flattered)
Really? I mean vraiment?

JEAN-CLAUDE
Absolument.

PAULA
Was there a good movie on the plane?

JEAN-CLAUDE
(smiling)
At home I would not be allowed to
see such a film.

PAULA
How long does it take from Paris?

JEAN-CLAUDE
It was thirteen and a half hours.

PAULA
Wow...

Jean-Claude reaches into his flight bag.

JEAN-CLAUDE
I have something...
(takes out a bottle
of wine)
...from my village.

He hands the bottle of wine to Sheila.

JEAN-CLAUDE (cont'd)
Please, madame.

SHEILA
Thank you. Look, girls, the
label is handwritten.

X

Sheila shows it to Jessica and Paula.

JEAN-CLAUDE
It was given to my mother last
autumn by a friend. It is from
his private stock.

X
X

Jean-Claude is finding it very difficult to go on as he
remembers.

JEAN-CLAUDE (cont'd)
(near breaking)
The man told us to save it for a
very special occasion.

SHEILA
That was very thoughtful of you, Jean-
Claude. You must be tired.

X
X

Jean-Claude nods.

BOB
I'll take you to your room.

SHEILA
(intercepting Bob,
takes the valise)
I'll do it. This way, Jean-Claude.

Jean-Claude starts to follow Sheila, then on the first step
turns to the others.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Goodnight.

He turns and follows Sheila up the stairs.

BOB, JESSICA AND PAULA
remaining downstairs.

PAULA
He's cute.

JESSICA
How come his English is so good?

CONTINUED

BOB
He's had a private tutor.

JESSICA
Why? Is he noble or something?

BOB
No, I told you. His mother was
a doctor.

PAULA
Wow!

JESSICA
What about his father?

BOB
I'm not sure...but I know he
wasn't noble.

CUT TO:

39 INT. PAULA'S ROOM - THAT MOMENT

39

as Sheila and Jean-Claude enter. Sheila places the valise on
the bed.

SHEILA
If you give me the key...I'll
unpack for you.

JEAN-CLAUDE
I can do it myself.

SHEILA
Of course.

She walks over to a dresser.

SHEILA (cont'd)
The top two drawers are empty.

She walks over to a door and opens it.

SHEILA (cont'd)
This is the bathroom. There's
a lock on this door...
(points)
...and that door. You share the
bathroom with the girls.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Thank you.

Paula comes bursting in.

CONTINUED

PAULA
I left Hippo!

She opens a TOY CHEST against a wall and takes out a worn, stuffed hippopotamus. She hugs the hippopotamus very tight... then feels a little embarrassed.

JEAN-CLAUDE
I have a whale like that. I'll show it to you later.

PAULA
That's neat.

SHEILA
(starting out;
to Paula)
Come along, honey...he's tired.
(to Jean-Claude)
If you need anything, please feel free to knock on our door. We're just across the hall.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Thank you.

SHEILA
Sleep well.

PAULA
(turns at the door)
How do you say whale in French?

JEAN-CLAUDE
Baleine.

SHEILA AND PAULA

outside of Paula's room, walking toward the stairs.

PAULA
(shouting down)
Jessie!

JESSICA (O.S.)
What?!

PAULA
How do you say whale in French?

JESSICA (O.S.)
I don't know!

The door to Paula's room closes. Sheila turns when she hears it close. She looks at it for a moment, then starts down the stairs following the bounding Paula.

PAULA
(gleefully)
Baleine you creep!

CUT TO:

39A EXT. LONG, LONG SHOT BECKWITH HOME - NIGHT

39A

Dark.

39B INT. PAULA'S ROOM - CLOSE ON JEAN-CLAUDE - NIGHT

39B

Sleeping...clutching a stuffed whale. The CAMERA PULLS BACK and REVEALS SHEILA, in a nightgown, at the foot of the bed... looking at Jean-Claude...it's obvious she's been there a long time.

The CAMERA PANS her out of the ROOM into:

40 INT. BOB AND SHEILA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

40

Sheila gets into bed.

Bob stirs, awakened. Sheila is staring at the ceiling.

BOB
(sleepily)
Is everything okay?

SHEILA
Uh-huh. I was checking on them.

After a long beat.

SHEILA
He's got your mouth.

BOB
I...I didn't notice.

Sheila turns over, her back to Bob. Now Bob is wide awake.

SHEILA
Bob?

BOB
Yes?

Sheila now turns and looks at him.

SHEILA
What exactly did I do, or maybe
not do?

CONTINUED

BOB

When?

SHEILA

What was wrong with me that you
had to have an affair?

BOB

Sheila, there was never anything
wrong with you.

SHEILA

(continuing her thought)
Well, I thought we were happy.

BOB

We were...we are.

Sheila turns on her side, with her back to him...clearly
signing off for the night.

CUT TO:

40A EXT. BECKWITH HOME - MORNING

40A

Bob is loading the station wagon, putting in picnic baskets,
blankets, frisbees, etc.

CUT TO:

41 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

41

Sheila, Jean-Claude, Jessica and Paula are seated at the
table. They are finishing breakfast.

PAULA

Jean-Claude made his bed himself.

SHEILA

That's nice.

PAULA

I was gonna do it for him.

SHEILA

(amused)

Really? You hardly ever make
your own.

PAULA

I do too.

SHEILA

Under duress.

PAULA

What's duress?

JESSICA

When you cut a slice of pie...
whatever you leave is "du-ress."

CONTINUED

Pun laughter, except Paula who groans. Jean-Claude, of course, doesn't get the pun. The girls, finished with breakfast, begin to clear the table.

JESSICA
(to Jean-Claude)
Comprenez-vous?

JEAN-CLAUDE
No. I am sorry.

X
X

PAULA
It was a joke. A dumb joke,
Jean-Claude.

Jean-Claude manages a weak smile.

X
X
X

SHEILA
(to Jean-Claude)
Are you still hungry? Is there
something else you'd like?

JEAN-CLAUDE
No, thank you. Except...

SHEILA
Don't be shy.

JEAN-CLAUDE
At home I have coffee in the morning.

PAULA
Really?

SHEILA
Of course...I should have asked.

Sheila stands and walks toward the coffee-maker which has a half pot of coffee warming.

JESSICA
Why can't we have coffee?

SHEILA
Because I don't approve of children
having coffee.

JESSICA
But his mother was a doctor.

CONTINUED

Sheila returns with a cup of coffee for Jean-Claude.

SHEILA
It's an honest difference of
opinion. What would you like in
it?

JEAN-CLAUDE
Milk.

Sheila walks to the Frigidaire and takes out a container
of milk which she places in front of Jean-Claude.

JEAN-CLAUDE (cont'd)
Thank you, madame.

JESSICA
(showing off)
No, Mom, in France they heat the
milk and pour both milk and
coffee into the cup at the same
time.

X
X
X

PAULA
Who told you?

JESSICA
I read it in a French novel.

Paula looks at her mother.

PAULA
Oh, Barf!

X
X

In spite of herself, Sheila grins.

CONTINUED

41 6/8/82

41

CUT TO:

42 EXT. THE BECKWITH STATION WAGON

42

as it goes along Sunset Boulevard toward the beach.

43 INT. CAR

43

BOB

(to Jean-Claude)

I've known Bernie Edwards, the man
who's throwing this big cook-out,
since we were just about your age.
He has this barbeque every year.

JESSICA

He's a crashing bore. All he ever
talks about is sports and how great
his son Davey is.

BOB

Jessica!

JEAN-CLAUDE

(to Bob)

Then he's a sportsman?

BOB

No he is a lawyer. He represents a
lot of big league athletes. You
know, baseball, hockey, football-

JEAN-CLAUDE

(suddenly interested)

Football?

JESSICA

(disdainfully)

The American version. The breaking
of empty heads.

Bob sighs exasperatedly.

BOB

Bernie's a good friend.

PAULA

(to Jessica)

You just don't like him because
Davey is hung up on you. And he
tries to kiss you every chance
he gets.

CONTINUED

JESSICA

He does not! Mom, why didn't we leave her at home?

SHEILA

Oh, come on girls.

As Jean-Claude reacts (somewhat surprised).

BOB

(to Jean-Claude)

Don't get the wrong idea, Jean-Claude, this is just the way American families make conversation.

ON JEAN-CLAUDE'S reaction, we:

CUT TO:

44 EXT./ LARGE LAWN AREA / REAR OF HOUSE / AFTERNOON

44

The BARBEQUE is in full swing.

There are about FORTY PEOPLE...KIDS...WOMEN in summer dresses or jeans...MEN in sweat pants or jeans...a number of MALE COLLEGE ATHLETES in shorts and t-shirts bearing the University's logo. Some are heavy-set football players...others are extremely tall basketball players.

At the moment they are playing basketball around a basket attached to the GARAGE AREA which has been cleared of CARS. DAVEY EDWARDS is the only YOUNG BOY playing with these college players.

In their midst, as a kind of head counsellor, in the previously mentioned BERNIE EDWARDS. BOB, SHEILA, JENA-CLAUDE, JESSICA and PAULA walk out onto the LAWN AREA from an alley leading to the street.

BERNIE

(to his guests)

Mark my words, if Boston doesn't build the Bruins a decent hockey rink, they'll skate away to greener pastures. Believe me, I've got clients in Atlanta who would give --

(his notices Bob in the distance; calls out)

Hey, Beckwith!

(calling off frame)

Nancy, Beckwith and his squad are here!

CONTINUED

NEW SHOT - BERNIE

Jogging up to the Beckwith clan.

BERNIE

(greeting them)

Hi, guys!

(kissing Sheila)

Hi, Sheilsie baby. Have you psyched
your husband up for the Big Game?

As Sheila smiles, NANCY EDWARDS joins them.

NANCY

Sheila, you lucky thing, you
look terrific. Is it overwork
or the Scarsdale?

SHEILA

It's all in the genes.

NANCY

(who is wearing jeans;
patting her rear end)

Don't I know it. Hi girls.

JESSICA & PAULA

(almost together)

Hell, Mrs. Edwards.

NANCY

(looking at Jean-Claude)

Is this the little fellow
who's visiting from France?

SHEILA

Yes...this is Jean-Claude.

BERNIE

Hi...I'm your Uncle Bernie...
this is your Aunt Nancy...

CONTINUED

BERNIE (Continued)
 (points toward the
 basketball game)
and that's our son Davey
 who's holding his own with
 the big boys.

JEAN-CLAUDE
 (extends his hand)
 I am very pleased to meet you.

NANCY and BERNIE shake JEAN-CLAUDE's hand.

BERNIE
 Go on, kids....have a great time.

BERNIE steps away with BOB....and SHEILA goes off with NANCY.

JESSICA, PAULA and JEAN-CLAUDE drift toward the basketball
 game.

