

OLIVE KITTERIDGE
PART 1
"PHARMACY"

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Based on the Novel
"Olive Kitteridge"
By Elizabeth Strout

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OLIVE KITTERIDGE PART I -- PHARMACY

FADE IN:

101 EXT. OLIVE & HENRY'S WOODS -- DAY, EARLY SPRING, 2005 101

CLOSE ON a pair of feet clad in practical walking shoes walking along a path covered with last winter's fallen leaves. We hear BIRD SONG, the CRUNCH of the leaves, a woman's slightly labored BREATH.

We see OLIVE KITTERIDGE, age 69, walking through the woods carrying a blanket and a big, worn purse. She's a sturdy, Maine-bred woman, now broad in the beam from years of eating whatever she damn well pleased.

She finds a spot and lays the blanket down on the ground. She reaches into her purse and gets out her radio and turns it on low to a classical station: Telemann's Trumpet Concerto in D -- a jaunty Baroque piece. She reaches into her purse again and pulls out an envelope addressed: **TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN**. She puts it down on a corner of the blanket along with her house keys.

Then Olive eases herself down on the blanket and kneels. She pulls a revolver out of her purse and loads a bullet into the chamber and sets the chamber.

She stares out at the woods and takes a moment to listen to the birds. We see the late afternoon light filtering down through the new spring leaves of the trees...

We hear the cock of the trigger. CLICK.

CUT TO:

SUPER OVER BLACK: **25 YEARS EARLIER...**

102 EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- DAWN, FEBRUARY 1980 102

It's the dead of winter. The trees are bare. The ground is covered in a frozen bank of snow. We see an isolated grey-shingled house over-looking a bay. A light is glowing in the kitchen.

103 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS, DAWN 103

The same jaunty Telemann is playing on a radio in the kitchen.

CLOSE ON a Valentine's Day Card being placed next to a box of chocolates, *For My Darling Wife...*

We see HENRY KITTERIDGE, 50, adjust the card just so. He's a gently patrician, kind-faced man, neatly groomed and fit for his age.

Olive Kitteridge, now 44, comes in looking storm-tossed and cross from a night of wretched dreams.

HENRY
Happy Valentine's Day, Ollie.

OLIVE
Yuh, you too Henry.

Olive goes to start the coffee. Henry waits for her to notice his offering but her morning moods are slow to lift.

The radio is too loud for Olive. She snaps it off.

Henry and Olive are left in the silence of the kitchen.

104 EXT. CROSBY, MAINE -- MORNING 104

We're now in Crosby, a small, working-class harbor town. We see the Main Street with its homely shops...the wharf with a collection of rusty fishing boats listing in the icy water.

105 EXT. PHARMACY -- MORNING 105

We see Henry inside, turning on the lights in his pharmacy which is in a modest old brick building next to the hardware store.

106 INT. PHARMACY -- MORNING 106

Henry is now behind his counter, among his drawers of pills, readying himself for the day. He turns a RADIO on to his classical station which is playing more morning Baroque, and lowers it to a soothing volume.

Music plays over:

107 SERIES OF CUTS: 107

-- Henry unlocking the safe and filling the cash register.

-- Henry washing his hands.

-- Henry buttoning his crisp, white pharmacist's coat.

CUT TO: Henry now walking down the aisles, straightening the items.

RAP-RAP-RAP. Someone is impatiently knocking on the glass at the front door. Henry unlocks the front door and opens it for his cashier, LOIS GRANGER, 70's.

HENRY

Good morning, Lois.

MRS. GRANGER

It's cold. I'd like to get in.

Mrs. Granger, cranky and wheezing, pushes past Henry.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE ON pills being dropped one-by-one into a metal dish. CLICK...CLICK...CLICK...CLICK. Henry is behind his counter, counting off pills for a prescription.

We can hear Mrs. Granger up front scolding a customer.

MRS. GRANGER (CONT'D)

He'll be with you in a minute,
Dear. No need to stand right in
front of me.

Henry, pained by Lois' rudeness, comes around the counter.

RACHEL COULSON is there, 40's, an intense, intelligent woman with the frayed look of a shut-in.

HENRY

Rachel, what can I do for you?

RACHEL

I need this filled.

Rachel hands Henry a prescription slip.

HENRY

Lois, why don't you go get yourself
a cup of coffee? I can take the
register.

LOIS

Suit yourself.

Mrs. Granger, heavy with wheezes gathers her purse and her coat and takes her leave. Henry studies the prescription.

HENRY

Rachel, this isn't your regular doctor.

RACHEL

That's right.

HENRY

I'll need to let him know that we already have a prescription for Valium on file.

RACHEL

Why would you have to do that?

HENRY

You know I can't double up your dose.

RACHEL

I don't want to have to keep coming in to pick up more pills. That's the whole point.

HENRY

Maybe a couple of extra trips to town is just the thing you need. It's good to get out when you're feeling blue.

RACHEL

Christ, Henry, blue is what I feel on the good days.

HENRY

Let me ask you something. How much wattage do you use in your light bulbs?

RACHEL

(impatiently)

I don't know.

HENRY

Sixty watt?

RACHEL

Probably.

HENRY

That's not enough in the winter. If you have a gloomy house, you'll never get out of your funk.

RACHEL

You want to pay my electric bill?

HENRY

Here's what I'd like you to do. Go next door to Harmon's and get yourself a couple of hundred watt bulbs. Use them 'til the days get longer and then you can switch back to the lower watts.

RACHEL

You're not going to fill my prescription, are you.

HENRY

I'm sorry, Rachel, I can't.

RACHEL

You know, I'll just go to a pharmacy in another town.

HENRY

Well, maybe the drive will do you good.

The door opens. It's PENNY from the coffee shop, looking distressed.

PENNY

Henry, we need you out here -- Lois took a spill.

HENRY

Oh dear God. Excuse me, Rachel...

108

EXT. COFFEE SHOP -- MORNING

108

Henry is crouched over Lois who's sprawled out on the sidewalk. A couple of ELDERLY LOCALS have stopped to have a look. Lois' takeout coffee is spilled all over her coat and her skirt is hiked up exposing her white thighs and her sup-hose. Penny is hovering over them.

PENNY

She came in to get her coffee and she seemed just fine. Then when she walked out, she just kind of crumbled.

Henry is searching for a pulse.

HENRY

Lois can you hear me?

PENNY

Do you want me to slap her, Henry?

HENRY

No. She's stopped breathing. Go call an ambulance.

Penny goes back into the shop.

Henry bends over Lois and administers mouth-to-mouth. Then he starts clumsily pumping her chest.

Rachel Coulson has come out of the pharmacy and is watching the proceedings.

RACHEL

She's dead, Henry.

Henry ignores her and diligently counts out the pumps.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

She's left the building. Done.

Henry bends over Lois and listens for a heartbeat. Nothing.
He tries to pump again. We can hear a rib crack.

HENRY

Oh dear God...

Henry stares at Lois' lifeless body, devastated.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Dear sweet God.

RACHEL

(Lois' skirt)

You should fix that.

Rachel walks off. Henry pulls Lois' skirt back over her
exposed legs, restoring her dignity.

109 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

109

Henry, Olive and their 13-year-old son CHRISTOPHER are having dinner.

HENRY

Christopher, I have some very sad news to tell you.

CHRISTOPHER

What?

HENRY

Mrs. Granger died today. She walked over to the donut shop to get a cup of coffee and on the way back she had a stroke. She was alive this morning and now she's gone. She's gone, Son.

CHRISTOPHER

Who's Mrs. Granger?

HENRY

Chris, for God's sake, you should know who she is. She's been working for me since before you were born.

OLIVE

Oh stop Henry, you couldn't stand
the old bat.

Christopher laughs.

HENRY

That's enough, let's be respectful.

OLIVE

Don't pretend to be sad. She was
due to kick and now you're free.

HENRY

Well, she wasn't a pleasant woman
but all the same, she was once
someone's child.

OLIVE

And kittens grow into cats.

HENRY

Poor Lois. Let's hope she's at
peace.

OLIVE

Well, now you can hire someone
young and cute who thinks you're a
God. Won't that be nice.

HENRY

It will, actually.

They eat for a beat.

HENRY (CONT'D)

How's school, Son?

CHRISTOPHER

Fine.

OLIVE

He's getting a C in English.

CHRISTOPHER

O'Casey doesn't grade fairly. I
always do my work, I'm never late,
and he gives me a C?

HENRY

No, that doesn't sound quite right.

CHRISTOPHER

It isn't, Dad.

OLIVE

Your son doesn't understand
subtext.

HENRY

Well, I don't really understand
subtext either.

OLIVE

God, Henry.

HENRY

I think, as long as Christopher
puts in his best effort...

OLIVE

I read your son's paper. It was
lazy, slapdash crap.

HENRY

That's a little harsh, Ollie.

Olive suddenly explodes.

OLIVE

You don't know! You aren't there!
Jim O'Casey knows more about your
son's abilities than you do! He
knows when they're being
squandered! If you want your son to
grow up to be a dope, go ahead!

Olive starts clearing the table. Henry tries to stay calm.

HENRY

Christopher and I aren't done with
our meal, Olive.

Olive slams their plates back down then goes to the sink and
starts furiously scrubbing a pot -- KUSHA-KUSHA-KUSHA-KUSHA.

Christopher looks wrecked.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Would you like me to help you with
your homework, Son?

CHRISTOPHER

No.

KUSHA-KUSHA-KUSHA-KUSHA-KUSHA-KUSHA-KUSHA...

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Can I be excused?

HENRY

Go ahead, Son.

Christopher busses his plate to the sink and leaves. Henry's appetite is gone. He gets up and takes his plate to the sink.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Ollie...

OLIVE

I don't need to talk about it,
Henry. I'm done.

HENRY

All right.

Olive looks spent. She opens the Valentine chocolates and devours one with her head bent over the box.

Henry scrapes his plate into the garbage pail. He sees his Valentine's Day card.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You threw away my card.

OLIVE

I've already read it.

HENRY

You don't want to save it?

OLIVE

Don't be hurt. You know I don't
like clutter.

Olive retrieves the card and wipes it off with a dish towel and puts it up on the window sill over the sink.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

There. It's up now for all to see.

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

We hear the rounded, comforting tones of a local classical radio announcer.

CLASSICAL RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
It's forty-eight degrees this fine
Monday morning, skies are clear and
we can expect sunshine throughout
the day. Lovely.

Winter is in retreat. The town of Crosby is starting to thaw.

CLASSICAL RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Let's listen now to Mozart's
Concerto for Oboe and Orchestra in
C Major.

MUSIC plays over:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

-- icicles dripping
-- seagulls returning to the wharf
-- a SHOPKEEPER sweeping old salt pellets off the sidewalk

111 INT. PHARMACY -- MORNING 111

The MUSIC continues on the tinny speaker of Henry's radio. Henry is unlocking the front door and changing the sign to OPEN. His face brightens as he sees a truck pulling up.

112 EXT. PHARMACY -- CONTINUOUS, MORNING 112

Henry comes out to meet the truck which is filled with cords of wood. On the side: **HENRY THIBODEAU FIREWOOD.**

The passenger door opens and DENISE THIBODEAU, 25, scoots out. She's a small, childlike, deeply earnest young woman who wears pale colors and has glasses that are a bit too big for her face. She greets Henry with an unbridled eagerness which makes him grin like a fool.

DENISE
Good morning Mr. Kitteridge!

HENRY

Good morning Denise. All set for your first day?

DENISE

Sure am! This is my husband, Henry.

HENRY THIBODEAU

Hey! Nice to meet you!

HENRY THIBODEAU, 25, grins at Henry from behind the wheel of his truck. He's a big, strapping fellow, cheerful and uncomplicated.

HENRY

Henry, what a fine name. I'm a Henry too!

DENISE

Oh gosh, I have two Henrys in my life now!

HENRY

How do you like that! That's some nice looking wood.

HENRY THIBODEAU

Everything's seasoned. Starts easy, burns long.

HENRY

I'll have to order a cord.

HENRY THIBODEAU

Talk to Denise, she handles the books.

HENRY

That Denise, what doesn't she do?

HENRY THIBODEAU

Darned if I know.

DENISE

Stop you two!

HENRY THIBODEAU

Well, take care of my girl, Henry. Let me know if she gives you any trouble.

HENRY

Will do, Henry.

DENISE

Bye Honey!

Denise giddily waves to Henry T. as he takes off in his truck. Henry, grinning ear-to-ear, opens the door for Denise.

HENRY

After you!

DENISE

Thank you, Mr. Kitteridge!

HENRY

Oh, call me Henry for gosh sakes.

Denise and Henry go inside.

113 INT. PHARMACY, BACK ROOM -- DAY

113

Henry and Denise are having their lunch in the storage room with JERRY MCCARTHY, the delivery boy. He's 25, an awkward, red-headed fellow who sweats even in the cold.

DENISE

I had an idea if you wouldn't mind me saying...

HENRY

No, go right ahead.

DENISE

You could put up a greeting card display. So while people are waiting for their prescriptions they'd say to themselves, oh, look at that, I need to get a birthday card for my grand-daughter or a get-well card for my aunt Betty, you know?

HENRY

I think that's inspired, Denise.

DENISE

You do? Oh, I'm so glad.

HENRY

Jerry could help us put up some racks.

JERRY

Yuh, sure, I could do that.

Jerry's egg salad spills on his shirt.

DENISE

Oopsy.

Denise cleans Jerry off with her napkin, like he's her child.

DENISE (CONT'D)

There you go.

(back to Henry)

And, you know, people love to give cards to each other. Sometimes I'll put a note in one of Henry's shoes.

HENRY

(delighted)

Do you.

DENISE

He'll put his foot in and get all grouchy and say, "what the heck is this?!" And then he'll see the note and laugh. This one time I tried to put on my gloves but he had filled all the fingers with jelly beans and -- oh gosh, I had no idea what was going on, I kept jamming my fingers in...!

Henry is laughing with Denise, maybe a little too hard.

114

INT. OLIVE'S CLASSROOM -- DAY

114

Olive is grading math papers while she oversees lunchtime detention. Her two charges are DOYLE LARKIN, 13, who's drawing naked women in his notebook and

KEVIN COULSON, 13, who's biting at his cuticles and looks a bit unwashed.

OLIVE

I just want to say one thing.

The boys look up at her in dread.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Don't be scared of your hunger. If
you're scared of your hunger you'll
be one more ninny just like
everyone else.

The kids stare at her, not sure what to make of this. Olive goes back to grading her papers.

The door opens and Doyle's mother, LOUISE LARKIN strolls in. She's elegant and aggressively soft-spoken, one of the rich people in town.

LOUISE

Doyle, are you ready?

OLIVE

Sorry, Louise, he has twenty more minutes.

LOUISE

He has an orthodontist appointment.

OLIVE

Detention is over in twenty minutes.

LOUISE

Really, Olive, don't be ridiculous.

OLIVE

You can have a seat while you wait.

LOUISE

I think not. I'll be back.

As Louise leaves, she has to step around another teacher, JIM O'CASEY, who's just arrived and is standing in the doorway. He's in his late 40's, an interesting, brooding man, who looks like he belongs in an Irish bar.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Excuse me, please.

Olive and Jim exchange an amused look as they listen to the TAP, TAP, TAP of Mrs. Larkin's retreat down the hallway.

JIM

Mrs. Kitteridge, can I speak to you
for a moment?

Olive gets up from her desk, addressing the boys as she heads
for the door and exits the classroom.

OLIVE
(to the boys)
I'll be right outside. I'll know if
you're talking.

115 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY -- DAY

115

Olive and Jim are in the empty hallway, leaning against the wall together. Jim has a green apple and is slowly peeling the skin with his pocket knife.

OLIVE
Tell me something.

JIM
"Two roads diverged in a yellow
wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I
(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

could
To where it bent...in the under-
growth."

Jim lets the spiral of the apple peel drop to the floor.

OLIVE

You going to pick that up?

JIM

Nope.

OLIVE

Aren't you the brat.

A door opens down the hall and MRS. HOWE, the school secretary comes out.

MRS. HOWE

Olive, is Kevin Coulson in
detention with you?

OLIVE

Yuh. What's up.

MRS. HOWE

His mother called. She said she
won't be able to pick him up.

JIM

I can give him a ride home.

Mrs. Howe looks at Olive and Jim and raises her eyebrows,
sensing that something is going on.

OLIVE

We'll take care of it, Janet.

MRS. HOWE

All righty, I'll let her know.

Olive, without another glance at Jim, returns to her
classroom.

116

EXT. COULSON HOUSE -- LATE AFTERNOON

116

Jim's old Rambler, which is ravaged by the Maine climate and
dented from a few minor accidents, is pulling up to the
Coulson house. The yard is junky and overgrown. There's a
ramshackle boat in the yard.

117 INT. JIM'S RAMBLER -- CONTINUOUS, LATE AFTERNOON 117

Kevin is in the back seat with Christopher. He opens the door, embarrassed by the whole situation, and starts to get out.

KEVIN
(mumbling)
Thanks for the ride.

OLIVE
Stay. I'm going to check on your mother.

CHRISTOPHER
Ma, let's just go. I want to get home.

OLIVE
I'll be just a minute.

CHRISTOPHER
No you won't! Oh dear God Almighty
why don't I just walk!

OLIVE
Be my guest, do you good.

118 INT. COULSON HOUSE, KITCHEN/DEN -- LATE AFTERNOON 118

Olive is coming in through the back door.

The kitchen is dark. Dishes are piled in the sink. We hear the low murmur of a TV in another room.

Olive, overwhelmed by the gloom, switches on a light.

OLIVE
(calling)
Rachel? It's Olive Kitteridge.

We FOLLOW Olive to a small, dark den where Rachel is lying on a couch bundled up in a quilt and staring at the TV.

RACHEL
Hello Olive. Thanks for bringing
Kevin home.

Olive turns the TV off.

OLIVE
You're scaring your boy.

RACHEL

I know. But Christ, I can't climb out of this.

OLIVE

Get off the pills for one. They're doping you up.

RACHEL

I'm not taking them.

OLIVE

Are you collecting them again?

RACHEL

I just want to go to sleep.

OLIVE

You soil your pants when you die you know. You want your son to see you like that?

RACHEL

I wasn't going to let Kevin find me here. I was going to go out on my boat.

OLIVE

That thing in the yard? The hull looks cracked.

RACHEL

Then let it sink. The cod can nibble my ears while I drift away.

OLIVE

It'll screw him up for life.

RACHEL

I'm a rock around his neck. He can't stand me, Olive.

OLIVE

My boy can't stand me either. Doesn't mean we should oblige them by killing ourselves. Come, get up.

Rachel rouses herself to a sitting position.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

You need to start dinner. You set for something?

RACHEL

I have some chops.

OLIVE

And what's your vegetable?

RACHEL

I can cook up some peas.

OLIVE

Good. And boys like dessert. You have some ice cream?

RACHEL

I can make some chocolate pudding.

OLIVE

That'll do. And make some coffee, it'll perk you up.

RACHEL

All right.

OLIVE

Well, got to go. Have my own dinner to make.

RACHEL

Thanks for coming by, Olive.

OLIVE

By the way, your son got a ninety-eight on his math test. You can praise him for that.

119 EXT. COULSON HOUSE -- LATE AFTERNOON

119

Olive is now coming out of the house. She signals to Kevin that it's all clear. Kevin gets out of the car and walks past Olive with his head bent down and goes into the house.

Christopher is throwing rocks at a fence.

OLIVE

What're you doing? Stop that. That's what hoodlums do.

CHRISTOPHER

What else am I supposed to do when you make me wait?! I should have been home hours ago!

OLIVE

Don't be selfish. Your friend
Kevin needed ride.

CHRISTOPHER

He's not my friend, he's trash. Why
would he be my friend?

Olive gives him a slap.

OLIVE

Don't you ever use that word, do
you understand? Shame on you.

CHRISTOPHER

Sorry.

OLIVE

Well, you should be. What if he
heard you?

CHRISTOPHER

But Ma, you slapped me.

OLIVE

Good God, Christopher, the world
has seen worse.

