

MAX DUGAN RETURNS

Screenplay by

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REVISIONS

1/29/82

3/30/82

4/12/82

4/28/82

4/29/82

5/5/82

5/12/82

5/18/82

6/7/82

Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation
10201 W. Pico Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90064
Phone: 310-369-1000
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Shooting Script, 1982

"MAX DUGAN RETURNS"

FADE IN

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

1

NORA MCPHEE, attractive, mid-thirties is asleep on the couch with her clothes on. She is completely covered with books and test papers that she has been grading all night. We hear the voice of her son, Mike:

MIKE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Mom? It's six forty-five!

Nora stirs. Her eyes try to open.

NORA

What?

MIKE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

It's six forty-five.

NORA

(weakly)

...Again?

She tries to sit up, her head droops.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

2

MIKE is at the kitchen table eating a doughnut and reading a sports magazine and smoking a cigarette. Nora comes in, X dressed. She is carrying books and putting test papers into an old battered briefcase, brushing her hair.

NORA

What are you eating?

MIKE

A doughnut.

NORA

For breakfast?

MIKE

I put peanut butter on it.

NORA

(looks in sink,
it is piled with
dishes)

What are these dishes doing in the
sink? It was your turn to do them.

MIKE

I'll do them tonight.

Mike rises and crosses into his bedroom and puts out the cigarette.

X

NORA

(picks up milk and
open jar of peanut
butter)

X

Is that when you were going to
put all the stuff away?

X

She opens the refrigerator. The light doesn't go on.

NORA

What's the matter with the
refrigerator?

MIKE

It's warm. It must have broken
down during the night.

She crosses to get a paper towel.

X

NORA

Didn't I just have it fixed?
Didn't I just pay the man
forty-seven dollars? Thieves.
They're all thieves, goddamn them.
(wipes floor with
paper towel; turns
to Mike)

X

Have you been smoking?

X

MIKE

Huh?

X

NORA

Have you?

X

MIKE

No.

X

NORA

Come on let's go.

X

Mike crosses to pick up his books and backpack. Nora picks up her purse, briefcase with papers and coffee commuter cup. They both start out.

X

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - BACK - DAY

3

A small, very inexpensive, in need of repair one-story house. An old 1964 Volvo sits under the carport. The condition of the car resembles the house. Nora and Mike come out of the house. She hands Mike a bag of trash. X

NORA

Here, take this. X

Mike takes the bag and puts it in the trash cans, and then X crosses to the car. Nora tries to close the door. It won't close.

NORA

Why won't this door lock? X

MIKE

It's warped. You can't lock X
it, because of the rain. X

NORA

Well, with a little luck they'll
steal the refrigerator.

She crosses down the steps and gets into the car. There is no front seat for Mike so he goes into the back. X

OUT 4-
6

INT. CAR - BACK - DAY

7

She tries again. Still doesn't start.

MIKE

What's wrong with it?

NORA

It's a year older than you.

She tries again, it starts.

OUT 8

EXT. BRIDGE - CANAL AREA - LONG SHOT - DAY

9

NORA

(voice over; glances
at Mike)

You have peanut butter on your
face.

He wipes it off with back of hand.

Cont.

NORA
(voice over)
...Now you have it on your
sweater.

There is a MAN fishing off the bridge.

X

MAN
Hey, why don't you get a new
muffler, lady?

X

NORA
(yells back)
Why don't you try getting along
on a teacher's salary?

OUT 9-A

INT. CAR - WASHINGTON BOULEVARD - DAY

9-B

NORA
(to Mike)
I'm in a terrific mood today,
aren't I?

MIKE
Why do you stay up all night
marking exams?

NORA
I have eighteen kids flunking
English. Eighteen out of
thirty-nine. Doesn't exactly
give a teacher a sense of
accomplishment.

EXT. PUBLIC SCHOOL - SANTA MONICA - DAY

10

Students are arriving in cars, bikes, on foot. Nora pulls car over to the curb.

NORA

Sure wish we went to the same school. At least we'd have lunch together.

He gets out of car.

NORA

Hey! What do you want for dinner?

MIKE

I don't care.

NORA

You had 'I don't care' last night.

X

MIKE

Anything.

X

Two boys Mike's age pass by. One of them is smoking. His name is STEVE.

STEVE

Wha' ycu say, Mike?

MIKE

(nods)

Steve.

Steve passes on. Nora looks at him, then to Mike.

NORA

I thought they expelled that one.

MIKE

He's awright. I gotta go.

NORA

Hey! Where's my kiss?

MIKE

I owe you one.

He starts away.

NORA

I don't give credit. Come here.

Cont.

10 Cont.

Reluctantly Mike comes back to the car. Nora leans out the window, he reaches in and she kisses him.

NORA

Sorry to put you through torture
but it gets me through the day.

She pulls away from the curb in a billow of smoke. She turns and waves and sees that Mike is talking to Steve. She looks worried.

EXT. SHOE REPAIR STORE - DAY

11

Nora's car pulls up and parks in an open space. She gets out and heads for the store, taking only her purse.

INT. SHOE REPAIR STORE - DAY

12

Nora and a few people are in line at the shoe repair counter. Nora, in a hurry looks at an OLDER WOMAN in front of her.

NORA

(to Older Woman)

Do you mind? I'm late for work.

OLDER WOMAN

(shrugs)

Go ahead. I got nothing to do
all day.

NORA

Thank you.

Nora moves ahead of the Older Woman in line.

EXT. STREET - SHOE REPAIR STORE - DAY

13

Nora comes out of the shop. She fishes for the car keys in her purse. Then begins to look around. She arrives at the X spot she had parked her car but it isn't there. The cars parked in front and in back are still there but not hers.

NORA

...Where's my car?

She is dazed for a minute. She looks around, thinking she parked it somewhere else. The MAN who owns the car next to where hers was, arrives and puts the key in his door.

NORA

(to Man)

Did you see the 'Sixty-four
Volvo that was parked here?

Cont.

MAN
(shakes head, "no")
Sorry.

He gets in his car.

NORA
Oh, my God! I don't believe
this.

(runs in a few
directions, to no
avail)
This isn't happening to me!

The Older Woman from the shoe shop appears.

OLDER WOMAN
Something's wrong?

NORA
I can't find my car.

OLDER WOMAN
You can't find your car?...Did
you park it here?

NORA
(annoyed)
Certainly I parked it here...I
can't believe it. They must have
stolen it.

OLDER WOMAN
Who did?

ANOTHER MAN passes by.

NORA
What do I know? Car thieves!
They stole my car. Dirty bastards!

OLDER WOMAN
(to 2nd Man)
I was right behind her in the line.

NORA
All my books and school papers
are gone. All the final English
exams, I didn't even mark them
yet.

ANOTHER WOMAN comes by.

2ND WOMAN
What happened?

2ND MAN

They stole her car.

2ND WOMAN

That's why I never shop here alone.
I make my husband wait in the car.

Nora goes running towards the shoe repair store, in tears.

OLDER WOMAN

(to 2nd Woman)

I'm lucky she went ahead of me.
They would have taken my car.

INT. SHOE REPAIR STORE - DAY

14

We SEE a police car outside. Nora is seated on a chair, tearfully telling her story to two uniformed POLICEMEN and the STORE MANAGER. The Police are writing their report.

COP

Can I see your registration
please?

NORA

It's in the car.

COP

You should always carry it on
you.

NORA

If I ever get another car, I'll
remember that.

EXT. SHOE REPAIR STORE - DAY

14-A

Outside, another car, unmarked, pulls up behind the police car. A man gets out, late thirties, interesting looking.

COP

Were there any distinguishing
markings on the vehicle?

NORA

There was a dent on the fender.

COP

Which one?

NORA

All of them...And the parking
lights in the back didn't work.

Cont.

COP
(looks at her)
You know that's a violation?

NORA
Well, when you catch the new owners,
you can give them a ticket.

INT. SHOE REPAIR STORE - DAY

14-B

The interesting-looking man enters the shoe repair store and approaches and talks to the 2nd Cop. He is obviously a Detective. He gets filled in and looks over report.

The Detective crosses to her, license in hand. He is BRIAN COSTELLO.

BRIAN
Mrs. McPhee?...I'm
Lieutenant Costello. I'd like
to ask a few questions, if I may.

NORA
(tears welling up)
I am so angry. I am so goddamn
angry at people.

BRIAN
I understand.

NORA
It's enough they stole the
radio last month.

BRIAN
Did you leave the vehicle unlocked?

NORA
I just told you. They broke into it
last month. The locks didn't work.

BRIAN
On each side of the vehicle?

NORA
Why do you keep calling it a
vehicle? It was hardly even a
car.

BRIAN
Don't you watch TV? We all talk
like that...Did you leave the key
in the ignition?

Cont.

NORA

I must have. I don't have them
in my purse.

He looks at her.

NORA

I had ten minutes' sleep last
night, okay?

BRIAN

Just checking.
(looks at form)
You were not insured for theft?

NORA

I didn't think it would come up.
(looks at watch)
My first class just started.

BRIAN

What do you teach? X

NORA

English literature. X

BRIAN

Contemporary? X

NORA

Not when I show up with thirty-seven
exam papers missing. X

BRIAN

I'm sorry. X
(hands her back
her license)
We have all the information we
need. Would you sign this report,
please?

She signs it.

BRIAN

I wouldn't count heavily on seeing
the vehicle again, but we'll do
the best we can. X

EXT. SHOE REPAIR STORE - DAY

15

Brian and Nora start out of the store. Nora walks up the
street as Brian gets into his car. Brian leans out his
window and calls up the street. X

Cont.

BRIAN
Do you need a lift? X

NORA X
What does it look like?

Nora crosses to the car.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR - RUNNING SHOT - STREET - DAY 15--A

BRIAN
Can someone pick you up after school? X

NORA
I don't know how? X

BRIAN
Your husband? X

NORA
...I'm a widow.

BRIAN
(lets some time
go by)
You live alone?

NORA
I have a son.

BRIAN
How long have you been a widow?

NORA X
Four and a half years...are
these official questions?

BRIAN
No. I went off duty fifteen
minutes ago.

They come to a stop at a red light. X

BRIAN X
Can you afford another car?

NORA
I teach English, not finance...I
should have stayed in Chicago. At
least they appreciate mass
transportation.

Brian puts the red light and the siren on and begins to speed through the traffic. X

BRIAN

...Who's your favorite writer?

NORA

(looks at him)

I beg your pardon?

BRIAN

I took English Lit at Michigan.
I was curious. What's going down
in today's school system?

NORA

Are we chasing someone?

X

BRIAN

You're late for school aren't
you? Hardy? Faulkner? John Updike?

X

NORA

You mean you read someone other
than Joseph Wambaugh?

BRIAN

Hey! Give the man his due. He
knows his subject.

He takes the red light off the roof and turns off the siren.

EXT. HAMILTON HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

15-B X

They pull into the school parking lot.

X

NORA

Two thousand detectives in L.A.
and I have an English Lit major
looking for my car.

BRIAN

I may not find it but my reports
are impeccable.

NORA

When I tell those kids their
final exam papers are gone, you
may have a bigger case than auto
theft to deal with.

BRIAN

I wish someone could lose my kid's
papers. He hasn't passed an
English exam in four years.

(beat)

If we hear anything, we'll let
you know...I'm really sorry about
your car.

NORA
(looks at him)
Thank you.
(gets out, about
to go)
Austen!

BRIAN
What?

NORA
Jane Austen! I like a writer
you can depend on.

BRIAN
Thackerey. I like someone who
makes you work a little...
(smiles)
'Bye!

He drives off. She looks after him, interested for the first
time...then turns and heads for school.

OUT 16

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

It is English 10th grade. The class hasn't started yet and the kids, mixed ethnic groups, are noisy and unruly.

Nora crosses to her desk. She carries only her shoulder bag. The class slowly quiets down.

NORA

Sorry I'm late...Jose, turn your radio off. Wendall, take your feet off Luis...Celia, take the gum out of your mouth.

CELIA

(chewing)

It's not gum.

NORA

I would rather not hear what it is. Just get rid of it...I...er...I'm going to ask the class to bear with me today. I have some rather bad news to tell you...My car was stolen this morning.

Most of the pupils register their sympathy.

LUIS

Where'd you lose it? Maybe I know who did it?

NORA

On Third and Magnolia.

LUIS

No. That's not my boys.

NORA

I'm grateful for small blessings... If you're ready for the really bad news, your final test papers were in the car. They're gone, I don't know where they are and I don't remember what your grades were.

The class looks at each other.

WENDALL

So what happens?

NORA

What happens? We take another test tomorrow, that's what happens. I'm sorry.

Cont.

The class is practically in an uproar.

NORA

Let's look at it this way. Those who passed won't have any trouble doing it again. Those who failed will have a few extra days to study.

LUIS

Shit!

NORA

This is English, Luis. Save that discussion for Biology...I suggest we spend the rest of the day brushing up on Shakespeare.

She opens book on her desk. The class reluctantly does the same.

OUT 18-
19

INT. SCHOOL HALL - DAY 20

Nora and PAT are walking down the hall towards the exit.

PAT

How are you going to get home?

NORA

I don't know. Can I get into your car pool without a car?

PAT

Sure, Nora. If you don't mind getting off last.

BRIAN

Hey! Mrs. McPhee!

She looks off. He waves for her to come over.

NORA

(to Pat)

Maybe it's about my car.

(crosses to him)

Any news?

Cont.

BRIAN

They found it at the bottom of
Topanga Canyon. It was totaled.
If you want it, we can bring it
over in an envelope tomorrow.

NORA

Well, that's just wonderful.

The tears well up in her eyes.

BRIAN

I'm sorry.

Nora shrugs.

BRIAN

Come on. I'll drive you
home. We'll try to figure out
something.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

21

NORA

Pat! Thanks. I'll call you
tonight. They found the car.

PAT

Where?

NORA

Everywhere!

Nora and Brian are walking to the car.

BRIAN

You've got a steady job, you
can probably get a car loan.

NORA

They gave me a loan for the car
that's in Topanga Canyon.

X

BRIAN

What did your husband do?

Cont.

NORA
Taught Political Science at
Chicago University. Had a
heart attack at the age of
thirty-nine.

He nods sympathetically.

BRIAN
Did you get a pension?

She shakes head "no."

BRIAN
Insurance?

NORA
Oh, sure. It came in handy when
my mother had a stroke two years
ago.

X

BRIAN
Why did you move to California?

NORA
I had enough tragedies in my
life without dealing with
another freezing winter.
(looks out window)
Why did God give me sun, when
what I really need is wheels.

BRIAN
I'll get you to work tomorrow.

NORA
(looks at him)
When did the police start
chauffeur service?

BRIAN
It's our new friendly policy.
We figure we can wipe out crime
by having everybody love us.

NORA
...Are you making a pass at me?

BRIAN
(smiles)
Yeah!...I was wondering when
you'd notice.

X

INT. BRIAN'S CAR - DAY

21-A X

NORA

That is hysterical. On taxpayers' time. I am actually paying you to make a pass at me.

BRIAN

I know what you make. You don't pay that much taxes. This pass is on me.

NORA

Terrific...With a wife and a kid.

BRIAN

I said I had a kid, not a wife... And my wife has the kid...Listen, you're not hooked up with a science teacher or anything? Takes you out on Sundays to look for amoeba?

NORA

Does this happen a lot in your business?

BRIAN

Mostly I lock people up. I don't get to take them out that often.

Nora looks at him.

X

BRIAN

(shrugs)

Take your time. I've still got forty-two cases to solve.

NORA

On this corner.

EXT. MIKE'S SCHOOL - DAY

21-B

THROUGH the FRONT WINDOW, we SEE Mike waiting, alone. It is late and all the other kids are gone. The car stops. She opens the back door. Bag on her lap.

NORA

Mike, get in.

X

MIKE

Where's the car?

X

Cont.

NORA
(innocently)
The car?

He gets in. They drive off.

EXT. TRAFFIC CIRCLE

22

The car pulls up. Nora and Mike get out. Brian leans out of the car.