(NOTE: THROUGHOUT THIS BARBEQUE SCENE....SHEILA KEEPS AN
 EYE ON JEAN-CLAUDE. SHE IS ESPECIALLY CONCERNED WHEN PEOPLE
 SEEM TO LOOK AT HIM AND TALK ABOUT HIM. SHE IS WORRIED WHAT
 PEOPLE MAY PERCEIVE ABOUT HIM....ABOUT THE TRUTH. AT ONE
 POINT OR ANOTHER....SHE MAY TAKE A DRINK TO RELAX HER TENSION).

BERNIE
 (shouting toward
 the game)
 Good shot, Bill! That kid's
 going to be All-American this
 year.

(slightest beat)
 I hear you're giving the
 Dean and the Board of
 Trustees a lot of heat.

BOB
 We're doing our best.

BERNIE
 Take it easy on him. It's
 recruiting week. We've got
 a bunch of top high school
 prospects coming to look us
 over....kids who could help
 pay your salary for the next
 four years.

BOB
 I'm not worried about my salary
it's what I teach.

BERNIE
 Look....I don't care how many

MORE

BERNIE (Continued)
intellectuals you turn out.
We still need a seven foot center
who can shoot, rebound and play
defense to keep us in business.
(towards the game)
Keep your hands up, Wally!

SHEILA AND NANCY

NANCY
I'd better go look at the food
again....
(starts off;
turns)
Don't forget to sign the
petition before you leave.
It's on Bernie's desk in his
study.

SHEILA
What am I signing?

NANCY
It's the seals again....being
butchered in Canada. It's
easy to remember. Easter-time
it's the seals.

SHEILA smiles.

45. BASKETBALL GAME

Breaking up. JEAN-CLAUDE is mesmerized by the size of the over sixfoot-six BLACKS.

DAVEY walks up to JESSICA.

DAVEY
Wanna go to the movies some
day this week, Jessie?

JESSICA
The name is Jessica and I don't
go out with juveniles.

DAVEY
I'm fourteen months older than
you.

JESSICA
Chronology is irrelevant.

DAVEY
Who's the shrimp with you?

JESSICA

His name is Jean-Claude....a
guest from France. He comes
from a very refined family.

DAVEY

Big deal.

JESSICA

I plan to return the visit when
I go to Europe this summer.

DAVEY

Are you really going?

JESSICA

Sans doute.

DAVEY

What?

JESSICA

Look it up, stupid!

She walks away.

45A FULL SHOT / GARAGE AREA

ONE of the GIANT BASKETBALL PLAYERS bounces the basketball
to JEAN-CLAUDE. JEAN-CLAUDE aims....but as he throws it
toward the hoop....DAVEY swoops over....blocks the shot....
picks up the ball....and with a jump shot sends the ball
swishing through the cords....

QUICK CUT TO

45B SHEILA AND A COUPLE

Chatting....until SHEILA notices DON WEIS, the Chairman
of the School of Architecture, whom we have seen earlier
at the meeting....walking over to JEAN-CLAUDE and starting
to talk to him.

SHEILA

(to the Couple)

Excuse me....

Concerned, she walks toward JEAN-CLAUDE and DON. Her
concern and her pace quicken when she realizes that they
are speaking in French. When she reaches them:

SHEILA

Hello, Don.

DON

Hi.

SHEILA

What are you two talking about?

DON

I'm just practicing my French.

SHEILA

(smiling; forcing
cheerfulness)

Well, Jean-Claude has to practice
his English.

(slightest beat)

He came here to have fun....

Go and play....

JEAN-CLAUDE nods goodbye to SHEILA and DON and walks away. SHEILA gives DON a half-smile and goes off, too.

From SHEILA'S POV / we SEE JEAN-CLAUDE starting to walk alone... away from everyone.

SHEILA SEES a number of grown-ups looking at him...and talking to one another. SHEILA's anxiety overtakes her...what are they thinking? What do they know? This may be one of the places where she takes a drink.

Paula notices Jean-Claude; he's alone, and settled down to read a book. She trots over to him and sits down beside him.

PAULA
What's the matter? Don't
you like the barbeque?

JEAN-CLAUDE
Oh, it is very nice, but I prefer
to read.

PAULA (shrugs)
Your books must be more interesting
than mine.

JEAN-CLAUDE
My mother used to read these
stories to me. And sometimes we
pretended we were the people in
the stories.

PAULA
Really?

JEAN-CLAUDE
(brightening)
Yes. Once we read this ghost story
and afterwards my mother and I drove
to Normandie. We visited an old, old
castle by the edge of the sea. And
there was a terrible storm with great
thunders and many lightnings!

PAULA
(big-eyed)
And were you scared?

JEAN-CLAUDE
No. We yelled back at the sky--
as loud as we could! And after
we we laughing about it.

PAULA
(impressed)
I wish I could have been there. It
sounds like fun.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

But, before the children can conclude their conversation, Nancy is RINGING the dinner BELL.

PAULA
Come on, let's eat!

And she races off, followed closely by Jean-Claude.

As they approach, the touch football game continues.

As Jean-Claude munches on his hamburger, the CAMERA PANS from his P.O.V. the PEOPLE watching the touch football game.

PARENTS and CHILDREN are grouped together, cheering, having a good time. The feeling of FAMILY is strong...and makes Jean-Claude somewhat sad.

The mood is broken by:

PAULA
(excited)
Look! Daddy's going out for
a pass.

We see Bob running from the line of scrimmage being defended by Davey. The pass is thrown. As Bob starts to reach for the football, Davey hurls himself into Bob, knocking him down...hard.

As Davey stands and grabs the ball:

DAVEY
Sorry, Mr. Beckwith...

Davey runs back toward his team.

Bob sits on the sand, holding his knee and ankle. He has been hurt.

Paula rushes over to him.

PAULA
Daddy, are you okay?

BOB
I'll live. Get me some ice,
honey. Lots of ice!

Jean-Claude arrives.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JEAN-CLAUDE
Was he permitted to do what he did?

BOB
No.

JEAN-CLAUDE
I would like to hit that boy.

BOB
(smiling)
Me too!

Bob stands and winces. Jean-Claude glances down at his ankle. Bob starts to walk, trying not to show his pain.

JEAN-CLAUDE
You could lean on me.

BOB
Thank you, Jean-Claude, but I
am fine.

CUT TO:

46B INT. BOB AND SHEILA'S BEDROOM

46B

Sheila , upset, gets into bed, picks up the remote control of the TV, turns on the TV OFF CAMERA and pushes all the stations looking for some bedtime diversion. We HEAR the channels being switched.

X
X
X
X

Bob comes out of the bathroom, wearing a robe, limping slightly.

BOB

I'm going down to get a drink.
Want something?

SHEILA

No thank you.

BOB

Are you sure I can't get you
something?

SHEILA

Yes, Robert. I'm sure.

X

Bob leaves the bedroom door open as he walks out. The hallway is illuminated.

47 INT. KITCHEN

47

as Bob enters and puts on the light. He opens a cupboard and takes out a bottle of vodka. He pours himself a drink, returns the bottle to the cupboard and turns out the light as he walks into:

48 INT. LIVING ROOM

48

As he starts for the stairs, he sees Jean-Claude seated on a window seat...staring out into the night.

BOB

(almost in a whisper)
Jean-Claude?

From a darkened corner near the window comes a reply.

JEAN-CLAUDE

I could not fall asleep.

BOB

That makes two of us. Aren't
you a little cold?

CONTINUED

Bob is sitting in a full tub. He is touching his knee.

BOB

Could I have a cigarette, Sheil?

Sheila enters in a nightgown with a cigarette, book of matches and ashtray. She hands him a towel, and as he dries his hands, she places the ashtray down on a flat corner of the tub.

She retrieves the towel and hands him the cigarette and matches. He lights the cigarette and places the matches down next to the ashtray.

SHEILA

How's the knee?

BOB

Not bad...in here anyway.

(a beat)

It must have been pretty tough for you today.

SHEILA

It was. For the first time in fifteen years I felt all alone. It wasn't a familiar feeling...or a very nice one.

(a beat)

Do you think anyone suspected who he was?

BOB

I don't think so. Anyway, I couldn't give a damn.

SHEILA

(angrily)

What's important, Robert, is that I knew. You have no idea how hard this is for me. I just can't pretend this is some everyday occurrence.

BOB

I'm sorry, Sheila. What would you like me to do about it?

SHEILA

(a beat)

I feel like I can't lean on you the way I used to...

BOB

(feeling her hurt)

Sheila, I'm here.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHEILA

But you're someone else, Bob.

(a beat)

Maybe it's my fault for investing everything in our relationship. I always thought we had something special.

BOB

We do.

SHEILA

No, Bob. God knows we're both trying our best, but things can never be the way they were.

BOB

Shit.

He takes a deep drag on his cigarette, then puts it out in the ashtray.

BOB (cont'd)

Do you want me to tell you about it?

Sheila doesn't reply. Bob goes on, matter-of-factly:

BOB (cont'd)

I had this crack on my head...she was a doctor...she x-rayed it... took care of me...

Sheila turns on him, furious.

SHEILA

Took care of you my ass! I don't want to hear it, Bob.

BOB

(softly)

Alright, Sheila, alright.

SHEILA

I've got to get away a little, get a chance to breathe. Tomorrow I'm going to Newport to see Margo, and then I'm going to meet with Gavin Wilson. Thank god I've got my work. You can spend the day with your children...all of them.

She walks out of the room. Bob stands...winces as he steps out of the tub...takes a towel and starts drying himself.

CUT TO:

46A INT. JESSICA AND PAULA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessica and Paula are in their pajamas. Jessica sits on her bed looking up a word in her French dictionary. She pronounces it over and over, one syllable at a time, which annoys Paula.

JESSICA

Ebloui...ssant...Eb...loui...
ssant...Eb...loui...

PAULA

How can I sleep with you making
that awful noise?

JESSICA

Shut up. I'm going to improve my
French while Jean-Claude is here
and communicate with him in his own
language.

X
X
X

PAULA

Why?! He speaks great English!

X

JESSICA

God! He has no choice, communicating
with a dingbat like you.

X

PAULA

Oh blow it out your ear, you big
fat "baleine!"

JESSICA

Don't call me fat...

A pillow fight starts. OFFSTAGE we HEAR Sheila's VOICE.

SHEILA (o.s.)

Knock it off in there, girls.

CUT TO:

JEAN-CLAUDE
(proudly)
She was a very good doctor.

BOB
I'm sure she was.

Another pause.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Did you know my father?

A pause. A look of panic crosses Bob's face.

BOB
(uneasily)
Uh--what did your mother tell you
about him?