CHRISTOPHER

Why are you nicer to the bad kids
than you are to me?

OLIVE

Because you're my son. Poor you.

120

INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

120

Henry, Olive and Christopher are now having dinner.

HENRY

Denise is bright. She has a lot of
good ideas.

OLIVE

She's mousy, looks just like a
mouse.

HENRY

But a cute mouse.

OLIVE

No one's cute who can't stand up straight.

HENRY

Her husband is a fine young fellow. I'd like to have them over to supper.

OLIVE

Not keen on it.

HENRY

He's a Henry too.

OLIVE

Doesn't mean I want to cook for him.

(to Christopher)

Sit up. You look like a thug in a pool hall.

CHRISTOPHER

What if I do? What's it to you?

OLIVE

(flaring)

Excuse me?

HENRY

Come on, Son, that's enough. Sit up.

CHRISTOPHER

I haven't done anything!

HENRY

Let's just have a nice meal.

CHRISTOPHER

She's the one who made me sit in the car for an hour with a smoker -- smell my shirt!

HENRY

What smoker?

CHRISTOPHER

O'Casey. He smokes like a chimney and keeps the windows up.

OLIVE

(to Henry)

We had to take Kevin Coulson home.
Rachel's not leaving the house.

HENRY

Oh boy.

OLIVE

You have to watch what you give
her, Henry.

HENRY

Believe me, Olive, I am.

CHRISTOPHER

Give her what?

HENRY

Never mind, Son.

CHRISTOPHER

You can talk in front of me. I
know Kevin's mom is a whack job.

OLIVE

You're done here.

CHRISTOPHER

Why?

OLIVE

You don't call people whack jobs.

CHRISTOPHER

You say it all the time!

OLIVE

Rachel Coulson has depression. Do
you know what that is?

CHRISTOPHER

Not really.

OLIVE

Well you should. It runs in our
family.

HENRY

No it doesn't, Olive.

OLIVE

Henry, are you nuts? What do you think was going on with my father?

HENRY

That was a different thing.

OLIVE

No it wasn't. Your mother had it too.

HENRY

Not in the same way. She had her moods.

OLIVE

She was clinical, Henry.

CHRISTOPHER

What's depression?

OLIVE

It's bad wiring. Makes your nerves raw.

CHRISTOPHER

Is that why you're so mean all the time?

OLIVE

Absolutely.

HENRY

Your mother isn't depressed.

OLIVE

Of course I am. Happy to have it. It goes with being smart.

HENRY

Okay, Ollie.

OLIVE

We might as well discuss it, Henry. He might have it too.

CHRISTOPHER

But you don't think I'm smart.

OLIVE

Of course, I do.

CHRISTOPHER

No you don't. You think I'm average.

OLIVE

You're plenty complicated, Christopher. Average is someone like Denise the mouse.

HENRY

Oh for God's sake.

OLIVE

Nothing wrong with that, average people are happier. Happy, happy, happy.

HENRY

Well, Olive, you should try it some time.

OLIVE

Can't. I'm too depressed.

Olive barks a laugh.

121 EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- APRIL, MORNING

121

Spring has sprung. The forsythia and rhododendrons are budding. Olive's beds of tulips are in full, glorious bloom.

Olive comes out with her big purse loaded with papers and text books. She's followed by Christopher who's sullenly lugging his book bag.

Jim O'Casey is waiting for them, smoking a cigarette and leaning against his Rambler.

Henry dressed for work, comes out and heads for his car. He gives Jim a wave and Jim nods back. He watches Olive and Christopher get in Jim's car, vaguely discomfited by the man.

But never mind. Henry takes a deep breath, making himself take in the good clean air.

122 INT. PHARMACY -- DAY

122

We see Denise setting up an Easter display in the window while Jerry assists her, cradling toy chicks in his big hands as if they were live creatures.

Henry has just rung up old MRS. MERRIMAN, who has a bandage over one eye, and is guiding her to the door.

DENISE

Have a good day, Mrs. Merriman!

HENRY

There you go, watch your step.

The old lady now gone, Henry goes to the radio and finds a pop station for the young people.

DENISE

Oh Henry, guess what? Jerry has some news to tell you.

HENRY

What's that, Jerry?

JERRY

Not a big deal.

DENISE

Oh yes it is. Jerry's been taking a night course in business. And he got an A on his test.

HENRY

That's wonderful, Jerry.

JERRY

I went to Mass and prayed that I'd pass.

HENRY

Uh-huh. I think you passed because you studied hard.

DENISE

Oh, but I believe in prayer. Do you pray a lot, Jerry?

JERRY

I sure will now.

Denise laughs. Jerry blushes, pleased that she liked his joke. Henry gives them a tolerant smile.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I gotta get going. I got another delivery.

DENISE

Oh yes, off you go! Thank you for your help, Jerry.

JERRY

Yuh, sure.

Jerry heads out.

HENRY

You're a very good influence on him.

DENISE

Well, I'm trying to get him to have a little more confidence in himself.

(in a little whisper)

You know, his mother used to call him a "dimwit", isn't that awful?

HENRY

Oh, gosh, that's not right.

DENISE

My mother used to call me a skinny pencil. I was, I guess. I eat like a bird.

HENRY

Well, I think you're the perfect weight.

DENISE

Oh, thank you. Henry doesn't have an ounce of fat. He's all muscle. He was a football star, you know. The cheerleaders had a cheer just for him, "Let's go, Thibodeau, let's go!"

HENRY

How do you like that! He must have been something.

DENISE

Oh he was! Why he ever chose me...

HENRY

None of that. He's lucky to have you.

Henry watches Denise arrange the chicks in the window with her small, girlish hands. She's wearing a pale pink sweater and her big glasses look cute on her pert little nose...

DENISE

Do you know what we did last night?
Henry and I went out to his
parent's farm and we dug potatoes.

HENRY

(delighted)
Did you?

DENISE

Henry put the headlights on in his
truck so we could see. And we were
all out there with our spades,
seeing what we could find. It was
like an Easter egg hunt.

HENRY

Wonderful!

DENISE

And then when I got cold Henry put
me in the truck so I could warm up.
And every time he found a potato,
he'd hold it up for me to see...and
you know, I kept thinking to
myself, this is all too good to be
true. I don't deserve this.

HENRY

Of course you do.

DENISE

Well, I was always told not to
expect too much.

HENRY

Whoever told you that, was wrong.
You're going to have many years of
happiness to come. You enjoy it,
Denise.

DENISE

Thank you, I will.

Denise smiles and tears up a bit.

HENRY

Listen, it's time we had you and
Henry over for dinner.

DENISE

Oh we'd love that but we don't want
to put you out.

HENRY

Not at all, Olive will be
delighted.

123 EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- NIGHT

123

Olive, wearing an apron and clutching a tea towel, is opening
the door to Denise and Henry T. She looks less than
thrilled.

DENISE

Hello, Mrs. Kitteridge.

OLIVE

Come in.

Henry comes to the door and greets his guests effusively.

HENRY

There you are! So glad you could
make it! Hello there Henry!

HENRY THIBODEAU

(their routine)

Henry, hello!

DENISE

Henry brought you some of his
firewood.

HENRY

Oh, marvelous!

DENISE

We were going to bring flowers but
we thought you'd like this better.
Henry's wood burns like heaven! It
makes the warmest fires that you'll
ever see!

OLIVE

You don't see warmth, you feel it
Dear.

DENISE

Oh. I guess you're right.

HENRY

But we all know exactly what you mean. Come in, you two, come in!

124 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

124

Henry, Olive and the Thibodeaus are sitting at the kitchen table having one of Olive's plain meals. Christopher is at the table as well, sullen and slumped sideways. Denise, intimidated by Olive, is sitting up extra straight.

HENRY THIBODEAU

...you have a nice piece of land here.

HENRY

We have two lots, actually. We're planning on building on the other parcel someday if Christopher wants to stay. He'll have a place near the bay.

DENISE

Oh isn't that neat. Christopher, do you like to go out on the water?

Christopher chews, staring at his plate.

HENRY

Christopher, answer please.

Christopher takes his time swallowing.

CHRISTOPHER

No, not really.

Henry would like to smack him.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

(to Olive)

Can I be excused?

OLIVE

Go. Rinse your plate.

Christopher busses his plate. Henry reaches for his water glass and knocks over the ketchup bottle. A glob of ketchup lurches out on the table. Henry tries to wipe it up with his napkin, making a mess.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Henry, leave it!

Henry T. and Denise startle a bit at her command. Olive fetches a sponge from the sink and briskly wipes up the mess.

HENRY

So what're your plans this weekend, Henry?

HENRY THIBODEAU

Me and my buddy Tony are going hunting.

HENRY

Isn't it off-season?

HENRY THIBODEAU

Yuh, but Tony got us a special license. He got this farmer to sign a thing saying the deer were eating his crops.

HENRY

Ah.

DENISE

It's not really fair. Those poor little deer.

OLIVE

Deer are pests. They're garden killers.

HENRY THIBODEAU

Do you hunt, Henry?

HENRY

Well, my father used to take me hunting. I got pretty good at tracking.

HENRY THIBODEAU

Tracking is the hardest part.

HENRY

You have to know how to think like a buck. Their main objective, of course, is to find a fertile doe. I could sniff a dropping and tell you whether a deer was in heat.

OLIVE

You never told me that.

HENRY

It's true.

DENISE

Honey, can you do that? Smell a
deer in heat?

HENRY THIBODEAU

No, I usually track by sight.

DENISE

My Henry has eyes like a hawk.

OLIVE

And apparently my Henry has a nose like a wolf.

HENRY THIBODEAU

Henry, why don't you come hunt with us. Tony is an easy-going guy, he'd be glad to have you along.

HENRY

I haven't shot a gun in years. I'd be pretty rusty.

HENRY THIBODEAU

That's all right. Tony's an awful shot.

DENISE

Tony only hunts to get away from his wife.

HENRY THIBODEAU

Well, she's a nagger.

DENISE

She nags because he still acts like a teenager. I never have to nag at you, Honey, because you're a grown up.

HENRY THIBODEAU

Not always. I like to get a little crazy once in a while.

DENISE

But when you do, it's cute.
(to Henry and Olive)
He likes to dance in his underwear.

HENRY THIBODEAU

A fellow needs to let go every once in a while.

DENISE

That's right.
(to Henry)
What do you do to let go?

OLIVE

He hops trains.

DENISE

Really?

OLIVE

He'll disappear for weeks then come home filthy dirty. I have to strip off his clothes and scrub him down.

DENISE

Oh my gosh...

HENRY

She's playing with you, Denise.

DENISE

Oh!

Olive lets out a deep, lusty laugh and starts clearing the dishes. As she moves to the sink, Henry stares at his wife's ass...

125 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- NIGHT

125

We're in the darkened hallway. Through Henry and Olive's bedroom door, we hear the muffled moans of lovemaking.

126 INT. HENRY & OLIVES BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS, NIGHT

126

Henry is now rolling off Olive, leaving them both breathless.

OLIVE

My goodness.

127 EXT. FOREST -- A FEW DAYS LATER, EARLY MORNING

127

Henry, shouldering an old rifle, is walking through the woods with Henry T. and his pal TONY KUZIO who's talking non-stop.

TONY

...So I said to Marlene, "if you think I don't do enough then make me a list because frankly, I don't have a fucking clue what you want from me." Then she starts to cry -- and she tells me she thinks she's pregnant. I say, "are you sure?" She says, "I might be." Of course she isn't, she just does this to test me.

HENRY THIBODEAU

Tony, shut up. You're gonna scare off the deer.

TONY

Yeah, okay.

Henry crouches down and examines something on the forest floor.

HENRY THIBODEAU

Find something, Henry?

HENRY

Yup, some fresh scat.

Henry picks up some little pellets and sniffs them.

HENRY THIBODEAU

I think that's from a rabbit.

HENRY

Ah.

The three of them keep walking. There's a stream up ahead. Henry T. holds his hand up and signals to Tony and Henry to get behind a blind that's set up by some trees.

HENRY THIBODEAU

(whispering)

You two take this spot. I'm going to check out that other trail.

Henry T. quietly moves off. Henry gets a thermos out of his knapsack, unscrews it and pours some coffee. He offers some to Tony. Tony shakes his head and cocks his rifle, getting ready to take down a deer.

Henry settles back and sips his coffee and gazes up at the hazy light in the trees. He takes in the babble of the brook and feels a rush of pride that he's out here in the wild in the company of young, sturdy men.

Suddenly we hear the rhythmic tramp of a deer bounding through the brush. Henry turns and sees a big BUCK, startled out of hiding, dodging through the trees.

Tony swings his gun around to get the buck -- BOOM! The buck bounds off but we hear Henry T. let out moan somewhere in the forest.

TONY

Oh my fucking God.

Henry and Tony jump up and start running in Henry T.'s direction. They find Henry T. lying on the ground, looking dumbfounded.

TONY (CONT'D)
Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit.

HENRY
Henry, are you okay?

HENRY THIBODEAU
(touching his chest)
I feel something here...

HENRY
Okay, let's take a look...

Henry, hands shaking, unbuttons Henry T.'s jacket. Blood is burbling out of his chest.

TONY
Aw Jesus almighty...

HENRY
Go get help.

TONY
Aw Jesus...

HENRY
For God's sake, go!

Tony stumbles off. Henry holds his hands to Henry T.'s chest, trying to staunch the blood.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Don't move, Henry, try to stay calm..

Henry T. is on the verge of passing out.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Keep your eyes open.

HENRY THIBODEAU
Tell Denise...

HENRY
Yes...

HENRY THIBODEAU
...Tell her that the oil in the truck needs to be changed.

128 INT. LIONS CLUB -- DAY

128

We're now at the funeral reception for Henry Thibodeau where the whole town is gathered. Folks are loading their plates at the buffet where there are too many pots of beans.

The THIBODEAU FAMILY are ensconced at their own table, receiving condolences.

Jim O'Casey shambles in with his unhappy-looking wife IRENE who's carrying their ONE-YEAR-OLD and herding three more CHILDREN 4, 6 and 8.

We see the Kitteridges' friends, BONNIE & HARMON carry plates of food over to Henry and Olive who're sitting on a couch with Denise huddled between them. Jerry is standing nearby, hands in his pockets, looking sorrowful.

Olive shakes her head to them, "not now". Bonnie gets it, and makes Harmon change course.

DENISE

...His last words to me were so ordinary. Why would he want to talk about his truck if he knew he was dying?

HENRY

He was in shock, Denise, he didn't know what he was saying.

DENISE

But still, wouldn't he want me to know that he loved me?

OLIVE

If you need proof that you were loved, then you're in for one big fat disappointment.

Henry blanches. Denise stares at Olive her eyes large, tears about to spill. Then she suddenly starts to giggle, shocked out of her grief.

DENISE

Gosh, Mrs. Kitteridge, I guess you're right.

There's shouting over by the Thibodeau table.

Tony Kuzio is down on his knees in front of Henry's father, drunk and wretched.

TONY

...I killed your only son! Hit me!
I have nothing else to offer you!
Do what you have to do!

MR. THIBODEAU

(in agony)

Someone remove this man, please --

Distress spreads through the crowd.

TONY

An eye for an eye! Hit me!

Tony's wife MARLENE, is pulling at him.

MARLENE

Tony, for Chrissakes, stop it!

TONY

Come on! Hit me!

MR. THIBODEAU

Get the hell away from me.

COOPER, the town Sheriff, grabbing Tony.

COOPER

That's enough.

TONY

I need to be punished. An eye for
an eye!

COOPER

Just shut up, Son.

Denise is letting out little moans of distress.

OLIVE

Oh for God's sweet sake. Henry,
take her somewhere.

129

EXT. LIONS CLUB -- LATE AFTERNOON

129

Jim O'Casey is standing outside, taking a nip from a hip flask. We're right off the harbor. It's a dreary day -- the sky is overcast and has turned the water a dark, steely grey.

We can see Henry off in the distance, walking Denise along the wharf. She's clinging to Henry's arm while Jerry follows behind like a big, loyal dog.

Olive comes out and joins Jim. They watch the procession for a beat.

JIM

Nothing's more terrifying to God-fearing people than when a good-natured man gets kicked into the abyss.

They stay there, standing close together for a long beat. Olive can't bear the sexual tension anymore. She goes back in.

130 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

130

Henry is lying in bed with Olive.

HENRY

She's helpless.

OLIVE

People are never as helpless as they think they are.

HENRY

She doesn't even know how to drive.

OLIVE

How in hell can you grow up in Maine and not drive a car?

HENRY

I don't know, Ollie. But someone will have to teach her.

A beat.

OLIVE

You're not.

Henry doesn't say anything.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Oh God, here we go.

HENRY

What?

OLIVE

Just don't let her strip the damn gears on the car.

Olive rolls over to go to sleep.

131 OMITTED

131

132 EXT. DENISE'S TRAILER -- DAY

132

We hear the GRIND OF GEARS as we see Henry's car lurching its way up a wooded dirt road. Denise is behind the wheel and Henry is in the passenger seat holding on to the dashboard.

They pull up to a clearing where there's a neat little trailer. Henry T.'s pickup is parked outside, dusty and neglected along with his log splitter and other equipment.

They lurch to a stop and get out. Denise looks sheepish.

DENISE

...I'm so sorry. Oh, I'm just awful at this.

HENRY

You're doing fine, Denise. It just takes practice.

DENISE

I hope I didn't hurt your car.

HENRY

No, no, don't worry about it.

Henry walks over to Henry T.'s truck.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You should start this up every couple of days to keep it running.

DENISE

I guess I should.

HENRY

Do you have the keys?

DENISE

They're still in there.

Henry opens the door of the truck and climbs in. He finds the keys on the seat. He puts them in the ignition and starts it up. Denise watches him, hugging her sides.

HENRY

We'll just let it run for a minute.

PT. 1 "PHARMACY"
^^

(BLUE REVISIONS 8/9/13)

Henry guns the big old truck motor again.

Denise opens the passenger side and climbs in next to Henry.

She picks up a pair of work gloves that are lying on the dusty dashboard.

DENISE

Would you like to have these?

HENRY

No, you should keep them, Denise.

She puts on the big leather gloves and solemnly rests her outsized hands on her lap.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Listen, any time you're ready to come back to work, just let me know. You're missed.

DENISE

I'm just so tired.

HENRY

That's because you're not eating. You're turning into skin and bones.

DENISE

I don't like to eat alone.

HENRY

You'll come to dinner then.

DENISE

I don't want to put Mrs. Kitteridge out.

HENRY

Don't be silly. That's what we're there for.

They sit there for a beat, listening to the motor run.

DENISE

I wonder if Henry was ever going to get tired of me.

HENRY

Never, Denise. He loved you very much.

DENISE

He'd get impatient if I took too long brushing my teeth.

HENRY

Every couple gets annoyed with each other.

DENISE

But nothing about Henry ever annoyed me. He was perfect.

Denise starts to cry. Henry gets out his hankie and gives it to Denise. She leans against him and starts to sob. Henry puts his arm around her. But no, this feels too good. He gives her shoulder a pat and disengages.

HENRY

That should do it.

Henry turns the motor off.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Dinner then. I'll give Olive a call.

133 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

133

Denise, looking wan, is sitting at the table with Henry and Christopher while Olive dishes out some stew. Everyone is feeling very awkward.

DENISE

Thank you, Mrs. Kitteridge, this looks delicious.

OLIVE

I don't know if it's delicious, but it'll fill you up.

HENRY

How was school today, Son?

CHRISTOPHER

It was all right.

HENRY

Just all right?

CHRISTOPHER

That's what I said.

HENRY

Well, I have a story. Denise, you'll be interested in this.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

Marlene Bonney came in to pick up
her prescription --

DENISE

How is she doing?

HENRY

Her spots have gone away.

DENISE

Oh, I'm so glad.

HENRY

So while she was waiting she was
over by your card rack and suddenly
she lets out a yelp -- I said,
goodness, Marlene, are you all
right? And she said "I just
realized that tomorrow is Ed's
birthday and I haven't done a thing
about it."