NORA
Well...Thanks for the rides.

BRIAN
I had a very nice day...Sorry.
That sounds insensitive.

NORA
Not from a man who reads Thackeray.

BRIAN
Listen, if I was out of line,
you can file a formal complaint
by dialing five, five, five, --
three oh-oh-oh. Ask for
Lieutenant Costello. I'm in
charge of formal complaints...
Nice meeting you, Mike.

X

He drives off. She watches him go.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

23

MIKE
I can't believe it. You left
the keys in the ignition?

NORA
Please! Be thankful I saved
your shoes.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

24

Mike is at the dinner table going over the ad section in the paper. Nora is preparing dinner.

MIKE
Here's one. A 'sixty-four blue
Chevy Corvair, white walls and
radio, two hundred and fifty
dollars.

Cont.

NORA

It comes in a box, you assemble
it yourself...

MIKE

You can't find anything decent
for less than a thousand dollars...
How much money do you have in the
bank?

NORA

Funny! I was just going to ask
you that.

MIKE

Isn't there anybody you can borrow
from in school?

NORA

You mean teachers? Please!

MIKE

What about relatives? Didn't
Pop have any?

NORA

Not with money.

MIKE

What about your father? You
never talk about him. What did
he do for a living?

NORA

I don't know.

MIKE

You don't know what your own
father did for a living?

NORA

Well, he was an accountant for
awhile. Then he worked in a bank.
He did a lot of things.

MIKE

When did he die?

Cont.

NORA

He didn't...I mean, he might be
dead but I'm not sure.

MIKE

You told me he was dead.

NORA

Well, he probably is. I haven't
heard from him since before you
were born.

MIKE

How come?

NORA

I don't know. Listen, can we
get off the subject. We need a
car right now, not a grandfather.

The doorbell rings. She looks at Mike.

NORA

Are you expecting anyone?

He shakes head "no." She gets up and heads for the door.

NORA

Please God, let it be the
'United Way.'

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - FRONT - LATE AFTERNOON

24-A X

She opens the door. Brian Costello stands there, in slacks and
a zip-up jacket.

BRIAN

(cordial, but firm)

Outside!

NORA

What?

BRIAN

I said, outside. Let's go!

He takes her arm.

NORA

What are you doing?

They cross around the side of the house to the back.

X

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - BACK - LATE AFTERNOON

Brian pulls her out back. His pickup is parked with a motorcycle next to it. He brings her over and points to it. Mrs. Litke watching.

BRIAN

Can you drive one of those?

NORA

...No!

BRIAN

You want to learn?

NORA

No!

BRIAN

Are you afraid?

NORA

Yes!

BRIAN

Okay! Forget it! I'll see you!

NORA

Hey! Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

He stops.

NORA

Can we stop having these 'Dragnet' conversations for a minute and talk like human beings?

BRIAN

(dragnetlike)

Yes, Ma'am!

NORA

Whose is it?

BRIAN

Formerly smashed-up stolen property, reconstructed by the police and sold at auction to benefit needy kids who probably stole it in the first place... It's mine. I bought it. I use it on weekends, when I have them. You want to rent it Mondays to Fridays?

NORA X
For how much?

BRIAN X
Dinner on Saturdays and
Sundays.

Mike crosses into the laundry room and looks out at Brian X
and Nora through the screen door.

NORA X
Please, I'm not one of the
needy kids.

(looks at Mike X
on porch)
I'll pay you twenty dollars a
week plus parts and maintenance.
Does that sound fair?

BRIAN X
What do I know? I'm not Avis...
Sure.
(to Mike)
Is it a deal?

Mike nods in agreement. X
X

NORA
Fine. Now show me how to work
it.

He reaches in his pickup and gets out two crash helmets. He
hands her one.

BRIAN
Put this on.

NORA
(putting it on)
Is it dangerous?

BRIAN
Only if you start it.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - BACK - LATE AFTERNOON 25-A

Mike comes to the doorway and sees them getting on the bike.

MIKE
Hey, where you goin'?

BRIAN
I don't know. Keep your fingers
crossed.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - MIKE'S P.O.V. - LATE AFTERNOON

25-B

Brian starts the motor and they take off.

EXT. CANALS - LATE AFTERNOON

26

Brian and Nora on the bike. She is in front, he is sitting behind her. He maneuvers in and out of the traffic with great dexterity.

Cont.

NORA
This isn't so hard.

BRIAN
That's because I'm driving. You
ready to take a whack at it?

NORA
What do I do?

BRIAN
Just relax, take a firm grip and
steer it...Ready?...It's all
yours!

He lets go.

LONG SHOT - LATE AFTERNOON

27

We suddenly SEE the bike swerving from side to side almost
hitting everything in sight. Brian yells to be heard:

BRIAN
RELAX! RELAX I SAID!!!

NORA
(yelling)
I am! The bike doesn't relax!

BRIAN
(yelling)
Ease up on the grip. You're
choking the handlebars.

She eases up. The bike is going a little straighter.

NORA
Is that any better?

BRIAN
I don't know. Are there any
bodies laying behind us?

She is still wobbly but improving.

NORA
How do I make a U-turn?

BRIAN
You wait till you run out of gas.
You're not ready for U-turns.

The bike speeds away o.s.

EXT. TOM'S NO. 5 - MAGIC HOUR

28

They are sitting at an outside table finishing burgers and coffee.
The bike is parked just outside.

NORA

Not bad for a beginner, huh?

BRIAN

The riot squad could use you. I
never saw streets empty that
fast in my life.

NORA

...You know, you're the first
detective I ever met this close.
Can I ask you a question? What's
it like?

X

BRIAN

To be a detective?

-X

NORA

Yes.

X

BRIAN

I like it.

X

NORA

Really?

X

BRIAN

I'm one of your twenty-four hour
men. Well, I'm terrific at citations,
lousy at relationships. One of
those unfortunate cops who enjoys
his work.

X

NORA

Why unfortunate?

BRIAN

I'm an overachiever. Not very
popular at headquarters. Nobody
trusts a cop who's hooked on
justice. I like getting my man.

X

NORA

Dedication isn't a bad habit to
have.

BRIAN

No. Just a high price to pay.
Seeing my kid on weekends isn't
really enough.

X

Cont.

NORA

X

I was dedicated once. There was
a time all I wanted in life was
for a kid to come up to me and
say, 'Thank you for telling me
about "The Pickwick Papers."'

BRIAN

X

And now?

NORA

X

Now I'd settle for a refrigerator
that worked. Or a salary I could
live on.

BRIAN

X

Some people think a life without
a culture isn't worth living.

NORA

X

They don't have a fifteen-year-old
boy who grows an inch every night.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

28-A

They are riding back on the motorbike. Brian glances across the
street.

CUT ACROSS STREET - NIGHT

28-B

FROM OUTSIDE LOOKING IN, we SEE a grocery store being held up
by a male Caucasian, about 25. The grocery clerk and his wife
look terrified.

BACK TO BRIAN - NIGHT

28-C

BRIAN

(coldly to Nora)

Stop the bike!

NORA

What?

BRIAN

Stop the bike, I said!

NORA

(stops the bike)

What did I do?

BRIAN

Get off! There's a robbery
across the street.

Cont.

Suddenly the holdup man comes out of the store, turns and runs like hell down the street.

BRIAN

Never mind. Just hold on tight!

NORA

(finally sees)

Holy shit!!

Cont.

Brian makes a quick U-turn and chases the fleeing robber down the street, then as the robber cuts up an alley, Brian chases him, with Nora panicked but still holding on. Brian cuts sharply in front of the robber and stops the bike. The robber jumps over the bike and Brian chases him and tackles him. He picks him up, throws him up against the wall and pins the robber's arms behind his back. A police car suddenly appears from the other side of the alley and two cops get out like greased lightning and take over for Brian. Brian crosses back to Nora and gets on the bike. She looks at him in awe.

BRIAN

You coming?

Nora nods, then gets on the bike behind him.

NORA

Next time let's just go to a movie.

They drive off.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - BACK - NIGHT

29

The motorbike pulls up. They get off.

NORA

Would you like to come in for a cup of coffee -- or a medal?

BRIAN

I would...but I go to work in a half-hour.

NORA

You mean that was a leisure-time activity?

BRIAN

Some of us make arrests, some of us mark test papers at night... I'll see you Saturday night. We'll eat in a low-crime area.

NORA

Would I be asking for trouble if I told you I'm very impressed?

BRIAN

No. You'd be asking for this.

He takes her in his arms and kisses her.

Cont.

NORA

I think I bought a little trouble.

Brian walks back to his pickup.

X

BRIAN

See you Saturday night.

X

NORA

Hey, Lieutenant! What's your first name?

BRIAN

I knew I'd pique your interest.
It's Brian.

He gets into his pickup and drives off. Nora turns and goes into the house.

X

INT. BACK PORCH - LAUNDRY AREA - NIGHT

29-A

X

As Nora walks into the laundry area, Mike comes out of the kitchen and looks at her.

X

MIKE

What happened? Can you ride it?

NORA

Can I ride it? I just made an arrest on Wilshire Boulevard!

She starts for her bedroom as Mike looks after her in bewilderment.

X

OUT

30

EXT. POLICE STATION - MOTOR POOL AREA - NIGHT

31

Brian is on the phone:

BRIAN

Did I wake you?

NORA

(voice over)

No.

BRIAN

I thought I made a good impression tonight.

Cont.

NORA
(voice over)
Is that observation or
overconfidence?

BRIAN
Just probing. Hoping I'd get
a positive response.

Cont.

NORA

(voice over)

You really do work a full day,
don't you?

BRIAN

Only on the interesting cases.

NORA

(voice over)

Listen, I've got to get up at
five-thirty to practice on the
Yamaha. I'll see you on Saturday.

BRIAN

Hey! First line, what book?
'Buck Mulligan came from the
stairhead bearing a bowl of
lather on which a mirror and a
razor lay crossed.'

NORA

(voice over)

James Joyce... 'Ulysses.'

BRIAN

First rate. I've got my work cut
out with you... See you Saturday.

INT. NORA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

31-A

Nora hangs up the phone and turns off the light. The moment
she is comfortable the phone rings again. She sits up and
answers it:

NORA

You're not going to quote the
whole book, are you?

VOICE

(o.s.; quite different)

Nora?

NORA

Oh, good. You remembered my name.

VOICE

(o.s.)

I wonder if I can come over and
speak to you for a moment? It
won't take long.

Cont.

NORA

Who is this?

VOICE

(o.s.)

Well, that would take long...I'm just down the street. I would call in the morning but it's urgent.

She turns on the light.

NORA

What's all this about?

VOICE

(o.s.)

I just need five minutes of your time. Please don't refuse me... For old time's sake.

He clicks off.

She sits there nervously, then hangs up the phone. She looks distraught. She picks up the phone again and dials 276-3000. She looks out window, pulls down shade.

NORA

(into phone)

Hello?...This is Mrs. Nora McPhee. I'm trying to locate Lieutenant Brian Costello. Oh... Is it possible to get in touch with him?...Well, I just got a strange phone call. It could be a prank but it made me a little nervous. No, it wasn't obscene ...Look, maybe it's nothing but would you please have him call me as soon as he can...Thank you.

She hangs up. She gets up and crosses to her closet and opens it. On the top shelf is a large suitcase. It is heavy. She takes it down and carries it to her bed. She opens it. It is filled with memorabilia, letters, photos of her husband, Mike as a baby, etc. Under this is the uniform of a United States Marine, obviously belonging to her late husband. And under the uniform is a small service revolver. She takes it out. Then gets up, carrying the revolver and goes out of the room. She crosses to the back door and checks the bolt.

EXT. BRIDGE OVER CANALS - NIGHT

32

A MAN is approaching the house, walking with a limp. He wears a topcoat, collar up, and a dark hat. He is in the shadows and we cannot make out his face. He carries a black satchel and another medium-sized suitcase. He is in his early sixties. He makes his way toward the house. Walks up to the front X door and is about to ring the doorbell when he hears a dog barking that scares him. He turns and crosses to the side window and looks in.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

33

Nora crosses down the hall, checks Mike's room. He is X sleeping, Nora hears the dog barking. She crosses to the front door and opens it.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

33-AA X

Nora looks and is about to go back into the house when she. X hears someone cough. She jumps in sheer terror, turns and sees the Man with the black satchel and suitcase standing by the side of the house. She stands there frozen, breathing heavily.

NORA

Who's there?

MAN

The one who just called. May I speak to you, please?

X

NORA

I've just called the police. They'll be here in five minutes unless you tell me what you want and who you are.

MAN

Does 1125 Franklyn Street, North Chicago, apartment Two-B, pink elephant wallpaper in your room mean anything to you...?

X

They look at each other.

X

X

MAX

Yes, I'm your father.

X

NORA

Max Dugan?

X

MAX

Well, I was half hoping you'd still call me Daddy but Max will be fine.

X

NORA

I've got a gun.

MAX

I can assure you I am your father.

NORA

After what you did to us, that doesn't make you any safer.

MAX

Can I come in, please?

NORA

Okay.

He looks around suspiciously behind him, then steps into the X house.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

33-BB X

He looks around.

MAX

Is the boy sleeping?

NORA

(being careful)

What boy?

MAX

Michael. My grandson...just past fifteen now, isn't he?

NORA

Who told you that?

MAX

Do you have any brandy in the house? My blood is not as thick as it used to be.

He drifts into the living room and puts down his suitcase and rubs his hands. He takes off his hat. His hair is white. Nora is looking at him.

MAX

Try to picture me with darker hair.

(looks around)

The teaching profession doesn't afford many luxuries, does it?

Cont.

NORA

How did you find me?

MAX

I still have a few friends in Chicago.

X

NORA

Apparently my mother wasn't one of them. Did you know she died last year?

MAX

I did and I'm deeply sorry. I sent flowers anonymously...would you mind if I pulled down these shades? I wouldn't want a young attractive widow getting a bad reputation.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - FRONT - STAGE - NIGHT

33-A

He pulls down the shades.

NORA

What is it you want?

MAX

A brandy.

NORA

Why are you pulling down shades? Why do you call me in the middle of the night, afraid to say who you are?...Are the police after you again?

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

33-B

MAX

I am a popular man. Many people seek my company...You shouldn't keep a gun with a small boy in the house.

Cont.

NORA

I'm not afraid of small boys.
Just older men...If you're looking
for a handout, I have too little
and you're too late...I don't care
where you've been for the last
twenty-eight years or what you've
been doing. There are no openings
in this family anymore. I have to
get up at six-thirty so I can keep
this ramshackle roof over my head.
So if you have anything further to
say, say it in the daytime and
preferably on a weekend...The front
door is that way.

X

MAX

Family reunions are not what they
used to be.

X

NORA

Neither are fathers.

X

MAX

If you won't favor me with your
hospitality, can I at least buy
a drink from you?

NORA

You mean you can actually pay for
one?

He looks at her, then crosses to the black suitcase, carries
it to the table and opens it up. He takes out a bundle of bills
and tosses it on the table.

MAX

I think that should buy me at
least a good brand of Scotch.

She is flabbergasted. She crosses to the table and picks up
the bundle. She starts to leaf through it.

MAX

It's ten thousand dollars...In
Las Vegas, I could get two drinks
for that. I do have certain
talents, you know.

X

NORA

Yes. They once bought you six
years in jail.

Cont.

MAX

I've refined them since then...I see I'm not going to get that drink so perhaps we could use the precious time to conduct a little 'business.'

NORA

What kind of business?

MAX

I think you might want to sit down.

NORA

I can decide those things for myself.

She remains standing. Max shrugs. She leans against the door frame with folded arms. Max sits and unbuttons his coat.

MAX

There is little doubt that I've been a neglectful father, to say the very least, but we can go into that some other time.

NORA

No, you can say it now.