JEAN-CLAUDE
That he was married to someone else.
(waits a bit)
But once they loved each other
and decided to have me. But
of course he could not stay
in France.
(a beat)
I think perhaps he was an
Englishman.

BOB
Why do you say that?

JEAN-CLAUDE
Because, if he was Italian, I
think she would have made me learn
Italian. I think someday she
wanted me to talk to him.

BOB
You miss her a lot, don't you?
(he nods)
You're not alone, you know. You
have Louis and Simone in France...
(slightest beat)
And me. You can count on me...
(a beat)
I want us to be friends.

X
X
X
X
X
X
X
X

REACTION SHOT - BOB

Stricken with love, longing to say more to the boy.

NEW ANGLE - BOTH OF THEM

Jean-Claude suddenly gets up and starts to walk away.

BOB
Are you okay?

JEAN-CLAUDE
I always hoped that maybe when I was X
grown up, Maman would...

BOB
...tell you all about him? X

JEAN-CLAUDE
Yes. But now she is gone... X

Jean-Claude turns toward Bob. We see he's in tears. For the first time since his arrival, Jean-Claude has explicitly referred to his mother's death. And his own words cause the child to burst into tears.

Bob can resist no longer. He stands and sweeps the boy into his arms.

Jean-Claude holds onto Bob very tightly...and is now sobbing, "Maman."

Bob tries to comfort him with the affectionate repetition of "Je sais, je sais, mom petite, je sais..."

Bob carries him up the stairs.

48A TOP OF THE STAIRS 48A

As Bob reaches it and carries Jean-Claude into his room.

48B SHEILA 48B

at the doorway of her bedroom. She has watched Bob carry Jean-Claude up the stairs and into his room.

She stands in the doorway for a long time...then turns and enters her bedroom as we:

CUT TO:

49 INT. A BRIGHT, MEDIUM SIZED FACTORY FLOOR - NEWPORT - DAY 49

There are TWENTY-FIVE WOMEN sewing at machines...mostly Spanish-speaking.

MARGO, Sheila's best friend, is holding up a flowered skirt for Sheila's comment.

SHEILA

I like it.

MARGO

(proudly)
I got them into Magnin's and Bullock's.

Margo hands the skirt back to the Operator.

Margo and Sheila start walking out of the Factory Floor toward Margo's OFFICE when:

WOMAN

Senora!

Margo stops and speaks to the WOMAN who is showing her the front of a blouse. Margo points to a place near the neckline.

WOMAN

(walking away)
Gracias.

49A INT. MARGO'S OFFICE

49A

As Margo and Sheila enter. It is cluttered with sketches, samples and swatches.

MARGO

(smiling)
Remember how lousy I was in languages at college?

(Sheila nods)
I could beat up on the whole Spanish department now.

Margo lights a cigarette.

MARGO (cont'd)

And they're all legal out there. A guy from immigration came in a few months ago for a bust. He almost died when he found absolutely nada wrong.

Margo quiets...her jabbering hasn't seemed to help her friend... who is silent and in pain. As Margo looks at Sheila,

CONTINUED

49. INT.- A BRIGHT, MEDIUM-SIZED FACTORY FLOOR - NEWPORT - DAY 49.

There are TWENTY-FIVE WOMEN sewing at machines...mostly Spanish-speaking.

MARGO is holding up a flowered skirt for SHEILA's comments.

SHEILA

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MARGO

(proudly)

I got them into Magnin's and Bullock's.

MARGO hands the skirt back to the Operator.

MARGO and SHEILA start walking out of the FACTORY FLOOR toward MARGO's OFFICE when:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Senora!

MARGO stops and speaks to the WOMAN who is showing her the front of the BLOUSE. MARGO points to a place near the neckline.

WOMAN

(walking away)

Gracias.

49A. INT. MARGO'S OFFICE

49A.

As MARGO and SHEILA enter. It is cluttered with sketches, samples and swatches.

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(smiling)

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(Sheila nods)

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MARGO

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MARGO quiets...her jabbering hasn't seemed to help her friend...who is silent and in pain.

SHEILA

He didn't tell me, Margo. Do you know what that does to a marriage that has been totally honest..open...to people who have been that close. I thought we had the best marriage I knew about.

MARGO

You do.

SHEILA

I do, huh?

MARGO

Nowadays one affair in ten years is absolute celibacy.

SHEILA

Well, I found out that I'm not a nowadays person. I guess I'd never really thought about it before or I would have known I wasn't. What's nowadays about a 22 year-old virgin? That's what I was when I got married.

MARGO

I was too, I think.

SHEILA

You "think?"

MARGO

All my sex has blurred. I must've been a virgin at one time. Why not when I got married? I was practically a virgin again a year before I got a divorce...that I know for sure.

SHEILA

Did I really think we'd go through 40 or 50 years of being completely faithful? Oh, God...what would a really modern woman say anyway..."It isn't my business..."

MARGO

Don't do this to yourself...and to your marriage. It was a funny time. You were pregnant...he was away...that's all there is to it, right?

SHEILA
No Goddammit! He had a son! I didn't
know....can-you believe it? We've brought
him here for Easter vacation.

MARGO
(stunned)
You've got to be kidding....what? Oh,
Jesus....that's the only way you could
do it, right? What are you....a candi-
date for sainthood?

SHEILA
It didn't come out of goodness, it's
survival.
(slight sigh)
I just have to get through the next 12
days. Look, if I didn't let him see the
boy it would be a pall over us for the
rest of our lives.

MARGO
What do the girls think?

SHEILA
They don't know who he is....they think
he's cute.

MARGO
Is he?

SHEILA
He's a nice boy....none of this is his
fault.....(slightest beat)
but I must admit that every time I look
at him....I can't help thinking of her...

MARGO
I think I'd kill Bob if I were you.

SHEILA
Sometimes I feel like killing him, too.
And other times I feel like I need him
more than ever.

MORE

MARGO
Anything I can do to help you
just tell me.

SHEILA
I know...you're the best friend
I ever had.

SHEILA quickly embraces MARGO...then...looking at her
watch.

SHEILA
I don't want to be late for
Gavin Wilson.

MARGO
(light-tone)
Need company?

SHEILA
Are you interested in detente?

MARGO
I never stop thinking about it.

SHEILA
(laughing)
I'll introduce you another time.

As SHEILA starts for the door:

MARGO
I envy you.

SHEILA
Why, for heaven's sake?

MARGO
I wish I could love any man
as much as you love Bob.

CUT TO:

51. EXT. / A VERY MODERN BUILDING / NEWPORT / DAY

51.

An ESTABLISHING SHOT.

GAVIN'S VOICE

(pleasantly)

You're extremely attractive
and punctual. Either one
would've gotten us off to a
good start.

AS THE CAMERA MOVES IN ON THE BUILDING SLOWLY:

GAVIN'S VOICE

Would you like some coffee?

SHEILA'S VOICE

No thanks.

A LAP DISSOLVE OF THE BUILDING AND THE INTERIOR OF
GAVIN'S OFFICE SERVES AS A PASSAGE OF TIME.

There is a glorious view from GAVIN's OFFICE.

The OFFICE is sparsely furnished....but in very good taste.
There is no desk.

GAVIN and SHEILA are seated in two chairs....facing one
another....with a coffee table between them.

The coffee table is stacked with papers.

GAVIN has just finished reading a number of pages.

GAVIN

I like your suggestions to
rearrange the order of some
of the chapters.

SHEILA

(relieved)

Good. And we're agreed that
you'll have to rewrite some of the
materials which you presented
as conjecture when you started
the book three years ago....
which are now indisputable facts.

GAVIN

Do you have notes on that?

SHEILA nods and hands him some pages. As GAVIN thumbs
through them:

GAVIN

You've really done your homework.

SHEILA

And, of course, you'll have to rewrite the introduction taking the new facts into account, too.

GAVIN looks through some pages on the coffee table....takes a number of them into his hand....and gives them to SHEILA. As he continues to read her notes....SHEILA reads the pages he has given to her.

SHEILA

You've done it. This is a new introduction.

GAVIN reaches down and hands her additional pages from the coffee table.

GAVIN

I also have my notes on what to change because of recent scholarship.

SHEILA

Why did you let me go through my song and dance?

GAVIN (charming)

I liked the music.

SHEILA

(smiles)

You read my notes....

(standing; putting his

pages into her briefcase)

....and I'll read yours....and then we'll get together again.

GAVIN

How about a drink before you go?

SHEILA

I have to drive.

GAVIN

A wine....a Perrier? I'm trying to delay your departure.

SHEILA looks at him....what a charming compliment.

SHEILA

A Perrier then.

GAVIN takes a Perrier out of a small refrigerator and pours it into a glass for SHEILA. He hands the Perrier to SHEILA. As she sips it:

GAVIN

By the way....I thought you edited Donnelly's book brilliantly. I read the galleys. You really did wonderful work on it.

SHEILA

He did the work. Max Perkins once said that an editor could only release energy....he couldn't be creative.

GAVIN nods appreciatively.

GAVIN

(pleasantly)

When do you propose to start releasing my energy?

SHEILA

How about tomorrow if we're both finished reading.

GAVIN

Fine.

CUT TO

52. EXT. / BECKWITH BACKYARD / LATE AFTERNOON

52.

We hear "We Got The Beat" by the GO-GOES playing on a CASSETTE.

JESSICA and JEAN-CLAUDE are dancing to it....with JESSICA saying things like, "No....watch me"....and "That's better"and "That's right"....which indicates that she is teaching him.

PAULA is watching. The TAPE ends.

JESSICA

Do you want to do the Slam
or the Pony?

JEAN-CLAUDE

We were just doing the Slam,
correct?

(Jessica nods;
to Paula)

Which one do I do better....
the Slam or the Pony?

PAULA

I like you doing the Slam.

JEAN-CLAUDE

Then let's do it again.

PAULA puts in a TAPE....and we hear a few lines of "I Know
What the Boys Like," by the WAITRESSES.

JESSICA

(shouting toward
Bob)

You're not supposed to
look, Daddy!!

BOB is putting some paper cups on a Card Table in the
BACKYARD....which already has pieces of Pioneer Chicken
plus all the fixings on it.

BOB

(amused)

I'm not!!

BACK TO JESSICA, JEAN-CLAUDE and PAULA.

JESSICA

(to Paula)

Play "We Got The Beat" again.

PAULA takes out the TAPE playing and puts in the other one
again.

The music begins. And JESSICA is "teaching" JEAN-CLAUDE the Slam again for a few moments until:

SHEILA walks into the BACKYARD.

PAULA stops the TAPE.

SHEILA

Hi, Everybody!!

JESSICA & PAULA

Hi, Mom!!

JEAN-CLAUDE

Hello, Mrs. Beckwith!!

She walks up to BOB at the Card Table.