DENISE

Did she buy him a card?

HENRY

She bought him three!

DENISE

Oh no!

The two of them share a hearty laugh. Then Denise gets sad
all over again.

DENISE (CONT'D)

I don't have anyone left to send
cards to. There's just my Aunt
Jean. But she's blind.

Denise stares at her plate.

HENRY

Go ahead and eat, Denise.

DENISE

I'm not very hungry.

HENRY

You have to try.

DENISE

I know.

HENRY

Just take it a bite at a time, all
right?

Henry picks up Denise's fork and loads it up with a little
stew.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Here, open up.

Denise opens her mouth and lets Henry feed her. Christopher
is watching this, horrified. Olive can't bear it. She gets up
and goes to the sink and starts rinsing out the pot. Henry
stubbornly presses on.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Are you ready for another?

DENISE

Yes, please.

Henry gives Denise another forkful.

DENISE (CONT'D)

I'm enjoying your stew, Mrs.
Kitteridge.

OLIVE

Happy to hear it. You can clear
your plate when you're done.

134 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, DEN -- NIGHT

134

There's a fire in the fire place. Henry is putting a blanket
over Denise who's curled up on the couch, dozing with her
mouth open and her glasses askew. Olive comes in and looks
at the fire, irritated.

OLIVE

Warm night for a fire, isn't it?

HENRY

They're Henry's logs, Olive.

Olive, corrected, watches the fire for a beat.

OLIVE

He knew his wood.

HENRY

He did.

OLIVE

Is she spending the night?

HENRY

Looks like she is.

OLIVE

Well, get her a pillow for God's sake, so she doesn't drool on the couch.

Olive leaves. Henry slips Denise's glasses off. He cleans them for her before he sets them aside.

135 EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- MORNING, A FEW WEEKS LATER 135

Henry, dressed for work is in Olive's garden cutting some of her daffodils.

Olive comes out of the house, looking cross.

OLIVE

Henry, what're you doing?

HENRY

It's Denise's first day back at work. I want to give her something to cheer her up.

OLIVE

Don't just start cutting things pell-mell.

HENRY

Why can't you allow me a simple act of kindness without making me feel like sap?

OLIVE

I was looking forward to seeing them bloom. It was a long winter, Henry.

HENRY

It was a long winter for everyone, Olive. Here.

Henry, furious, shoves the flowers back at her and starts heading for his car.

OLIVE

Take them. You already cut them.
The deed is done.

HENRY

Don't want them.

Henry heads for his car.

OLIVE

Suit yourself.

136 INT. HENRY'S CAR/EXT. FARM ROAD -- MORNING

136

Henry, on his way to work, is now driving by a farmstead. He sees a sign posted by the road to the farmhouse: **FREE KITTENS**. He slows down and turns up the drive.

137 INT. PHARMACY -- MORNING

137

Henry is presenting a little black and white KITTEN to Denise.

DENISE

Oh my gosh! Look at him! Look at
his little white feet!

She cradles the kitten and gives him little kisses.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Oh Henry, how do you know to do
exactly the right thing for me?

HENRY

It's easy, Denise.

Jerry comes in from the back.

DENISE

Jerry, look! Isn't he darling?!

JERRY

Yuh, awful cute.

Denise holds the Kitten next to Jerry's chest.

DENISE

Feel that. His little heart is
beating so fast...

So is Jerry's. He pets the kitten and sniffs its fur. He can smell Denise.

Henry looks away.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Oh Henry, I love him. I love him
with all my heart.

138 EXT. DENISE'S TRAILER -- DAY

138

Henry is pulling up in his car with Denise and her kitten.

Tony Kuzio is there, bent under the hood of Henry T.'s truck. As Henry and Denise get out of the car, Tony looks up and gives Henry a sheepish nod.

HENRY

Tony. What brings you here?

DENISE

Tony's going to teach me how to
drive Henry's truck.

HENRY

Ah.

TONY

I know trucks.

HENRY

Yes, I grew up on a farm. I know
trucks as well.

DENISE

(holding up the kitten)
Look what Henry gave me. Isn't he
darling? His name is Slippers.

TONY

Oh yeah?

DENISE

You want to hold him? He'll cheer
you right up.

Denise hands the cat to Tony. Henry, not happy, gets
Slipper's supplies out of the car.

HENRY

Denise, would you like me to set up
the litter box for you?

DENISE

No thank you, Henry, I can do it.
(to Tony)
He's purring. Do you hear that?
He likes you.

HENRY

Denise, could I have a word with
you?

139

INT. DENISE'S TRAILER -- DAY

139

Henry and Denise step into Denise's tidy little trailer.
Henry closes the door so Tony won't hear them.

HENRY

I don't think it's a good idea to
drive with Tony. He might not be
that stable right now.

DENISE

Oh no, he's fine. And it makes him
feel better if he can do things for
me.

HENRY

That's very kind of you, but you
need to be smart about this. You
can be nice to people but not if it
puts you in danger.

DENISE

Oh gosh, I know that. I'm not a
child for gosh sakes.

Denise is offended which makes Henry's head swim. He gets
testy.

HENRY

Well, let's hope you pass your
driving test.

He immediately regrets this, but it's best to make his exit.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I'll see you in the morning, then.

140

INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

140

Henry, Olive and Christopher are having dinner. Henry still
disturbed by his quarrel with Denise, is eating in silence.

OLIVE

What in hell ails you.

HENRY

Nothing. Nothing at all.

OLIVE

What's new then?

HENRY

I got Denise a kitten.

CHRISTOPHER

You got the mouse a cat?

Olive barks a laugh.

HENRY

(snapping)

Don't call her that. What's the matter with you?

CHRISTOPHER

Mom says it.

HENRY

Well it's unacceptable. I don't want to hear either of you call Denise a mouse again. Do you understand?

OLIVE

Yes Sir Mr. President.

HENRY

Tell us about your day Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER

O'Casey made me car sick.

HENRY

Why is that?

CHRISTOPHER

He drives too fast around the curves.

HENRY

I don't like the sound of that.

OLIVE

I had a talk with him. It won't happen again.

HENRY

He's clearly a reckless driver. Why are you letting him drive our son?

OLIVE

Well sorry I'm such a rotten mother. When the mouse gets her license maybe she can drive us to school.

Henry slams his fork down.

HENRY

That's enough, Olive! Enough!

OLIVE

Quit yelling. Do you think that makes you a man? How pathetic.

HENRY

You know what's pathetic, Olive? Your attitude.

OLIVE

Don't you dare scold me!

Henry pushes his chair back. He takes his plate to the sink, letting it clatter.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

HENRY

I'm going to mow the lawn.

Henry goes out the back door. Christopher looks unnerved.

CHRISTOPHER

(quietly)

Jesus, Ma.

OLIVE

Oh, what's the problem.

Olive picks up her fork and resumes her meal.

141

EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- THE NEXT MORNING

141

Jim is parked in his Rambler waiting for Olive and Christopher. He's smoking a cigarette, staring into space.

His eyes are blood shot. JAZZ is playing on the radio.

Henry walks over.

HENRY

Good morning, Jim.

Jim looks up.

JIM

Henry.

HENRY

How're Irene and the kids?

JIM

They fill the house with endless noise and mirth.

HENRY

Irene came in the other day. I gave her something for Sean's cough. Is he doing better?

JIM

Sean. The little one. Yes.

Henry leans in.

HENRY

I think it'd be a good idea if I took Olive and Chris to school.

Jim studies his cigarette for a beat.

JIM

Yes, I think you're right.

Henry gives the roof of Jim's car a little tap and walks to his car where Olive and Christopher are waiting. Olive's been watching all this, grieved, but when Henry gets in the car she makes a show of looking for something in her purse.

142 INT. PHARMACY -- DAY

142

Henry is behind the counter, filling prescriptions.

Denise is at the card rack, stocking it with Mother's Day cards.

There's a chill between them.

RAP-RAP-RAP. We see Tony peering through the front door.

DENISE
Tony is here.

HENRY
(tersely)
You better be off then.

DENISE
Mr. Mott will be coming in for his
diuretic. You should remind him to
eat a banana for potassium.

HENRY
Thank you, I will.

Jerry comes through the back with a delivery.

JERRY
Hey, I have news. I got accepted
to U of M.

HENRY
That's great news, Jerry.

DENISE
Oh, good for you, Jerry.

JERRY
I'll be majoring in business.

HENRY
Terrific.

Jerry doesn't move, expecting them both to gush some more.

DENISE
Excuse me, Jerry.

Denise fetches her purse.

JERRY
Just thought I'd let you know.

HENRY
Great news, Jerry.

JERRY
Yuh.

Jerry hurt, leaves. A beat.

DENISE

Henry, I asked Tony to take me to my driving test because I didn't want to keep imposing on you.

HENRY

It's no imposition, you should know that by now.

DENISE

He's having a really hard time right now. He needs someone to talk to.

HENRY

Well, Tony certainly didn't do your husband any favors, now did he?

Denise stares at Henry.

HENRY (CONT'D)

That was a horrible thing to say. I'm so sorry.

DENISE

(tearing up)

I don't want to fight with you.

HENRY

Neither do I.

DENISE

It's been horrible not talking to you.

Henry puts his arms around Denise.

HENRY

Oh my poor girl.

DENISE

I really do wish you were the one who was taking me. I do, Henry.

HENRY

I know...I know.

Henry gets his hankie out and wipes Denise's tears.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Listen, you're going to pass this test with flying colors. I have faith in you, Denise.

DENISE

Thank you, Henry, thank you!

Denise gives Henry a hard hug.

HENRY

Now off you go!

Henry, giddy with their reconciliation, watches Denise bound out the door.

143 EXT. PHARMACY -- LATE AFTERNOON

143

Henry is locking up the pharmacy.

We see Denise drive by in Henry T.'s truck. She has her kitten with her, who's clinging to her chest.

DENISE

Henry! I passed!!!

HENRY

Oh that's marvelous Denise!

DENISE

Slippers and me are going to drive to the Foster Freeze and have ourselves an ice cream!

HENRY

Have a wonderful night, Denise.
Drive carefully.

DENISE

Oh I will!

Denise raises Slipper's little paw and makes him wave to Henry.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Bye-bye!

144 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

144

Henry is having dinner with Olive and Christopher.

HENRY

Jerry is going to college. He wants to get a business degree. I don't know if he has the head for it. We'll see.

OLIVE

Did young Miss pass her driving test?

HENRY

She did. Yes she did.

OLIVE

I expect you'll ask me to make her a cake.

HENRY

I expect nothing, Olive.

Henry has nothing more to say about it. They eat for a beat.

The phone starts to ring.

OLIVE

If it's a sales person, hang the hell up.

Henry answers the phone.

HENRY

(into phone)

Hello, Kitteridge residence.

WE HEAR Denise on the other end, making small, incomprehensible screaming sounds.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Denise...? Denise, what is it?

DENISE (ON PHONE)

Slippers got out...I was backing up the truck...I didn't see him...Oh God...

She starts moaning.

HENRY

Stay where you are, I'll be right over.

Henry hangs up.

OLIVE
What's going on?

HENRY
Denise ran over her cat.

CHRISTOPHER
(laughs)
Oh Jesus.

OLIVE
Go, Henry, Go. Go over and comfort
your girlfriend.

Henry is trembling.

HENRY
Stop it, Olive. That's
unnecessary. She's a young widow
who ran over her cat. Where in
God's name is your compassion?

OLIVE
She wouldn't have run over any
goddamn cat if you hadn't given it
to her.

145 INT. DENISE'S TRAILER -- NIGHT

145

Henry is sitting with Denise, who's huddled on her bed, her
eyes swollen shut from crying. Henry is handing her a glass
of water and a pill.

HENRY
This will help you sleep.

Henry holds the water for her while she drinks so she doesn't
spill. Then puts the glass aside and covers Denise with a
blanket.

DENISE
I talk to you in my head all the
time...Sorry.

HENRY
For what?

DENISE
For talking to you in my head.

HENRY
No, no.

Denise shuts her eyes, spent. She reaches for Henry's hand and holds on to him. He smooths a strand of hair off her forehead, his eyes shining with tenderness. He loves her, oh he loves her.

DENISE

What's going to become of me,
Henry?

HENRY

Don't worry, Denise, I'm going to
take care of you.

Henry gives Denise a chaste kiss on her forehead.

PRELAP: we hear chords on a piano that's ever-so-slightly out of tune. And then the vocals come in, with the upbeat, ardent styling of a small-town chanteuse singing.

ANGELA ON THE PIANO(V.O.)

*"You have to believe we are magic
Nothin' can stand in our way..."*

146

INT. MARY'S BAR & FINE DINING -- NIGHT

146

At the piano bar, we see our vocalist, redheaded ANGELA O'MEARA, 36, singing her own special version of Olivia Newton-John's "Magic". She's a fragile, dreamy soul, someone who has to drink to get through the night.

ANGELA

*"You have to believe we are magic
Don't let your aim ever stray
And if all your hopes survive
Your destiny will arrive
I'll bring all your dreams
alive..."*

We're in Mary's, a restaurant and cocktail lounge where the locals go. A respectable place to dine and get soused.

WE PAN the bar where the LOCAL ECCENTRICS and OLD CUSSES are parked. We see Jim O'Casey sitting alone, writing on a napkin while he knocks back a whiskey.

One lonely OLD CUSS, well into his cups, calls to Angie.

OLD CUSS

You're the candy shop, Angie.
Marry me. I'll make you happy.

ANGELA

Sure, Honey.

Angela, in her own little world, plays on.

We FOLLOW a WAITRESS as she carries a bowl with a scoop of ice cream and a lighted candle to the dining room, where we see Henry and Olive at a table with their friends Bonnie and Harmon. It's Olive's birthday and the WAITRESS sets the ice cream with the candle in front of Olive.

Henry, pining for Denise, watches Olive -- who's pining for Jim -- shut her eyes and blow out the candle.

147 INT. HENRY'S CAR -- NIGHT

147

Henry and Olive are now driving back from dinner, both lost in their own thoughts.

There're sirens and flashing lights coming up behind them. Henry slows to the side and lets a police car and an ambulance speed by.

OLIVE
(the ambulance)
Well, someone's having a lousy
night.

Up ahead they see flares on the road and a clutch of flashing emergency vehicle lights. As they get closer they see Jim O'Casey's car twisted around a tree.

As Henry slows the car, we see FIREMEN holding up a blanket to shield our view from what must be Jim's dead body.

Cooper is out there directing the traffic. Henry stops and rolls down the window.

HENRY
Cooper, what happened?

COOPER
Henry, sorry, you have to keep
moving.

HENRY
Are there any survivors?

Olive, sick with shock, doesn't know what to do with this.

OLIVE
Keep moving Henry, for God's sake,
go, just go.

We watch them drive on...

148 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, BEDROOM HALLWAY -- LATER, NIGHT 148

Henry is opening the bedroom door. He peers in at Olive, who's curled up on the bed in agony, screaming into her pillow.

He watches her for a beat, expressionless. He sees Christopher standing in the hallway, freaked by his mother's grief. Henry shuts the door and moves Christopher on.

149 INT. PHARMACY -- SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, DAY 149

Henry is at his counter, filling a prescription. He gazes over at Denise who's standing at the card rack. The breeze from a fan is blowing wisps of her hair, the light is hitting her skin just so.

Henry turns back to his work but has lost track of the pills he was counting. No, this is not acceptable.

Jerry comes through the back with a delivery. He's dressing better and his hair is groomed.

HENRY

Hello, Jerry.

JERRY

Hullo.

Jerry gives Henry a delivery receipt to sign.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Guess what.

HENRY

What.

JERRY

I'm getting a full scholarship.

HENRY

That's wonderful, Jerry.

JERRY

It's because they really want me.
I'm going to go places.

Jerry looks at Denise to see if she's heard this. He takes the receipt from Henry.

JERRY (CONT'D)

See you later.

He leaves. Stay on Henry for a beat.

150 EXT. PHARMACY, BACK LOT -- DAY

150

Jerry is getting back in his delivery truck. Henry comes out the back door.

HENRY

Jerry.

JERRY

Yuh?

HENRY

Listen, I'm worried about Denise.
She doesn't have any friends her
age. She needs to get out more.

Henry pulls out his wallet and hands Jerry some cash.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Why don't you take her to a movie
and dinner?

Jerry blushes.

JERRY

Yuh, sure, I can do that. Should I
ask her now...?

HENRY

I think you should.

Jerry heads back into the pharmacy, re-tucking his shirt-tail to make himself presentable.

Stay on Henry, feeling an ache. But, no, youth must be with youth.

151 OMITTED

151

152 EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- EARLY EVENING

152

Olive is in her garden doggedly picking snails off of her plants and dropping them into a coffee can.
Thunk...thunk...thunk.

Henry, home from work, makes his way across the yard. He has a bag of clams.

HENRY

I brought dinner. Want me to start the pot?

OLIVE

Yuh, that would be fine.

HENRY

Ollie.

OLIVE

What?

HENRY

You're not going to leave me, are you?

Olive looks up. She still looks wrecked from her grief. She and Henry stare at each other for a long beat. Then --

OLIVE

Oh for God's sake, Henry, you could make a woman sick.

FADE OUT.

END OF PART 1

OLIVE KITTERIDGE
PART 2
"INCOMING TIDE"

Written by
Jane Anderson

Based on the Novel
"Olive Kitteridge"
By Elizabeth Strout

WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT 05/07/13
BLUE REVISIONS 09/01/13

OLIVE KITTERIDGE PART 2 -- INCOMING TIDE
FIFTEEN YEARS LATER

201 EXT. DONUT SHOP, CROSBY HARBOR -- DAY, 1995 201

It's early June, a blustery day. The wind is making the boats in the harbor CREAK and BANG against the dock...cables are TWANGING on the masts. The incoming tide is pulling at the rocks on the shore, making a CLATTERING sound. Gulls are SCREAMING while they fight over discarded fish.

We see KEVIN COULSON, now 28, standing next to an aging Subaru station wagon that's parked on a grassy spot overlooking the bay. He's the same uneasy, hyper-sensitive soul that he was when he lived here as a kid but his years in New York City have made him much more urbane. He doesn't dress like the folks around here. He favors black.

Agitated by the wind and the amplified noise, Kevin is nervously working his fingers, making a CLICKING sound with his nails. He's watching a KID down at the harbor helping his FATHER load pails of bait onto a fishing boat. SEAGULLS are trying to get to the bait and the kid keeps yelling and waving his arms at them.

202 INTERCUT: COULSON HOUSE -- 1980 202

RACHEL COULSON is standing on the rotting boat in the yard and batting at invisible things in the air.

RACHEL

Get! Go! Get the hell out of here!

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN, hands her up a broom.

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN

Here, Mom.

RACHEL

Thank you, Sweetheart. Stand back. They like to spit.

Kevin stands there and watches his mother ward off whatever she's hallucinating. He picks at his nails, waiting for her episode to be over.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Kevin, quick, hand me the bucket before the boat burns up.

(CONTINUED)

Kevin hands his mother an old metal bucket and she starts madly sweeping invisible things into it.

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN
What's happening?

RACHEL
One of them just shat a pile of hot coals. The jerk.

Prelap: BAM-bam-bam...

203 KEVIN IS STARTLED BACK TO THE PRESENT: 203

...bam...bam...bam. The wind is blowing one of the metal buckets across the wharf. Kevin watches the boy chase after it.

The wind is making Kevin jumpy. He gets into his car.

204 INT. KEVIN'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS, DAY 204

As Kevin is getting in his car, wind blows in and we see it flip up the edge of a blanket that's on the back seat, revealing a shotgun. Kevin reaches back and tucks the edge of the blanket back around the gun.

He puts a cassette into his tape deck and turns up the volume: it's one of those ocean tracks that are designed as white noise. He shuts his eyes and tries to relax. But his hand goes to his mouth and he nervously sucks on a knuckle.

RAP-RAP-RAP...

205 INT. KEVIN'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS, DAY 205

Kevin is startled out of his musing by the sound of someone knocking on his window. It's OLIVE KITTERIDGE. Kevin reluctantly rolls his window down.