X

MAX

I'm sixty-three years old and according to a very reputable doctor, if I take very good care of myself and avoid all stress and tension, it would be a miracle if I lived another six months. I say that not to alarm you or to elicit your sympathies, which are vigorously undisplayed at this moment, but merely to present you with the facts. My heart and the surrounding valves have turned in their notice...I have enough money in that black satchel to spend the next ten years living like Hugh Hefner, but I have neither the workable equipment to do so nor the ten years ...To complicate matters, there are certain parties who think six months are much too long for me to live and would like very much to get their hands on me and the black satchel, hopefully before it weighs any less than when I brought it in tonight... Did you want to change your mind about sitting?

X

NORA

Yes.

X

She sits, takes a deep breath.

MAX

I would like to buy something from you and I am willing to pay handsomely for it. Even you must admit your ramshackle roof could use some shackling.

NORA

What do I have that you want to buy?

MAX

...The last few months of my life with my grandson.

She looks at him incredulously.

NORA

Are you serious?

MAX

Deadly!

NORA

...You sneak up here in the middle of the night, I haven't seen you since I'm nine years old and you greet me with the same affection that you left with, throw ten thousand dollars at me, which is probably counterfeit, and expect me to break down in tears because you tell me you just have six months left to live. How do I know you just have six months to live?

X

MAX

(shrugs)

We could sit here and wait.

NORA

Are you all right? I mean -- mentally? After six years in jail, I would understand it...

Cont.

MAX

I was in charge of the prison library. I read four books a week for six years. I took a college aptitude test and gradewise, was accepted at Harvard and Yale. I just had trouble with references.

X

NORA

I have to have a drink.

X

She gets up, goes to the cupboard and takes out a bottle of sherry, pours herself a drink and drinks it.

MAX

Nothing for dear old Dad?

She looks at him, takes down another glass, pours one and hands it to him.

MAX

Thank you.

He drinks it down. She stares at him.

NORA

Did you steal the money?

MAX

It was reparations. One of the subjects I mastered in prison was Real Estate. When I got out, I bought a small piece of property in Las Vegas, parlayed it into a larger piece et cetera, et cetera, and finally owned ten lots that a large hotel wanted to expand on. They wouldn't meet my price so they used their political power and expertise to 'legally' separate me from my precious land. Took me for every cent I had. I took my loss stoically and even accepted a job in another hotel, controlled by the same nefarious faction, as a blackjack dealer. I worked there for seven long and hard years and day by day, dollar by dollar, I ingeniously skimmed off the top, what was rightfully mine. Naturally, I had an accomplice in the bookkeeping department. He is, at this very moment, landing in South America with a topless dancer and I am standing here, reunited with my kin.

She shakes her head, trying to let all this sink in.

X

NORA
How much money is in that satchel?

MAX
Exactly what they took from me
...Six hundred and eighty-seven
thousand dollars.

The bottle drops from her hand and smashes on the floor.

MAX
(looks at broken
bottle)
Perhaps a pot of coffee would be
safer.

Nora moves towards the satchel.

NORA
May I -- see it?

MAX
(gestures with hand)
I look all the time.

She crosses to the table and opens the satchel. It is brimming to the top with neatly piled bills of tens, fifties, and one hundreds.

NORA
Boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy...

X

She quickly shuts it and looks away.

MAX
It's your money now.

NORA
What do you mean, my money?

MAX
It's your legacy. Yours and
Michael's. You're my only heirs,
there's my last will and testament.
(gets up)
I need a decision as soon as
possible. The sun is my enemy and
it'll be up in a few hours.

He peers through the window shades.

Cont.

NORA

Do you think I would touch one cent of that money? I don't care if it was five million dollars, that money was stolen.

MAX

From me!!!! I might have gotten it back in litigation but it would have taken six years, five and a half of which I would be dead, and the lawyers would have gotten most of it...This is family money, Nora.

NORA

Well, find another family. Take your money and go. I don't want to get involved with any of this.

MAX

Nora! I can never make up the years we didn't have together, but I don't want to lose the few remaining days I can share with my grandson. If you don't want the money, I'll accept that. But a trust fund set up for Michael would more than get him through four years of college and a start in life I was never able to give you...Think of him, not us!!

She looks at him. The phone rings. She picks it up.

X

NORA

Hello?...Oh, hello Brian.

X

MAX

(whispers)

The young man who was here before?

X

NORA

(nods, in phone)

Yes, Brian.

X

MAX

What does he do?

X

NORA

(covers phone)

He's a Lieutenant in the Police Department.

X

Cont.

MAX

(covers phone)

You wouldn't hold a little thing
like abandonment against your
father, would you?

NORA

You mean they're looking for
you as well?

INT. POLICE STATION - BOOKING AREA - NIGHT

Brian at the phone in the police station.

BRIAN

Nora? Are you all right?

INTERCUT WITH:

ANGLE ON NORA - NIGHT

NORA

(looks at Max)

Yes. I'm fine.

BRIAN

What was the mysterious call
you got?

NORA

It was nothing. Just a couple
of kids in the neighborhood
having some fun...I just felt
like saying good night again.

BRIAN

(pleased)

Really? Once we get the hang
of 'good night,' we could
start working on 'good morning.'

NORA

Sure. Thanks for calling back.
I'll see you Saturday. Take
care of yourself.

BRIAN

I like it when you worry.
Good night.

He hangs up.

She hangs up. She looks at Max.

MAX

Little Nora Dugan has grown
into a compassionate woman.

Cont.

NORA

Well, you've just seen the last drop of it. I want you to go. I want you to take your six hundred and eighty-seven thousand dollars, it doesn't go with my furniture. If you want to see Michael sometime, a dollar fifty at MacDonalds will buy you a wonderful afternoon.

X

He shrugs, nods, puts on his hat, pulls the brim down.

MAX

To be honest, the sherry was more than I expected.

(picks up money
satchel and other
bag)

I was sorry to hear about your husband. I understand he was a first-rate man.

She shrugs and looks at him.

X

MAX

I suggest you don't mention this to the policeman. I always found them to be busybodies.

He heads toward the front door, peering through the window first. He puts his hand on the knob...

NORA

Where will you go?

MAX

There are some motels that still accept cash...Good-bye, Nora. I would have enjoyed getting to know you.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

35-A

Max exits.

NORA

Wait a minute!

He stops.

NORA

I don't trust you.

Cont.

MAX

Caution is a valuable trait.

NORA

And I don't want a thing from you.

MAX

Independence is something I've always admired.

NORA

But I feel funny about sending you away like this. You can spend the night. But in the morning you leave, is that understood?

MAX

I pick up things quickly.

NORA

I can tell by your satchel. Do me a favor. If this ever happens again, drop me a post card first. Come on.

X

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

35-B

Nora heads down the hall, Max follows.

NORA

It's not really a bedroom. We don't have much room in here.

MAX

Ex-cons never complain about space.

They pass Mike's room. The door is closed. Max stops.

NORA

That's Michael's room.

MAX

Could I just take a look? I'd be very quiet.

NORA

If he wakes up, I'd have trouble explaining you to him. I'm still having trouble explaining you to me.

She moves down to the next door and opens it.

INT. MAX'S ROOM - NIGHT

36

It is a very small room filled with stored boxes, crates, old bicycle parts, etc. A small bed is up against the wall covered with old sports and motor magazines. Max looks in.

NORA

There's a bed under there
somewhere.

MAX

I couldn't be happier in a
Holiday Inn.

NORA

Michael and I get up very early.
We'll probably be gone by the
time you're up. If you hear us,
please don't come out of your
room.

MAX

I understand the rules.

NORA

Maybe if you called me tomorrow
- night...I need some time to
think about this.

MAX

For a perfect stranger, I'm
being treated awfully nice.

NORA

For a perfect stranger, you're
still a perfect stranger.

OUT37-
40

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - DAY

41

Mike comes out of his room and crosses into the kitchen. Max has the newspaper up in front of his face. Mike hardly glances at him.

MIKE

'Morning, Mom.

He goes to the cupboard and gets out a box of corn flakes. Max puts down the newspaper and looks at his grandson for the first time. Mike crosses to the fridge and gets out a container of milk and pours some into his bowl.

Cont.

MAX

Good morning.

Mike, turns quickly, startled. He looks around the room for Nora.

MIKE

...Who are you?

MAX

Me?...I'm Mr. Parker.

MIKE

Mr. Parker?...

Max nods.

MIKE

Is my mother up?

MAX

I don't believe so.

MIKE

...Are you a friend of hers?

MAX

We -- became acquainted last night.

MIKE

You mean...you stayed over?

MAX

In the guest room.

MIKE

We have a guest room?

MAX

The room next to yours. I rented it from your mother.

MIKE

Yeah?...When was that?

MAX

About twelve-thirty last night.

MIKE

She didn't tell me.

MAX

You were sleeping. I heard there might be a vacancy here. I phoned her rather late.

X

MIKE

I see...You going to be here
long?

MAX

That depends on your mother.

MIKE

Er, listen...Would you excuse me
a minute, Mister...

MAX

Parker. Certainly.

Mike stares at him, then quickly turns and rushes down the hall
to Nora's room.

He knocks on the door quickly.

MIKE

Mom? It's Mike...Are you up?

He opens the door.

INT. NORA'S ROOM - DAY

42

She is fast asleep. Her alarm, which is on "low," is quietly
beeping away. Mike turns it off. He nudges her:

MIKE

Mom? It's ten to seven. Wake
up.

X

She stirs, eyes still closed, half asleep.

NORA

I didn't sleep...I was up
all night.

He gets her bathrobe, hands it to her. She tries to rise.

NORA

...Did you have your breakfast?

MIKE

I was going to until I met
Mr. Parker.

Her eyes open wide.

NORA

Who??

Cont.

MIKE

Mr. Parker. The man you rented
the room to.

NORA

(bolts upright)
I rented him a room?

MIKE

That's what he told me.

NORA

Mr. Parker?

MIKE

Don't you remember?

NORA

(sits on edge of
bed, head in her
hands)
Oh, God! Wait a minute!...Let
me think.

MIKE

Why didn't you tell me?

NORA

(putting on robe)
I didn't know I was going to do
it. It happened very quickly.

MIKE

In the middle of the night?

NORA

(putting on
slippers)
He had no place to go. Anyway,
it's only for one night.

MIKE

You rented the room for one night?
You can't make any money that way.

NORA

I know that.

MIKE

So why did you do it?

Cont.

NORA

Don't question me. I don't know.
I was going to rent it to him for
a month then I changed my mind.
I got scared about having a
stranger in the house.

MIKE

So why did you let him spend the
night?

NORA

Well, he didn't look that strange.
I'll take care of it.

She starts for the door, brushing her hair.

MIKE

What does he do?

NORA

I don't know.

MIKE

Does he have any references?

NORA

I didn't ask him.

MIKE

You didn't ask him?

NORA

It was late. I was tired.
I never rented a room before
...Is he in there now?

MIKE

Yeah.

NORA

I'll talk to him. I'm clearer
now. I know what to do. Go
inside and make your bed.

MIKE

I made my bed.

NORA

Well, then make my bed. I
don't want to be late for school.

She opens the door and peers out. We SEE Max at the table.

She straightens up and goes out leaving a bewildered Mike
standing there.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

43

Max is at the stove making pancakes from a batter he has obviously prepared himself. Nora enters, trying to keep her voice low:

NORA

Just what do you think you're doing?

MAX

Making pancakes. The boy needs a hot meal before he goes to school.

NORA

Could I talk to you outside, please?

MAX

Outside? My batter is all ready.

Max shrugs, puts down his bowl of batter, wipes his hands and follows her outside.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

44

It is tiny and untended. He follows her out.

NORA

Where did you get Parker from?

MAX

I saw it inside on a box of dinner rolls. It sounded more plausible than 'Birdseye.'

NORA

Why did you make up a name?

MAX

I was trying to take the pressure off you. If I told him he was my grandson and you decided to throw me out, he might have resented you enormously.

NORA

You think pretty quickly for this early in the morning, don't you?

MAX

I still keep prison hours.

X

Cont.

NORA

Wait a minute. In other words,
you intend to stay.

X

MAX

Yes, but that's up to you. Why
don't you try my pancakes first?
I won three Bake-Offs in my
cellblock.

X

NORA

And how long do you think we
can keep up this subterfuge,
Mr. Parker?

MAX

(shrugs)

According to the doctor, five
months at the most.

NORA

Will you stop saying that! I
find it in bad taste.

MAX

I'm the one who's dying, I think
I should reserve the right...
All right. I won't mention it
again.

NORA

A week. I'll give you a week.
I think that's enough time to
spend with your grandson. It's
a lot more than you ever spent
with me...We'll stick to Parker,
and you stick to the house
because I don't want any of your
Las Vegas friends poking around
here with shotguns...or the police
for that matter...Oh, God! The
police! What do I tell Brian?

MAX

I'd stick to lying. So far
you're doing great.

The phone rings.

NORA

I'll take a hundred dollars for the
week, you clean up your own room.

X

Cont.

MAX

Make it two hundred and fifty.

X

NORA

A hundred, and I would feel safer
if you didn't leave that six
hundred and eighty-seven thousand
dollars lying around.

X

MAX

I've never been sloppy about
things like that. Can we
have breakfast now?

NORA

After you, Mr. Parker.

MAX

After you, Mrs. McPhee.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

45

Mike comes to the door to get Nora.

MIKE

(to Nora)

Brian is on the phone.

NORA

(nervously)

What did you tell him?

MIKE

I told him I'd get you.

NORA

Don't ever mention Mr. Parker.
I don't have a license to take in
boarders.

X

Nora enters and picks the phone up in the kitchen.

MAX

...You like pancakes?

MIKE

We don't have them much.

MAX

Well, from now on you're going to
have pancakes. Sit down, boy.

OUT

46

INT. BRIAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

47 X

(NOTE: The following conversation will be played simultaneously with Sc. 48.)

BRIAN

Just checking in. Wanted to know if you got any more pesky phone calls.

NORA

No! No phone calls. You okay?

BRIAN

Yeah. I dreamt about you last night. I owe you an apology. I'm usually not that aggressive on a first dream.

Mike and Max are back in the kitchen fixing pancakes.

NORA

Listen, I'm late for school. I'll talk to you sometime, okay?

BRIAN

What do you mean, sometime? We're having dinner tomorrow night, aren't we?

Nora walks into the bedroom.

NORA

Tomorrow night?

BRIAN

Don't disappoint me. I don't want to repossess your transportation.

NORA

No, no. It's okay. Tomorrow night is fine.

BRIAN

I'll pick you up about seven-thirty.

NORA

Pick me up? You mean here?

BRIAN

Well, I could pick you up here but you don't live here. Seven-thirty. Drive the bike carefully. I'm not on homicide detail today. 'Eye.

He hangs up. She sits there looking worried. Looks at clock. She quickly starts to get dressed.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

48

Mike is at the table eating pancakes. Max is watching him.

MAX

They're not hot enough. Stove's
no good. You could use a new
oven in here.

MIKE

Nothing in this kitchen works.
Where'd you learn to cook?

MAX

Books. Learned everything from
books. Anything special you'd
like for dinner?

Nora appears from the hallway, dressed.

NORA

I'll take care of his dinner...
Let's go, Mike. We're late.

Mike grabs the remaining pancake on his dish and stuffs it in
his mouth.

NORA

Mike, go and lock the chain on
the bike. Don't forget your
helmet. I'm going to get dressed.

X

MIKE

Thanks for breakfast, Mr. Parker.
See you tonight.

X

Mike rushes out. Nora looks at Max. Max looks at her smugly.

NORA

You didn't lose any time in
hitting it off, did you?

MAX

Just doing what comes naturally.
We have a fine boy there, Nora,
don't we?

NORA

Yes, I do, thank you. Just
leave the dishes in the sink,
I'll do them. In your condition,
you'd be a lot better off lying
down.

Cont.

MAX

The doctor told me it could just
as easily happen in bed...Sorry.
Bad taste again. You go to school.
I have a few chores to take care of.

She looks at him, then crosses to the door, stops and looks at
him again.

NORA

...Why didn't you ever try to
get in touch with me before?

MAX

I never had anything worth giving
you before.

NORA

I always thought affection would
have been enough.

She looks at him, turns and goes. Her last line scored with
him.