SHEILA

How'd it go?

BOB

We had a good time....but
we missed you.

SHEILA

(to the Children)

Wash up!!

JESSICA

Oh Mom...we're going to show
you and Dad something....please
just a few more minutes....
please!

SHEILA

All right!

JESSICA

Don't look!!

BOB

(amused)

They're teaching Jean-Claude
how to Slam and Pony.

We HEAR the TAPE of "We Got The Beat" again.

SHEILA

Is that a Pony or a Slam?

BOB

From what I gather....they're
interchangeable.

As SHEILA glances toward the Children:

PAULA
You're looking, Mom!!

SHEILA
I'm sorry!!

SHEILA turns her back to them.

JESSICA
(to Jean-Claude
and Paula)
Let's go around to the side
of the house....

And the Children march toward toward the side of the house
....carrying TAPES and TAPE-PLAYER until they are out of view.

SHEILA
Turn it down a little!!
Remember we have neighbors!!

We HEAR the sound lowered slightly.

BOB
(pleased)
The kids are getting along great.

SHEILA
(matter-of-fact)
I'm glad.

SHEILA picks up a piece of chicken.

BOB
Did you get a chance to visit
with Margo before you saw Wilson?

SHEILA
(nodding)
She's doing very well.

BOB
What's Wilson like?

SHEILA
Charming.

BOB
You're a sucker for an English accent.

SHEILA grimaces as she takes a bite of the chicken.

SHEILA
This stuff must have one moment
when it tastes right. And I've
missed it.

BOB

It's when you're starving.
When're you going down to
see him again?

SHEILA

Tomorrow.

BOB

(surprised)

So soon?

SHEILA

I have to take advantage of
his being here. He's always
being called away to consult
or testify somewhere.

BOB picks up a piece of chicken and bites into it....

BOB

Hey....what about my meeting
you in Newport?

SHEILA

With the children?

BOB

No....alone....when you're
finished working. We can have
a great dinner out. Then maybe
go down to San Diego and see
a play at the Globe. Susie
Ryder can probably sit.

SHEILA looks at the chicken:

SHEILA

(light-tone)

You're catching me at a time
that I'm very vulnerable to
the possibility of a great dinner.

JESSICA, JEAN-CLAUDE and PAULA come into view again.

JESSICA

We're ready!!

As BOB and SHEILA walk toward them:

BOB

(to Sheila)

It's Easter vacation, Sheil....
think about tomorrow, will you?

SHEILA

Uh-huh.

BOB is pleased. They reach the Children.

JESSICA looks at JEAN-CLAUDE who nods that he is ready.

JESSICA nods toward PAULA. The TAPE goes in....and
"We Got The Beat" begins to play very loudly.

SHEILA is about to ask for it to be lowered....but doesn't.

JESSICA and JEAN-CLAUDE start to do the Slam.

And they are good....very good indeed.

BOB and SHEILA watch with real interest and enjoyment as
JESSICA and JEAN-CLAUDE continue to Slam....and we:

CUT TO

5 3 ONE, 7

CONTINUED

54. INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

54.

Sheila is walking down the hall and peeking in to see if the children are alright.

When she is closest to the CAMERA, she stops at Jean-Claude's room, opens the door quietly. A stream of light crosses her face. Is he still awake?

55.

55. NEW ANGLE - WHAT SHE SEES

The little boy is in bed, fast asleep with a book across his chest. His reading light is still on. He looks angelic and Sheila's expression shows she is touched. She moves quietly in the room to turn the light off.

Suddenly, she notices something on the night table and freezes.

CAMERA ZOOMS in on what has stopped her in her tracks:

Right by Jean-Claude's pillow is a photograph in a silver frame.

It is of the boy sitting at an outdoor restaurant smiling at a beautiful, raven-haired woman who is smiling back at him.

Nicole Guerin. And she was very beautiful. Jealousy shows on Sheila's face. She snaps off the light and exits.

CUT TO:

56. INT. BOB AND SHEILA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

56.

Sheila re-enters wordlessly, goes to her side of the bed and sits down with her back to Bob.

SHEILA
(tonelessly)
Bob?

BOB
Yeah?

SHEILA
About tomorrow.

BOB
Yeah?

SHEILA
(without turning)
No.

CLOSE-UP BOB

He lies on his back, frustrated and worried. Somehow his plan has backfired.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

57. FULL SHOT - BECKWITH DRIVEWAY - MORNING

57.

Sheila puts a suitcase in the back seat of her car, gets in and starts the motor.

CUT TO:

58. CLOSE-UP - BOB IN BED

58.

He reacts to the motor starting, gets out of bed and crosses to the window just in time to see:

CUT TO:

59. BOB'S P.O.V.

59.

Sheila driving away

CUT TO:

60. CLOSE SHOT - BOB

60.

He knows Sheila left early and that she's upset, which is disturbing him.

CUT TO:

61. EXT. / SOCCER FIELD / UNIVERSITY GROUNDS / DAY

61.

DAVEY and some of his FRIENDS are playing SOCCER.

A number of other CHILDREN are watching.

A distance away...we can see JESSICA, PAULA, JEAN-CLAUDE and a few other GIRLS playing jump rope. At this moment, JESSICA and JEAN-CLAUDE are turning the rope for PAULA.

and in the bleachers...BOB and BERNIE are seated.

BERNIE

I can't believe it...you and Sheila were the perfect couple...like those figures on a wedding cake. What made you do it?!

BOB

Bernie...I want to talk about what happened this morning...not what happened ten years ago.

BERNIE

She must've been really something for you to cheat. Do you have a picture of her?

BOB

(shakes his head;
turns toward Jean-Claude
in the distance who is
still playing jump rope
with the girls)

Look at the boy. Her hair was darker...but she looked a lot like him.

BERNIE

If I ever had the guts to cheat on Nancy, it would have to be with Bo Derek or better.

(stands; shouts)

Attaboy, Davey!!

(to Bob; sitting)

Kid's got all the moves...he's pro material.

62. DAVEY AND HIS FRIENDS

62.

As they continue to play soccer for a few moments....then:

63. BACK TO BOB AND BERNIE

63.

Seated in the BLEACHERS.

BOB

...and just when I thought everything was quieting down, Sheila left this morning without a word.

BERNIE

What'd you expect? First you tell her that you had an affair that resulted in a kid...and then you bring the kid home.

BOB

It was her idea to bring him here.

BERNIE

She was just testing you. She wanted you to say no.

BOB

That's not true. She didn't want me to go to France to see him. That's why she made the deal.

BERNIE

If people honored their deals... I'd be out of business.

(a beat)

Take my advice...pack the kid up... and ship him out...The sooner the better. Today if you can.

BOB

Do you know what that'd do to the boy?

BERNIE

Do you know what his staying is going to do to your marriage? You're going to end up a free agent...you know what I mean?

64. JEAN-CLAUDE, JESSICA, PAULA

64.

They have stopped playing jump rope...and have walked to the edge of the SOCCER FIELD where DAVEY and his FRIENDS stop playing for a moment:

DAVEY

(taunting tone)

How come you're always with the
girls, French?

JEAN-CLAUDE

My name is Jean-Claude.

DAVEY

Well, excuse us. His name is
Jean-Claude.

DAVEY kicks the ball playfully to one of his friends.

FIRST FRIEND

(kicking it to a
to a Second Friend)

His name is Jean-Claude.

SECOND FRIEND

(kicking it a Third
Friend)

I thought it was Jeannie.

Laughter.

THIRD FRIEND

(kicking it back
to Davey)

With the light brown hair.

Laughter.

JESSICA

He can speak French, stupid, and
you can't! Let's go, Jean-Claude.

DAVEY kicks the ball toward JESSICA, JEAN-CLAUDE and PAULA:

DAVEY

Yeah....maybe you can go shopping
for some dresses together.

JESSICA kicks the ball back toward DAVEY. DAVEY runs
toward it and this time with all his strength he KICKS
A REALLY HARD SHOT toward JEAN-CLAUDE.

PAULA

Watch out!!

JEAN-CLAUDE fields the BALL with his head....a first-rate
move....and then as the BALL hits the ground....rushes to
it and starts to control it....as DAVEY rushes to get it
back.

DAVEY PURSUES JEAN-CLAUDE AND THE BALL....BUT JEAN-CLAUDE
is JUST TOO GOOD FOR HIM.

65. BERNIE AND BOB

65.

BERNIE
(standing)
Look at your French kid...
(shouting)
Defense, Davey...take it away!!
Defense!! Defense!!

JEAN-CLAUDE CONTINUES TO MAKE DAVEY LOOK FOOLISH...KEEPING
THE BALL AWAY FROM DAVEY.

BOB
Attaboy, Jean-Claude!!

JESSICA AND PAULA

Cheering.

BERNIE AND BOB

BERNIE
Get the ball, Davey!! Get
the ball!!

JEAN-CLAUDE TURNS...RUNS RIGHT AT DAVEY...THEN KICKS THE BALL
TO ONE SIDE...FRUSTRATING DAVEY.

BOB
(smiling)
Keep it up, Jean Claude!!
Keep it up!!

AS DAVEY PURSUES HIM:

BERNIE
(knows that Davey is
no match for Jean-Claude)
This isn't fair. That's all
they do in France is play soccer...
from the time they're born.
(breaks off)
Cut him off!!

AGAIN...JEAN-CLAUDE RUNS RIGHT AT DAVEY...AND THIS TIME AS
HE KICKS THE BALL TO ONE SIDE...DAVEY FALLS IN HIS ATTEMPT
TO GET THE BALL.

BOB WHISTLES LOUDLY...HAPPILY.

DAVEY...EXHAUSTED...STANDS STILL.

AS JEAN-CLAUDE AND DAVEY STARE AT EACH OTHER FOR A LONG TIME:

BOB
(gleeful)
You've got him!!

As BERNIE watches BOB'S joy in JEAN-CLAUDE'S performance:

BERNIE
(sincerely)
You've got to get rid of that
kid before it's too late.

BOB
What do you mean, too late?

BERNIE
Before you fall in love with him.

WHETHER BOB IS LISTENING TO BERNIE WE'LL NEVER KNOW...
FOR AT THIS MOMENT...WITH A FLAIR...JEAN-CLAUDE KICKS
THE BALL WITH THE HEEL OF HIS SHOE...RIGHT INTO DAVEY'S
ARMS AND:

BOB

Raises his hand above his head in a gesture of victory as we:

CUT TO:

66. EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD GROUNDS - DAY

66.

BOB, JEAN-CLAUDE, JESSICA and PAULA approach a truck selling food and beverages.. JEAN-CLAUDE is sitting on BOB's shoulders.

JESSICA
(with relish)
You destroyed Davey!

PAULA
It was beautiful.