OLIVE
Kevin Coulson, I thought that was you.

KEVIN
Hello, Mrs. Kitteridge.

Olive is now 59. Her hair is showing more gray and her figure has expanded, but she's still as solid and immutable as a rock.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE
Mind if I get in? The wind.

KEVIN

Sure...

Olive walks around to the passenger side and as she opens the door, the wind flips up another part of the blanket. Kevin reaches back to hold it down. Olive briefly glances back at the blanket as Kevin withdraws his hand, then settles into her seat with a sigh. She has a bag of donuts that she just got from the donut shop next door.

OLIVE

Would you like one? They're fresh.

KEVIN

No thanks.

Olive pulls one out for herself, making a CRINKLING sound with the bag. She takes her time enjoying her first bite. Kevin can hear her chewing.

OLIVE

You live in New York now, don't you.

KEVIN

Yes.

OLIVE

I heard that you went to medical school.

KEVIN

Does everybody here know everything?

OLIVE

Oh sure, what else is there to do.

Olive brushes the donut crumbs off her front.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

So what brings you back?

KEVIN

Just visiting.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

Well, not a lot has changed.
Except some chain stores have moved
in. Good news if you're greedy and
like to buy in bulk.

Kevin starts to suck on his knuckle but stops himself.

BANG. The door of the donut shop is slammed shut by the
wind.

Kevin looks over at PATTY HOWE, 30, who works in the donut
shop, taking the garbage out. She's slim and pleasant-
looking and has the reliable look of a small-town girl who's
accepted her lot.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

You remember Patty Crane? She
married the older Howe boy. Patty
keeps having miscarriages. Makes
her sad. I suspect they'll get her
fixed up one of these days and then
she'll pop out triplets.

KEVIN

I had forgotten about Patty. She
was always nice to me. She shared
her lunch with me when my Mom
forgot to pack one.

OLIVE

She's still nice. She gives me
extra donut holes. Even though I
used to give her C's.

KEVIN

You gave everyone C's.

OLIVE

Except for you. You did your work.

They watch Patty go back in.

Olive needs more room. She pulls the lever on her seat and
moves it back with a CLUNK. The sound makes Kevin wince.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

What kind of doctor are you
training to be?

KEVIN

Psychiatry.

(CONTINUED)

Olive gives a nod.

OLIVE
You remember Doyle Larkin?

KEVIN
The rich kid.

OLIVE
He's in prison now. He went whacko
and killed a girl.

KEVIN
Jesus.

OLIVE
Now there's a case for you to
study.

Olive needs more room. She pulls the lever on her seat and
moves it back with a CLUNK. The sound makes Kevin wince.

KEVIN
How's Christopher?

OLIVE
He's a podiatrist. He has a
practice here in town.

KEVIN
So he came back.

OLIVE
A lot of bad feet around here.
Business is booming.

KEVIN
Glad he's doing well.

OLIVE
He's getting married tomorrow. To
another doctor. She's a
proctologist, can you imagine where
her hands have been?

Kevin laughs. Olive is pleased.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
I've thought of you, Kevin Coulson,
I have.

This makes Kevin anxious again. He shifts in his seat, puts
his hands under his legs to keep them still.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I liked your mother. She was an interesting woman. Smart.

KEVIN

She was.

OLIVE

She couldn't help it.

KEVIN

She was bipolar but she was never diagnosed.

OLIVE

I've wondered about that with my father. He shot himself. Don't know if you knew that.

KEVIN

No, I didn't.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

No note. My mother had a hard time with that. She thought it was the least he could do, leave a little note for her, the way he did when he went to the store. But he hadn't really gone anywhere. He was there in the kitchen, poor thing.

KEVIN

My mom mailed me a letter. I think she was worried that if she left a note I might not find it. Or that the cops would take it.

Olive nods.

OLIVE

Did it help? The letter?

KEVIN

She left instructions on how to use the washing machine. And to watch out for the purple snakes that live in the dryer. That was helpful, don't you think?

OLIVE

Oh sure.

(a beat)

I don't think my father was bipolar. I think he was just depressed.

KEVIN

Could be.

OLIVE

Christopher has it, the depression. It runs in the family on both sides. If he has kids with this Dr. Sue, let's hope they get her genes.

KEVIN

Is she pretty stable?

OLIVE

Cool as a cucumber, this one.

KEVIN

That's good, I guess.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE
You with anyone?

KEVIN
Not anymore.

OLIVE
What happened?

KEVIN
She had problems.

OLIVE
Was she a nut job?

KEVIN
You mean, did I go for someone like
my mother?

OLIVE
It happens. I didn't marry my
father fortunately. That's not the
case with Henry and me.

KEVIN
That's good.

OLIVE
And Christopher isn't marrying me,
as far as I can tell. Thank God for
that.

KEVIN
She used a razor to cut a happy
face on her stomach.

OLIVE
That girlfriend of yours?

Kevin nods.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Yup, that's whacko. But I'm sure
you couldn't get enough of her.

KEVIN
Yeah, pretty much.

FWAP, FWAP FWAP. Kevin sees a FISHERMAN trying to pin down a
tarp that's flapping wildly in the wind.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Crazy wind.

OLIVE

Normal for this time of year. But it'll be hell on the wedding if it's like this tomorrow. They're having it outdoors in their yard and Dr. Sue insisted on programs. They'll all go flying and guess who will end up picking them up.

BAM! The door to the donut shop slams and they see Patty Howe come out of the diner again. She makes her way up a path along the edge of the cliff where there's a KEEP OUT sign.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Now, what is she doing?

We see Patty start walking around the wild lilies and Rugosa bushes, clipping flowers for a bouquet.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Picking flowers, looks like. She doesn't have much of a yard.

We see Patty out on the cliff's edge, fighting the wind, her hair whipping around, shielding her eyes, trying to keep her flowers from being snatched away from her. The wind is whipping her skirt and the FWAP, FWAP of the fisherman's tarp is accompanying the movement. Kevin watches as Patty recoils from the Rugosa bush, pricked by one of the thorns...a purple snake emerges from the bush and flies away.

Kevin blinks.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I spent the whole spring working on Chris' garden for the wedding. Then Dr. Sue's mother calls me and wants to know if there's a good florist in Portland. She wanted to pay for all the same flowers that I'd been growing, for God's sake. They're from California, the parents. Golfing types. The father has one of those tans.

Olive heaves a loud sigh, blowing breath out her mouth.

Kevin glances at her and briefly Olive has turned into a big, sad-eyed elephant, her trunk curled on her lap.

(CONTINUED)

Kevin gives his head a little shake and stares back out at Patty. The wind whips a few flowers out of her hands and over the edge of the cliff.

He turns back to Olive, searching for conversation.

KEVIN

So, are you still teaching?

OLIVE

I just retired. I'd had it.

KEVIN

Ah.

OLIVE

Do you remember Mr. O'Casey?

KEVIN

Sure.

OLIVE

He liked you. Thought you were bright.

KEVIN

He taught us some edgy stuff. He was an odd guy. I always wondered if his accident was deliberate.

OLIVE

You wondered that.

KEVIN

It crossed my mind, sure.

OLIVE

You sure you don't want a donut?

Kevin shakes his head. He wishes that Mrs. Kitteridge would leave. But she's settled in. He's balling his fists in his lap, trying to keep himself in control.

She turns into an elephant again, her trunk foraging in the donut bag. The sound of the bag CRINKLING is unbearable. The boats are banging in the wind, the cables twanging...

KEVIN

Mrs. Kitteridge, I have to get going...

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE
Wait, what in hell - oh dear God,
she went over.

Olive is instantly out of the car.

206 EXT. CROSBY HARBOR/CLIFF -- CONTINUOUS, DAY 206

Kevin gets out of the car and follows Olive who's barreling up the path with surprising speed. He's fighting the wind, trying to keep up. The sound is engulfing him, sand and dirt are blowing all around him, the light is muted and disorienting.

Olive is standing at the edge of the cliff and looking down. She waves to Kevin, flapping her arms. We can barely hear her above the wind.

OLIVE
Hurry up! Hurry!

Kevin makes it to Olive. He looks down and sees Patty below struggling to keep her head up in the choppy water. Without a second thought, he starts sliding down the cliff. The roar of the waves gets louder. As he hits the water, EVERYTHING TURNS TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

207 INT. DONUT SHOP -- DAY 207

Kevin, soaked and shivering is gulping hot coffee with Patty while her CO-WORKERS rub them both down with dish towels.

Olive comes in, carrying the blanket from Kevin's car -- the one wrapped around the gun -- and throws it around Patty to warm her up.

Kevin looks at Olive, alarmed that she saw the gun, but Olive doesn't betray a thing.

208 EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- LATER, EARLY EVENING 208

We see Kevin's Subaru parked in the driveway at the Kitteridge house.

209 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS, EARLY EVENING 209

Kevin is now in the Kitteridge's bathroom taking a shower, letting the hot water pour over his head and zoning out in the white noise of the water.

210 CUT TO: 210

Kevin, his shower done, is now sitting on the floor, draped in a towel and listening to the drip, drip, drip of the faucet.

211 FLASH INTERCUT: COULSON BATHROOM 1980 211

The faucet on the tub is going Drip, Drip, Drip. 13-year-old KEVIN is crouched on the floor, staring at his mother's hand which is draped outside the bathtub.

RACHEL
Kevin, are you still there?

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN
Yeah, Ma.

RACHEL
I'm doing fine, Honey. You can go.

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN
You sure?

RACHEL
I'm sure.

Kevin sees a bird land on his mothers hand.

KEVIN
Mom?

RACHEL
Yes.

KEVIN
Is there a bird on your hand?

RACHEL
No, sweetheart, there isn't.

Prelap: KNOCK-KNOCK.

212 CUT BACK TO: THE KITTERIDGE BATHROOM

212

Olive is knocking on the bathroom door.

OLIVE (O.S.)
Are you decent? I have some
clothes for you.

Kevin gets up, holding the towel around himself. He opens
the door partway. Olive hands him some clothes.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Christopher sent these over. We're
going to meet him at the rehearsal
dinner.

KEVIN
No, no, I don't want to crash his
party. I'm going to be taking off.

OLIVE
No you aren't. You're spending the
night. Get dressed.

213 INT. MARY'S BAR & FINE DINING -- NIGHT

213

Kevin, wearing one of Christopher's button-down shirts and
khaki pants, is making his way through the bar with Olive and
HENRY, now 65, to the back dining room. It's noisy and
crowded and there are too many people to meet and he's
feeling jumpy. Olive is looking tense -- she's not fond of
the in-laws.

Henry guides Kevin over to a long table where the WEDDING
PARTY is gathering. Suzanne and Christopher's GROOMSMEN and
BRIDESMAIDS are chatting in a clump, all young professionals.

HENRY
Let me introduce you to everyone--

KEVIN
No, that's all right.

HENRY
They'd love to meet you, Kevin.
You're a local hero now.

Henry spots the mother of the bride, JOYCE, 56, who's slim
and chic and indeed a little too tan.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY (CONT'D)
Here's the mother of the bride --
Joyce!

OLIVE
He has no interest in meeting her,
Henry.

Joyce is already approaching, with her tense, gracious smile.

JOYCE
(to Olive and Henry)
Hello you two.

HENRY
Joyce, this is Kevin, an old friend
of Christopher's. He saved a young
woman's life today.

JOYCE
Oh how wonderful.

HENRY
He very bravely jumped into the
water off the marina and helped get
her to shore.

JOYCE
Are you certified Kevin?

KEVIN
Certified?

JOYCE
In life-saving. Suzanne took the
course when she was in college.
She spent her summers as a life-
guard at a local public pool and
pulled quite a few children out.

OLIVE
Were they drowning or just ill-
behaved?

Joyce just smiles at Olive. Olive excuses herself and goes to
find her place at the table.

CHRISTOPHER, 28, comes over to greet Kevin. He's a bit
straighter-looking than Kevin. He's adopted his father's
agreeable manner, but there's a certain look in his eyes that
hints at a healthy level of angst.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER

Kevin, hey. I heard about you and
Patty. Jesus. She's really lucky
you were there.

KEVIN

Your mom was the one who saw her go
over. I was just following orders.

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah, she doesn't give you much of
a choice. When she says jump, you
jump.

Christopher expects Kevin to laugh but Kevin just nods.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

So how long are you here for?

KEVIN

I'm leaving tomorrow.

CHRISTOPHER

Well, it's good to see you. It's
been a long time.

KEVIN

Yeah, congratulations on getting
married.

They're both feeling awkward. Christopher calls SUZANNE
over.

CHRISTOPHER

Hon, come meet Kevin.

Suzanne, 30, a stylish, self-assured woman, comes over. She
greet's Kevin with the practiced warmth of a good doctor.

SUZANNE

Hello, Kevin, I'm Suzanne. How
great that you could make it! I
heard you came up from New York?

KEVIN

Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER

He went to Columbia.

SUZANNE

Oh, fantastic. I got accepted
there, but I decided to go to Duke.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE (CONT'D)
I needed a quieter campus. I'm
just that type, you know?

KEVIN
Sure.

Christopher has snaked his arm around Suzanne's waist and is
listening to her talk with a besotted look.

SUZANNE
How do you know each other? High
school?

KEVIN
Junior High.

SUZANNE
So you two go way back.

CHRISTOPHER
Kevin had Mom for math.

SUZANNE
Oh God. Chris said that she was a
terror.

KEVIN
She wasn't that bad, actually. We
got along.

SUZANNE
I'm sure she can be a sweetheart,
once you get to know her.

CHRISTOPHER
I wouldn't go that far.

SUZANNE
(laughs)
We're trying. Everyone's trying.
I should go help with the seating.
There's a little issue with Dad and
the head of the table.

Suzanne rejoins the group by the table where her father,
BLAKE, a tanned, patrician man in a blazer is taking up
residence at the head of the table while Olive stands by,
looking miffed.

CHRISTOPHER
Family.

KEVIN

Yep.

CHRISTOPHER

So how's New York?

KEVIN

Listen, you don't have to stand here and talk to me.

CHRISTOPHER

No, no, I'm glad you're here.

KEVIN

It's okay. It's really okay. I'm going to go hang out at the bar.

We FOLLOW Kevin as he makes his way through the dining area and its wall of sound of clattering dishes and forks and inane mealtime chat. He makes his way to the bar and orders a drink from the BARTENDER.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

A beer please. Whatever you have on tap.

While he waits for his beer, Kevin looks at a collection of photos that are hung over the bar, mostly crusty old fishermen. There's a photo of Jim O'Casey at the bar with a cigarette and whiskey, looking like the poet that he longed to be. Pinned next to the photo is a cocktail napkin with writing on it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(to the bartender)

Excuse me -- what does that napkin say?

The bartender looks at the napkin and squints.

BARTENDER

Dunno. Here --

The bartender unpins the napkin and hands it to Kevin. A quotation in ink is scrawled in an artful hand.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

What does it say?

KEVIN

"Save us from shotguns and father's suicides."

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

Huh.

KEVIN

It's from a John Berryman poem.

BARTENDER

Huh. Okay.

The bartender slides the beer over to Kevin. Kevin takes a sip, studying the napkin.

214 CUT TO: JIM O'CASEY'S RAMBLER -- 1980 214

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN, looking scruffy and unwashed, is sitting in the back of Jim O'Casey's Rambler, nervously sucking on one of his knuckles. 13-YEAR-OLD CHRISTOPHER is sitting next to him, as far away as possible. But he's no model of normalcy either. He's quietly jamming a pen into a hole he's made in the upholstery. JIM O'CASEY is driving and OLIVE is in the front seat next to him.

JIM O'CASEY

Is this your road, Kevin?

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN

Yeah, turn up here.

215 EXT. COLSON HOUSE -- DAY 215

We're back at the scene in Episode 1 as we see Jim's Rambler turning up a wooded road and pulling up to Kevin's house.

216 INT. JIM'S RAMBLER -- CONTINUOUS, DAY 216

Kevin opens the door to get out.

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN

(mumbling)

Thanks for the ride.

OLIVE

Stay. I'm going to check on your mother.

CHRISTOPHER

Ma, let's just go. I want to get home.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE
I'll be just a minute.

CHRISTOPHER
No you won't! Oh dear God Almighty
why don't I just walk!

OLIVE
Be my guest, do you good.

Olive heads across the yard.

Christopher lets out an irritated SIGH and starts flipping through the pages of his binder to find his homework, the sound of the pages unbearably loud -- FWAP, FWAP.

Jim O'Casey gets out a cigarette and strikes a match, SKKKISH. The cigarette smoke starts to drift back and Christopher annoyed, waves his hand at the smoke then gets out of the car, deliberately SLAMMING the door.

JIM O'CASEY
Want something to read?

Jim passes him a poetry book.

JIM O'CASEY (CONT'D)
Berryman. Take a look. See what
clicks.

Kevin takes the book and flips through it. The pages are dog-eared and filled with underlines and scrawled notations.

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN
You really messed up this book.

JIM O'CASEY
It's the only way I can read.

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN
Me too. I mark up a lot of books.

JIM O'CASEY
Good. It means you're thinking.

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN
It gets me in trouble.

JIM O'CASEY
Damn the authorities. Full speed
ahead.

(CONTINUED)

Kevin fingers the hole that Christopher made in the upholstery.

JIM O'CASEY (CONT'D)
Ever think about running away?

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN
From home?

JIM O'CASEY
Hitch a ride, jump a steamer...

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN
No.

JIM O'CASEY
Is it just you and your mom here?

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN
Yeah.

JIM O'CASEY
Where's your dad?

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN
He remarried. He lives in Arizona.
He sends money.

JIM O'CASEY
You don't need to stick around to
take care of your mom. Don't let
her hold you down.

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN
She doesn't. She's out of it most
of the time. How can she hold me
down?

Jim let's the smoke from his cigarette drift and stares out
at the old boat in the yard.

JIM O'CASEY
Is that boat yar?

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN
Huh?

JIM O'CASEY
Does it float?

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN
No, it's junk.

(CONTINUED)

Christopher is throwing rocks at the fence.

KLUNK...KLUNK...KLUNK...

JIM O'CASEY

What's up with your friend?

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN

He's not really my friend.

JIM O'CASEY

That kid is wound tight.

Kevin just nods.

JIM O'CASEY (CONT'D)

You have a girlfriend yet?

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN

No.

JIM O'CASEY

When you start seeing women, watch out for the crazy ones. They'll tear your guts out. It's a great and terrible ride.

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN

(not sure what to say)

...Okay.

JIM O'CASEY

Then there are the quiet ones, who will keep your socks paired up. Christ help you if you marry one of those. And Christ help her.

13-YEAR-OLD KEVIN

I'm not getting married.

JIM O'CASEY

Good lad.

217

INT. MARY'S BAR & FINE DINING -- NIGHT

217

We hear the KLUNK of ice going into a glass. We're back at the bar with adult Kevin. He's still looking at the cocktail napkin. He slips it into his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

Kevin hears a PIANO playing, following the sound, he picks up his beer and wanders over to the piano bar where ANGELA O'MEARA is playing her own lush version of "You Light Up My Life". He sits down across from her and listens to her play, finding it oddly soothing.

Angela gives him one of her sweet, sad smiles.

ANGELA

Hello, there, Honey. I haven't seen you before. You here for the wedding?

KEVIN

No, I'm just here to listen to you.

Angela nods. She understands. This boy is a fellow traveller.

As Angela plays on, Kevin settles into his own deep melancholy.

Flowers start blooming out of the top of Angela's piano.

ZRRRRRRROOMMMM

Kevin is shaken out of his hallucination by the sound of the bartender grinding ice in a blender. He winces at the noise.

Angela, unhinged by the noise as well, gives Kevin a pained wink, then she takes a sip of her Kahlua.

218

MARY'S BAR & FINE DINING -- LATER, NIGHT

218

Kevin is now sitting at the long table with the Kitteridge wedding party.

(CONTINUED)

The people around him are tapping their glasses to ready the table for a speech. CLINK-CLINK-CLINK-CLINK!