EXT. BIKEWAY - DAY

49

Nora is driving the motorbike, Mike is holding on behind.

NORA

Not bad for my first time,
right?

MIKE

Can't you go faster than twenty?
School's over at three o'clock.

NORA

We'll get there, we'll get there...

EXT. MIKE'S SCHOOL - DAY

49-A

NORA

So what do you think of Mr. Parker?

MIKE

I like him...How come you never
took in a boarder before?

NORA

I never needed one before.

OUT

50-
51

X

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

52

Students are handing their papers to Nora at her desk. Maria and Celia hand in theirs.

NORA

Celia, I want you to stay. You
too, Maria.

The girls look at each other nervously. The other students file out. The room is empty except for them.

NORA

I saw the note, Celia. Were you
passing answers to Maria?

No answer.

NORA

...Were you, Celia?

CELIA

Yes, Ma'am.

NORA

You know the rules. I'm going
to have to give you both
failing grades.

CELIA

Yes, Ma'am.

NORA

I'm surprised at you, Celia.
You're one of my best students.
Why did you do it?

CELIA

She didn't know the answers.

NORA

That's something Maria has to deal
with. I don't understand your
behavior, Celia.

Cont.

CELIA

Maria is my cousin?

NORA

Does that make any difference?

CELIA

It does to me...In my family, we help each other, no matter what.

Nora looks at her. An impact has been made.

NORA

That'll be all, girls.

CELIA

Yes, Ma'am.

MARIA

Yes, Ma'am.

They both leave. Nora sits there in silence, thinking.

EXT. MIKE'S SCHOOL - DAY

53

Mike is waiting on the corner talking to two boys. One of them is Steve, still smoking a cigarette. Nora, with helmet and goggles, comes speeding down the street and stops in front of Mike abruptly. Mike nods to the boys.

NORA

What did they expel him for?

MIKE

Steve? I don't know. He was selling some stuff.

NORA

What stuff? Drugs?

MIKE

I suppose so. I never bought any.

NORA

I don't want you seeing him anymore.

MIKE

I don't see him. He just hangs around the school.

EXT. STREET/POLICE CAR - DAY

A police car suddenly pulls alongside and motions to pull over.

NORA

(to Mike)

What's wrong? I'm only doing thirty.

MIKE

It's a twenty-five-mile zone.

She pulls over in front of the police car.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - BACK - DAY

The motorbike pulls under the carport and stops. Nora looks disgruntled.

NORA

That's the first speeding ticket I've ever gotten in my whole life.

MIKE

Give the ticket to Brian. He'll take care of it.

NORA

Don't you ever talk that way. When you break the law, you pay the fine.

Mike goes into the house and Nora begins to chain the bike to the carport. MRS. LITKE, leans out of her window.

MRS. LITKE

I hear they stole your car..

NORA

Yes.

MRS. LITKE

You heard about the woman who was raped last week? Around the corner?

NORA

No. I didn't.

MRS. LITKE

I'm glad you've got someone staying with you now. What is he a relative?

Cont.

NORA

Er, no...He rented the room. Just
for a few days.

MRS. LITKE

Get references. I never trust
anyone.

Nora nods. The back door swings open and Mike bursts out.

MIKE

Mom! You'd better come in here.

NORA

What's wrong?...Is it Mr. Parker?

MIKE

Just come in here! Please!

She rushes nervously into the house, petrified at what she
might find.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - DAY

56

We are ON the door. Nora bursts in, looks and stops dead in
her tracks.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

57

The old stained oven is gone. In its place is a brand-new,
gleaming white, ultramodern oven. The old refrigerator is
gone. A new one, twice the size, double doors, with every
conceivable new appliance is in its place. A large red ribbon
is tied around the stove and the refrigerator. Large, empty
cardboard crates are stacked up at the side.

Nora moves into the room, her face shows more surprise than
delight.

MIKE

Where did it come from?

NORA

...I don't know.

MIKE

You didn't buy it?

NORA

I didn't pay for the old one yet.

Cont.

She crosses to the stove, touches all the new instruments.
Mike examines it with her. He looks at directions brochure.

MIKE

It's got a microwave oven. You
can do pork chops in three minutes.
It can cook dinner while you're in
school.

NORA

It's a mistake. This isn't ours.
Don't touch it!

Mike opens the double-door refrigerator. It is stocked from
top to bottom with all sorts of foods, drinks, delicacies.

MIKE

Holy Christmas!!

NORA

Close it! Don't eat anything!
It's all going back, it's not
ours!

Mike opens the freezer on the bottom. It is overflowing.

MIKE

Look at this! Turkeys! Hams!
Chickens! Ice cream! We could
live for a year on this.

NORA

No, we can't. That's not our
turkey...Where's Mr. Baker?

MIKE

Mr. Parker...Automatic ice-cube
dispenser...Crushed ice maker...

NORA

Don't crush ice. Don't crush
anything. Leave it alone!

She storms down the hall. She stops at Mr. Parker's door.
She knocks on it loudly.

NORA

Mr. Parker!...Mr. Parker? Are
you in there?

MAX

(from inside)
I believe so.

INT. MAX'S ROOM - "NEAT" - DAY

58

He has straightened it out. He is lying on the bed, in a robe, reading the Wall Street Journal and smoking a cigar.

NORA

That is stolen property in there.
I will not cook on a stolen stove
and I will not eat stolen turkeys
and stolen chicken.

MAX

I have a receipt. I paid cash.

NORA

That you stole from a casino.

MAX

They took my money, I took their
money and Sears Roebuck has our
money. That's called a circulating
cash flow. That's how our economy
operates.

NORA

I said I wouldn't accept that
money from you.

X

MAX

You're not. Those are my appliances.
When I leave I'll take them with me
-- wherever it is I'm going.

NORA

You've already been spotted by
Mrs. Litke next door...I think
you'd better leave tonight, Max.

She starts to go.

MAX

Nora!

She stops, turns.

MAX

No one is looking for Mr. Parker.
Max Dugan, on the other hand, is
a very sought-after fellow. Just
let me buy a little more time.

NORA

Time I can afford. A Wonderama
kitchen I can't.

Cont.

MAX

A few small pleasures, what harm
can it do? Would you refuse a
dying grandfather --

NORA

DON'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT!!

MAX

Never again. I swear.

NORA

It's not that I'm not appreciative.
But knowing where the money came
from to buy those things...

MAX

It's not from the mouths of
innocent babes. It comes from
men with names like 'Boomie Bonozo'
and 'Mario Bananas!'

NORA

And all those things leave with
you the day you...

X

MAX

It's all right. You can say it.
I'm the one who's not allowed.

NORA

How do I explain to Michael where
it all came from?

MAX

No problem. Leave it to Grandpa.

Suddenly there is a knock on the door. We hear Mike excitedly:

MIKE

Mom! Mom!

She opens the door.

MIKE

You're not going to believe
what's in my room. You gotta
see this.

(pulls her)

Come on! Come on!

She looks at Max who shrugs innocently.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

59

On the wall opposite his bed is the largest color set that Sony makes. It is complete with stereo equipment, huge speakers, etc. It is also tied with a large red ribbon.

MIKE

It's got everything. TV, stereo, AM-FM radio, shortwave, Beta Max video recording. It's like my own studio. Is it the most beautiful thing you've ever seen?

Max appears at the door. Nora glares at him. He smiles and shrugs innocently.

MAX

(picks up video camera)

This is a video camera. You can tape your own shows.

Mike takes it.

MIKE

Wow! I can film me taking batting practice. That's what all the big league teams do.

(aims camera around room, then at Max)

It's got a zoom lens too.

MAX

(suddenly puts hand to face)

No! Not me, Mike.

MIKE

Why not?

MAX

Some primitive tribes think that pictures steal your soul. And I don't have all that much soul.

He glances at Nora.

MIKE

Did you buy it?

MAX

Me? No.

Cont.

MIKE

Then where did it come from?

NORA

Well...I think Mr. Parker was
just going to explain all that.

They both look at Max.

MAX

(puffs cigar)

...You won it!

NORA

We what?

MAX

You won it. On a TV show.

NORA

What TV show?

MAX

I don't know. One of those
TV shows that you win prizes
on.

NORA

I wasn't on a TV show.

MAX

It was one of those shows that you
don't have to be on. They probably
pick your name out or something.

NORA

Pick your name out of what?

MAX

I don't know. I was cleaning
up the breakfast dishes, the
doorbell rang and in walks a lawyer
with a blue suit and three men in
white uniforms and he says,
'Congratulations! Where do you
want the stuff?'

NORA

(shakes head)

No, no.

Cont.

MAX

No?

NORA

I don't think so. I don't think I won this. I never won anything in my life. This is a mistake.

MAX

It had your name and address on the invoice. I signed for you. They'll probably want you to come down and do some publicity pictures but that's it. The stuff is yours.

Mike turns on the TV.

MIKE

Maybe it's on the six o'clock news. What time is it?

NORA

It's not on the news. Turn it off.

Mike turns if off. She looks at Max.

NORA

A man in a blue suit, heh?

MAX

He said you didn't have to worry about the income tax because it was already paid for. That was first prize. Tax-free. Second prize, you had to pay the tax. Elderly couple in Billings, Montana won that.

NORA

Billings, Montana, huh?

Max smiles, nods.

MAX

So that's it. Just one of those wonderful things that happen now and then...Shall we have dinner?

INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

They are all seated around the dining table. The table is chock-filled with food. The stove has a pot on every flame.

MAX
(offering a dish
of vegetables)
More asparagus vinaigrette?...
Endive and watercress salad?

MIKE
(holds stomach)
I have no more room.

MAX
No room? For chocolate mousse?
Frozen eclairs? A strawberry
sundae? We've got an entire
shelf just for deserts.

MIKE
We won the deserts too?

MAX
(smiles, nods
to Nora)
Not crazy for my chicken pizzaola?

NORA
There's just so much a person
can digest in one day.

MAX
(takes a cigar
out from pocket)
You won some cigars too but I
suppose you'll pass on that.

MIKE
May I be excused?

NORA
When you and I finish the dishes.

MAX
There's nothing to do. We'll
just put it in the machine.

NORA
What machine?

MAX
You didn't see the machine?
It's under those boxes.

Cont.

Mike gets up and lifts away empty boxes that other appliances came in. A new dishwasher is standing against the wall.

MAX

Cleans, scrapes, dries, presses
and packages the leftovers. Clever
little thing, isn't it?

He lights his cigar and puffs on it contentedly.

MIKE

I can't believe it. No more
dishes to do.

MAX

With the time you save, you'll
probably graduate a year early.

NORA

All right, Mike. Go in and do
your homework. He doesn't have
something in here that does his
homework, does he?

MAX

(picks up booklet)
I could check the catalogue.

MIKE

Good night, Mr. Parker. Thanks
for the dinner. It was terrific.

MAX

Write down what you want for
tomorrow night and slip it under
my door in the morning.

MIKE

(starts to go,
turns)
You a basketball fan?

MAX

Sure am.

MIKE

The Laker game is on at ten o'clock
...if you want to come in and watch.

MAX

I was hoping you'd ask me.

Cont.

MIKE

See you later.

He turns and leaves the room. Max takes a big puff on his cigar.

MAX

I think the boy likes me.

NORA

He just hit the jackpot, you expect him to be hostile?

She gets up and starts to clean off the dishes.

MAX

Life hasn't been all that wonderful to you, has it, Nora?

NORA

You take what comes along.

MAX

Then why not take the good as well as the bad?

NORA

When they come from the same place, I get a little suspicious. Watch your ashes, please.

MAX

Does my smoking bother you?

NORA

Doesn't it bother you? What does your doctor say about cigars?

MAX

He said, 'Send me what you don't finish.' He's not sentimental.

NORA

(looks at him
angrily, puts dishes
into new dishwasher)
Mike has a terrific sense of values.
I don't want someone coming along
and corrupting them.

Cont.

MAX

Whoever told you that abject poverty was a character builder was misinforming you. I can see he's a fine boy. You built a solid foundation there. I just want to spruce the place up a bit.

He gets up, walks to the front door, steps out and exhales the cigar smoke.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

60-A

NORA

Aren't you afraid? Of what will happen if they catch up with you?

MAX

Life has already beaten them to it. I'm a free man, in a ghoulish sort of way.

NORA

You've got a good mind, that's clear enough. How did it ever end up in prison?

MAX

I wanted the good things in life a few years before life was prepared to give them to me...I forged. I embezzled. I sold stocks in companies that existed solely in my imagination.

NORA

Couldn't you have used that imagination for something honest and useful?

MAX

Well, it's hard to know what to do with your life until society prevents you from doing anything else with it. Prison became my school, my mentor, my university. It's just a pity they let the campuses run down so much.

NORA

What did you read in prison?

Cont.

MAX

Proust. Hegel. Nietzsche. Camus.
I had a picture of Schopenhauer over
my bed but the boys thought I was
gay so I took it down in the
interest of survival.

NORA

But you were a thief, you admit
that?

MAX

Not according to Sartre. He
doesn't believe there's anything
worth stealing. Marx believes
that stealing is the outgrowth of
capitalistic corruption, and
Nietzsche believes if you're big
enough and strong enough, you might
as well take it. Who am I to argue
with brains like that?

INT. NORA'S ROOM - NIGHT

60-B

Nora is sitting at the desk correcting papers. She hears X
Max come out of Mike's room. He looks back in the room.

MAX

Good night Mike, I told you the X
Knicks would win.

(crosses to Nora's
door; looks in)

Good night Nora.

He starts to go. X

NORA

Max...

X

MAX

Yeah?

X

NORA

(looks at him)

I'm in a jam, Max. I've got a
real problem here.

MAX

Talk to me, honey. That's what
fathers are for.

Cont.

NORA

I don't want to be Cinderella.
Somewhere along the line you've
got to pay for it.

Nora indicates new gifts.

MAX

Ahh, you've been reading Freud.
The man was responsible for the
invention of guilt.

NORA

Something apparently you have none
of.

MAX

I did six years in the big house,
kid. I paid my bill.

NORA

I'll make a bargain with you,
Max. You stay here. Live with
me and Mike. I'm not a nurse
and not much of a daughter but
I'll take care of you the best
way I know how.

MAX

And in exchange?

NORA

Don't become a hero to Mike.
He's got a fifteen-year-old
drug dealer for a friend, he
doesn't need a sixty-three-year-old
hardened criminal for a role
model. When the time is right,
you tell him what you've done,
how you did it, and most
important, that what you did was
wrong.

MAX

I can live with that...an
ill-chosen phrase if I ever
heard one.

He exits.

X

INT. MAX'S ROOM - "NEAT" - NIGHT

60-C

NORA

One other thing. Brian Costello.
The detective. I like him.

MAX

Don't worry. I give my approval.

NORA

He's smart. And he's dedicated.
I think if he had a choice of
giving me up or bringing you in,
we'd both lose.

MAX

I understand. I'll find another
place. I can meet you and
Michael on weekends.

NORA

I didn't say that. Just be
careful. I don't trust Mrs. Litke.
I think it's best if you didn't
leave the house.

Cont.

MAX

Back to prison, huh?

NORA

I'm sorry.

She starts to go.

MAX

Nora!

She stops.

MAX

...I never had it so good.

She looks at him, then goes.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE DIAMOND - DAY

61

It is the next morning, Saturday. A Little League game is in progress. Mike is up at bat.

The scoreboard shows us it is the bottom of the ninth, the Greys are trailing the Reds by a score of five to four. There are two men out and a man on first and third. The pitcher eyes Mike sternly. The fielders urge their pitcher on. "This guy can't hit." "Sure out. Sure out," they yell.

Nora is in the stands, they are all standing.

NORA

(to schoolteacher
friend next to her)

Why him? Why do they leave it
all up to him?

(yells out)

Come on, Mike! Hit it outta
the park.

The first pitch zooms in, Mike swings and misses. Boos and cheers from the stands. Mike digs in harder, concentrating. Nora cheers him on:

NORA

You can hit him, Mike. Pick
your pitch, baby.