JESSICA
I bet Bernie nearly had a heart attack.

BOB, PAULA and JESSICA laugh. BOB takes hold of JEAN-CLAUDE and puts him on the ground. JEAN-CLAUDE isn't laughing... he's not even smiling.

BOB
Hey...don't you feel good about what you did?
(Jean-Claude nods)
Where's your smile?

JEAN-CLAUDE
I feel good without smiling.

OWNER OF TRUCK
What'll it be?

BOB
Four cokes, please.

BOB
I still don't see a smile. (beat)
Jean-Claude, I am going to make you smile.
No, I am going to do better than that.
By the time the girls count to ten, I am going to make you laugh.

JEAN-CLAUDE
No, you can't.

BOB signals to JESSIE and PAULA who start to count, "One"

BOB is making faces.

JESSICA and PAULA
Two...

JEAN-CLAUDE is steeling himself against laughing.

JESSICA and PAULA
Three...Four....Five...Six

JEAN-CLAUDE is s Buster Keaton.

JESSICA and PAULA
Seven...Eight...

Things are getting desperate.

JESSICA and PAULA
Nine...
BOB POURS HIS CAN OF COKE OVER HIS OWN HEAD...DOUSING HIMSELF.

JEAN-CLAUDE bursts into laughter...joined by JESSICA and PAULA.

BOB wipes his head with some paper napkins...then:

BOB
I've got a great idea. Let's have
a celebration dinner...surprise
Mother...make something really
special. What'd you say, guys?

JESSICA and PAUAL are excited and answer, "Yes!".

JEAN-CLAUDE
May I help?

BOB
Will you smile?
(as Jean-Claude smiles)
Sure you can help.

CUT TO:

67.

INT. / ITALIAN RESTAURANT / NEWPORT

67.

The place is chic and intimate. SHEILA and GAVIN have nearly finished their meal. An almost empty bottle of wine gives us some notion as to why the atmosphere is so easy.

SHEILA

Jessica's twelve and Paula's nine.

GAVIN

Take after their mother?

SHEILA

Not really. Jessie is very sure of herself.....a born cosmopolitan.

GAVIN

And Paula?

SHEILA

She's the tender-hearted one.... you know the type.

GAVIN

(nodding)

Stray puppies surround them when they're young....and lost causes when they're older.

SHEILA

Sounds like you have one like that.

GAVIN

I do. Two, actually....who are quite grown up now.... and not on very good terms with their father.

SHEILA

Oh, that's too bad.

GAVIN

Yes....but one can't blame children for taking sides when their parents dissolve their marriage.

SHEILA

I suppose not.

(slightest beat)

How long have you been divorced?

GAVIN

Five years. How long have
you been thinking of one?

SHEILA

What makes you say that?

GAVIN

Just something I sensed....
yesterday and today. I'm extra
sensitive to marital hurts.

SHEILA glances at her watch.

SHEILA

Two-fifteen! If we're going
to get anything done this
afternoon we'd better get going.

GAVIN

(sincerely)

Whatever's wrong....if I can
help....

He helps her into her jacket.

SHEILA

Is it that obvious.

GAVIN

Only if you've been there
yourself.

CUT TO

68. INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

68.

We can SEE a LARGE BROWN BAG on the COUNTER. There are also TWO LARGE BROWN BAG on the floor. A lot of shopping has been done.

The COUNTER is crowded with ingredients, measuring spoons, measuring cups, appliances, etcetera.

There is a three-pound chicken on the COUNTER, too.

There is a LARGE CASSEROLE on one burner of the STOVE... and a LARGE FRYING PAN on the other. Neither burners are lit.

BOB, JEAN-CLAUDE, JESSICA and PAULA are at work...with JEAN-CLAUDE as the chief chef. He is definitely in command.. and knows what he is doing.

They are making Stuffed Chicken Grand-mere (Poulet Farci Grand-mere).

PAULA is peeling 12 baby onions. JESSICA is peeling three large potatoes and cutting them into cubes. BOB is grinding a half-pound of pork in a grinder.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Half that size, Jessica...those
are too large.

JESSICA
I'm sorry.

JEAN-CLAUDE
And put them into a bowl of
cold water so they don't turn
brown.

As JESSICA fills a bowl with cold water:

PAULA
I'm finished peeling the onions.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Put them over here near the chicken.

PAULA places the onions into a plate next to the chicken.

PAULA
When do we start to cook?

CONTINUED

JEAN-CLAUDE
Not until all the ingredients
are ready.

PAULA
What's this called?

JEAN-CLAUDE
Poulet Farci Grand-mere.

JESSICA
(knowingly)
Grandmother's chicken...

JEAN-CLAUDE
(to Paula)
A tablespoon of chopped parsley.

As PAULA goes to get the parsley...BOB shows JEAN-CLAUDE
the ground pork.

BOB
Is this ground enough?

JEAN-CLAUDE
Once more, please.

JESSICA
Okay with the potatoes.

JEAN-CLAUDE
(nods)
Chop the chicken liver.

JESSICA
Yuck.

JEAN-CLAUDE
I'll do it.

JEAN-CLAUDE quickly chops the chicken liver.

BOB finishes grinding the pork again and places it down on
a plate on the COUNTER.

JEAN-CLAUDE
(slightly annoyed)
Please, Bob everything for the
stuffing over here.

BOB
(as he places the pork
where it belongs)
I keep forgetting.

CONTINUED

JEAN-CLAUDE places the chopped chicken liver with the stuffing ingredients.

JEAN-CLAUDE
When is Mrs. Beckwith coming?

BOB
I'd say in about an hour.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Open the wine...let it breathe.

BOB
(amused; getting a
corkscrew)
Let the wine breathe.

As BOB puts the corkscrew into the cork:

PAULA
I did the parsley.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Next a half a cup of bread
crumbs.

PAULA takes can of bread crumbs from the bag.

BOB
The wine is breathing.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Good.
(to Jessica)
Saute the onions in a spoon of
butter until they are browned.

JESSICA turns the stove on...and measures out a tablespoon of butter which she puts into the frypan and turns the flame up high.

Meanwhile, PAULA, who has measured out the bread crumbs... takes additional bread crumbs into her hand...takes out the hamster...and starts to feed him.

The hamster jumps onto the COUNTER...and PAULA tries to grab him as he runs over the COUNTER just as JESSICA has turned and picked up the plate of onions.

JESSICA SCREAMS and drops the plate of onions on the floor... breaking the plate...and the onions roll all over the floor.

PAULA fails to grab the hamster on the COUNTER...and the hamster tumbles onto the floor and starts to run crazily around. Trying to get the hamster on the COUNTER...PAULA has knocked over the bowl of cubed potatoes and water onto

CONTINUED

the floor...and the bowl has broken...with the water and potatoes spilling over the floor.

JESSICA
(screaming; running
toward a corner)
Why did you let the rat out??!!

JEAN-CLAUDE
(rushing toward the
butter which is
burning in the frypan)
Le Beurre!!

JEAN-CLAUDE grabs the frying pan but the handle is hot.
Smoke billows from the pan.

With the onions and the water and the potatoes on the floor...
BOB and PAULA continue to chase the hamster.

BOB
Watch out...the floor's slippery!!

JESSICA
Catch him!!

JEAN-CLAUDE turns the fire off under the black and smoking butter, gets a pot holder and takes the pan to the sink.
When he dumps it into the dishpan, it steams.

BOB and PAULA still trying to corner the hamster.

JESSICA
(screaming)
Catch him! Catch him! I don't
want to get rabies!!

CUT TO:

END OF IT

70. INT. / GAVIN'S OFFICE BUILDING / CORRIDOR / LATE AFTERNOON 70

SHEILA and GAVIN have come out of his office and are walking toward the bank of elevators.

SHEILA

It's ironic, isn't it....
that Nixon the great anti-
communist was the one who
pushed detente.

GAVIN

(nodding)

It seems that only the
bitterest adversaries can
make peace nowadays. Begin
and Sadat go to Camp David.
Nixon goes to China.

SHEILA

That could be the subject
for a whole book.

GAVIN

I'd be happy to write it
if you'd be the editor. I've
never felt more juice in the
editing stage.

SHEILA

Thank you, Gavin.

They enter the elevator.

CUT TO

70A. EXT. / GAVIN'S BUILDING 70A.

As SHEILA and GAVIN exit. SHEILA turns to say goodnight.

GAVIN

I can tell....this is going
to be the toughest part of
every day....saying goodnight.
(slightest beat)
I'm very attracted to you, Sheila.

SHEILA

(pleasantly)

Oh, God....you're not making
a pass at me, are you?

GAVIN

Am I so unattractive?

SHEILA

You know how attractive you are.
I'm sure enough women have told
you.

GAVIN

Some. I'm not that great at
approaching women. I'm a bit
too direct. I guess that's why
I write non-fiction.

Pause.

SHEILA

You're waiting for an answer,
aren't you?

GAVIN

A nod would be sufficient.

SHEILA

I'm sorry...I'm not used to this.

GAVIN

What are you used to?

SHEILA

My husband.

GAVIN

Ouch.

SHEILA

I admire you...and respect...

GAVIN

(interrupting)

Ouch 2.

They start walking to their CARS. We can see various
modern buildings in the b.g. of the SHOT.

As they reach GAVIN'S CAR:

GAVIN

Let's at least have a drink
together. My flat is nearby.
(as Sheila hesitates)
Come on...just one brandy. How
about it?

SHEILA

(a beat)

All right...

CUT TO:

71. INT. DINING ROOM

71.

PAULA, wearing a pretty dress...is looking out the WINDOW...watching for SHEILA.

JESSICA and BOB who are also dressed up...are seated at the table...which is beautifully set. There are lighted candles in candlesticks...and flowers as a centerpiece.

JEAN-CLAUDE enters from the KITCHEN.

JEAN-CLAUDE

The poulet was starting to dry out...I had to take it off the fire. I will warm it up when Mrs. Beckwith arrives.

JESSICA

Is it all right to leave the wine open?

JEAN-CLAUDE

Oh, yes.

JESSICA

Do you see Mommy, Paula?

PAULA

No...I'll tell you when she's coming.

JEAN-CLAUDE blows out the candles on the table.

JESSICA

Good idea.

BOB glances at his watch...and stands.

BOB

I'll be right back.

BOB walks into the:

71A. INT. KITCHEN

71A.

He opens the ADDRESS BOOK at the PHONE...then picks up the PHONE and dials a number. After TWO RINGS:

MARGO's VOICE

Hello...

BOB

Hi, Margo...this is Bob. Is Sheila still there?

MARGO'S VOICE

No...I'd guess she's still with
Gavin.

BOB

We were expecting her.

MARGO

She's really wrapped up in
this project... chances are
they're having a late bite.