Henry, beaming, stands up. He's not at the head of the table -- Suzanne's father is still holding that spot -- but Henry isn't going to let it bother him.

Olive is sitting next to him, working on dressing her baked potato.

HENRY

Olive and I want to welcome the
Hales to Maine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HENRY (CONT'D)

Joyce, Blake, thank you for making the long trip out from California. I know the kids were torn about which coast to have the wedding. I wish we could have all been in both places at once.

BLAKE

It's alright, Henry. You won fair and square.

Henry looks a bit grieved.

SUZANNE

Dad, this wasn't a contest.

BLAKE

No, no, happy to be here.

HENRY

(going on)

Well, happy to have you. And we're so happy that Suzanne is going to be part of our family. You and Joyce have raised a remarkable young woman.

Joyce puts her hand to her heart and mouths "thank you."

Olive, lips sealed, continues to work on her potato.

HENRY (CONT'D)

And Suzanne, all I can say is that Christopher is the luckiest man in the world that he found you.

SUZANNE

No, no, I'm lucky that I found him.

Suzanne takes Christopher's hand and the bridesmaids go "aww."

HENRY

And Christopher, I'm so proud of you, Son. I am. You've grown up to be a truly good man.

CHRISTOPHER

Thank you Pop.

SUZANNE

Wonderful men make wonderful sons. To you, Henry.

(CONTINUED)

Everyone raises their glasses, "to Henry!"

Olive eyes to her plate, takes a bite of her potato. Kevin is watching her. Their eyes meet, and they both acknowledge each other's estrangement from this happy, happy group.

219 INT. HENRY'S CAR -- LATER, NIGHT

219

Henry is driving Olive and Kevin back from the dinner along a dark country road.

Kevin is sitting in the back seat, staring at the back of Olive and Henry's heads. This makes him feel like their kid -
- something both awkward and comforting.

OLIVE

Do you know what I heard the mother
say in the parking lot?

HENRY

Joyce.

OLIVE

Yes, I know her name.

HENRY

(patiently)

What did she say, Ollie?

OLIVE

She said that the food was
ordinary.

HENRY

Well, Suzanne told me that her
parents had a wonderful time.

OLIVE

What else is she going to say?

HENRY

What do you care, Ollie.

OLIVE

She's not as nice as you think she
is.

HENRY

Joyce?

OLIVE

Dr. Sue.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY
Oh, come on.

OLIVE
Just a feeling.

Henry slows as they take a sharp curve in the road. The headlights brush past a section of bent guard rail that has rusted over the years.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
(to Kevin)
That's where Jim O'Casey lost control of his car.

HENRY
I don't think anyone needs to be reminded of that.

OLIVE
Just pointing out the sights.
(to Kevin)
So what do you think of Dr. Sue?

HENRY
Ollie, don't put him on the spot like that.

OLIVE
Kevin's field is psychology. He's seen all the types.
(to Kevin)
Do you think she'll make Christopher happy?

KEVIN
I don't know. It depends on what Christopher wants.

OLIVE
I don't know what he wants. What do you think, Henry?

HENRY
I think he wants to be loved.

OLIVE
So it doesn't matter if she's not nice.

HENRY
She is nice, Ollie. She loves him very much.

(CONTINUED)

219 OLIVE 219
The two don't always go together.
I'm not very nice to you.

HENRY
(laughs)
True.

OLIVE
Are you happy, Henry?

HENRY
Happy as a clam, Ollie.

OLIVE
Happy, happy, happy. There you go.

220 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, SEWING ROOM -- LATER, NIGHT 220

Kevin is pulling out a sofa bed in Christopher's old room, which is now Olive's sewing room. Olive is tidying up her sewing area, which has the big, flowery fabric scraps from the dress she's made for the wedding.

Henry comes in with one of his jackets and a tie for Kevin.

HENRY
Kevin, you can wear this to the wedding tomorrow. I don't think our jacket sizes are too far off.

KEVIN
Oh. Okay.

Henry hangs the jacket and tie in the closet.

HENRY
Do you have everything you need for the night? Would you like a glass of water?

KEVIN
No thanks, I'm fine.

OLIVE
I'll be there in a minute, Henry. I need to check the garden for snails.

HENRY
All right, Ollie.
(to Kevin)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HENRY (CONT'D)

Nice to have you here, Son. Sleep well.

Henry leaves. Olive finishes making the bed. She hears Henry closing the bedroom door.

OLIVE

(to Kevin)

Get your keys.

221 EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- NIGHT

221

Olive is holding a flashlight while Kevin opens the back of his car and gets out the shotgun.

222 OMITTED

222

223 EXT. DOCK, BAY -- NIGHT

223

Kevin, cradling the gun in the blanket, is following Olive as they walk through the woods down to a small dock on the bay. We hear the water LAPPING at the shore. Their footsteps make hollow THUMPS on the wooden planks as they walk to the end of the dock. Olive stands there while Kevin empties the shells from the shotgun with a loud KA-CHINK, KA-CHINK. He throws the shells in the water then he flings the shotgun as far as it will go. We hear a soft KER-PLUNK as the shotgun hits the water and disappears.

Olive and Kevin stand there for a beat.

OLIVE

And where were you planning to do the deed?

KEVIN

The woods in back of my old house.

OLIVE

What on earth for?

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Doing it in my apartment...it didn't seem fair to the next tenant. Doing it outside seemed much cleaner.

OLIVE

There're children living in that house, you know. What if they were the ones who found your remains? Did you think of that?

KEVIN

No. I didn't.

OLIVE

It's never clean. You should know that.

A beat.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I have a wedding tomorrow. Let's go to bed.

224 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, SEWING ROOM -- DAWN, THE NEXT MORNING ~~224~~

Kevin is folding the clothes he borrowed from Chris and is placing them neatly on a chair.

225 EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- DAWN

225

Kevin is now quietly closing the front door of the house so as not to wake the Kitterridges. As we FOLLOW him as he walks out to his car we see Olive out in flower bed. We hear a KERPLUNK, KERPLUNK. Olive is picking off snails and dropping them in a coffee can. She looks up. Kevin, caught making his escape, doesn't quite know what to say.

Olive just nods and goes back to culling the snails, sparing them both from a long goodbye.

Kevin, grateful, gets in his car and drives away.

226 EXT. HARBOR CLIFF -- DAWN

226

Kevin is now standing on the edge of the cliff where he had rescued Patty.

227 CUT TO FLASHBACK OF THE RESCUE: 227

Kevin is sliding down the rocky face of the cliff, scraping his chest.

Kevin gasps as he hits the freezing cold water. The sound of the ocean is deafening. The waves knock him down. Kevin's P.O.V. as he goes under the swirling water and re-emerges into the foam.

We see Patty go under the water and come back up gasping. Kevin reaches out to her. She grasps his hand and holds on for dear life as the waves crash over them.

We see the solid figure of Olive above us on the cliff, waving to us. Her voice is cutting through the sound of the wind and the waves.

OLIVE
Help is coming! Hang on!

CLOSE ON Patty staring into Kevin's eyes, locked into him with all her soul.

228 BACK TO KEVIN ON THE CLIFF: 228

He's staring down at the waves, sucking at the rocks. He's all alone. It'd be so simple to just slip off. Kevin backs away.

229 EXT. DONUT SHOP -- DAWN 229

Kevin is peering into the donut shop. The closed sign is up in the window but the lights are on inside. He sees Patty inside, bringing out trays of freshly-made donuts to load on the shelves. He raps on the glass. Patty sees him and comes to the door to let him in.

230 INT. DONUT SHOP -- DAWN 230

Kevin and Patty are sitting together at a table with cups of coffee in a shy, intimate silence.

PATTY
I could see you coming down the cliff. You must have banged yourself up pretty good. Are you all right?

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Yeah. I just scraped my chest a little bit.

PATTY

Can I see?

Kevin lifts his shirt and shows her.

PATTY (CONT'D)

Oh gosh. I'm so sorry.

KEVIN

It's nothing terrible. What about you?

Patty pulls her sleeves back and shows him some bruises on her arms.

PATTY

I have a few on my legs too. But it's not too bad. They'll go away.

Kevin nods. A beat.

KEVIN

Did you jump?

PATTY

No, oh no. I slipped. I lost my balance.

KEVIN

But you were sad.

PATTY

That's why I was picking flowers. To cheer myself up.

KEVIN

A few lousy flowers? That's all it takes for you?

PATTY

Well, yes actually.

Kevin looks stricken.

PATTY (CONT'D)

What's wrong, Sweetie?

Kevin lets out a sob. With all the kindness in the world, Patty reaches across the table and takes his hand.

231 EXT. DONUT SHOP -- MORNING

231

Patty is now seeing Kevin out to his car. She hands him a bag of donuts and gives him a kiss on the cheek. He gives her one last hug then gets in his car and we watch him drive away.

232 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, SEWING ROOM -- A FEW WEEKS BEFORE, ~~2007~~SUPER: **THREE WEEKS EARLIER**

CLOSE ON Olive's capable hands pinning the tissue of a dress pattern to a gauzy muslin in a cheerful pattern of red and pink geraniums -- the same fabric that we saw earlier.

We're back in the sewing room where we saw Kevin spend the night.

Henry comes in.

HENRY

Ollie...

OLIVE

Yes Henry.

HENRY

That was Denise on the phone. She and Jerry are here visiting his parents and they'd like to stop by.

OLIVE

You didn't say yes, did you?

HENRY

They won't be here long. It's just for a cup of coffee, for God's sake.

OLIVE

Fine.

(CONTINUED)

Olive starts cutting the fabric that's pinned to the pattern with a big pair of shears. Henry watches her for a beat.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

What, Henry.

HENRY

I love that you're making your own dress for the wedding, Ollie.

OLIVE

Do you. Some would say that I'm just cheap.

HENRY

They're wrong. You're a woman who's good with her hands. I think that's wonderful.

OLIVE

Henry, you don't have to flatter me so I'll be nice to the mouse.

Olive, unconcerned, keeps cutting the fabric.

HENRY

(amused)

Thank God I have you to tell me what I'm thinking, Ollie.

OLIVE

Yup, yup, don't know what you'd do without me, Henry.

233 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, DINING ROOM -- DAY

233

Olive is pouring coffee for JERRY & DENISE, both 40, now a married couple. Denise is no longer the cute little mouse. She's now a matronly mouse. Jerry is no longer sweaty and insecure, but comports himself like a successful businessman.

Denise, perched on the couch next to Henry, is showing him pictures of their kids.

DENISE

...Here's Bradley and Michael from a couple of Easters ago -- Michael's hair isn't that light any more.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

These are old pictures. Why'd you bring these?

DENISE

I thought Henry and Olive would want to see them at their different ages. Michael wasn't even born the last time we saw them.

HENRY

Gosh, time flies, doesn't it?

DENISE

It sure does. It leaves me breathless. Let's see, here's a more recent one of Bradley.

Henry takes a look.

CLOSE on the photo: Bradley is in his bathing suit, a profoundly fat, sullen adolescent.

HENRY

Oh, uh-huh, where was this taken?

DENISE

That's our back yard...

JERRY

We put in a pool last year. It was the smart thing to do. Good for the property value.

HENRY

Uh-huh.

Henry hands the photo to Olive, trying not to register his dismay at the size of the boy.

OLIVE

(evenly)

How old is he now?

DENISE

Thirteen.

OLIVE

Not an easy age.

DENISE

Oh gosh, you said it. I think we're in for a long ride.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

That's because you give in to him
all the time.

DENISE

No, not really.

JERRY

If you don't stand up straight when
you talk to him, he's not going to
respect you.

(to Henry and Olive)

She slumps her shoulders. We're
working on it.

Denise, humiliated, looks away.

OLIVE

Henry sold the pharmacy, did he
tell you?

DENISE

Oh gosh yes, we saw when we were
driving in. I can't believe there's
one of those awful chains now. They
don't care about people the way you
do.

HENRY

No, but the prices are right.

JERRY

Did they buy you out?

HENRY

Yes, they did.

JERRY

You should have called me. I know
how to deal with these chains.
They like to rip off folks like
you.

HENRY

Thank you, Jerry, but I got a very
good price.

JERRY

How much did you get?

HENRY

That's none of your business.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

(surprised by his tone)

I was just curious. As I said, I
could have helped.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY
As I said, I did very well. Olive
and I will be quite comfortable.

DENISE
That's all we could ever wish for,
isn't it. To feel secure.

HENRY
That's right Denise.

OLIVE
More coffee?

DENISE
Oh, no thank you. It'll just make
me have to tinkle.

JERRY
We're with people, Denise, why
would you say something like that?

Denise looks slapped.

HENRY
It's all right, Denise, we're not
people, we're family here. You can
say whatever you want.

DENISE
Sorry. I don't think before I
speak. One more thing to work on.

Henry, grieved, pats Denise's hand. Olive sees Denise's
little mouse fingers grasp at his hand. Oh, so what.

OLIVE
Well, I have to tinkle too. Pardon
me, Jerry.

234 EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- LATER, DAY

234

The visit is over and Olive and Henry are standing in the
yard, watching Denise and Jerry get in their car. Denise,
looking small and sad, waves to them from her window as they
drive away.

OLIVE
Well he turned into a real snotwot,
didn't he.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

If her Henry was still alive, she'd be loved and happy.

OLIVE

You don't know that. He might have gotten sick of her eventually.

HENRY

I don't think so, Ollie. They were soulmates.

Henry falls silent.

OLIVE

You wouldn't have lasted six months with her. So quit moping.

FADE TO:

235

EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- DAWN, THREE WEEKS LATER

235

We've returned to the morning of the wedding. Olive is up with the birds, picking off snails from her garden and dropping them in a can. KERPLUNK, KERPLUNK.

We replay, from Olive's P.O.V., Kevin coming out of the house, trying to sneak away.

Kevin stares at her, caught.

Olive just nods, giving him permission to go.

She watches Kevin get in his car and drive off. His departure makes her feel a little weepy. In fact the thought of this whole day is making her weepy. But she'll be damned if she's going to give in to it.

She sweeps any sad feeling out of her mind and returns to the task at hand.

236 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, LAUNDRY ROOM -- DAWN

236

Olive is putting Kevin's sheets into the washing machine. She puts in the shirt and boxer shorts that he wore. She shakes out the pants and checks the pockets before she puts them in.

Olive finds Jim's cocktail napkin that Kevin had stashed in his pocket. She reads it and pales. Her head swims and her heart starts to thump.

OLIVE

Stupid man. Stupid.

She's done. No more. She cleans the lint trap of the dryer with the napkin and then tosses it all in the waste bin.

237 OMITTED

237

238 OMITTED

238

239 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, BEDROOM -- DAY

239

Olive is now standing in front of the mirror assessing herself in her homemade dress. The flowered pattern on the fabric is just a tad busy, especially on her generous figure. But the dress feels good. She's proud of it.

Henry, in a fine new suit, comes over to zip her up.

OLIVE

You know, I think the dress turned out well.

HENRY

It has. You look absolutely splendid, Ollie.

Henry gives her a kiss on the back of her neck. Olive smooths the dress over her hips, pleased.

240 EXT. THE WOODS BETWEEN THE KITTERIDGE HOMES

240

Olive and Henry are now walking on a path through the woods that connects their house to their son's property. Olive is carrying her big pocketbook with her.

We hear the sound of birds in the trees and the nattering of squirrels. We hear her stomach GROWL.

HENRY

Did you have breakfast?

OLIVE

Nope. Too busy putting together all those damn centerpieces.

HENRY

You should have a little something. It's going to be a long day.

OLIVE

Not hungry.

Henry can tell that Olive is feeling fragile.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

You know, most kids move away when they get married. But Chris wants to settle down right here. Think about it, Ollie, we must have done something right.

OLIVE

Oh sure. We gave him a nice hunk of land is what we did.

HENRY

I think he and Suzanne will be glad to have us nearby.

OLIVE

Why not. Free baby sitting.

HENRY

Oh, that won't be so bad.

OLIVE

They'll be good in a garden. I'll pay them a penny a weed.

Pleased by the thought, Olive lets Henry take her hand as they walk on.

241 EXT. CHRISTOPHER & SUZANNE'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- DAY 241

Olive and Henry are now emerging from the path in the woods to the back yard of Christopher and Suzanne's house where WEDDING GUESTS are gathered, chatting and drinking glasses of iced tea. The house is small but well-designed and built in the same style as the Kitterridges. The garden has all the same bushes and flowers as Olive's -- she's clearly had a hand in it.

Tables are set up out on the lawn for the wedding meal, all set with Olive's bouquets which are a mix of homey, untamed flowers -- zinnias, cosmos, larkspur and big blowsy roses. Olive starts adjusting some of the bouquets which got a bit crooked during the transport.

HENRY

Your flowers look wonderful, Ollie.

OLIVE

Well, someone let them slide in the car.

(CONTINUED)

JOYCE
There you are!

Joyce comes over to Henry and Olive.

HENRY
Hello Joyce! Big day!

JOYCE
Yes it is!

She's wearing a classic silk sheath dress in a muted tone. Her eyes dart briefly over Olive's homemade dress and her big, worn pocketbook.

Joyce has a couple of plastic corsage boxes from a florist.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
I have your corsage, Olive.

OLIVE
I thought you told me we weren't having corsages.

JOYCE
Oh, it was just a last minute thing.
(handing a box to Henry)
And Blake thought the gents should have boutonnieres.

HENRY
Oh splendid. Thank you, Joyce.

Olive is looking at her corsage, which is a neat arrangement of small, tight white roses. Joyce touches her own corsage, identical to Olive's.

JOYCE
I thought just simple white roses. They go with everything. Since I didn't know what you were wearing...

Olive unintentionally lets out a soft, acidic belch. Joyce looks surprised. She turns to Henry, who's struggling to get his boutonniere on.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
I can do that for you, Henry. It's hard to get it right. Olive, do you want me to help you with yours?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

I know how to use a pin, thank you.
Where's my son?

JOYCE

He's inside with Suzanne. They
want to have a little moment
together before the ceremony.

OLIVE

That's strange, don't you think?

JOYCE

Why?

OLIVE

They're going to see each other at
the altar for God's sake.

JOYCE

I think it's lovely.

HENRY

It's a beautiful day. We got lucky
with the weather didn't we?

JOYCE

Oh yes! I was worried. I know you
have rain here in the summertime.
In California, you don't have to
worry about that.

OLIVE

Seems you don't.

JOYCE

Is that young man here? Did you
bring him with you?

OLIVE

No. He left.

JOYCE

Oh. I wish you had let me know. I
had already rearranged the seating
for him.

OLIVE

Well, he's flown the coop, so you
can arrange it back.

(CONTINUED)

JOYCE
I'm going to go check on the
musicians.

Joyce gives them a pleasant smile and walks off. Henry
squeezes Olive's arm.

HENRY
I know you don't like her, Ollie,
but try to be kind. I'm sure she's
sad that she won't have her
daughter nearby.

OLIVE
I thought I was being good.
(seeing something)
Oh, what the hell --

Olive tosses the corsage on the table and we FOLLOW as she
marches over to LILY, a four-year-old in a frilly dress who's
blithely walking through a flower bed and breaking off
flowers by the stems.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Little Girl! Little Girl, what are
you doing?

The little girl stares at Olive, terrified.

LILY
(in a little voice)
I'm the flower girl.

OLIVE
Those are not your flowers. They're
not to be picked!

Young Lily bursts into tears.

SUZANNE'S SISTER, the girl's mother, rushes over and picks up
the girl, trampling more flowers in the process.

SUZANNE'S SISTER
What happened?

OLIVE
She shouldn't be in there.

SUZANNE'S SISTER
You didn't need to yell at her.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

There are bees in there, she could
have been stung.

Guests are looking at Olive. She feels dreadful. But never
mind these stupid people.

We FOLLOW her into the house...

242

INT. CHRISTOPHER & SUZANNE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS, DAY

242

Olive walks into the kitchen where CATERERS have taken over,
busy prepping the food. Olive gets a glass from the cupboard
and goes to the sink for some water. A CATERER tries to move
her out of there.

CATERER

Excuse me, M'am, we're prepping
here. You can get some iced tea
outside.