Mike swings and misses. Nora clutches her mouth. To her friend next to her:

Cont.

NORA

I hate this game. I wish they never invented it.

(yells to Mike)

Come on, babe. Knock it outta sight, honey. This guy can't pitch.

The third pitch comes in, Mike swings, misses, the crowd breaks into an uproar.

The ball game is over. Mike stands there, his world has collapsed around him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

62

The players and their families are headed towards their cars. Cars are pulling out and driving away. Players on Mike's team drive by, look at him and don't say a word. Nora puts her arm around his shoulder. She is carrying the two helmets for the motorbike.

NORA

Feel like getting a pizza?

MIKE

(glumly)

No.

NORA

You don't feel like a pizza?

MIKE

I feel like quitting the team.

NORA

Don't say that. You're a terrific first baseman. You never make an error.

MIKE

I never get a hit either. Maybe I need glasses...I don't even see the bike.

NORA

(looks around)

It's behind that truck...What if we came out really early in the morning and I pitched to you? I used to pitch softball in high school.

Cont.

MIKE

It's not the same thing...

They come around the truck. There is no bike.

MIKE

Where is it?

That familiar, panicky look comes over Nora's face.

NORA

No! No, God, don't tell me.
Not again.

MIKE

They took the bike?

NORA

I can't believe it. This isn't
happening to me.

MIKE

Didn't you put the chains on it?

NORA

I forgot the lock. I just tied
the chains in a knot.

MIKE

You tied them in a knot?

NORA

Don't start in with me. It hasn't
been a good day for either one of
us...Bastards! Dirty bastards!

She looks around forlornly, looking for help.

OUT

63

EXT. NORA'S ALLEY - DAY

63-A

NORA

What am I going to tell Brian?
A car and a bike in one week,
he'll think it's some kind of
disease.

MIKE

I can't believe you tied the
chains in a knot.

Cont.

NORA

Will you stop saying that? I
don't tell you how to hit, do
I?

He looks at her, clearly hurt.

NORA

I'm sorry. I didn't mean that,
Mike.

She stands there as he walks away in front of her. She doesn't quite know how to make it up to him. Mike suddenly stops as he comes to the driveway of their house. He looks dumbfounded.

Nora sees him, then begins to run, nervously.

NORA

What is it? What's wrong?

Nora starts to run. We STAY WITH her as she reaches the front of the driveway, then she stops in her tracks.

NORA

Oh, my God!

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - BACK - DAY

64

Under the carport, we SEE a brand new Mercedes convertible. It is tied with a red ribbon around it.

Mike is touching it as if it were gold, which it practically is. Nora walks up the driveway slowly, not wanting to believe what she sees.

NORA

Don't touch it! It's a mistake.
Somebody parked in the wrong place.

Mrs. Litke, the neighbor in the next house, is leaning out of her window.

MRS. LITKE

It's a 380SL. They delivered it
this afternoon.

X

NORA

Who did?

MRS. LITKE

Do I ask questions?

Cont.

NORA

Don't touch it, Mike. It's not
ours. It's going back.

X

She heads for the house, aware of Mrs. Litke.

X

INT. MAX'S ROOM - "MAX'S DECORATED" - DAY

65

X

NORA

Mr. Parker. Mr. Parker.

X

X

The door bursts open. Nora hasn't even bothered to knock. The
room has been all cleaned up, neat as a pin. Max is hanging a
picture over his bed.

MAX

...Schopenhauer!

NORA

Really? Is that his car parked
in my yard?

X

MAX

No. It's yours. Registered
in your name. You should get
the plates in about a week.

-

NORA

You promised me. You gave me
your word.

MAX

My word isn't worth diddley-poo.
It's my money. It's my five
months. If you don't like it,
make it into a flowerpot.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - BACK - DAY

65-A

The car horn honks outside. Max looks out the window. Mike
is sitting in the front seat trying out the steering wheel.

MAX

Where's the motorbike?

INT. MAX'S ROOM - "MAX'S DECORATED" - DAY

65-B

NORA

It was stolen.

MAX

Stolen??...Didn't you chain it
up?

Cont.

NORA

I don't want to talk about
it.

The car horn honks again. Nora yells out the window.

EXT. WINDOW - DAY

65-C

NORA

Mike! Get out of that car.
It's not ours.

(to Max)

You think I could drive that
to my school? I don't make
enough to pay the insurance.

INT. MAX'S ROOM - "MAX'S DECORATED" - DAY

65-D

MAX

It's paid. It's yours, Nora.
Don't be stupid. Take what's
coming to you. You've gotten
enough dirty deals in your
life, don't turn your back on a
payoff.

NORA

He almost stole a baseball glove
last summer. How do I tell
him it's okay to keep that thing.

They look at each other.

MAX

Let me tell him.

NORA

The whole story.

MAX

The works.

NORA

About jail, where the money
came from?

MAX

Give me ten minutes alone with
him.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - BACK - DAY

65-E

NORA

Mike. Come in here.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY AREA - DAY

65-F

MAX

It was all for nothing. I
worked in that Vegas pit seven
years...all for nothing.

NORA

I didn't think getting to know
each other again is exactly
nothing.

Mike appears in the doorway. He's looking at his wrist. He
has a brand new watch on it. X

MIKE

(to Nora)
I can't believe it. It even
tells the time in China.

NORA

Where did you get that?

MIKE

It was in the front seat of
the car. It was in the box that
said 'Happy Birthday, Mike.'

Nora looks sternly at Max.

MAX

(to Nora)
Do you know what time it is
in Shanghai?

NORA

(to Mike)
Mr. Parker has something to
tell you...I'm going to take
a bath. Brian is picking me
up at seven-thirty. Everything!
Everything. X

She looks at Max, then steps out of the room, closing the door
behind her. She stands in the hallway a moment, wondering if
she has done the right thing. Then walks down the hall to her
room. Max looks at Mike. X

MAX

Come in Mike. Sit down, make
yourself comfortable. X

They cross into Max's room. X

OUT

65-G

INT. MAX'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

66

MAX

What time is it in Istanbul?

Mike presses digital, it lights up.

MIKE

Three-fifteen A.M.

MAX

You're probably the only boy
in Southern California who
knows that...

(sits, looks
at Mike)

First of all, my name isn't
Mr. Parker.

MIKE

It isn't?

MAX

No...It's Wittgenstein.

MIKE

Wittgenstein?

MAX

(nods)

Gus Wittgenstein...I was a friend
of your grandfather's. I shared
the same cell with him for six
years in Joliet prison.

MIKE

(in awe)

You did?

MAX

(nods)

Max Dugan was a fine man. Made
a few mistakes in his life and
always regretted it. One of them
was not getting in touch with you.
He died a year ago in Nevada.

MIKE

Does Mom know about this?

MAX

Oh, yes. I told her the night I
got here.

X

Cont.

MIKE

She never said a word.

MAX

The Dugans were all like that. When your grandfather died, he left a will. The money was to go to you and your mother. Made me the trustee. He wanted to make sure you were both provided for. There was a catch to it, though.

X

MIKE

What's that?

MAX

You weren't supposed to know where it came from. He was afraid if you knew your grandfather spent six years in jail, it might tarnish your memory of him.

MIKE

I never met him. I didn't have any memory to tarnish.

MAX

I'm breaking his trust by telling you all this, but I've got no choice. Your mother doesn't want any part of the money.

MIKE

She doesn't?

X

MAX

Well, she's a proud woman. Doesn't want to take anything from her father, even a gift that's passed on from the grave. She wants to make her own way in the world. Can't blame her for that, can you?

Cont.

MIKE

No, Sir.

X

MAX

But when Max was on his deathbed --

X

MIKE

You were there?

MAX

Sitting at his feet...He said, 'Gus, take care of them. But don't let them know the money came from me. Make up some cockeyed story, but keep my secret...See that Mike gets a good education and make sure he gets into a good college back East and majors in Philosophy.'

MIKE

Philosophy? I have to take Philosophy?

MAX

Well, it's just a suggestion ...Then his heart just stopped beating and his hand went cold in mine...So, that's the story. I guess it's up to you now.

MIKE

What's up to me?

X

MAX

Reuniting your beloved grandfather and your mother...and yourself. By accepting his gifts of love and affection.

MIKE

I accept.

MAX

That's fine. He would appreciate that. It's your mother that's the problem. A promise made on a deathbed is sacred. You've got to convince your mother somehow to grant your grandfather's dying wish. I don't think the man will rest in peace till she does.

Cont.

MIKE

Wow!...This sounds like a story
I saw once on 'Movie of the Week.'

MAX

How often art immitates life.
Will you help me, Mike?

MIKE

I'll try.

MAX

Good boy.

MIKE

Can I ask one question?

MAX

Anything.

MIKE

What business was my grandfather
in?

MAX

...Philosophy. That's why he
wants you to go into it too.

MIKE

You can make money from
Philosophy?

MAX

Yes, Sir. If you got the right
one.

He leans back and puffs on his cigar.

OUT

66-A-
66-D

INT. NORA'S ROOM - DAY

67 X

The light has faded. Nora is dressing.

MIKE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Mom? Can I come in?

NORA

Sure, hon.

Cont.

The door opens and Mike comes in. He sits on the bed, gloomily. She looks at him, turns off the blower.

NORA
Are you all right?

MIKE
(halfheartedly)
Yeah. I'm fine...

NORA
He told you, didn't he?

MIKE
Yeah. He told me.

NORA
About being in jail?

MIKE
Yeah.

NORA
About where the money came from?

MIKE
Yeah.

NORA
Then you can understand why I can't accept it.

MIKE
Yeah. I can understand.

NORA
Thank you, Mike. I knew you would.

She crosses to him and hugs him.

Cont.

X

She starts to put on costume earrings.

MIKE

Are you going to give everything
back?

NORA

Don't you think I should?

MIKE

(shrugs)

A dying wish is sacred.

NORA

He told you about that too?

Mike nods.

NORA

Oh, God, babe. I'm sorry.
I know how you must feel. I
feel the same way.

She takes him in her arms and embraces him.

MIKE

What are you going to do?

NORA

I don't know. I just have to
think things out...But not
tonight. I have to meet Brian
tonight.

She opens her dresser drawer to look for something and
suddenly gasps. She takes out a large, velvet jewelry box.
A red ribbon around it.

MIKE

What's that?

She slowly opens the jewelry box and reveals a gorgeous,
sparkling diamond necklace. Nora is stunned.

NORA

Oh, dear God.

MIKE

Is that real?

NORA

It's the most beautiful thing
I've ever seen.

Cont.

MIKE

There's a card in the box.

Nora picks up the card and reads it.

NORA

(reads)

...'For past days lost, but not
forgotten...Your beloved father.'

MIKE

Try it on. See how it looks.

NORA

You think I should?

MIKE

It's yours, isn't it?

She tries it on. Mike adjusts the clasp. She looks at
herself.

MIKE

You look great.

NORA

It's the card. He got to me with
the card.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - BACK - DAY

67-A X

Brian drives up in his pickup and sees the new car. Honks
the horn.

INT. NORA'S ROOM - DAY

67-B X

NORA

There's Brian. I've got to go.

She starts throwing brush, lipstick, etc. into her purse.

MIKE

Did you know your father wanted
me to go to college and major in
Philosophy?

She quickly gets into her shoes.

NORA

No. He didn't mention it.

MIKE

Who didn't mention it?

Cont.

NORA

My father.

She quickly brushes her hair.

MIKE

Your father? You spoke to
your father?

NORA

Well, I'm angry with him but
I speak to him, don't I?

(sprays herself
with atomizer,
then smells it)

That's Joy. He put Joy perfume
in here. Two hundred dollars
an ounce.

X

MIKE

How can you speak to your
father? He's dead.

NORA

Who's dead?

MIKE

Your father. He died in prison
in Nevada.

NORA

Who told you that?

MIKE

Mr. Wittgenstein.

The doorbell rings.

NORA

Who's Mr. Wittgenstein?

MIKE

Mr. Parker.

NORA

Mr. Parker is Mr. Wittgenstein?

MIKE

Should I get the door?

NORA

NO!! Don't get the door! Don't
let Brian in. He'll see my
father.

MIKE

How can he see your father?

NORA

Because Mr. Wittgenstein is my father. I mean Mr. Parker is.

MIKE

I thought Max Dugan was.

NORA

He is. He was. I don't know. What did he tell you? We'll talk about this later.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY (STAGE)

68

X

Brian is in a suit. He is ringing the doorbell, carrying a box of flowers. We SEE Max in his room.

INT. NORA'S ROOM - DAY

69

X

NORA

Listen, Mike. We have to have a long talk when I get home. Don't go into what's-his-name's room. I think there's something wrong with him.

The doorbell rings again.

Max sticks his head in Nora's doorway.

MAX

You want me to get that?

NORA

It's the policeman.

MAX

Never mind.

He disappears quickly.

NORA

Mike! Answer the door. But don't let him in the house. Tell him I'll be right there.

She crosses out quickly and goes to Max's room as Mike passes her heading down the hallway.

Cont.

She opens the door to Max's room. Max is pulling down his shades.

MAX

Don't you like doctors or dentists?

NORA

Who's Wittgenstein?

MAX

A German philosopher. It's the first name I could think of.

NORA

What's wrong with Max Dugan?

MAX

How do you know I am Max Dugan?

NORA

You told me you were!

MAX

I've told you a lot of things but so far you haven't liked any of them, so I'll keep telling you new ones till you pick out one you like.

NORA

You're certifiable, you know that, don't you?

He smiles at her.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY (STAGE)

70

X

Mike opens the door. Brian stands there with the flowers in his hand. The door is only open a few inches.

MIKE

Hi!

BRIAN

Hi!...

MIKE

Mom's getting dressed.

BRIAN

(nods)

Is that as far as the door opens?

MIKE

She'll be right with you. I
have to do my homework.
Excuse me.

He closes the door.

OUT 71

INT. MAX'S ROOM - DAY

72 X

NORA

Are you telling me you're
not my father?

MAX

Maybe I am, maybe I'm not.
Maybe I'm your father but you're
not my daughter. Do you know
what KierKegaard once said?

NORA

I'm not interested in any more
of your cellmates!...

(composes herself)

I have to go. I have to get on
with my life. We'll finish this
talk when I get home.

She starts out the door. She turns and goes. Max smiles
after her.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY (STAGE)

73 X

Brian is still standing there, confused and annoyed. The door
opens. Nora peers out and smiles.

NORA

Hi!

(only opens it

a few inches;

squeezes herself out)

...It's been jammed all day.

She closes the door.

BRIAN

These are for you.

He hands her flowers.

Cont.

NORA

Oh. That's awfully nice of you. Thanks.

BRIAN

Don't you want to go in and put them in water?

NORA

The pipes are rusty. We have brown water. It'll kill the flowers. I'll just carry them.

He looks at her.

BRIAN

You look nice...Beautiful necklace.

NORA

What?

(shocked; looks at neck; forgot to take it off)

Oh. Thanks. If only they were real. Shall we go?

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - BACK - ALLEYWAY (LOCATION)

73-A X

BRIAN

Who does the car belong to?

NORA

What car?...Oh, the Mercedes!... I don't know.

BRIAN

You don't know?

NORA

I don't know who actually owns it. I rented it. Just for a few days.

BRIAN

You rented a nineteen-eighty-two convertible?

Cont.

NORA

It's the only car they had left.
They're charging me the same as
a Chevy. That's their policy.

BRIAN

You didn't like the motorbike?

NORA

Yes. I loved it.

BRIAN

You loved it? You don't love
it anymore?

NORA

I don't have it anymore. It was
stolen in a parking lot.

He looks at her.

NORA

I called the police. I'm
surprised they didn't tell you.

BRIAN

They tell me when other vehicles
are stolen. They don't tell me
when it's mine.

NORA

(on verge of tears)
Listen, I'm really not feeling
very well. Can we just go out
and have a good time, please.

OUT

74-
75

EXT. ROSE CAFE - NIGHT

76

Brian and Nora are walking towards the restaurant.