BOB

(grimaces)

If you hear from her...tell
her to call me, will you?

MARGO'S VOICE

Sure.

BOB

Thanks.

He hangs up and walks back into:

71.B. INT. DINING ROOM

71B.

Where BOB SEES all THREE CHILDREN at the WINDOW...looking
for SHEILA...and he REACTS GLUMLY.

CUT TO:

73

INT. / DINING ROOM / NIGHT

73

JEAN-CLAUDE, JESSICA and PAULA are finishing ICE CREAM CAKE....without much enthusiasm.

The CANDLES are burned down. There is half-a-chicken on a SERVING PLATE.

BOB isn't eating. He is smoking a cigarette.

When the CHILDREN are finished:

BOB

Anybody want another piece?

No takers.

After a few beats....BOB glances at his watch....then:

BOB

Okay....let's clear the table guys.

JESSICA, PAULA and JEAN-CLAUDE stand....and start to carry plates into the KITCHEN....in SILENCE.

BOB stands....and crushes out his cigarette into the remaining part of the ICE CREAM CAKE....his face is 'angry....as we:

CUT TO

74. INT. MARGO'S HOUSE - NEWPORT - NIGHT

74.

MARGO is seated on her COUCH...reading VOGUE.

The front door BELL RINGS. MARGO gets up and walks over to the front door. She looks through the OUTSIDE VIEWER....and opens the door.

SHEILA walks in.

MARGO

(with a lecherous
twinkle)

Well...I didn't realize editing
was a twelve hour a day job.

SHEILA

It's not. I was finished a
couple of hours ago.

MARGO

(this is getting
good)

Really? Where've you been?

SHEILA

Around.

MARGO

Doing what?

SHEILA

Thinking mostly.

MARGO

And when you weren't thinking?

SHEILA

I had a bacon and tomato sandwich
and a chance to sleep with Gavin
Wilson.

MARGO

I thought so. I hope they
were both delicious.

SHEILA

I finished the sandwich....

MARGO

What about Gavin?

SHEILA

I only got as far as the elevator
in the lobby.

MARGO
(disappointed)
Why didn't you go up?

SHEILA
I couldn't.

MARGO
Weren't you flattered that a
man like Gavin Wilson wanted
you?

SHEILA
Yes.

MARGO
Then what are you doing here?!

SHEILA
Bob can screw someone he
barely knows. I found out
that I can't. Do you have
some wine?

MARGO walks to her BAR and pours out two glasses of
RED WINE. As she hands one to SHEILA:

MARGO
Bob phoned about an hour ago.

SHEILA
I'll call him tomorrow....I
don't want to go home tonight.

MARGO
Of course you don't. Your role
as the perfect wife is hardly
rewarding is it?

SHEILA
(sitting)
I wasn't prepared for the
surprises, Margo.

MARGO sits, too...with the bottle of wine...and pours
SHEILA some more wine. After a pause:

MARGO
It's a long way from Vassar,
isn't it?

6/3/82

100B.

SHEILA

I was accepted by Stamford,
too.

(she finished the
wine)

I wonder what would have happened
to me if I'd gone there?

MARGO

You probably wouldn't have met
Bob...

(softly)

But we wouldn't have met either.

SHEILA smiles at her friend...and as MARGO fills up
her glass again:

CUT TO:

75. INT. MARGO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SHEILA and MARGO are still up. It is 11:30. They are sober.

SHEILA

Did we drink one of those new light wines...with very little alcohol?

MARGO

No...it was a regular bottle of cheap Italian...the kind that used to make us feel so good in college.

SHEILA

Has our metabolism changed that much?

MARGO

I think we felt pretty good to begin with in those days.

The BELL RINGS.

SHEILA

A gentleman caller?

MARGO

No.

MARGO walks to the door....and looks through the OUTSIDE VIEWER.

MARGO

(sotto voce)

It's Bob..what do you want to do?

SHEILA

(surprised;
concerned)

Let him in.

MARGO dashes toward her BEDROOM.

MARGO

You do it. I want to stay out of this.

SHEILA opens the door quickly.

SHEILA

Are the girls all right?

BOB

(nodding)

I got Susy to come over. Yes,
they're okay. Where's Margo?

SHEILA

In the bedroom.

BOB_

Why didn't you phone me?

SHEILA

I didn't feel like it....

BOB

Jessie and Paula...

SHEILA

(interrupting;
finishing his
sentence)

...had their Daddy with them.

BOB

Will you let me finish my
sentence?! They prepared a
big surprise dinner for you....
they worked very hard...and
Jean-Claude, too!

SHEILA

I don't think I could have
eaten it.

BOB

Why are you running away every
day?

SHEILA

(snapping)

I'm working!

BOB

What's the urgency?

SHEILA

I told you that Gavin is
frequently called away.

BOB

So you wait 'til he gets back!
His book can come out two weeks
or two months later!! He's not
Robert Ludlum, is he??!! The
Book-of-the-Month Club isn't
panicking about a deadline, is
it?!

CONTINUED

SHEILA

(pointedly)

Some people take their commitments seriously...and honor them!

BOB

You're back to that, huh?!
Bob and Nicole...ten years ago!

SHEILA

If you'd told me about it then we wouldn't have to get back to anything! We would have resolved it ten years ago!

BOB

There isn't much flexibility in you, Sheila! You have an idea of how everything should be...and as long as things operate that way...it's fine!

SHEILA

Stop trying to turn your infidelity into a character flaw of mine!

BOB

I'm not! I'm really not!

SHEILA

It must have been hell for you all these years with my rigidity grating you!

BOB

It hasn't been hell...you know that...

SHEILA

What a strain for you to function within...

BOB

(interrupting)

It's a strain now...now's our crisis!

SHEILA

Our crisis began when you brought that child into the house!

BOB

That child...Stop labeling him!
He's alive...a little boy growing up...
not a piece of evidence in a trial
against me that's going on in your own head!

CONTINUED

BOB (continued)
Forget right or wrong...guilty
or not guilty! It happened!
Accept it! Stop torturing me
for it! Stop torturing yourself!
Let's get on with our lives!

SHEILA
(weakening; her
voice cracking)
Don't you think I want to?

BOB
(voice softening)
How can we solve anything with
you here every day and me with
the kids in L.A.? If we want
to save what we have...and I
know we do...we have to be
together.
(slightest beat)
Think about it, Sheila.

BOB starts for the door.

SHEILA
Bob...
(he turns)
Wait for me...

CUT TO:

76

EXT. / CAMPUS

As BOB and JEAN-CLAUDE walk....they see DEAN KENDERSON approaching from the opposite direction.

They stop to talk.

BOB

Hello, Larry.

KENDERSON

Hi, Bob. I'm glad I ran into you....I was going to call you later.

BOB

This is Jean-Claude Guerinwho's staying with us from France. Mr. Kenderson is the Dean of the University.

JEAN-CLAUDE

(extending his hand)

How do you do?

KENDERSON

(shaking Jean-Claude's hand)

Fine. How do you like our campus?

JEAN-CLAUDE

Very much?

BOB

Jean-Claude is considering going to our medical school.

KENDERSON

We'd be pleased to have himI'm sure.

(slightest beat)

I didn't think that anything could make the Board budge. But your challenge did it. They met this morning and agreed to keep five of the nine professors in the humanities that they were going to dismiss.

BOB

Now they've only got four more to keep.

KENDERSON
They won't....believe me.
You've gotten a tremendous
concession. You've won.
(a beat)
Live with it.

BOB
(after a long
beat; nodding)
I'll speak to the others.

KENDERSON
Good.
(rubbing the top
of Jean-Claude's
head)
So long, Doctor.

KENDERSON walks away....and BOB and JEAN-CLAUDE smiling....
continue walking, too.

CUT TO

77 EXT. WESTWOOD STREET - DAY

77

Davey Edwards rides his bicycle slowly down the sidewalk, stopping at shop windows to peer inside for a sign of Jessica.

EXT. SWENSON'S ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

Davey looks in the window. From his POV,

INT. SWENSON'S - DAY

Inside, Jessica and three girlfriends are chattering away. Davey knocks on the window and waves, trying to get Jessica's attention. Finally, one of the girlfriends sees him, and points him out to Jessica. Jessica looks over her shoulder, still licking ice cream cone.

JESSICA
What does he want?

Davey, having got her attention, motions for Jessica to come outside.

GIRLFRIEND #1
He wants you!

JESSICA
Davey's such an adolescent.
(she rises)
I'll be right back.

Ice cream cone in hand, Jessica walks to the door and opens it. Davey waits outside, impatient.

DAVEY
I have to talk to you.

JESSICA
So talk.

DAVEY
Not right here. Come outside.

He moves away from the door.

DAVEY
It's important!

Jessica looks back over her shoulder at her giggling girlfriends. She sighs and moves to join Davey.

77A EXT. SWENSON'S - DAY

JESSICA
Okay, whadda ya want?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DAVEY
Well, this is gonna shake you
up, but I think you should know...

INT. SWENSON'S - DAY

Jessica's girlfriends sit eating their ice cream's.

GIRLFRIEND #1
What are they doing out there?

Girlfriend #1 rises and walks over to the window. She presses her face to the glass, and from her POV, we see Davey and Jessica standing outside. Jessica looks furious.

EXT. SWENSON'S - DAY

Jessica takes her ice cream cone and shoves it in Davey's face. He takes a step backwards.

DAVEY
(surprised)
Hey!!

JESSICA
(tears starting)
You're a liar, Davey Edwards!

She turns and begins walking quickly away from him.

JESSICA
(screaming)
A filthy liar!!

Jessica begins to run, tears streaming down her face.

77D EXT. / UNIVERSITY MEDICAL SCHOOL / DAY

BOB and JEAN-CLAUDE walk up to it. There are very few STUDENTS on CAMPUS during this holiday break.

As BOB and JEAN-CLAUDE stand in front of the School:

BOB

Here it is, Jean-Claude....
it's one of the finest medical
schools in the country.
(slightest beat)
What would you think of going
here when you grow up?

JEAN-CLAUDE

Would they take me?

BOB

Perhaps. But they certainly
would take you if you went to
school from now through college
in the United States.

JEAN-CLAUDE

My mother wanted me to go
to school in France.

BOB

Those were plans that your
mother made with you when
she was alive. I'm sure she
wouldn't mind if you decided
to stay here with friends.

JEAN-CLAUDE

Would I go to school with
Jessica and Paula?

BOB

Sure.

JEAN-CLAUDE smiles.

BOB smiles....He puts his arm on JEAN-CLAUDE's shoulder
as they walk on.

CUT TO

87

INT. BECKWITH HOME

87

CLOSE SHOT - LIVING ROOM TABLE

We see Sheila's hand unpacking her briefcase, piling up Gavin Wilson's three books. From the back of the last, Gavin's photograph smiles at her.