OLIVE

I'm the groom's mother. Don't you
dare chase me off.

Olive drinks down the glass of water. Her stomach gurgles.
She looks around for something to eat. She lifts some foil
covering a tray and only finds raw chicken breasts.

She roots around in a cupboard and finds a can of nuts.

WE FOLLOW her back to the living room which is thankfully
empty of guests. She stands and eats the nuts from the can,
staring out the picture window that she and Henry put in.

Olive sees Christopher coming out of the bedroom. He's
wearing a linen suit and one of Joyce's boutonnieres is
pinned to his lapel. He looks nervous and dazed.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Hello, Kiddo.

CHRISTOPHER

Hey, Mom. I'm looking for Joyce.
Suzanne wants to start this thing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
Good idea. We're all starving. I
hope the ceremony is short.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
Jesus, Ma.

OLIVE
Here, have some nuts.

Christopher takes some nuts from the can and mother and son
enjoy some salty nourishment. They gaze out at the fine
view.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
This is a good window.

CHRISTOPHER
Yeah, it is. I look out of it a
lot. I like how the light is always
changing. It's pretty wonderful.

Olive would dearly like to hug her boy, but she's not that
type.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
Is Kevin here?

OLIVE
Nope. Left this morning.

CHRISTOPHER
Good. Suzanne thought he was
strange.

OLIVE
Did she.

CHRISTOPHER
Come on, Ma, you know he is.

OLIVE
Well, I'm strange too.
But I suppose there should only be
one per wedding.

Joyce comes in, looking for Christopher.

JOYCE
Oh there you are, I have the
musicians all set. Are you and
Suzanne ready?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER

Yes, thanks Joyce, let's go ahead.

JOYCE

I'll start seating people. Olive,
come let me show you where you and
Henry will be.

OLIVE

Thank you, I know where to sit.

Joyce gives them both a tense smile and goes back out to the
yard to organize.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm glad she'll be on the other
coast.

This pleases Olive.

OLIVE

Well, Kiddo, let's just hope that
your Dr. Sue doesn't turn out to be
like her.

This blows their nice moment.

CHRISTOPHER

(flatly)

Okay, Ma. I'm going to get
Suzanne.

OLIVE

Just saying.

CHRISTOPHER

I'll see you out there.

Christopher goes back to the bedroom, leaving Olive's stomach
in a knot.

244 EXT. CHRISTOPHER & SUZANNE'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- DAY 244

The ceremony is about to begin and Olive is sitting with Henry in the front row. She's brought the can of nuts with her.

(CONTINUED)

Joyce, having just cued the musicians, breathlessly takes her seat across the aisle from Olive and Henry.

A FLUTIST and a CLASSICAL GUITARIST start playing some airy classical piece to bring the wedding party in.

Olive turns around and offers the nuts to her best friend BONNIE who's sitting with her husband HARMON in the row behind them.

OLIVE

Nuts?

BONNIE

Thank God. I'm starving.

OLIVE

Eat up. The chicken is still raw.

BONNIE

Your dress turned out well.

OLIVE

The fabric was a bear to work with.

BONNIE

I told you it would be. But you pulled it off.

OLIVE

I'm pleased.

Joyce stares at Olive and Bonnie eating the nuts.

HENRY

Ollie, put the nuts away.

The OFFICIANT for the wedding, an earnest middle-aged man with a beard, takes his place under a wicker arch that's been set up for the ceremony. The groomsmen and the bridesmaids walk up the aisle and join him, everyone smiling benignly at each other.

Christopher comes up the aisle and takes his place, looking shy and stiff.

We hear Suzanne's sister talking urgently to Lily, the four-year-old.

SUZANNE'S SISTER

Lily, go on. Honey, now.

(CONTINUED)

Olive turns around and sees the four-year-old holding a basket of rose petals and balking in front of the aisle.

SUZANNE'S SISTER (CONT'D)

Lily, do you want me to walk with you?

LILY

Noooooo.

Suzanne who's standing right behind them bends down to the child. She gently cups the back of Lily's head and whispers something to the little girl, asking what's wrong. Lily urgently whispers something back to Suzanne and points up the aisle at Olive. Suzanne glances at Olive then tenderly touches the little girl's cheek.

SUZANNE

It's okay, she won't hurt you.

Suzanne good-naturedly turns to the gathering who's been watching this little holdup.

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE (CONT'D)

All right, everyone, here I come.

(CONTINUED)

She takes a handful of the rose petals and tosses them up the aisle and everyone claps.

Olive starts to tear up, feeling like a beast.

Suzanne takes her father's arm and everyone stands and beams at the beautiful, gracious bride, as she comes up the aisle. Christopher's eyes are shining with love and disbelief as he gazes at his remarkable bride.

Henry, who's tearing up with joy, looks over at Olive, who's wiping at her eyes. He thinks that she's touched by the ceremony and gives her a happy squeeze and offers her his hankie.

245 EXT. CHRISTOPHER & SUZANNE'S HOUSE, BACK YARD -- LATE AFTERNOON 245

The wedding dinner is over. The afternoon wind has picked up and just as Olive predicted, programs and napkins and cups are blowing all over the yard.

The celebrants have all moved inside the house but Olive is walking around with a garbage bag and picking up trash from the flower beds. Henry comes out.

HENRY

Ollie, come inside and join us.

OLIVE

I don't want all this junk blowing out to the bay.

HENRY

We can take care of that later.
Come on, Ollie, come in and have some cake.

Henry puts his arm around Olive and leads her in.

246 INT. CHRISTOPHER & SUZANNE'S HOUSE -- LATE AFTERNOON 246

Henry is bringing Olive into the living room where the wedding guests are chatting, forks are clinking on cake plates, cigarettes are being lit.

Olive is still gripping the garbage bag.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY
Come sit with Bonnie and Harmon.
I'll bring you your cake.

OLIVE
Let me just take care of this.

We follow Olive to the kitchen. She hands the garbage bag to one of the caterers.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
The wind is blowing garbage all over the yard. You need to go clean it up now. You don't wait until it's blown off a mile away.

CATERER
Yes M'am, we'll take care of it.

OLIVE
No you won't. You clearly don't give a damn.

We FOLLOW Olive back through the living room. Bonnie and Harmon are ensconced on the couch with their cake.

BONNIE
Olive, they're running out of cake.

OLIVE
Grab me a piece. I'm taking a break.

She collects her pocketbook and beelines for the bedroom.

247 INT. CHRISTOPHER & SUZANNE'S BEDROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON 247

Olive is now in Christopher and Suzanne's bedroom, a pleasant, sun-filled room which is painted a soft eggshell blue. She closes the door, shutting out the noise of the party. She lies down on the bed with her purse next to her and arranges herself so her nice linen dress doesn't wrinkle.

She lets out a soft belch. She reaches into her purse and gets out a toothpick. She unwraps it and does a little work on her teeth while she's lying there.

The door opens. It's Henry. He's happy and flushed from socializing.

HENRY
Are you all right, Ollie?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE
I'm just having a quick lay-down.
Close the door, for God's sake, I
don't want anyone knowing I'm here.

Henry closes the door and sits on the bed next to Olive.

HENRY
This is a nice room.

OLIVE
I was just thinking that myself.

HENRY
I like the color of the walls. It
reminds me of a bird's egg.

OLIVE
That's why I chose it.

They gaze at the bureau, which is an old, homely piece of
furniture.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
His old bureau looks nice there.
I'm glad he kept it.

There's a framed print over the bureau of a southwest desert
scene with pink and orange rocks.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
But that desert thing doesn't fit
in.

HENRY
No, but it's her room now.

OLIVE
That's right. She can hang whatever
she damn well pleases.

Ollie sighs and lets out a soft, unhappy belch.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
I can tell you want to get back to
the party. I'm sure you'll want to
stay until the last dog dies.

HENRY
It's starting to wind down. I'm
sure that Chris and Suzanne will
want to kick us all out soon.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE
How about later we stop for some
donuts?

HENRY
We can do that.

They sit on the bed for a beat.

HENRY (CONT'D)
He's married a nice woman.

OLIVE
Yes. I think he has.

Henry pats Olive's hand and gets up.

HENRY
You rest, Ollie.

As Henry opens the door, we can hear the party going on. He
softly closes the door and the party is gone again.

Olive folds her hands on her chest, preparing herself to
sleep. But her eyes are wide open as she stares at the
bureau.

248 INTERCUT: CHRISTOPHER'S ROOM -- 1971, DAY

248

We're looking at the same bureau, now in Christopher's
boyhood room. Christopher's little boy things are on top of
the bureau, picture books and stuffed animals. REVERSE on
Olive, now 35, sitting with FOUR-YEAR-OLD CHRISTOPHER on his
bed. He has a wretched cold and he's weepy and fragile.
Olive is rubbing Vicks Vapo Rub on his little chest.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD CHRISTOPHER
(in a shaky little voice)
I can't breathe, Mommy...

OLIVE
Breathe through your mouth, you'll
be fine.

Olive buttons his pajama top and puts the jar of Vicks on top
of the bureau.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD CHRISTOPHER
Don't leave me!

OLIVE
I'm not going anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

Olive settles back with Christopher in his bed.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Close your eyes.

He cuddles up against her and she strokes his hair and sings to him.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Tell me why the stars do shine,
Tell me why the ivy twines,
Tell me why the skies are blue,
And I will tell you just why I love
you.
Because God made the stars to
shine,
Because God made the ivy twine,
Because God made the skies so blue,
Because God made you, that's why I
love you.

WE HEAR the sound of the party --

249

CUT BACK TO: CHRISTOPHER AND SUZANNE'S BEDROOM:

249

Joyce has opened the bedroom door.

JOYCE

Oh, sorry, I thought this was the
little girl's room. Are you all
right, Olive?

OLIVE

Yes. I'm taking a nap.

JOYCE

Oh.

Joyce gives Olive a perplexed smile, then leaves, only
partially closing the door.

We hear Joyce's heels clicking on the floor and the bathroom
door opening down the hall -- it makes a sticking noise as it
opens and shuts.

(CONTINUED)

Olive gets up and shuts the bedroom door. She lies back down and looks out the window. Some paper plates and napkins whip by. Oh, nevermind.

Olive shuts her eyes and listens to the wind.

250

OMITTED

250

251 INT. CHRISTOPHER AND SUZANNE'S BEDROOM, CONTINUOUS: 251

We hear the door is slowly squeaking open, the party noise growing louder. Olive opens her eyes and sees Lily the flower girl standing at the door.

OLIVE
Yes, can I help you?

Lily just stares at her.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
It's not polite to stare.

LILY
You look dead.

OLIVE
Well, I'm not.

LILY
That's not your bed. It belongs to my Aunt Suzanne.

OLIVE
It also belongs to my son.

LILY
Did you ask their permission to be here?

OLIVE
I don't need their permission.
Now go away before I eat you up.

Lily shoves the door closed but the latch doesn't catch and it falls back open a crack. Party noises drift.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Not getting up again...The hell with it.

(CONTINUED)

Olive shuts her eyes.

We hear the tap of high heels in the hall.

SUZANNE (O.S.)

Hey.

FEMALE FRIEND (O.S.)

Hey Suzi. You want to go ahead of me?

SUZANNE (O.S.)

No, I'm just bringing some more T.P. Someone said we were out.

FEMALE FRIEND (O.S.)

How you holding up?

SUZANNE (O.S.)

I'm ready for the day to be over.

FEMALE FRIEND (O.S.)

Exhausting, isn't it.

SUZANNE (O.S.)

Family.

FEMALE FRIEND (O.S.)

How are the in-laws?

Olive's eyes jolt open.

Suzanne lowers her voice. Olive can only hear fragments.

SUZANNE (O.S.)

...Love his father...Henry is a doll...

More murmuring.

FEMALE FRIEND (O.S.)

...Uh-huh, I can tell that she's not the warmest person in the world.

SUZANNE (O.S.)

...Chris has had a hard time with her.

FEMALE FRIEND (O.S.)

How so?

(CONTINUED)

Olive stops breathing. She sits up to listen better.
Suzanne's voice goes even softer. All Olive can hear is the
friend's response --

FEMALE FRIEND (CONT'D) (O.S.)
...Yeah, she seems a little crazy.
And what about that dress?

SUZANNE (O.S.)
Oh God, I know. It's awful, isn't
it? But that's how people dress
out here.

We hear another woman's voice as she comes out of the
bathroom to the sound of the door sticking.

WOMAN (O.S.)
That door is hard to open.

SUZANNE (O.S.)
I know, it's a cheap door. We need
to get it replaced.

JOYCE (O.S.)
Suzanne, your sister is leaving.

SUZANNE (O.S.)
All right.

We hear Suzanne's heels retreat down the hall. The bathroom
door is pulled shut with the same sticking sound. There's no
one left in the hall.

Olive stands up from the bed, reeling with hurt. She pushes
the bedroom door all the way shut and leans against the
bureau, trying to still her thumping heart.

She stares at the top of the bureau where there's the old
stain from the jar of Vicks Vapo Rub.

She stares at all of Dr. Sue's things which have now taken
over her son's bureau: perfumes bottles arranged in size
order, an earring tree with earrings hung in neat pairs, a
stack of Dr. Sue's medical folders, all perfectly lined up.

She opens a drawer. Dr. Sue's elegant panties and bras are
all perfectly folded and arranged: black one side, beige on
the other. God, who does that?

She shuts the drawer. There's a black magic marker on top of
the folders. She uncaps the marker and stares at it, wanting
to do some damage with it. She lets it hover in front of the
dreadful desert print... no, too obvious.

(CONTINUED)

Olive opens the closet door and stares at Dr. Sue's dresses slacks and blouses all neatly hung on wooden hangers, all in tasteful muted tones. She sees a stack of sweaters folded in a quilted plastic hanging shelf. She takes a creme-colored sweater out and makes a long black mark all the way down one of the sleeves. She refolds the sweater and puts it back in its place. She looks down at the floor of the closet where shoes are scattered all around, the only things of Dr. Sue's that aren't perfectly organized. She picks a scuffed loafer and looks at it for a beat. Then she puts it in her purse.

She re-caps the pen and puts it back in its place on the bureau. Then, just for good measure, she picks off an earring from the fussy little earring tree and puts that in her purse as well. She straightens the bed, removing any trace of herself and she opens the door and leaves.

252 INT. DONUT SHOP -- DUSK

252

Henry and Olive are now sitting at a table in the donut shop, looking out the window at the sun setting over the ocean.

Patty is refilling their coffees.

PATTY

How was the wedding?

HENRY

It was wonderful. Everything went just as planned.

OLIVE

No it didn't. The wind made a mess of things. How're you feeling, Patty?

PATTY

I'm okay. I'm a little sore. But I'm happy to be alive.

HENRY

Thank goodness for that.

PATTY

I would have drowned if it weren't for Mrs. Kitteridge.

OLIVE

Kevin was the one who fished you out.

(CONTINUED)

PATTY

But you saw me go over. You were watching out for me. You were like my guardian angel.

OLIVE

I wouldn't go that far.

PATTY

Well you were. Can I give you a hug, Mrs. Kitteridge?

OLIVE

Yuh, all right.

Olive let's Patty hug her. Patty clings to her for a beat, still clearly shaken.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Erase it from your mind.

Olive finally disengages herself.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Henry, are you ready?

HENRY

Sure, Ollie.

OLIVE

Just going to visit the restroom.

253 INT. DONUT SHOP RESTROOM -- DUSK

253

Olive is locking the door to the restroom. She takes out Dr. Sue's shoe and earring from her purse and she stuffs them deep in the trash.

Olive goes to the sink and washes her hands. She looks at herself in the mirror and studies her dress, pleased.

254 EXT. CROSBY HARBOR -- DUSK

254

Henry and Olive are walking together along the Marina. Olive's dress is glowing in the pink light. The air is calm, the sea is still. It's a lovely end to a very long day.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY
Our son is going to have a
wonderful life.

OLIVE
He's married a woman who thinks she
knows everything.

HENRY
Well, Ollie, so did I.

OLIVE
I don't know everything Henry.

They walk for a beat.

HENRY
I wonder what Christopher and
Suzanne are doing right now.

OLIVE
Not our business anymore, is it.

255 INT. CHRISTOPHER & SUZANNE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 255

Christopher is lying on top of the bed, already passed out.

Suzanne has changed into something more comfortable and is
standing at the bureau, taking off her necklace and earrings.
She hangs her earrings on the earring tree. She notices the
single earring dangling there. She searches the top of the
bureau. She moves the bureau with a loud scrape which wakes
up Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER
What's going on?

SUZANNE
I lost an earring.

CHRISTOPHER
You want me to help you look?

SUZANNE
No. Go back to sleep.

Suzanne is on her hands and knees on the floor, looking
behind the bureau to see if it had fallen down.

(CONTINUED)

PT. 2 "INCOMING TIDE" (YELLOW REVISIONS 0/0/13)
59.

Shit. SUZANNE (CONT'D)

FADE OUT.

END OF PART 2

OLIVE KITTERIDGE
PART 3
"A DIFFERENT ROAD"

Written by
Jane Anderson

Based on the novel
"Olive Kitteridge"
By Elizabeth Strout

WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT 05/07/13
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OLIVE KITTERIDGE PART 3-- A DIFFERENT ROAD
4 YEARS LATER

301 EXT. CHRISTOPHER & SUZANNE'S HOUSE - DAY, EARLY JUNE 1999 301

It's a bright, breezy day. We see OLIVE, now 63, unlocking the door to Christopher's house for some summer renters, a COUPLE FROM MANHATTAN with their two restless KIDS. The house has been nicely kept up, the garden is blooming.

OLIVE

...Mr. Kitteridge will be by once a week to mow the lawn. And I'll need to come by to dead-head the roses.

MRS. MANHATTAN

Oh. All right.

OLIVE

You don't have to worry, I won't be talking to you. I do my job and then go.

Olive leads them into the house. They're followed by Olive and Henry's dog CLANCY, a well-mannered dachshund.

MANHATTAN CHILD

Can we play with your dog?

OLIVE

No. He doesn't like children.

302 INT. CHRISTOPHER & SUZANNE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS, DAY 302

Olive goes around and opens the curtains to let in the light.

The place has been sensibly furnished to sustain the wear and tear of strangers. Signs are posted with instructions: **CLOSE DOOR AFTER YOU: FLIES! DO NOT USE FIREPLACE AS A BARBECUE.**

Mr. Manhattan stands at the window and gazes out at the splendid view.

MR. MANHATTAN

Check this out, Hon.

The fellow looks a little bit like Christopher. Olive turns away. Doesn't care to get sad.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MANHATTAN

Oh this is gorgeous. I love being surrounded by all these trees.

OLIVE

Yuh. As advertised.

Olive is opening the door out to the back yard.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Back yard is out here. Don't throw balls around the flower beds, please. And keep the screen door closed. We have flies when there's no wind. Towels and linens are on the bed. Any questions, our number is on the fridge. We don't answer the phone after nine at night. All right then.

Olive puts the house keys down on the counter. With no further adieu, she and the dog take their leave, reinforcing the assumption that folks from Maine are odd.

303 INT/EXT. KITTERIDGE WORK SHED -- DAY

303

SCREEEEEEEE! Henry, now 69, is at his workbench in the garage, turning a piece of wood on a lathe.

Olive and the dog are coming back from the rental house.

SCREEEEEEEE.

Olive walks past Henry.

HENRY

Are they all settled in?

OLIVE

Like bugs in a rug. I'm making lunch. Come in when you're done.

304 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY

304

Olive is making grilled cheese sandwiches. Henry comes in and shows Olive the bowl he's just made.

HENRY

What do you think, Ollie?

(CONTINUED)

It's slightly lopsided but is lovingly oiled and polished.

OLIVE

It's nice, Henry.

Henry runs his hand over the grain.

HENRY

It's a beautiful piece of wood.
Henry Thibodeau gave us the log.
Maybe I'll send this to Denise.

OLIVE

What's-his-name won't like it,
eating salad out of dead Henry's
bowl.