BRIAN

...You mean the man tells you he
has no Chevys or Fords left, so
he gives you a Mercedes for the
same price?

NORA

(looks at menu,
distracted)
I guess I have to pay for the
mileage, I don't know. Is that
all we're going to talk about
tonight? Cars?

BRIAN

I'm sorry. They just fascinate me...Listen. Is something wrong? I mean, other than their stealing your bike today? Our bike.

NORA

I intend to pay you for that bike. Every cent. I just need a little time, that's all.

INT. ROSE CAFE - NIGHT

76-A

They are on route to their table.

BRIAN

I don't care about the bike. I care about what's happening with you.

NORA

I'm glad you do. It's just that...well, going out right now comes at a very bad time.

BRIAN

Why is that?

NORA

I'm really going through a very trying period right now. I have a lot on my mind and -- I don't know -- maybe for the time being we shouldn't see each other so much.

BRIAN

This is our first date.

NORA

I realize that...It's just that -- that Mike is very insecure about me seeing people...Men...It's not that he doesn't like you. He does. But I just don't know if he's ready to accept someone new in the house just now.

BRIAN

I haven't been in your house yet.

Cont.

NORA

I know. I know. It's just that he's fourteen. It's a very difficult age.

BRIAN

I understand. My boy is thirteen. It's a tough time.

NORA

No. Fifteen is worse. They're very weird at fourteen. So maybe if you didn't come around for awhile --

X

BRIAN

Is it Mike who doesn't want to see me or is it you?

NORA

It's not me. I'm not fifteen ...I don't know. I just can't think straight. I've lost two vehicles and thirty-seven test papers in one week --

X

BRIAN

It's the money too, isn't it? I know what it's like to be that broke. It can make you half crazy...Would you give me the honor and privilege of lending you some money, just until --

NORA

(snaps)

I don't want any money. I haven't asked you for money, have I?

BRIAN

No. You never would. That's why I thought --

NORA

(tearfully)

Well, you're wrong. I appreciate it, but please don't offer me money anymore. It makes me feel terrible.

She starts to reach into her bag for a handkerchief.

BRIAN

I'm sorry.

Cont.

She pulls the handkerchief out of her bag but in her haste, the bag gets knocked to the floor and spills out all its contents.

BRIAN

I'll get it.

NORA

I'll do it.

They both bend down to pick up the mess when lying among the debris is a thick pack of one-hundred-dollar bills tied in a paper wrapper that says \$5000 on it. Brian picks it up.

NORA

Oh, shit!

BRIAN

What's this?

NORA

Nothing!

She grabs the money, throws it into her bag along with her lipstick, compact and mirror, sits up, grabs the menu and says:

NORA

Shall we order dinner?

Brian stares at her, his mouth half open.

BRIAN

Is that five thousand dollars
in there?

NORA

(looking over menu)
I don't know. I didn't count it
...The halibut looks nice,
doesn't it?

BRIAN

Where did you get five thousand
dollars in cash from?

NORA

It's not mine. It's the school's.

BRIAN

The school's?

NORA

I'm on the Finance Committee.
It's donations from the parents.
It's to help build a swimming pool.

BRIAN

Why do you carry it around in cash?

NORA

Why not? I'm having dinner with a cop. It's safer than leaving it at home, isn't it? Can we eat, please?

He stares at her in bewilderment.

EXT. WALKWAY - NIGHT

77

BRIAN

I'm going to be frank with you. I had a lousy time.

NORA

I know. I'm sorry. It's my fault.

BRIAN

Do you want to see me again?

NORA

Yes.

BRIAN

Can I come in for a few minutes?

NORA

No.

BRIAN

Why not?

NORA

I told you. It's Michael.

BRIAN

No, it's not. You're lying. You're dealing with a professional now.

NORA

I'll go to your place.

BRIAN

Now?

NORA

If you want me to.

Cont.

BRIAN
Is that what you want?

NORA
Yes.

BRIAN
You're lying again! What is
it with you?

NORA
Listen, there's a lot of people
I'm trying to keep happy all at
the same time and I'm not one
of them. Don't give up on me.
I'm worth it, I promise you.
I'll call you tomorrow.

X

He stares after her, bewildered.

INT. MAX'S ROOM - "MAX'S DECORATED" - NIGHT

78

He is lying on his bed reading a book by Kant. The CAMERA
STAYS ON him. We hear his door open. He turns and smiles.

MAX
Hi, hon! Have a nice time?

He suddenly gets hit in the face with a pack of
one-hundred-dollar bills, which spray and scatter over Max
and the bed.

The door slams.

EXT. NORA'S SCHOOL - THE PARKING LOT - DAY

79

Pat, the other teacher, drives up in her minicompact. Four
other squeezed-in teachers pile out of the uncomfortable little
car. Suddenly the Mercedes 450SEL pulls up next to it and
Nora gets out with her schoolbag. She looks at them, their
mouths are open.

NORA
It's a friend's car.

She walks away into the school.

PAT
(to others)
Where do you meet friends
like that?

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

80

Mike's Little League team is having practice. A batter is up. The coach, ROY, is pitching balls to the hitter. Mike is standing next to the batting cage, waiting his turn. Roy throws a pitch, the boy hits a line drive. Roy shouts encouragement. Another pitch, the boy hits a ground ball. More encouragement.

CUT TO:

ANGLE IN THE STANDS

81

Sitting in the stands is a ruddy-looking MAN, mid-forties, in a windbreaker and cap. He has a large canvas bag at his feet.

ANGLE AT BATTING CAGE

82

The boy finishes his last swing by hitting another line drive. Mike steps up to the plate and digs in.

ROY

All right, Mike. Just keep your
eye on the ball. Let's go, baby.

He pitches, Mike swings, misses.

ROY

No pressure, Mike. Just
concentrate, son. Here we go.

He pitches. Mike swings, misses.

The Man in the stands watches with keen interest. The BOY waiting outside the cage behind Mike shouts at him:

BOY

Come on. If you can't hit, let
the other guys practice.

ROY

You're pressing too hard, Mike.
Nice and easy now. Here it comes...

He pitches. Mike swings, misses. Disgustedly, he throws his bat away and walks away to the stands, sits in the first row, picks up his glove and looks into it ready for tears.

The next Boy steps up to the plate and hits the first pitch for a line drive.

The Man in the stands suddenly appears next to Mike and sits. His name is CHARLEY.

CHARLEY

Hi!

Cont.

Mike looks at him without interest. The man looks out at the field.

CHARLEY

...Your name Michael McPhee?

MIKE

(cautiously)

Yeah?

CHARLEY

I'm Charley Lau...Ever hear of me?

MIKE

No.

CHARLEY

I'm the batting coach with the Yankees.

MIKE

(suspicious)

What Yankees?

CHARLEY

The New York Yankees...I've been watching you hit, kid...You really stink, you know that?

MIKE

(sarcastically)

No kidding?

CHARLEY

It's not your fault. Nobody taught you the basics...How'd you like me to teach you the basics?

MIKE

Are you serious?

CHARLEY

Yeah.

MIKE

Why would you waste your time teaching me?

CHARLEY

I'm not wasting my time. I'm getting well paid for it. I got a nice check in the mail, and a letter says please teach this kid the basic swing and the philisophy of hitting.

MIKE

The philosophy of hitting?

CHARLEY

Yeah. If you don't have the right philosophy, you ain't gonna hit your own weight. You understand?

Mike smiles. He understands.

MIKE

Yeah. Sure. Thanks a lot, Mr. Lau.

CHARLEY

All right. Wait'll they clear out. Then we'll get down to a little serious work here.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM FIELD - DAY

83

Sitting on a park bench, reading a newspaper is a man in a hat. He lowers the newspaper slightly and we SEE, behind a pair of dark glasses, is Max. He watches a moment, then raises the newspaper again.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - MONTAGE - DAY

84

Wordlessly, with a bat in his hand, we SEE Charley teaching Mike the basics. How to step in. how to raise your hands, how to snap them, how to lean on your back foot and step in on your front leg.

Charley pitches, Mike misses. Charley shouts instructions. Charley pitches, Mike fouls one off. Charley shouts instructions. Charley pitches, Mike hits a ground ball, Charley shouts instructions. Charley pitches, Mike hits a pop-up, Charley shouts instructions. Charley pitches and Mike gets a hold of one. It sails high and far, out of the ballpark. Charley takes off his hat and watches it. Mike cannot believe what he has seen.

BACK ACROSS THE STREET

85

Max, with paper lowered, sees the ball fly, smiles, folds the paper under his arm, gets up and walks away, whistling happily.

EXT. MERCEDES - DAY

86

The top is down. Nora is driving, Mike still in his baseball uniform is talking animatedly:

Cont.

MIKE

...Three of them over the fence.
Charley says he has to leave for
spring training in a week but he'll
try to come on Saturday when we
play the Bears.

NORA

That's wonderful, Mike.

MIKE

I couldn't believe it was really
Charley Lau until he mentioned
the philosophy of hitting...Then
I knew who it was who sent the
check.

Nora looks at him with a half-smile. She knows too but finds
it hard not to share in Mike's joy.

EXT. NORA'S ALLEY - DAY

87

Nora barely misses a fleet of construction trucks in the alley.

NORA'S P.O.V. - THE HOUSE - BACK - DAY

88

It has been painted white from top to bottom, with attractive
green shingles and the front door. The picket fence has been
straightened and painted as well. It looks positively charming.
They get out of the car and look at the house.

The neighbor in the next house, Mrs. Litke appears over her
fence.

MRS. LITKE

I like what you did with your
house, honey.

NORA

Oh! Thanks, Mrs. Litke.

X

MRS. LITKE

I like what you did with your
car, too.

NORA

Oh. Thank you.

MRS. LITKE

I even love what you did with
your perfume. I can smell it
from here.

Cont.

NORA

Oh, really?

Nora and Mike cross to the front of the house.

X

MIKE

Aren't you coming in?

X

NORA

Make sure it's our house first.

X

Mike goes inside. Nora crosses to the front.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

88-A X

MRS. LITKE

They raise the teachers' salary
this year?

NORA

No, no. I'm doing some private
tutoring at night.

MRS. LITKE

Who are you tutoring? Arabs.

Mrs. Litke exits.

X

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - DAY

89

Mike comes out of his own room, quickly closing his door
and standing there with his back against it. He has a strange
look on his face. He crosses to the front door, opens it and
looks at Nora.

X

EXT. NORA'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

89-A X

MIKE

Promise me you won't get angry!

NORA

(looks at him
skeptically)

He bought you an airplane. You've
got your own little jet plane
in there, is that what it is?

MIKE

If you let me keep this one I'll
give back everything else. I
promise.

Nora crosses to the door and enters.

X

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - DAY

89-B X

Mike crosses to the bedroom door.

X
X

NORA

Open the door!

MIKE

I'll pay for this one myself.
Out of my own savings.

NORA

Open the door I said!

Mike opens the door. Sitting there, at perfect attention, is the largest and most beautiful Great Dane imaginable. He has a red ribbon around his neck.

MIKE

His name is Plato. It's on his collar.

Nora goes in and sits on the bed. She is exhausted.

NORA

Plato?

MIKE

You know. Like the dog in Mickey Mouse.

NORA

Pluto!

MIKE

Whatever. Isn't he beautiful?

Mike puts his arms around the dog's neck and embraces him.

We hear Max's voice o.s.:

MAX

He's a purebred. Comes from royal lineage.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MAX IN DOORWAY

90

wearing his hat, taking off dark glasses.

MAX

Still has the little marks on his head where he used to wear a crown.

Cont.

NORA

(to Max)

I think we have to talk.

MAX

Sure...Mike, would you take
Plato out for a walk?

MIKE

Sure. Come on, Plato.
(starts to pull
him out door)
Does he fetch?

MAX

He fetches, he builds, he destroys,
anything you want.

Mike exits pulling Plato after him. Nora and Max are alone.
Nora glares at him and sits down at the kitchen table. X

MAX

...You don't have to worry about
bathing him. I'll take him to
a carwash.

NORA

I can't fight you anymore, Max.
I'm going back to the church. I
have to speak to a priest tonight.
God is the only one left who can
help me.

Max sits down. X

MAX

You should have seen the look on
Mike's face when he powdered that
ball over the fence today. Damn,
it was terrific.

Nora rises. X

NORA

You were there? In broad daylight?

MAX

I would have cashed in my ticket
today to see that.

He suddenly looks tired. He takes out handkerchief, wipes X
his brow.

Cont.

NORA

What's wrong? Are you in pain?

MAX

No, no. Trying to get Plato into a taxi was no easy chore.

NORA

...Tell me the truth, Max.

MAX

(looks at her,
shrugs)

We may have to cut our visit a little shorter than planned.

Nora's hand goes to her mouth. The impact of those words hits her.

He is breathing uncomfortably. Nora kneels down beside him.

X
X

NORA

What can I do? Tell me what I can do, Max?

MAX

Nora, my love. I am having one hell of a grand time. If I knew it was going to be so much fun, I would have had a dozen grandchildren.

NORA

Listen to me, Max. You're not going to give up on me. I don't care how much strength it's going to take, you're going to fight. I'll help you, I'll do anything you want. It took us too long to find each other, you're not going to take the easy way out now.

MAX

The Scrappy Dugans, they used to call us.

Nora rises.

X

NORA

You're damn right, we are. You want to buy Mike and me a present, Max? Buy me six more months...with an option for another six. Then we'll negotiate from there. Is it a deal?

Max looks at her.

X

NORA

Get some rest. I'll call you when
dinner is ready.

Nora helps Max into his room. She crosses to the door.

X

NORA

If you run out on me again, I'll
never forgive you.

About to burst into tears, she leaves the room and closes the
door.

He quickly takes a pill out of his vest pocket and bites down
on it, then lays back on the bed, and tries to relax. His eyes
are moist.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - BACK - MORNING

91

The Mercedes is driving off down the alley.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - DAY

92

Max comes out of his room carrying his coat and hat and the
black satchel. As he enters the living room, he suddenly stops.

MAX

Can I help you?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

92-A

Brian is standing at door, looking into the backyard. He holds
a bouquet of flowers. He turns and sees Max.

BRIAN

Oh! I'm sorry. I was looking for
Miss McPhee.

Cont.

MAX

She's at school. How'd you get in?

BRIAN

She must have left the door open.
I knocked. My name is
Brian Costello. I'm a friend of
hers. She left these flowers in
my car the other night.

MAX

Thank you. I'll take care of them.
I do odd jobs for her now and again.

BRIAN

(smiles)

Do you? She didn't tell me. Sort
of a caretaker, you mean?

MAX

No. I just pick up a meal here and
there. Anything you want me to
tell her?

BRIAN

No. I'll probably drop over at the
school. Anything you want me to
tell her?

MAX -

Can't think of anything.

BRIAN

Right. Well, nice to meet you,
Mister -- ?

MAX

Parker.

BRIAN

Mr. Parker...Do you do plumbing?
I'm always having trouble with
my plumbing.

MAX

A little out of my line. I'm moving
out of state in a few days anyway.

BRIAN

Ahh...Well, I'm sure Miss McPhee will
miss you. The place looks terrific.
Especially on her salary. Good-bye
now.

Brian exits and Max watches him go through the window.

EXT. CALIFORNIA FIRST FEDERAL BANK - DAY

93

A cab stops. Max gets out carrying his black satchel. He enters the bank.

Brian is parked across the street watching. He picks up a camera with a small telescopic lens and snaps a picture.

EXT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

94

Nora moves along the counter filling up her tray with food. Pat, the teacher, comes up behind her.

She is wondering about Nora. Nora looks around for a place to sit and suddenly sees Brian sitting there drinking a cup of coffee. He points to open place opposite him. She crosses and sits. X

NORA

If they stole the Mercedes, I don't want to hear about it.

BRIAN

I thought you were going to call.

NORA

I'm sorry. I've been busy.

BRIAN

Collecting more money for the swimming pool?

She looks at him.

BRIAN

I just saw one down in the basement. What did you do, rent it for the weekend?

NORA

I only have fifteen minutes for lunch. Can we talk some other time?