PAULA (O.S.)

What was he like, Mom?

WIDER SHOT - SHEILA TALKING TO HER DAUGHTER

SHEILA

Nice. Actually, I expected him to be a little conceited, but he wasn't.

PAULA

I missed you.

SHEILA

(smiling)

I missed you, too. Where is everybody?

PAULA

Jessie's with her friends, and Daddy took Jean-Claude to a ballgame--

(on Sheila's look)

Bernie could only get Daddy two tickets. Besides, I wanted to wait for you.

Sheila hugs Paula. At this moment we HEAR the OFFSCREEN SOUND of the FRONT DOOR SLAMMING and Jessica's anguished cry:

JESSICA (O.S.)

Mom, where are you?

SHEILA

I'm in here, Jess. I just got back this instant--

Jessica enters the room, her face flushed and sweating.

SHEILA (cont'd)

What's the matter, honey?

JESSICA

(blurting it out)

Is it true?

SHEILA

What are you talking about?

JESSICA

Is it true about Daddy and Jean-Claude?

SHEILA

(taken aback)

Who told you?--

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JESSICA

It is. I can see it on your face.

PAULA

What's going on?

JESSICA

(to her sister)

Davey just told me that Jean-Claude
is Daddy's son!

PAULA

What? That's crazy!

Sheila tries to stem the growing hysteria.

SHEILA

Please, let my try to explain.

JESSICA

First admit it. Tell me Dad is
really his father.

A beat.

SHEILA

(quietly)

Yes, it's true.

PAULA

No, it can't be. He's our Daddy.
He's ours.

Jessica explodes at her sister.

JESSICA

Don't you understand, you little
idiot? He had an affair with Jean-
Claude's mother.

PAULA

What's an "affair"?

JESSICA

He went to bed with her and made
a baby.

Mark this moment as the greatest trauma in Paula's childhood.
The little girl looks helplessly at her mother.

PAULA

Is Daddy gonna leave us?

Sheila tries to take the two frightened girls into her arms,
but only Paula will accept her embrace.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHEILA

It'll be alright, I promise you,
it'll be alright.

JESSICA

(sobbing)

Why did you let him come here?

Before Sheila can answer, we hear the SOUND of the FRONT DOOR
SLAMMING.

Bob walks in with his arm around Jean-Claude's shoulders.
Jean-Claude is holding an ice-cream cone.

BOB

Hi guys...you should have seen--

But Jean-Claude is poison to the girls now. Jessica wheels
in front of him, stops, glares and finally spits out:

JESSICA

You...you...you little bastard!

Paula begins pummeling Jean-Claude; his ice-cream splashes to
the floor. He doesn't lift a hand to defend himself.

PAULA

(crying)

He's my Daddy...not yours!

Bob is stunned by this sudden outburst. Jean-Claude is
petrified.

BOB

What in god's name happened?

SHEILA

(with vitriol)

Ask your friend, Bernie. Why didn't
you just take out an ad in The Times?!

She starts out of the room, then wheels around for a parting
shot:

SHEILA

None of this would have happened
if it hadn't been for that bitch Nicole!

Jean-Claude, tears streaming down his face, turns and runs
out of the room.

CUT TO:

87A. EXT. / HOUSE

87A.

BOB comes rushing out...turns and sees JEAN-CLAUDE
half-way up the block...standing still.

BOB hurries to him.

BOB
(Softly)
Are you all right?
(jean Claude nods)
I can't tell you how sorry
I am about what Jessie did.
She's angry at me... Jessie
would never hurt you...you
know that Jean-Claude.

Long beat....then:

JEAN-CLAUDE
Tomorrow I will go home.

BOB
(slightest beat)
Look...I know what happened
is very painful to you....but
I don't want you to leave.

JEAN-CLAUDE
My mother wanted me to go
to school at Les Roches.

—
BOB
Is that what you really want?

JEAN-CLAUDE
(nodding)
It's the right thing. It's
where I belong.

BOB
No. You belong here with me.
I'm your father.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Then it's true....

BOB

Yes.

(pained, frowning)
This has been a hell of a way
for you to find out. I should
have told you....right at the
beginning. But I was trying
to protect Sheila.... and the
girls....and I ended up hurting
everyone instead. You must
forgive me for making you miserable and
unhappy, Jean-Claude.

JEAN-CLAUDE

I'm happy, Bob.

BOB

(surprised)

What?

JEAN-CLAUDE

My mother used to talk about
my father. That he was kind
and good....and funny, and....

JEAN-CLAUDE is speaking with great feeling now.

JEAN-CLAUDE

And when I met you, even when
I saw you that first time at
the airport, I hoped that my
father might be someone like you.

BOB has to look away for a moment....controlling his
tears....Then he turns back....takes JEAN-CLAUDE's hand....
and they start back toward the house.

88. OMIT

89. OMIT

90. INT. BECKWITH HOUSE

90.

BOB and JEAN-CLAUDE enter.

BOB
Are you okay?

JEAN-CLAUDE shakes his head.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Yes, Bob, I'm fine. May I go to
my room now?

BOB
(puts his arm around
Jean-Claude's shoulder;
starting for the stairs)
Of course.

When BOB and JEAN-CLAUDE walk to the top of the stairs BOB
stops at Jessica's door...and JEAN-CLAUDE continues on to his
room.

BOB
A'demain.

91. BOB watches JEAN-CLAUDE go inside his room and close the
door, then knocks on JESSICA'S door.

91.

JESSICA'S VOICE
Who is it?

OB
Come on, Jessie...you know who
it is. Open up!

JESSICA'S VOICE
No. Why don't you go away and
leave Mom and us alone?

BOB
Open this door!

SHEILA opens the door.

SHEILA
I'd wait before I talked to
them if I were you.

BOB
No. If I delay, matters can only get
worse.

CONTINUED

SHEILA

Do whatever you think is right.
(slightest beat)
Where's Jean-Claude?

BOB

In his room...He wants to go home
tomorrow. I'll book him on the
afternoon flight.

SHEILA looks toward JEAN-CLAUDE's room for a moment...then
goes downstairs, leaving Bob to resolve things with the girls.

91A. INT. JESSICA'S ROOM

91A.

BOB enters.

BOB

(quietly; but
firmly)
I'd like to discuss things with
you.

JESSICA

There's nothing to say.

BOB

(sitting down)
I know how you feel. This has
been quite a shock for both of
you and I'd like to apologize
for...

JESSICA

(interrupting)
I don't want your apology!

BOB

(continuing)
....for lying about Jean-Claude.

JESSICA

And what about your affair with his
mother?

BOB

Honey...that's between your mother
and myself.

PAULA

(her hurt showing)
Don't you love us?

CONTINUED

BOB
Of course I do.

JESSICA
Why did you bring him here.

BOB
Because he needs love, too. Both of you have had a pretty good time of it growing up...in every way...including family and friends. He's only had his mother. And when I heard she was dead...it just seemed right to hold out my hand to him.

A beat. The GIRLS do not speak.

BOB
If you heard about someone who was all alone...wouldn't you try to help, even if he wasn't related to you? I think you would.

BOB stands.

BOB
Jean-Claude is leaving tomorrow. I intend to spend some time with him before I take him to the airport. Whether you want to speak to him before he goes is up to you.

BOB goes to the door, opens it and walks out...

CUT TO:

92. INT. JEAN-CLAUDE'S BEDROOM

92.

Jean-Claude has just finished packing his flightbag. The last thing he puts in his Nicole's picture. He looks at a moment, then lays it carefully on top of his clothes. He zips the bag, takes a last look around the room, and exits.

CUT TO:

93 INT. DINING ROOM

93

Sheila has set two places at the breakfast table. There is an air of tension in the room, almost as if Jean-Claude is afraid of her. To break it:

SHEILA

I've made your coffee, Jean-Claude.

JEAN-CLAUDE

Thank you, madame.

SHEILA

(bringing over his coffee)
See, I've finally learned to do it properly.

She makes a little ceremony of pouring from the coffee pot and a handled butter-warmer containing the hot milk, simultaneously. But her little bid for his attention is lost.

JEAN-CLAUDE

You are very kind, madame.

His utter retreat frightens her, No woman, no mother, can see a child so desolated. Impulsively she sits down beside him.

SHEILA

I'm sorry this has been such a bad time for you.

JEAN-CLAUDE

No. It is I who should apologize.
I think I have brought you much sadness. (he glances briefly at her)
It was not my wish.

SHEILA

(fighting tears)
It was not your fault. You must never think that.

JEAN-CLAUDE

When I came here I did not know.

SHEILA

I know you didn't.
we should have told you.

JEAN-CLAUDE

(for confirmation)
That Bob is my father?

SHEILA

(confirming)
Yes, Jean-Claude, Bob is your father.

CONTINUED

JEAN-CLAUDE

And that is why you were angry
with him.

SHEILA

(quietly)

Yes.

JEAN-CLAUDE

Then you must also have been
angry with me.

A pause.

SHEILA

(gently)

I suppose I was, at first. But
then you came. And we got to know
each other. And now I hope we can
be friends.

There is no response. To cover his silence.

SHEILA

Can't we be friends, Jean-Claude?

Gravely he gets down from his chair, carries his cup and
saucer over to the sink and then turns to her.

JEAN-CLAUDE

Thank you very much for the
coffee, madame. It was delicious.

Bob enters the dining room.

X

BOB

Okay, Jean-Claude. I guess we can
go now.

X

X

X

JEAN-CLAUDE

(to Sheila)

Please say goodbye to Paula and
Jessica for me.

X

X

X

X

SHEILA

Of course I will.

X

X

Bob takes Jean-Claude's valise. They walk out the room.

X

CUT TO:

94. EXT. BECKWITH HOUSE

94.

Bob gets into the car with Jean-Claude, starts the motor...backs out...then drives away.

95. OMIT

95.

96. INT. LIVING ROOM

96.

Sheila is still standing at the window...as Paula walks up, trailed by Jessica. Paula holds on to Sheila.

PAULA

What's gonna happen now, Mommy?

SHEILA

I don't know...

JESSICA

How can you even talk to Daddy after what he's done?

SHEILA

Jessie, the most painful part of growing up is discovering that nobody's perfect, not even your parents.

PAULA

You are, Mom.

SHEILA

Nobody is.

PAULA

(genuinely puzzled)
Mom? What did Jean-Claude do?

SHEILA

He didn't do anything, honey... that's the sad part of it.

PAULA

Are we ever gonna see him again?

SHEILA

I really don't know.

PAULA

I'm gonna miss him.

JESSICA

(half to herself)
God.

SHEILA

What is it, Jess?

JESSICA

I can't get over it...