HENRY

Jerry doesn't need to know.

OLIVE

That's right. The hell with him.

The phone is ringing. Henry, still the pharmacist, answers it
nice and snappy.

HENRY

Good Afternoon, this is the
Kitteridge residence.

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE

Pop, it's me.

HENRY

Chris! How are you, Son?

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE

I need to talk to both of you. Is
Mom there?

HENRY

She's right here. Is everything
okay?

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE

Yuh. Just -- why don't you both
get on.

HENRY

Hold on, Son. Let me go get on the
other line.

(to Olive)

He wants to talk to us.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE
What's going on?

HENRY
I don't know. I'll pick up in the den.

305 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, DEN -- DAY

305

Henry is now on the phone in the den.

HENRY
...Did you and Suzanne try to go to counseling?

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE
Yuh, we went for a couple of months. But we knew it wasn't going to work out.

HENRY
Oh gosh, Chris. Oh gosh, I don't know what to say.

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE
I'm okay with it, Pop. I really am.

OLIVE ON PHONE
Did you fall in love with someone else?

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE
No.

OLIVE ON PHONE
Did she?

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE
(a short beat)
I don't know.

OLIVE ON PHONE
So she was having an affair.

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE
Ultimately that's not really the point. We were just the wrong match.

HENRY
I'm so sorry, Chris, I really am.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE

I'm fine about it, Pop. It is what it is.

HENRY

Well, come on home Son. You can have your house back. We only rented it out through July.

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE

I'm staying out here. I like California. And my practice is doing well.

HENRY

You could have a good practice here. People are still asking if you're ever coming back.

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE

I don't want to come back, Pop.

Henry doesn't know what to say. A silence on the other end.

OLIVE ON PHONE

(finally)

Do what you wish, Chris, it's your life. I have something cooking.

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE

Okay Ma --

Olive hangs up before Christopher finishes talking. We hear Christopher mumble to himself.

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE (CONT'D)

Jesus.

HENRY

Chris, you there?

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE

Yeah, Pop.

HENRY

I'm sorry this happened. I liked Suzanne.

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE

She liked you too, Pop.

HENRY

Why don't you come out for a visit?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE

We'll see, I'm pretty busy right now. Listen, I have to go. I'm at the office.

HENRY

Okay, Son. I won't keep you. Take care of yourself, okay?

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE

Thanks, Pop, you too.

306 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, KITCHEN -- DAY

306

Henry, looking heartbroken, is coming back into the kitchen.

OLIVE

Well, I didn't see that one coming, did you?

HENRY

What do you think happened, Ollie?

OLIVE

The bloom wore off and she thought she could do better. That's the type she is. He married an opportunist.

HENRY

You know, I thought he was calling to tell us that Suzanne was pregnant.

OLIVE

Well. Not to be.

Olive puts their lunch down on the table. Henry sits down, despondent.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

We should think about selling the house. I don't want any more renters.

HENRY

He could change his mind.

OLIVE

He's a grown man. Why on earth would he want to live next to us?

(CONTINUED)

HENRY
No, why should he.

Henry puts his head in his hands.

OLIVE
Are you going to eat?

HENRY
Not right now, Ollie.

Henry doesn't move. Olive can't bear it.

OLIVE
Henry, go do something.

Olive takes his plate back and slaps some aluminum foil over it. Then she turns her back to him and starts noisily washing the pan.

Henry finally rouses himself.

HENRY
All right, Ollie.

Henry gets up. And without another word, walks off.

307 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

307

SCHOOSHA-SCHOOSHA-SCHOOSHA. Olive is now madly scrubbing out the fridge.

She stops.

OLIVE
Henry?

No answer. She resumes. SCHOOSHA-SCHOOSHA-SCHOOSHA.

She stops again and calls.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Henry? Where are you?

308 INT. ATTIC -- NIGHT

308

Olive is now going up the stairs to the attic. She sees Henry looking forlornly through boxes filled with Christopher's old train set. He has his RADIO tuned to his classical station -- some plodding symphonic piece.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE
What're you doing?

HENRY
You know, I always thought that on a rainy day, I'd take the grand kids up here and show them their dad's old train set. We'd dust it off and put the tracks together and get it running again. Maybe I'll set it up anyway.

Henry stares into the boxes. The symphony drones on.

OLIVE
Henry.

HENRY
What?

OLIVE
Snap out of it.

Olive goes back up the stairs.

309 EXT. CROSBY -- DAY 309
Henry, endeavoring to snap out of it, is walking down the Main street of town, greeting his fellow citizens as he goes.
We see him head into the new pharmacy, which is now a large, bright chain store.

310 INT. BUY-RITE PHARMACY -- DAY 310
Henry is going up to the prescription counter where we see JACK KENNISON, 63, an imposing well-heeled gent standing there and reading a folded Wall Street Journal.

HENRY
Are you in line?

JACK
I am.

HENRY
Not like the old days, is it.

JACK
Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

The service isn't what it used be.

JACK

No it isn't.

Jack, not caring to engage, looks back down at his paper.

Jack's wife, MRS. KENNISON, 60, a beautifully dressed, patrician woman joins him.

MRS. KENNISON

All set?

JACK

No. I don't know what in God's name they're doing back there.

Mrs. Kennison gives Henry a smile, vaguely recognizing him.

HENRY

Hello.

MRS. KENNISON

Hello.

HENRY

Henry Kitteridge. My pharmacy used to be here.

MRS. KENNISON

Of course! We used to use you.
Jack, this is our old pharmacist.
Do you remember?

JACK

(not terribly interested)
Ah. Yes.

Henry would like to smack the man.

MRS. KENNISON

Oh listen, Henry, we're taking a cruise to Belize next week. Can you suggest something for sea sickness?

HENRY

I've always recommended Dramamine.

MRS. KENNISON

Now where would I find it?

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Would you like me to get it for
you?

MRS. KENNISON

Thank you, Henry, that's so kind of
you.

Henry happy to be out of the sphere of the unpleasant Mr.
Kenninson, heads down an aisle and picks some Dramamine.

He sees a STOCK GIRL in a Buy-Rite uniform by the greeting
card rack. She looks a bit like Denise -- sweet and plain.
Henry goes over and sees that she's stocking the shelf with
Father's Day cards.

HENRY

Oh boy, I forgot it was that time
of year.

STOCK GIRL

Excuse me?

HENRY

Father's Day.

STOCK GIRL

Oh. Yeah.

HENRY

Have you sent yours off yet?

STOCK GIRL

My what?

HENRY

A card to your Dad.

STOCK GIRL

Oh. No, hadn't thought about it.

HENRY

I'm sure he'd appreciate it.

STOCK GIRL

It's a made-up holiday. I don't
think he cares.

HENRY

But everyone likes to get a card.
It's a nice reminder that you're
thinking about them.

(CONTINUED)

STOCK GIRL

My dad doesn't want to know what I think about him.

HENRY

That's too bad.

STOCK GIRL

No it isn't.

The Stock Girl moves off.

Henry, saddened by this conversation, stares at the card rack. He picks up a card that declares: ***For My Wife. Just Because I Love You.*** This lifts his spirits. Yes, he thinks, the world needs more of that.

311

EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- DAY

311

Henry is pulling into the driveway. Clancy the dog rushes at the wheels, barking his fool head off -- RAH-RAH-RAH! Olive, who's working in her flower bed, yells at the dog.

OLIVE

Clancy! No!

Henry, in fine spirits from his foray to town, gets out of the car and greets his pal Clancy.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Don't reward him for running at the car.

HENRY

Oh, he's all right.

Henry has a bouquet of daisies that have been dyed blue and an unnatural pink. He has the card tucked into the plastic wrapping that's been stapled around the rather awful flowers. He walks over to Olive and proudly presents his gift.

HENRY (CONT'D)

For my wife.

Olive stares at the offering, which she finds a little strange, being that she's surrounded by an entire garden of blooms.

OLIVE

What are these?

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

I thought they were unusual.

OLIVE

Thank you, Henry.

Henry puts his arms around Olive.

HENRY

I love you Ollie.

OLIVE

Yes, you too.

The plastic around the flowers CRINKLES as he hugs her.
Olive stares over his shoulder, waiting for the hug to be over.

312 INT. MARY'S BAR AND FINE DINING -- NIGHT

312

ANGELA is at the piano, in a jaunty mood, is playing her own version of a Neil Diamond song, "Sweet Caroline."

In the dining room we see Henry and Olive having cocktails with their friends HARMON and BONNIE NEWTON.

HARMON

Does Christopher have a lawyer?

OLIVE

He didn't say. We didn't ask.

BONNIE

If she's a greedy gump, he's going to need one.

HENRY

We think it's fairly amicable.

OLIVE

She wanted out. She decided that she could do better.

HENRY

You don't know that, Ollie.

OLIVE

Oh sure, I know.

BONNIE

Good riddance.

(CONTINUED)

HARMON

What about the house here?

HENRY

It's under his name.

BONNIE

That's good. Do you think he'll
move back?

HENRY

He still could.

OLIVE

Not in a million years.

BONNIE

Well, you're lucky they didn't have
kids. That could have been a real
nightmare.

The WAITRESS arrives with a plate of crab cakes.

WAITRESS

Who has the crab cakes?

OLIVE

Over here. Anyone mind if I start?

BONNIE

Go ahead.

Olive digs in.

HENRY

How're your grandkids?

BONNIE

They're spiteful.

HENRY

Oh gosh.

(CONTINUED)

BONNIE

Do you know what the little one said to me the other day? She looked me straight in the eye and said, "you may be my grandma, but that doesn't mean that I have to love you." And the other one looked at me and said, "me too!"

HENRY

Oh gee.

OLIVE

That's rotten.

HENRY

Did you talk to Julie about it?

BONNIE

Oh, she encourages it. She wants them to be able to "express" themselves.

OLIVE

For God's sake.

HENRY

That's no good.

OLIVE

She needs to teach them some manners.

BONNIE

Oh that won't happen. She's rude to me as well.

Bonnie starts to tear up.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

You just can't win. Even when you do your best.

HARMON

Nope, you can't win.

Harmon looking sorrowful, jiggles the ice in his glass.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

Well, the hell with her. The hell
with all of them.

Olive, with great relish, finishes off the crab cake.

313 INT. HENRY'S CAR -- LATER, NIGHT

313

Henry and Olive both buoyed by Bonnie's misery, are driving
back from dinner.

HENRY

Awful, what those rotten
grandchildren said to Bonnie. They
sound like real hellions.

OLIVE

That Julie's not much. And I
remember Bonnie always talked about
her like she was God's gift.

HENRY

You never know what really goes on.

OLIVE

No, you don't.

Olive lets out a soft belch.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Ate too much.

HENRY

You want a Rolaid?

OLIVE

Yes please.

Henry reaches into his coat pocket and hands Olive his
supply.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

You know, if you think about it,
Suzanne would have raised her kids
the same way.

HENRY

Well Christopher wouldn't have
allowed any rudeness.

OLIVE

But it's the mother they listen to.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

I'm sure you would have
straightened them out.

OLIVE

You bet I would.

Olive chews on the Rolaid.

HENRY

You know, Ollie, I was thinking,
maybe we should go on a trip
together.

OLIVE

Wouldn't that be fun.

HENRY

Somewhere warm. Bermuda maybe.

Olive shifts in her seat, feeling uncomfortable.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Or a cruise.

OLIVE

I'd rather go somewhere on our own.
You get a lot of dopes on a boat.

Olive shifts again. She's starting to perspire.

HENRY

You're right about that, Ollie.
We'd see a lot more on our own.

OLIVE

...Oh Godfrey.

HENRY

Are you all right?

OLIVE

I need a bathroom.

HENRY

We'll be home in ten minutes. Can
you hold on?

OLIVE

No, my bowels are about to explode.

HENRY

Try to hold on, Ollie.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE
I don't think I can. Henry, find something.

HENRY
I'm looking Olive.

OLIVE
Oh good God.

HENRY
Just hold on.

OLIVE
There, there! Go to the hospital.

HENRY
You sure?

OLIVE
Yes!

The traffic light up ahead turns red.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Go! Just run the light!

HENRY
I can't.

OLIVE
No one's around for God's sake, go!
Go!

Henry guns the car and runs the light. We see the hospital up ahead.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Go to the emergency entrance.
What're you doing?! There, there!

314 EXT. HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS, NIGHT 314

Henry swerves the car around and pulls up to an entrance marked EMERGENCIES.

315 INT. HENRY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS, NIGHT 315

OLIVE
Stop! Let me out!

(CONTINUED)

Olive madly unbuckles her seat belt.

HENRY

I'll wait right here, but if they
want me to move I'll come in and
find you, all right?

OLIVE

Yes, all right!

Olive bolts out of the car and dashes into the emergency room
entrance.

316 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM -- NIGHT

316

A young nurse, NURSE PATRICIA is sitting behind a desk in a
bright, empty waiting room Olive rushes in.

OLIVE

I need a bathroom!

NURSE PATRICIA

Right down the hall.

Olive, her guts in a twist, trots to the ladies room.

317 INT. HOSPITAL LADIES ROOM -- NIGHT

317

We hear a flush. Olive comes out of a stall, deeply
relieved.

OLIVE

Whew. Whewie.

She goes to the sink and washes her hands and rinses the
perspiration off her face.

318 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM -- NIGHT

318

Olive is walking back through the waiting room. The nurse
looks up, concerned.

NURSE PATRICIA

Are you all right?

OLIVE

Yup, all clear.

NURSE PATRICIA

Diarrhea?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

Explosive. We had dinner with friends and I ate everything in sight. I'm fine now, thank you very much.

NURSE PATRICIA

Any vomiting?

OLIVE

Excuse me?

NURSE PATRICIA

Did you have any vomiting?

OLIVE

Nope, none of that. You seem pretty short on business tonight.

NURSE PATRICIA

Well, weekends it picks up.

OLIVE

I'm sure you've had a lot of fools pass through who drink and drive and crash into trees.

NURSE PATRICIA

Oh we get all kinds of situations. We had a man come in who sawed off his finger with a chain saw. He was smart enough to put the finger on ice and we got it back on, good as new.

OLIVE

I was born here. In the old wing.

NURSE PATRICIA

Oh that's so neat. Welcome back!

OLIVE

They brought my father's body here. Don't know why. He couldn't have been more dead.

NURSE PATRICIA

Well, sometimes people can be revived after a heart attack. We've done that.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

He blew his head off. He was dead,
dead, dead.

NURSE PATRICIA

Oh, I'm sorry.

OLIVE

No need. Just a fact. Yup. Going
home now. Thanks much.

NURSE PATRICIA

Oh, but the doctor is ready to see
you.

OLIVE

I don't need a doctor, I just
needed a john.

NURSE PATRICIA

Are your ears always this red?

OLIVE

Why, am I getting ready to die?

NURSE PATRICIA

Did you have any shell fish?

OLIVE

Just a couple crab cakes.

NURSE PATRICIA

We lost a woman here just the other
night. She'd been out to dinner
with her husband and had crab. She
came in here with diarrhea and died
three hours later from anaphylactic
shock.

OLIVE

For God's sake.

NURSE PATRICIA

Are you allergic to shell fish?

OLIVE

No. Never have been.

NURSE PATRICIA

But that can change. Do your palms
itch?

OLIVE

No, not that I can tell.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE PATRICIA

We still better have the doctor
take a look at you, just to be
safe.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

Oh, all right. Let me just tell my husband.

319 INT. HENRY'S CAR -- NIGHT

319

Henry is waiting in the car with the motor running, listening to a ball game.

RAP-RAP-RAP. Olive is knocking on his window.

OLIVE

Henry!

Henry rolls his window down.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

They want to check me out.

HENRY

Are you all right?

OLIVE

Yes! Some dumb woman died here of crab meat and now they're afraid they'll get sued.

HENRY

Do you want me to come in with you?

OLIVE

No, I'm fine. But you better park the car. God knows how long they'll want to take with me. Business is slow.

Olive goes back in.

320 INT. HOSPITAL EXAMINATION CUBICAL -- NIGHT

320

Olive is sitting on an examination table, being checked out by DR. TED, a diligent, pink-cheeked young man who looks like he's just barely out of medical school.

DR. TED

How long ago did you have the crab cakes?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

About two hours ago.

Dr. Ted CLICKS his pen and writes in her chart. Then he UNCLICKS the pen.

DR. TED

Did you have anything else?

OLIVE

A steak and a baked potato.
Creamed spinach. A puny little
salad but a nice dressing on it.
And a lovely piece of cheese cake.

Dr. Ted CLICKS his pen again and writes. Then UNCLICKS.

DR. TED

Your blood pressure is a little on
the high side. Are you on any
medication?

OLIVE

Nope.

Dr. Ted CLICKS his pen again and writes. He UNCLICKS. Olive is finding this annoying.

DR. TED

I'm going to just check your lymph
nodes.

Dr. Ted gently feels around Olive's neck.

DR. TED (CONT'D)

I don't see any sign of a rash.
Are you having any more abdominal
pain?

OLIVE

I'm just a little queasy.

DR. TED

This could just be a case of gastro-
reflux. But we should examine you.

The doctor hands Olive a paper gown.

DR. TED (CONT'D)

If you could put this on.
Everything off, open in front.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

Oh for heaven's sake. Do I have to?

DR. TED

We want to make sure you're all right, Mrs. Kitteridge. Better safe than sorry.

Dr. Ted steps out of the cubicle and draws a curtain around her. She opens the skimpy paper gown and looks at it.

OLIVE

For God's sake.

321

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM LOBBY/HALLWAY -- NIGHT

321

Henry is leaning against the check-in desk, having a pleasant chat with Nurse Patricia.

NURSE PATRICIA

Have you ever been to the Florida Keys? They have boat trips where you can swim with dolphins.

HENRY

Wouldn't that be something. I'll have to look into that.

NURSE PATRICIA

Oh, and have you thought about visiting Cuba? You'd have to fly from Toronto because of the restrictions and all, but I hear it's really neat. All the cars are from the nineteen-fifties.

HENRY

Now that would be a fascinating trip, wouldn't it. I think my wife would enjoy that.

Behind them, the doors to the emergency room open.

NURSE PATRICIA

I love Cuban music. Do you and your wife like to dance?

HENRY

Haven't in years. But it's something to try.

(CONTINUED)

Two men are coming towards them -- one of the men is wearing a pig mask, the other a ski mask. They're carrying guns. Nurse Patricia sees the men and opens her mouth. Henry looks at Patricia, puzzled, then turns and follows her gaze.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Oh dear God.

322

INT. HOSPITAL EXAMINATION CUBICLE -- NIGHT

322

CRINKLE, CRINKLE. Olive is adjusting the paper gown around the bulges of her body and tying it shut with the plastic tie that comes with the flimsy thing.

OLIVE

Stupid thing. Made for real skinny pinnies.

That done, she looks at her clothes which are folded on a chair. Her panties and panty hose are on top. No, that won't do. She tucks her intimates under her skirt and blouse so they're out of sight.

She scooches herself back up on the examination table and sits there for a moment. The fluorescent lights overhead BUZZ.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

This is just ridiculous.

She calls out.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Hello. I'm ready. May we please proceed?

Nothing.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Oh for God's sake.

She hears footsteps.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

It's about time.

The curtain is yanked open. It's Ski Mask.

SKI MASK

Get down!

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

Hey now!

SKI MASK

Get down! I said get down!

OLIVE

Down where? Be clear!

Pig Mask comes in and viciously kicks over the chair with her clothes.

PIG MASK

Move, you fucking bitch!

Olive's outrage instantly turns to a sickening swoon. The room swims in and out of focus...the guns...her clothes on the linoleum floor...her panties now exposed...the men's booted feet trampling on her clothes. Ski Mask is rifling through the cabinets looking for drugs, CLATTERING bottles, spilling things.

PIG MASK (CONT'D)

Move, Bitch, move!

Olive's legs feel like jelly as she slides off the table. Pig Mask, the larger of the two men, shoves her out into the hall.

323

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS NIGHT

323

Olive is walking down a hall in her bare feet, clutching her paper robe. Pig Mask is behind her, holding his rifle at the back of her head. She can hear his adrenalized breathing amplified through his rubber mask.