BRIAN

I went by your home this morning. I'm crazy about the paint job. X

NORA

It's a rented house. The landlord has owed it to me for two years.

Cont.

BRIAN

Mrs. Litke has the same landlord.
And she's been there for ten years.

NORA

She doesn't know how to talk to
him.

She eats her soup.

BRIAN

Did you get the dog as a bonus?

NORA

What dog?

BRIAN

The big one. In the backyard.
The one that looks down into
the house.

NORA

Mike wanted a dog. I couldn't
afford one. We went down to the
pound and picked him out.

X
X

BRIAN

That dog has championship class.
Probably sells for two, three
thousand dollars. And no one
claimed him?

NORA

Maybe he was badly treated. There's
a lot of rotten rich people in the
world.

X

BRIAN

And a lot of suspicious poor ones
too. I think it's time you and I
had a little talk, Nora.

X

Another couple sit down right next to them. Brian looks at
them, then to Nora. X

BRIAN

...In private!

X

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

95

BRIAN

...Your neighbor, Mrs. Litke, makes a routine call to the police complaining about a large dog barking in the middle of the night. We're a little busy for dog-barking complaints but the boys put it on the computer for future reference. The computer, nosy little devil, punches out that the dog owner just had a car and motorcycle stolen and also recently called to complain about an obscene caller and possible prowler suspect. When the name of Mrs. Nora McPhee, widow, mother and schoolteacher prints out, the card naturally is dropped on my desk by a burly sergeant with raised eyebrows. Shall I go on?

NORA

Do I have a choice?

BRIAN

Mrs. Keen-eyed Litke volunteered that delivery vans pull up to your house twice a day including Saturdays, unloading large boxes with such distinguished names as Westinghouse, General Electric, Honeywell and Mitsubishi. This, compounded by the fact that one of the lowest-paid, Mercedes-driving employees in the county carries around five thousand dollars in brand-new bills prompts me to ask a very serious question. What the hell is going on here?

NORA

(looks at him
angrily)

There's a kid not fifty yards from here selling drugs to fourteen year olds. Surely you've got more important things to do than dragging schoolteachers into police cars.

BRIAN

Who's the man living in your house?

She stops, turns.

Cont.

NORA

What man?

Brian holds up photograph of Max taken outside the bank.

BRIAN

This man. Mr. Parker. Does odd jobs, he told me. He showed up ten days ago in a black hat, black coat and a black satchel. Mrs. Litke is more dependable than the C.I.A....Who is he, Nora?

NORA

He's a relative. An uncle, from back East.

BRIAN

A close relative?

NORA

No. He's just staying a couple of weeks.

BRIAN

He deposited four hundred thousand dollars in California First Federal this morning. In cash.

NORA

That's none of my business. I'm late.

She turns to go.

BRIAN

The account was opened in your name...

She stops.

BRIAN

Talk to me, Nora.

NORA

...I can't. Please don't ask me anything else, Brian.

Cont.

BRIAN

What are you mixed up in? I
just want to help you.

NORA

Asking me questions isn't going
to help me.

BRIAN

Why is he being so generous to
you? What does he owe you?

NORA

Nothing. He's very rich and he's
very eccentric. He just does
things like that. It's his Mercedes.
He's taking it with him.

BRIAN

And the four hundred thousand?

NORA

Can't you stop being a cop for
five minutes and be a friend?

BRIAN

No. That's why I don't have too
many friends.

NORA

Well, if it's one less you want,
you're doing a terrific job.

BRIAN

Nora!...I don't buy any of it.
I've been at this job too long.
I don't think he's your uncle
and I think you're involved with
something you don't know how to
handle...I'm going to take this
picture and I'm going to follow up
on it...If you have anything you
want to tell me, tell me now.

NORA

All right...Good-bye, Brian.

She turns and goes. He stands there looking after her angrily,
then looks at the photo of Max in his hand and slaps it in
anger.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - BACK - LATE AFTERNOON

96

Nora drives up in the Mercedes. She starts into the house but first passes Mrs. Litke in her window.

MRS. LITKE

Wait'll you see the new furniture.
You'll love it.

Nora glares at her and enters the house.

OUT97-
98

EXT. TRAFFIC CIRCLE - LATE AFTERNOON

99

A cab pulls up. Mike, in baseball uniform gets out, pays the cab driver and starts for the house.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

100

The door opens and Mike enters. He sees the room. It has been entirely refurnished. All the old furniture is gone and X
has been completely replaced by expensive designer pieces in elegant and expensive taste. All glass, chrome, imported fabrics and exquisite rugs. She is standing in the kitchen with her back to the wall staring in space. The tears pouring down her face.

MIKE

Wow! Fantastic!...This must have
cost a fortune.

Mike crosses into his room.

X

NORA

(to herself)

Must have cost a fortune.

X

Mike crosses back.

X

MIKE

Do you like it, Mom?

NORA

Where were you? I went to pick you
up after school, you weren't there.

MIKE

I stayed late to practice hitting
with Charley. I took a taxi home.

NORA

A taxi!!

MIKE

It's okay. I had money.

He takes out a wad of bills and shows it to her.

INT. NORA'S HOUSE - ANOTHER ANGLE - LATE AFTERNOON

100-A

NORA

Give me that!

(grabs money
from him)

From now on you accept no more
gifts, you understand? No
watches, no TV, no taxi money,
NOTHING! Do you understand?

MIKE

Sure. Mr. Wittgenstein said you
wouldn't mind.

NORA

He's not Mr. Wittgenstein. Or
Mr. Parker. He's Mr. Dugan.
Max Dugan. He's my father and
your grandfather.

MIKE

My grandfather?

X

NORA

And he was in jail for six years
for embezzling and forging. And
all this money doesn't belong to
him. And it doesn't belong to us.
It's all going back. Everything.
Including Pluto.

MIKE

Plato.

NORA

Whoever he is! He's in trouble,
Mike, and I've got to figure out
something real fast. We'll talk
tonight.

X

MIKE

Sure.

NORA

I'm sorry I yelled, Mike. I didn't
realize how lucky we were before
all of this came. We managed pretty
well, didn't we?

MIKE

I thought so.

NORA

Me too.

776 They hear violin music. He crosses into his room. She
crosses down the hall and knocks on Max's door.

X

Cont.

NORA

Max?

MAX

It's open.

INT. MAX'S ROOM - "NEWLY DECORATED" - LATE AFTERNOON 100-B

She opens the door. He is standing there playing a violin. It is Brahms and it is magnificent. She looks at him nonplused. He smiles, continues playing, a cigar in his mouth. He puts the violin down but the music continues.

MAX

If I had another six months I
could learn to play this damn
thing.

X

(crosses to stereo
set and turns it off)
You don't like the living room,
I can tell.

NORA

You have to leave, Max. Today.
Tonight. The police know you're
here.

MAX

I know. We met. He's smart, that
one. I can always tell by the eyes.

NORA -

He doesn't know who you are but
he's got a picture of you. Taken
outside a bank.

X

MAX

I'm slipping, Nora. Not as sharp
as I used to be.

NORA

You emptied the black satchel into
an account with my name on it,
didn't you?

MAX

It's better off gathering interest
than dust.

NORA

Max, listen to me. I have an idea.
A plan.

MAX

Yes?

NORA

I think you should give yourself up.

MAX

...You interrupted Brahms to tell me that?

NORA

If you give back all the money, maybe they won't press charges. And considering your condition, I'm sure no one is anxious to prosecute...And then you can stay here with Mike and me...as long as you wanted.

MAX

All three of us living on your salary? Heart failure doesn't frighten me but malnutrition does.

NORA

We'll work it out somehow. At least we'd all be together.

MAX

I'm not going to my grave without leaving some security for you and Mike. It's all I've been living for, for crissakes!

NORA

In these last few weeks you've given me everything I ever wanted from you. You couldn't buy that for all the money in the world.

MAX

I'm not giving myself up. You told me in this very room to put up a fight and I'll be damned if I take the count without doing it.

NORA

Jesus, now I know where I got my stubborn streak from.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

100-C X

MAX

Damn! I blew it! I could have been on the white sandy beaches of Brazil right now drinking piña coladas and fornicating my way straight to heaven.

NORA

What if we all went away together?
To Arizona or New Mexico. I
could teach or get a job. Just
until -- for as long as is necessary.

MAX

And the detective?

NORA

He's more interested in getting
his man than his woman.

MAX

You would do that for me?...Why?

NORA

I'd miss your pancakes in the
morning.

MAX

You grew up into an extraordinary
woman, Nora. And I deserve all
the credit. If I didn't abandon
you, God knows what would have
happened to you.

Nora laughs, then it turns to tears. She crosses to him and
they embrace.

X

MAX

Okay. Let me sleep on it. We'll
discuss it in the morning.

NORA

We're leaving in the morning.

MAX

Okay. I'll start packing.
(starts for his
room, stops, turns)
...We're just going to leave all
of this?

NORA

We're going with the clothes on
our backs.

MAX

...There's a moral to all this,
you know.

Cont.

NORA

Yeah. What?

MAX

It doesn't always pay to get
in touch with your children.

OUT 100-D-
101

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

102

Mike is fast asleep. The door opens and Max enters. He is wearing his black coat and hat and carrying his satchel. He puts it down, then crosses to the bed and sits on it. He whispers:

MAX

Mike!

Mike stirs and wakes up. He looks at Max.

MIKE

What time is it?

MAX

(picks up Mike's
watch on night table
and looks at it)
In Singapore, about lunchtime.

MIKE

Are you just coming in?

MAX

No. Going out...I'm leaving,
Mike.

MIKE

Leaving? For where?

MAX

Oh, south. You know me, easy
come, easy go.

MIKE

You mean for good?

MAX

No, no. In the East they have
a philosophy. Once you meet a
man you like, you're destined to
meet him again.

Cont.

MIKE

Is it because of the police? Is that why you're going?

MAX

Your mother told you, heh?

Mike nods.

MAX

Yeah. Sort of...If I hang around, that makes her kind of an accessory. She could go to jail...I lied to you before, Mike. The only thing I ever learned in jail was that it's a terrific place to stay out of... Keep your nose clean...and keep your eye on the ball. So long, kid.

X

Mike reaches out for him and they embrace. Max gets up and starts to go.

MIKE

Grandpa!

Max stops and looks at him. Mike picks up his watch from the night table and hands it towards Max:

MIKE

Thank you, anyway.

X

Max nods, takes the watch and leaves.

We STAY ON Mike as the door closes.

INT. MIKE'S ROOM - DAY

103

Mike, in his baseball uniform, and Nora are sitting watching a videotape on television.

MAX

(ON VIDEOCASSETTE)

...'So I'll probably be heading for those white sandy beaches and piña coladas. I didn't deposit all the money. I may be sentimental but I'm not stupid...Thank you both for the two best weeks of my life. Sorry I won't be there for the game today, Mike, but if you happen to connect with a long one, as you're rounding the bases, I'd be very proud and pleased if you said, "That one was for you, Wittgenstein." Your devoted father and grandfather, Max Dugan.'

She looks over at Mike.

X

MIKE

X

Why did he leave?

NORA

X

He only came back here because he wanted to spend time with you. I didn't tell you everything Mike. I didn't tell you that he was sick. I think he was grateful for whatever time he did have.

X

MIKE

If you knew that, why did you let him leave here?

NORA

I offered to move away. The three of us. He made his own decision...How could I stop him?

MIKE

(bitterly)

I don't know. You're the teacher. You could have thought of something.

Mike walks past her towards the door.

OUT

104-

105

EXT. STREET - DAY

106

Nora gets in her car and pulls out into the street. Brian's car comes down the street. He sees her and calls after her. She doesn't stop. He turns on his siren and chases after her for two blocks, then cuts her off, gets out of his car and slams the door extremely angry.

BRIAN

(yells)

...I am a police officer! That is a police car and that is a siren on the police car! And when you hear a police officer yell 'Stop,' you goddamn well better stop!

NORA

Was I speeding? Did I pass a red light? Did I make a right-hand turn in a left-hand lane? If you stop me, you better goddamn well have a good reason for it.

BRIAN

I have! He's your father, isn't he?

NORA

That's right. Any other questions? I've got a ball game to go to.

BRIAN

Do you know he's wanted in Las Vegas? Not only by the police, but by some very irate people who break legs if you just put subway tokens in their slot machines.

NORA

If this is official questioning, you'd better take me downtown. Otherwise get out of my way.

She starts the engine to go. Brian pulls his gun and aims it at her. (Or the tire.) X

BRIAN

Nora, stop! Nora... X

She stops and looks at him.

BRIAN

So far I'm the only one in the department who knows about this. You are one or two very careful answers away from being an accessory to a crime.

NORA

If it's the money you want, back up a van and take away the house, including the car. I'll pay for the dog. Now get out of my way!!!! X

She gets out of the car, slams the door and starts to walk away. He grabs her by the arm.

BRIAN

Where is he?

NORA

I believe he went for a piña colada.
(starts to thumb for
a ride; to passing car)
Going towards Third Street?

The car slows down nearing the curb. Brian shouts: X

Cont.

BRIAN

Move along!

X

The car drives away.

X

BRIAN

(turns around)

They're going to ask questions,
Nora. Like did you know where
the money came from.

NORA

Of course I knew where it came
from. He told me.

BRIAN

You're not under oath. You don't
have to stick by that answer.

NORA

Why shouldn't I? He's my father.
He came to me in trouble. What did
you expect me to do?

BRIAN

I'm a goddamn detective. What
do you expect me to do?

NORA

The Chief of Police isn't your
father. Our problems have nothing
in common.

EXT. STREET - DAY

106-A

Nora is hitchhiking.

NORA

Going downtown?

Another car slows down.

X

BRIAN

X

Move along...Don't you understand?
It's your neck I'm worried about.
Not your father's. Give me a
break, will you? Where is he?

Cont.

NORA

I don't know.

BRIAN

Of course you do. I always know when you're lying...You want to end up in jail, Nora? I'll wait for you because I'm nuts about you, but I'm not going out to visit you every weekend. I see my kid on weekends.

NORA

Give me until after the game. Two hours, Brian. Please!

BRIAN

I've never taken an apple from a fruit stand. I know rookie patrolmen who have sixty-two-foot boats and a ski lodge in Aspen. I'm not even worried about being found out. I just have a conscience to deal with.

NORA

I'm going to Michael's baseball game. If you want to stop me, you're going to have to shoot me.

BRIAN

Nora!

She stops.

BRIAN

Take the Mercedes. You'll never find a cab...Tell me something. Do you think I'm corrupt?

NORA

Aren't we all, just a little bit?

EXT. BALLPARK - DAY

107

The game is in progress.

Mike's team is up. A boy is at bat, Mike is in the dugout. The COACH is on the dugout steps calling out encouragement:

COACH

C'mon, Billy. Get a piece of it. Take your cut, Billy Boy, take your cut.

120

CUT TO SCOREBOARD 108

It is the bottom of the ninth. Santa Monica is trailing Van Nuys by two runs, 2 to 0. It is one out.

CUT TO THE STANDS 109

Nora is sitting next to some of the PARENTS of Mike's teammates.

WOMAN
C'mon, Billy. He's getting tired,
Billy! Whack it out!

CUT TO GAME 110

Billy swings, misses.

CUT TO STANDS 111

NORA
(closes her eyes,
praying)
Don't leave it up to Mike. Please,
God, don't leave it up to Mike.

CUT TO GAME 112

The boy swings again and misses. The Umpire calls "Strike three." The scoreboard shows it is two out. Another boy steps into the batter's box.

CUT TO STANDS 113

We SEE Brian entering. He looks around for Nora, spots her and climbs through the seats to get to her.

CUT TO GAME 114

The boy at bat takes a cut at the first pitch and lines a single to right field. The crowd roars and the pitcher pounds his glove disgustedly.

CUT TO DUGOUT 115

COACH
Atta boy, JoJo! Attaway to hit!
...Awright, Manuel. Get the
wood on it, Manny baby!

Manuel steps up to the plate and Mike steps into the on-deck circle.