(pained)

Nobody's perfect.

There's the SOUND of a CAR driving into the DRIVEWAY. The motor stops, and a CAR DOOR SLAMS. Sheila and the girls REACT.

PAULA

Daddy and Jean-Claude..?

Sheila looks out the window.

SHEILA

It's Bernie.

She walks to the front door. As the girls start to follow,

SHEILA

(stopping the girls)

No, run on up to your room, okay?

The girls go upstairs as Sheila opens the front door. Bernie looks contrite as he steps inside. Sheila shuts the door.

BERNIE

Davey told me what he did.

Jesus...I could cut my tongue out.

SHEILA

It's done.

BERNIE

Is Bob here? I'd like to apologize for...

SHEILA

He's taken Jean-Claude to the airport.

BERNIE

Well, I suppose that's the best thing that could happen...You know, it wouldn't have made any difference to us if you and Bob had been up front about the kid...I mean, we are friends.

Sheila simply looks at him. Bernie goes on, honestly trying to help.

BERNIE

Sheila, time'll take care of this, you'll see. And things'll get even better with Bob.

CONTINUED

BERNIE (cont'd)

It's kind of too bad, though. The kid had great potential. In seven years, he and Davey could have made the University invincible.

SHEILA

Sports are wonderfully uncomplicated. aren't they? Win...lose...there's a resolution every day.

BERNIE

You bet.

(a beat)

Will you tell Bob I came over?

(she nods)

Anything I can do?

SHEILA

No....I think you've done enough.

Bernie opens the door, turns to Sheila,

BERNIE

Hang in...the clock's on your side.

CUT TO:

97

SANTA MONICA BEACH - MONTAGE

97

Also includes Bob and Jean-Claude at dinner, walking together - being together. No Dialogue.

98

OMIT

99

OMIT

97. EXT. BEACH - DAY

97.

BOB and JEAN-CLAUDE walk along the deserted beach, hanging on to the few precious hours they have left.

BOB

"Shall I strew on thee rose or
rue or laurel...or quiet sea flower
molded by the sea?"

(a beat)

Swinbourne wrote that in his elegy
to one of our countrymen, Baudelaire.

(a beat, then, thoughtfully)

"...quiet sea flower molded by the
sea"...it's so peaceful here. Do
you like the sea as much as your mother
did?

JEAN-CLAUDE

(softly)

Yes.

BOB

One day I'll tell you all about
some of our own great poets who
contributed so much to our country.

JEAN-CLAUDE

I would like that, Bob.

BOB

Yes, I thought you would -- appreciate
the beauty of the written word.

They walk along.

BOB (cont'd.)

I don't want you to leave with the
wrong impression of Sheila and the
girls.

(a beat)

They're very good...very special
people to me, just as you're very
special as my son.

Jean-Claude nods. Bob takes Jean-Claude's hand. They
walk on, in silence along the beach.

CUT TO:

98. OMIT

99. OMIT

100. EXT. LAX

A TWA Jumbo Jet taxi's up to a loading ramp. The noise, in
contrast, is deafening.

CUT TO:

101. INT. CHECK-IN COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

101

BOB and JEAN-CLAUDE approach the check-in counter. Bob puts down Jean-Claude's valise and hands the clerk behind the counter Jean-Claude's ticket.

CLERK

This is made out to Air-France...
did you notify them that you've
booked on TWA?

BOB

I've done that. Air France stamped
the back to validate the ticket.

CLERK

This is an excursion ticket...you
have to stay a minimum of ten days.

BOB

I'll pay the difference.

The CLERK pushes the computer keys...writing out a ticket.

BOB takes out a credit card and hands it to the clerk.
The clerk puts it through a printer...and fills out the
slip.

CLERK

(handing Bob the slip)
Sign it, please.

Bob signs the slip. The clerk returns the credit card.

CLERK

(holding the new ticket)
Smoking or non-smoking?

BOB

(annoyed)
It's for him.
(to Jean-Claude)
Do you like the aisle or the
window?

CLERK

We only have middle seats left.
May I see your passport?

JEAN-CLAUDE hands Bob his passport. Bob gives it to the clerk
The clerk makes out a red boarding pass...staples it to the
ticket and returns the boarding pass and passport to Bob.

(CONTINUED)

BOB
(to Jean-Claude)
I'll hold them...

BOB and JEAN-CLAUDE walk away from the check-in counter.

CUT TO:

101A HIGH SHOT - LAX ESCALATOR - DAY

101A

BOB and JEAN-CLAUDE reach the top of the escalator and exit toward the waiting room.

101B WAITING LOUNGE - LAX - DAY

101B

BOB and JEAN-CLAUDE cross the waiting room, look for Gate 35 and head in that direction as we HEAR OVER THE LOUDSPEAKER the first call for boarding the TWA flight to Paris.

102 INT. TWA DEPARTURE LOUNGE

102

BOB and JEAN-CLAUDE enter the boarding area. OFFSTAGE we HEAR A STEWARDESS addressing passengers:

STEWARDESS (V.O.)
Will those passengers holding
green boarding passes, rows 48 through
30, please board now.

BOB feels a sense of panic; losing Jean-Claude grows closer to reality.

BOB
You have a red card, so you can
board last.

CUT TO:

103 INT. TWA CHECK-IN COUNTER

103

SHEILA, carrying two books, and PAULA, with a box of bubble gum, accompanied by JESSICA, rush into the check-in area out of breath. They stop to look at the board overhead which indicates flights departing and arriving.

SHEILA
There it is, Gate 35. Let's go
girls.

The CAMERA PANS with them as they rush away and go through the Security Check.

CUT TO:

104. INT. ESCALATOR - TWA TERMINAL - HIGH SHOT

SHEILA, trailed by the two girls, hurries past other passengers riding the escalator.

SHEILA

Excuse us, I'm sorry...excuse me...

While most people move vacantly aside, some give her irritated looks.

CUT TO:

105. INT. TWA DEPARTURE LOUNGE

BOB and JEAN-CLAUDE wait. Bob, upset, looks at the clock; his time with his son is running out.

STEWARDESS (V.O.)

Will passengers holding yellow
boarding passes for rows 29 through
18 please board now.

BOB and JEAN-CLAUDE move a little closer to the line of boarding passengers, but we sense that Bob is holding back.

BOB

You'll be sure and let me know
how school turns out -- if there
are any problems...

JEAN-CLAUDE

(mutely)

Yes.

106. INT. BOARDING AREA

SHEILA and the GIRLS rush into the boarding area, and after a quick look around, they spot Bob and Jean-Claude. They hurry to join them.

SHEILA

Oh, thank God...we had trouble
parking...I was afraid we'd miss
you.

She bends down to Jean-Claude, gives him the books she holds.

SHEILA

We wanted to say goodbye, Jean-Claude.
Here are some books I thought you'd
like to read on the plane.

JEAN-CLAUDE

Merci, Madame.

CONTINUED

JESSICA takes JEAN-CLAUDE's hand.

JESSICA
Au revoir, Jean-Claude...Bon Voyage.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Merci, Jessica.

PAULA
(handing him the bubble gum)
I'll miss you, Jean-Claude.

JEAN-CLAUDE
(quietly)
Goodbye, Paula.

The final call interrupts:

STEWARDESS (V.O.)
Will passengers holding red boarding
passes for the remaining rows please
board now. This is the final call for
TWA's flight to Paris.

JEAN-CLAUDE shakes the GIRLS' hands.

107. CLOSE TWO SHOT - BOB AND SHEILA

SHEILA, standing close to BOB, now reacts to the final call. She realizes what a terrible moment this is for her husband. She searches for his hand, finds it, and by her action affirms her love for him.

108. BIG CLOSE UP - BOB AND SHEILA'S HAND AS THEIR FINGERS INTERLOCK

109. TIGHT TWO SHOT - BOB AND SHEILA

BOB, full of emotion, eyes starting to mist, looks at SHEILA, grateful for the gesture that says their marriage will continue. She gives him a faint smile, hoping it will give him strength to face the parting with Jean-Claude. She knows this final moment is a private one that belongs only to father and son.

110. TIGHT GROUP SHOT - BOB, SHEILA, JEAN-CLAUDE AND THE GIRLS

JEAN-CLAUDE looks up to BOB.

JEAN-CLAUDE
I must go now...

(CONTINUED)

BOB nods...takes JEAN-CLAUDE's hand and moves away with him toward the departure gate. As they exit the shot, SHEILA draws the two girls close to her - all of them aware of the moment.

111. TWO SHOT - BOB AND JEAN-CLAUDE

They walk the last ten yards toward the departure gate.

BOB
I'll want to know how you're
making out at school...

JEAN-CLAUDE nods his agreement.

BOB
We'll keep in touch...and...uh...
maybe you'll visit us again...
Christmas time, for instance.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Thank you.

BOB and JEAN-CLAUDE are near the departure door. The attendant waits for the boy, he's the last to board.

ATTENDANT
You must board now, sir.

112. CLOSE TWO SHOT - BOB AND JEAN-CLAUDE

They stop. JEAN-CLAUDE holds out his hand as if to relegate his flesh-and-blood father to a formal acquaintance. As they clasp hands...

BOB
You won't forget me?

JEAN-CLAUDE
No...never.

BOB chokes up...he would like to take the boy in his arms and hang on forever but he knows in his heart that he must let the boy go.

ATTENDANT (O.S.)
You're delaying departure, sir.

(CONTINUED)

JEAN-CLAUDE takes the last three steps to the departure door. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM INTO BIG CLOSEUP as he turns back.

JEAN-CLAUDE
Au revoir, papa...J'taime.

113. BIG CLOSE-UP - BOB

His eyes filled with tears, finds it difficult to speak.

BOB
I love you, too.

114. FULL SHOT - JEAN-CLAUDE

Turns and hands his ticket to the attendant, then marches toward the waiting plane.

115. TIGHT THREE SHOT - SHEILA AND THE GIRLS

They suffer with Bob this final moment. Sheila and Paula have tears in their eyes.

116. LONG SHOT - THEIR P.O.V.

The final departure of Jean-Claude -- Bob standing there alone as the attendant closes the door.

117. BIG CLOSE-UP - SHEILA

Tears in her eyes, her love for Bob stronger than ever.
(It's the last time we see her).

DISSOLVE TO:

118. EXT. - A LONELY BEACH

Bob stands far away looking out to sea. As the waves move gently towards the shore, we HEAR Bob voicing his inmost thoughts.

(CONTINUED)

BOB (V.O.)

Maybe I'll meet him some day.
But we'll be strangers really.
Because I'm gonna miss those
times when he needs me.

(softly)

So he'll have never had a father.

(softer still)

And I'll have never had a son.

FINAL CREDITS ROLL OVER