CUT TO STANDS 116

Brian sits down next to Nora. She looks at him.

BRIAN

Why didn't you tell me how
sick he was?

NORA

(looks at him)

Would it have made any
difference to you?

BRIAN

Yes!!...I don't know.

NORA

How did you find out?

BRIAN

I do my job...I'm sorry, Nora.

NORA

Save your sympathy for Mike.
We're losing two-nothing in the
ninth.

BRIAN

You're losing two-nothing. My
boy is playing for Van Nuys.

She turns and looks at Brian. He cups his hands and yells:

BRIAN

...Let's go, Kevin baby!

NORA

Your boy?...Which one?

BRIAN

The one pitching.

CUT TO GAME

117

KEVIN, the pitcher, lets one go. The batter swings and misses.

BACK TO STANDS

118

BRIAN

(yells)

Easy out, Kevin. Easy out!

NORA

That's your boy? He should be in
the major leagues. I thought he
was a midget.

BRIAN

Practices all the time. That's
why he's failing in English.

122

BACK TO GAME

119

Kevin pitches, Manuel swings, misses, strike two. Mike, in the on-deck circle, looks down dejectedly.

CUT TO STANDS

120

NORA

Your own kid is pitching and you don't get here till the ninth inning?

BRIAN

I was working. You think I get all this information from a news service?

(yells out)

Pitch to him, Kevin. Show him the fastball, baby. Burn it in.

CUT TO GAME

121

Kevin pitches, Manuel swings, hits a ground ball to the shortstop. It should be the last out but the shortstop bobbles the ball and all runners are safe.

CUT TO STANDS

122

BRIAN

(stands and yells)

The third out! Easy ground ball, he bobbles it. Don't let it worry you, Kevin. Stay in there, baby.

(sits down; to Nora)

Who's Wittgenstein?

NORA

Wittgenstein?...A German philosopher. Turn of the century. Why?

BRIAN

A friend of mine makes phony passports. He just made one for someone who fits your father's description. You know what I think?

NORA

What?

BRIAN

I think a German philosopher is getting on a plane tonight with a lot of Las Vegas money.

(calls out)

No-hitter up there, Kevin.

No-hitter.

123

CUT TO GAME

123

Mike steps up to the plate looking very determined. The coach calls him back:

ROY

Mike!

Mike comes back to Roy.

ROY

We're in a jam, Mike. You haven't hit your weight all year. We have a chance to win the game now but I'm goin' to leave that up to you. You want me to pinch-hit for you or do you want to swing?

Mike looks over to the stands.

CUT TO STANDS

124

Charley Lau is sitting there. He gives Mike "the swing" sign.

CUT BACK TO GAME

125

MIKE

I want to swing.

ROY

Okay. Make a coach out of me.

He pats Mike on the rear and Mike crosses to the batter's box.

CUT TO STANDS - ANGLE ON BRIAN AND NORA

126

BRIAN .

What book? Last line...'He hoped she would forgive him but he had a job to do. That's the way he was and always would be.'

NORA

(looks at him)

What?

BRIAN

'The Autobiography of Brian Costello'...Unpublished... What plane is he taking, Nora?

NORA

You'll never catch him now.

Cont.

BRIAN

I don't care about catching him.
Only you telling me. Then you're
off the hook.

NORA

My kid is coming to bat.

BRIAN

A piña colada you said...Tropical
climate...A beach...White sandy
beach, right?

CUT BACK TO GAME

127

Mike swings a few bats.

CUT TO STANDS

128

NORA

(yells)

Get a hold of one, Mike, baby.

BRIAN

The Riviera? No!...Hawaii, maybe
...Tahiti...South America.

She looks at him.

BRIAN

You looked at me. It's
South America. Copacabana Beach
...Brazil...It's Brazil, isn't it?

NORA

(yells out)

Come on, Mike. Make him pitch
to you.

BRIAN

(gets up)

I'm calling the airlines, Nora.

NORA

(grabs his arm)

You're going to leave this game
without seeing your own kid pitch?
Mike's going to knock it out of
the park.

BRIAN

Against Kevin? Never!

X

Cont.

BRIAN (Cont.)
(looks at her, then
yells to field)
Pitch to him, baby. No-hitter
up there, Kevin.

NORA
Come on, Mike! Knock the hell
out of the goddamn ball. You
can do it, baby.

CUT TO GAME

129

The two runners lead off the bases. Kevin pitches, Mike swings
for the seats and misses.

CUT TO STANDS

130

Brian smiles happily.

BRIAN
Nothing to it, Kev. Nobody
up there.

NORA
(on her feet,
screaming)
One swing, Mike baby. That's
all it takes. Hit the shit out
of it.

The crowd looks at her. The Woman next to her is annoyed.

WOMAN
Hey, Nora. Watch your language.
You're supposed to be an English
teacher.

NORA
(to Woman, loudly)
They stole my car, they stole my
bike, they stole my goddamn exam
papers. You gotta fight back
sometime!
(screams)
Hit it, Mike! Don't be afraid of
him. Hit it for Gus Wittgenstein!

CUT TO GAME

131

Kevin pitches, Mike swings hard again but misses. Strike two.

126

CUT TO CHARLEY LAU

132

Charley gestures to Mike to swing easy. Follow through, meet the ball and swing easy.

CUT TO GAME

133

Mike taps the plate with his bat, digs in and waits for the pitch.

CUT TO STANDS

134

Brian, on his feet yelling:

BRIAN

(yells out)

No-hitter up there, Kevin. Pitch to him, baby. No-hitter up there.

NORA

(screams)

For Schopenhauer, Mike! And Spinoza! And Sophocles and Aristotle!

WOMAN

(to her husband)

She doesn't even know the names on her own team.

CUT TO GAME

135

Kevin pitches, Mike swings. He gets a hold of one. It sails high and far and forever. It goes out of the park.

CUT TO STANDS

136

Nora is jumping up and down and screaming, flailing away with her arms and hitting Brian joyfully all over. He tries to protect himself.

CUT TO CHARLEY LAU

137

He is cool, never demonstrative. He nods his approval, then gets up and leaves.

CUT TO GAME

138

Mike is rounding the bases, his arms up in a victory gesture. Kevin watches him disdainfully. Mike's team is on their feet, hugging and jumping all over Roy. As Mike rounds third base, he yells out:

MIKE

That was for you, Wittgenstein!

THIRD BASEMAN

Up yours, McPhee!

CUT TO STANDS

139

Nora is so beside herself, she finds herself with her arms around Brian. He takes advantage of the moment by kissing her full on the lips.

BRIAN

I hate that kid of yours --
but I'll get over it.

NORA

(laughing)

I'm sorry. I'm really sorry,
Brian. I know how you feel.
But I am soooo happy for my kid!
ATTA BOY, MIKE BABY!!!

BRIAN

Come on. Let's introduce them
before the hatred becomes
permanent.

They climb down out of the stands.

CUT TO FIELD

140

Mike's teammates are mobbing him. Roy is beside himself.

CUT TO OUTFIELD

141

Over the right field fence (NOTE: We should have established this area before.) two BOYS, about eight or nine years old are fighting over the ball that Mike has hit over the fence. They struggle for it yelling, "It's mine -- I got it first"... Finally one Boy wrestles control of it and grabs the ball and starts to run away and runs smack into a tall figure of a man, much like Pip running into the convict in the graveyard scene in "Great Expectations." The man is wearing dark glasses, hat with brim turned down and carrying a black satchel. He is, of course, Max.

MAX

(looks down)

Hey, son, can I see that ball
for a minute?

BOY

It's mine. I found it. I don't
have to give it back.

MAX

I just want to take a look at it.
I'll give it right back.

He puts out his hand. There is something so forceful about his manner that the Boy can do nothing else but hand the ball over. Max plays with it in his hand, turning it over. He smiles.

Cont.

MAX

...That was some hit, wasn't it?

BOY

Awright, you saw it. Give it back.

MAX

Tell you what? Will you take five dollars for it?

BOY

Five dollars? Sure.

MAX

And five for your friend?

FRIEND

Sure!

MAX

Sold!

(hands each of
them a bill)

Thanks, boys. This ball means
a lot to me.

He nods to them and walks off, tossing the ball in the air as
he walks, the black satchel in the other.

BOY

Hey! This is a hundred-dollar
bill!

FRIEND

(looks at his)

So is mine!

They look at each other in amazement, then turn and run like
hell before the crazy man realizes his mistake. Max continues
walking off merrily into his future.

CUT TO THE FILED

142

The crowd is dispersing.

Brian and Nora have made their way down to the field. Nora
rushes to Mike and gives him an enormous embrace.

NORA

Ohh, God, I can't catch my breath.
You were wonderful!

Cont.

MIKE

I wish he was here. I just wish
he was here to see it.

NORA

I know, babe. I know.

BRIAN

(puts his arm
around Kevin)

You threw a helluva game. Nobody
could have hit that pitch except
maybe Hank Aaron.

KEVIN

Yeah. He swung like Hank Aaron.

BRIAN

You two guys oughta meet. You
may be seeing a lot of each other
in the future. Kevin Costello,
Brian McPhee.

MIKE

(sticks out hand)

Hi!

KEVIN

Hi!

MIKE

You're one terrific pitcher.

KEVIN

How'd you know I was gonna throw
a slider?

MIKE

Was that a slider? I didn't see
it. I had my eyes closed.

Kevin smiles at him.

NORA

Hello, Kevin. I'm Nora McPhee.

KEVIN

Yeah. Pop told me where you teach.
Mom and I are moving. I'll be in
your school next year.

NORA

You will? What grade?

Cont.

KEVIN

Tenth.

NORA

I teach tenth. You may be in my English class.

BRIAN

(pulls Nora aside)

You may be teaching it in a state institution.

NORA

Brazil. He's going to Brazil.

BRIAN

(looks at her)

Damn!

NORA

What's wrong?

BRIAN

I can't tell if you're lying anymore.

NORA

(smiles)

You shouldn't have kissed me like that.

(to Kevin and Mike)

Is anybody hungry for a giant pizza?

MIKE AND KEVIN

Yeah! You bet!

BRIAN

I've got to make a phone call.

NORA

(grabs his arm)

No, you don't!

BRIAN

I don't?

NORA

You've got to have lunch first. It's the weekend. Nobody should work twenty-four hours a day... Besides, nobody important's going to get away while you're having a pizza.

BRIAN

(nods head
knowingly)

No!...Nobody really important.

The look in her eyes reveals her gratitude.

NORA

We'll meet you at the Pizza Hut
on Eighth Street...Come on,
Mike. Last ride in the Mercedes.

Brian and Kevin get into Brian's car. They start to drive off.

Nora and Mike head for their car. They move around the
Volkswagen bus where she parked it...and discover it is not
there.

MIKE

Where is it?

NORA

It was here! I locked it! I
swear! I double locked it!
Nobody could get into that car.

We hear a car horn honk. They turn and look.

We SEE the Mercedes drive by. An arm sticks out holding a
black satchel and waves, then drives off.

CUT BACK TO MIKE AND NORA

143

MIKE

Was that -- ?

NORA

My God! He's going to drive
to Brazil!!

They watch him go off, then step to the curb and Nora looks
into the traffic and starts to thumb for a ride.

FADE OUT

THE END

*These scenes = cut
copy*

NS" - 4/29/82

50

AY

47 X

ersation will be played simultaneously

*MAKE BARRY'S ARE IN
SCRIPT*

RIAN

. Wanted to know
pre pesky phone

ORA

ls. You okay?

RIAN

ean. I dreamt about you last
night. I owe you an apology.
I'm usually not that aggressive
on a first dream.

Mike and Max are back in the kitchen fixing pancakes.

NORA

Listen, I'm late for school.
I'll talk to you sometime, okay?

BRIAN

What do you mean, sometime? We're
having dinner tomorrow night,
aren't we?

Nora walks into the bedroom.

NORA

Tomorrow night?

BRIAN

Don't disappoint me. I don't want
to repossess your transportation.

NORA

No, no. It's okay. Tomorrow night
is fine.

BRIAN

I'll pick you up about seven-thirty.

NORA

Pick me up? You mean here?

BRIAN

Well, I could pick you up here but
you don't live here. Seven-thirty.
Drive the bike carefully. I'm not
on homicide detail today. 'Bye.

He hangs up. She sits there looking worried. Looks at clock.
She quickly starts to get dressed.

NORA

I think I bought a little trouble.

Brian walks back to his pickup.

X

BRIAN

See you Saturday night.

X

NORA

Hey, Lieutenant! What's your first name?

BRIAN

I knew I'd pique your interest.
It's Brian.

He gets into his pickup and drives off. Nora turns and goes into the house.

X

INT. BACK PORCH - LAUNDRY AREA - NIGHT

29-A X

As Nora walks into the laundry area, Mike comes out of the kitchen and looks at her.

X

MIKE

What happened? Can you ride it?

NORA

Can I ride it? I just made an arrest on Wilshire Boulevard!

She starts for her bedroom as Mike looks after her in bewilderment.

X

OUT

30

EXT. POLICE STATION - MOTOR POOL AREA - NIGHT

31

Brian is on the phone:

BRIAN

Did I wake you?

NORA

(voice over)

No.

BRIAN

I thought I made a good impression tonight.

Cont.

NORA

(voice over)

Is that observation or
overconfidence?

BRIAN

Just probing. Hoping I'd get
a positive response.

Cont.

NORA

My father.

She quickly brushes her hair.

MIKE

Your father? You spoke to
your father?

NORA

Well, I'm angry with him but
I speak to him, don't I?

(sprays herself
with atomizer,
then smells it)

That's Joy. He put Joy perfume
in here. Two hundred dollars
an ounce.

X

MIKE

How can you speak to your
father? He's dead.

NORA

Who's dead?

MIKE

Your father. He died in prison
in Nevada.

NORA

Who told you that?

MIKE

Mr. Wittgenstein.

The doorbell rings.

NORA

Who's Mr. Wittgenstein?

MIKE

Mr. Parker.

NORA

Mr. Parker is Mr. Wittgenstein?

MIKE

Should I get the door?

NORA

NO!! Don't get the door! Don't
let Brian in. He'll see my
father.

BRIAN

I don't care about catching him.
Only you telling me. Then you're
off the hook.

NORA

My kid is coming to bat.

BRIAN

A piña colada you said...Tropical
climate...A beach...White sandy
beach, right?

CUT BACK TO GAME

127

Mike swings a few bats.

CUT TO STANDS

128

NORA

(yells)

Get a hold of one, Mike, baby.

BRIAN

The Riviera? No!...Hawaii, maybe
...Tahiti...South America.

She looks at him.

BRIAN

You looked at me. It's
South America. Copacabana Beach
...Brazil...It's Brazil, isn't it?

NORA

(yells out)

Come on, Mike. Make him pitch
to you.

BRIAN

(gets up)

I'm calling the airlines, Nora.

NORA

(grabs his arm)

You're going to leave this game
without seeing your own kid pitch?
Mike's going to knock it out of
the park.

BRIAN

Against Kevin? Never!

X

Cont.

BRIAN (Cont.)
(looks at her, then
yells to field)
Pitch to him, baby. No-hitter
up there, Kevin.

NORA
Come on, Mike! Knock the hell
out of the goddamn ball. You
can do it, baby.

CUT TO GAME

129

The two runners lead off the bases. Kevin pitches, Mike swings
for the seats and misses.

CUT TO STANDS

130

Brian smiles happily.

BRIAN
Nothing to it, Kev. Nobody
up there.

NORA
(on her feet,
screaming)
One swing, Mike baby. That's
all it takes. Hit the shit out
of it.

The crowd looks at her. The Woman next to her is annoyed.

WOMAN
Hey, Nora. Watch your language.
You're supposed to be an English
teacher.

NORA
(to Woman, loudly)
They stole my car, they stole my
bike, they stole my goddamn exam
papers. You gotta fight back
sometime!
(screams)
Hit it, Mike! Don't be afraid of
him. Hit it for Gus Wittgenstein!

CUT TO GAME

131

Kevin pitches, Mike swings hard again but misses. Strike two.