Ski Mask is trotting ahead of them checking open doors. Olive's panty-hose have gotten caught on the heel of his boot and they're trailing behind him on the floor.

They reach a storage room and Pig Face shoves Olive inside.

324 INT. HOSPITAL STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS, NIGHT

324

Henry, Nurse Patricia and Dr. Ted are all sitting on the floor, with their hands bound behind them.

Henry looks up at Olive -- his jacket askew, his eyes watering from fear.

HENRY

Olive, have they hurt you?

PIG MASK

Shut the fuck up!

(to Olive)

Hands behind your back!

RRRRRRIP -- Pig Mask rips off a length of duct tape.

HENRY

There's an eyelash on her cheek.

PIG MASK

What?

HENRY

There's an eyelash on her cheek.

Let her wipe it off.

OLIVE

Henry, never mind...

HENRY

It's going to get in your eye.

PIG MASK

Say another word and I'll blow your fucking head off.

Ski Mask has noticed the panty-hose caught on his shoe and is trying to shake them off.

SKI MASK

Fuck, fuck!

He picks off Olive's panty-hose with the barrel of his gun and flicks them away like they're something filthy. They land next to the young doctor. Olive, sick with humiliation, turns her face away while Pig Mask yanks her arms in back of her and starts binding her wrists with the tape.

HENRY

Please don't make it too tight,
you're going to cut off her
circulation.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE
Henry be quiet.

(CONTINUED)

PIG MASK

Shut the fuck up.

(to Olive)

Get down on the floor.

Olive, her hands bound behind her and her body barely covered, tries to lower herself down.

PIG MASK (CONT'D)

Get down!

OLIVE

I'm trying.

HENRY

Help her, for God's sake.

Ski Mask, still holding his gun, clumsily helps Olive lower to the floor.

PIG MASK

Anyone moves, you get shot in the head.

Pig Mask goes out and shuts the door behind him.

Olive's legs start to shake uncontrollably, making slapping sounds on the floor. FLUP-FLUP-FLUP-FLUP.

Ski Mask is sweeping his gun around the room.

SKI MASK

Don't anyone look at me or I'll shoot your fucking heads off.

He sits down on a packing crate and pulls his ski mask off. He's a pale-skinned, callow kid with bad skin and a buzz cut. His face is sweaty and splotched from nerves. He madly scratches at his scalp, itching from the mask. He starts unwrapping a sucker, CRINKLE, CRINKLE. He tosses the wrapping on the floor and sticks the sucker in his mouth and nervously sucks, clearly an addict in need of a sugar fix.

Henry is looking over at Olive, distressed. Olive's paper gown is bunched up and partly open.

HENRY

Would you please get something to cover my wife? She's all exposed.

Dr. Ted and Nurse Patricia turn to look at Olive.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

God, Henry.

Ski Mask looks over at Olive.

SKI MASK

Oh Jesus, Lady.

OLIVE

Well what am I supposed to do?!
These stupid people wanted to have
me examined!

SKI MASK

Don't look at me!

Olive turns her head. Ski Mask bends down and yanks her robe closed. Olive can hear him breathing through his mouth as he fumbles with the plastic tie. His shaved head is close to her face. She stares at the sweat on his scalp, the flush in his skin. She glances down at his nail bitten fingers fumbling with the ties of her robe, so close to her stomach and private parts.

Olive has stopped breathing.

Ski Mask has moved off Olive and sits back down on the storage crate, his legs apart, his gun dangling in his hand.

HENRY

Thank you. That's the first decent
thing you've done all night.

SKI MASK

Shut up and get your fucking head
down.

HENRY

No need for that. You don't need to
speak so filthy.

OLIVE

Henry, please. Keep quiet before
you get us all killed.

SKI MASK

What'd did you say to me Old Man?
What the fucking fuck did you say?

Henry keeps his face turned away, his eyebrows bunched. Ski Mask crouches down next to him.

(CONTINUED)

SKI MASK (CONT'D)

Answer me! What the fuck did you say to me?

HENRY

I said you don't need to talk so filthy. You should be ashamed of your mouth.

Ski Mask presses his gun into Henry's cheek. The nurse let's out a moan.

OLIVE

Please! He got that from his mother. His mother was impossible. Just ignore him!

SKI MASK

Is this guy your husband?

OLIVE

Yes.

SKI MASK

Well, he's a fuckin' nut.

OLIVE

He can't help it. You'd have to know his mother. She was full of pious crap.

Ski Mask pulls the gun away. Nurse Patricia starts sobbing.

HENRY

It's all right, Patricia. We'll all be fine.

SKI MASK

Shut up.

HENRY

This young woman needs some comfort. Please allow me that.

SKI MASK

Are you a fucking preacher?

OLIVE

No, he likes to give comfort to cute little mice. He'll risk his life to save a mouse in distress.

(CONTINUED)

SKI MASK

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

HENRY

My wife is scared. She's saying things.

SKI MASK

I want both of you to shut up, okay?

Ski Mask sits back down on his crate and chews down the rest of his sucker, his leg jiggling.

Olive, still in another zone, is studying the boy...just a poor dumb kid who probably wasn't very bright in school. His nails are bitten down, there's acne on his cheek...

OLIVE

My son used to have acne. There are things you can use to clear it up.

The Doctor and Nurse brace for another outburst from Ski Mask. But he just stares at her, baffled by this crazy woman.

SKI MASK

Shit Lady.

Ski Mask shakes his head and scratches at his scalp.

OLIVE

But the main thing is that you have to stop touching your face. That's what aggravates it.

SKI MASK

Okay, Lady. Just shut up, all right? Everyone just be quiet.

Ski Mask lets out an exhausted breath and bows his head.

Everyone in the room relaxes a bit. Henry looks over at Olive and gives her a small nod -- we'll be fine.

The door opens. It's Pig Face. He sees that Ski Mask's face is exposed.

PIG MASK

What the fuck! What the fuck!

He smacks Ski Mask across the face.

(CONTINUED)

PIG MASK (CONT'D)

Why'd you take your mask off you
dumb mother fucker!?

Ski Mask starts fumbling for his mask.

PIG MASK (CONT'D)

It's too late you dumb shit! Tape
their mouths. I'll be right back.

Pig Mask cocks his rifle and leaves.

Olive's legs start to shake again, FLUP-FLUP-FLUP-FLUP.

Dr. Ted shuts his eyes, preparing to die.

Nurse Patricia, starts praying.

NURSE PATRICIA

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord
is with thee; blessed art thou
amongst women...

Ski Mask is fumbling with the duct tape, trying to unpeel the
end of it with his nail-bitten fingers.

SKI MASK

Fuck. Fuck.

NURSE PATRICIA

...Hail Mary, full of grace, the
Lord is with thee; blessed art thou
amongst women, and blessed is the
fruit of thy womb, Holy Mary,
Mother of God, pray for us
sinners...

OLIVE

God, will you shut up with that?

HENRY

Olive, leave her alone.

OLIVE

Really, Henry, who're you trying to
impress? You've known this girl
less than an hour and already you
have to show her what a saint you
are.

The nurse and doctor are now staring wide-eyed at Olive.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Enough, Olive.

OLIVE

Mr. Perfect, that's who you are.

(to Ski Mask)

Do you want to know why our son moved away? He couldn't live up to his perfect record as a perfect man.

HENRY

He moved away because she made his life unbearable.

(to Olive)

You and your terrible judgements.

DR. TED

Both of you stop. Please.

OLIVE

Do you know what your saintly mother said to me about my father's suicide? That he committed a sin and he had gone to hell. How's that for judgement? How's that for Christian charity?

SKI MASK

Jesus Christ, shut up!

Henry ashamed for them both, stares at the floor.

DR. TED

Let's try and be calm. Let's try and be quiet.

OLIVE

Oh shut up.

HENRY

Why are you so hateful, Olive.

OLIVE

Because you're too goddamn simple for me! I should have left you years ago.

HENRY

Then why the hell didn't you?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

I was going to, but he's dead.

HENRY

You wouldn't have lasted two weeks with that man. His drinking would have disgusted you.

OLIVE

And you wouldn't have lasted two weeks with your mouse. She was half your age, and dull as a rock.

HENRY

Well, aren't I a sap.

OLIVE

We both are, Henry, we're both big, fat saps.

Ski Mask finally gets the duct tape unstuck. RRRRRRRIPPPP-- he tears off a piece and kneels down to tape it over the nurse's mouth. The nurse is sobbing, snot running out of her nose.

DR. TED

(begging softly)

Please, she won't be able to breathe. Please...

Ski Mask yanks the nurses blouse up and uses it to wipe the snot away.

Henry and Olive stare at each other, out of their minds with fear.

A wet spot is darkening Henry's trousers as he loses control of his bladder. Olive stares at him, the wet spot, his twisted jacket, one of his trouser legs hitched up to expose his white calf. This is the last thing in the world that she's going to see.

We hear POLICE WALKIE-TALKIES in the hallway. Ski Mask is fumbling with the tape to cover the doctor's mouth.

DR. TED (CONT'D)

IN HERE! WE'RE IN HERE! HELP!

We hear the police on the other side start to bust down the door.

SKI MASK

Christ, oh fuck, oh Christ...

(CONTINUED)

We see Ski Mask raise the gun to his own head.

OLIVE

Oh no...don't.

Ski Mask stares at Olive, ever so briefly pulled to his senses...then the door bursts open and the dark clothes of PATROLMEN move through the frame...Ski Mask's arms are being grabbed and the gun is wrenched out of his hand.

325

INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, KITCHEN -- LATER, NIGHT

325

We see the pink and blue daisies that Henry got for Olive sagging in a vase on the kitchen table. Henry, now in his robe, is talking on the phone with Christopher. His adrenaline is still pumping and he's talking a little too loudly.

HENRY

...My guess is, they weren't going to shoot us until they finished stealing whatever drugs they were looking for...

Olive comes in the back door from walking the dog.

HENRY (CONT'D)

...but a male nurse who was coming in for his shift called the police before they could do the deed. I talked to the fellow afterwards and he said that he saw your mother's clothes thrown all over floor in one of the cubicles and he knew that something was wrong.

Olive, not caring to engage is noisily filling the dog's dish with kibble. Henry holds his hand to his ear so he can hear.

HENRY (CONT'D)

...Say that again, Son? Yes, she's fine. She's right here. Do you want to talk to her?

(to Olive)

Ollie -- it's Christopher, he'd like to talk to you.

Olive takes the phone.

OLIVE

Yes, Chris.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE
Mom, how're you doing?

OLIVE
Doing fine. I'm alive.

CHRISTOPHER
Are you going to talk to someone?

OLIVE
What do you mean?

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE
You and Dad should get some
counseling. Especially Dad. He's
acting like everything's fine but
he's going to crash and get really
depressed.

OLIVE
Just ducky that you're worried
about your father at this point.

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE
Excuse me?

OLIVE
You're the one who broke his heart.

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE
What did I do this time?

OLIVE
Going to bed. Good night.

Olive hands the phone back to Henry and leaves.

HENRY
Chris?

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE
What the hell, Dad, what the hell?

HENRY
It's not about you, Son. Your
mother went through a terrible
ordeal. She's not herself.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE

All I was saying to Mom was that I think you should get some counseling.

HENRY

We'd like to do some traveling. Maybe we'll come out and visit you.

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE

Sure.

HENRY

We'll see. Your mother hates to leave her garden this time of year.

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE

Sure.

Henry stares at the dog devouring his kibble.

Christopher can hear the CLINK of Clancy's tags.

CHRISTOPHER

Is that the dog?

HENRY

Yes, he's having his midnight snack.

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE

That's nice.

HENRY

Don't worry about us, Son. Your mother and I will be fine.

CHRISTOPHER ON PHONE

Okay, Pop. Glad you're okay. Take care of yourself, all right?

HENRY

Will do. Good night.

Henry hangs up. He feels his despair creeping up on him. He stares at the dog who's now licking his chops. He bends down and pats the dog's head.

327 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, BEDROOM -- LATER, NIGHT

327

Olive now in her nightie, is putting Henry's soiled pants and boxers, her torn hose and trampled undies into a garbage bag. Henry is in the bathroom, shaking out a couple of pills.

HENRY

Olive, do you want something to help you sleep?

OLIVE

No, I don't want to start on those things.

HENRY

They're mild enough. You won't get hooked.

OLIVE

You go ahead, knock yourself out.

Henry takes the pills and downs them with some water.

HENRY

Do you want something to settle your stomach?

OLIVE

Yes, please.

Henry gets out a bottle of Milk of Magnesia and pours some into the cap and brings it out to Olive.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Olive downs it.

HENRY

Ollie...

OLIVE

Let's not talk about it, Henry.
Let's not. Let's just erase it
from our minds.

Henry nods. He picks up the garbage bag with their ruined clothes.

HENRY

I'll take this out.

(CONTINUED)

328 OMITTED

328

329 EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, DECK -- A WHILE LATER, DAY

329

Henry is standing out on the front deck, staring out the bay. He has his radio with him, tuned to his classical station. He's listening to MAHLER's 5th symphony, which is sad and tender.

Olive just back from town, is walking up from the driveway with a bag of donuts. The sight of him just standing there, makes her despair.

OLIVE

Henry. What're you doing?

HENRY

I'm looking at the bay, Olive. Is that all right?

OLIVE

I saw Harmon at the post office. Why don't you call him?

HENRY

I will.

Henry continues to stare. Mahler plays on.

OLIVE

Would you turn that off? It's depressing.

Henry, not in the mood to fight, turns the radio off.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Henry. Listen, I don't remember what I said that night, but I couldn't stand that little nurse
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE (CONT'D)
and all her Catholic mumbo jumbo.
And then you had to defend her.
And I knew that you knew better.

Henry shakes his head once, as if to clear his head.

HENRY
Do you know, Ollie. In all the
years we've been married, in all
the years, I don't believe you've
ever once apologized. For
anything.

Olive flushes.

OLIVE
Well sorry, sorry, sorry. Sorry if
I'm such a hell of a rotten wife.

Henry puts his hand on her to quiet her.

HENRY
Olive, we were scared that night.
It was a situation that no one
should ever have to be in. We were
both very frightened. We said some
things. And we'll get over them in
time.

Henry gives her shoulder a squeeze. Then he walks off the
deck and moves across the yard, through the carpet of dead
leaves and continues to walk down to the bay.

330 EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- DAY, MARCH

330

Super: **8 MONTHS LATER**

It is March, 2000 and the trees are budding, bunnies hopping,
the grass is starting to green.

We see Olive, now 64, in her tulip bed fertilizing the tulip
plants which are just coming up.

We see Henry, now 70, in his car, pulling into the driveway.
The dog barks and charges at the wheels.

OLIVE
CLANCY COME! COME!

Olive moves down to the driveway and grabs the dog by the
collar and gives him a smack on the snout.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

NO!

Clancy let's out a startled yelp just as Henry is opening the car door.

HENRY

Olive, did you hit the dog?

OLIVE

He was heading straight under the wheels. He has to learn, for God sakes.

HENRY

All right.

OLIVE

You didn't even see him. You could have run right over him.

HENRY

All right, Ollie.

OLIVE

Did you get my mulch?

HENRY

Yes.

Henry gets out of the car and goes around to open the trunk. Clancy sees a squirrel and goes chasing after it.

OLIVE

See? He's fine.

Henry pulls a large bag of planting mix out of the trunk.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Watch your back, Henry. Don't try to carry it for God's sake, let me get the wheelbarrow.

HENRY

I'm fine, Olive, I can handle it.

OLIVE

Suit yourself.

Olive returns to her tulip bed. She examines the leaf of one of her plants.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Oh great, the aphids are back.
Jerks.

We hear Clancy barking. RA-RA, RA-RA!

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Oh quiet.

She continues to dig in the fertilizer.

RA-RA-RA-RA!

Olive annoyed, looks up. She sees Clancy barking at Henry, who's lying on the ground.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Henry? Oh my God.

Olive runs to Henry. One of his hands is jerking in the air, trying to reach for something.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Henry! What is it?

Henry's eyes are open, looking pained and dumbfounded. His mouth is moving, trying to form words.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Henry, can you hear me? I'm here.
Henry, don't close your eyes! Look
at me! Henry, look at me!

FADE TO:

331 INT. CROSBY NURSING HOME, HENRY'S ROOM -- A MONTH LATER, ~~DAM~~

CLOSE on Henry staring blankly ahead with a pleasant smile on his face.

OLIVE (O.S.)

Henry, Christopher is here.

Henry is sitting in a wheel chair, his mind fried by a stroke. We see Christopher, now 33, who's just arrived with Olive. He stares at his father, stricken.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh Jesus, Ma.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

He can hear you, Chris. For God's sake. Henry? I'm here with Christopher. We just came from the airport. The traffic was lousy.

Olive has flowers that she's brought from her garden and is arranging them in a vase for Henry.

CHRISTOPHER

Hello, Pop.

There's no response from Henry.

OLIVE

The more you talk to him, the more he responds.

Christopher pulls a chair up to Henry. Henry's radio is on his bureau, tuned low to his classical station.

CHRISTOPHER

How're you doing, Pop?

Nothing.

OLIVE

Hold his hand. He likes to be touched.

Christopher awkwardly takes Henry's hand.

CHRISTOPHER

Hi, Pop.

OLIVE

I'll let you two visit.

CHRISTOPHER

Ma, where're you going?

OLIVE

Godfrey, Chris, how old are you? He's your father, just talk to him.

CHRISTOPHER

Okay Ma, okay.

But Olive sees his distress.

OLIVE

Here, his toe nails need clipping.

(CONTINUED)

Olive gets a pair of nail clippers from the bureau where there's a vase filled with her tulips.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Turn the chair so he can see the
flowers. He misses the garden.

Chris adjusts Henry's wheelchair then lifts one of Henry's
feet on to his lap and takes off his slipper.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I noticed a bunion on his right
foot.

CHRISTOPHER

(examining him)

Uh-huh. There's some swelling here
on his metatarsophalangeal joint.
How long has he had this?

OLIVE

I don't know. He never let me near
his feet.

CHRISTOPHER

I see a couple of corns here. You
need to keep better care of his
feet.

OLIVE

That's your department. Henry, I'll
be back.

332

INT. CROSBY NURSING HOME, DAY ROOM -- DAY

332

Olive is sitting in the day room doing her crossword puzzle.
Angela is at the piano singing the Carpenters, "We've Only
Just Begun" for the senile RESIDENTS parked in their
wheelchairs. She's just a tad drunk.

A staff member, MARY BLACKWELL, comes over to Olive and sits
down next to her.

MARY

How are you doing Mrs. Kitteridge?

OLIVE

Doing just fine.

MARY

I wanted to tell you -- we have a
wonderful support group that's
meeting here tonight.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

My son is visiting. I'm not going to leave him at home to go talk with a bunch of strangers.

MARY

Oh, but he's welcome too. It's for the whole family.

OLIVE

Thank you, but we're not those types.

Olive turns back to her puzzle. Mary looks hurt.

MARY

Well, we're here if you need us.

She pats Olives arm and leaves.

OLIVE

Sap.

333

INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

333

Olive and Christopher, both feeling fragile, are sitting at the kitchen table, having their dinner.

CHRISTOPHER

I don't know how you can stand that place, Ma.

OLIVE

I can't. It's lousy, Christopher. But what can I do. I can't take care of him on my own.

CHRISTOPHER

No, of course you can't. He's a big guy. It'd be too much for you.

OLIVE

I do what I can for him. I bring him food from home and I give him an extra wash when I'm there. Your father is the only one in that place who doesn't stink like a dirty sponge.

They eat for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I'm thinking of selling your house.
It's a lot of upkeep, renting it
out to those summer people. Unless
you'd like to keep it in the
family.

CHRISTOPHER

No, you should go ahead and sell
it.

Olive feels a stab of disappointment, but oh well, that's
that.

OLIVE

We'll go over there in the morning
and see if there's any furniture
you want.

CHRISTOPHER

No, you can keep it.

OLIVE

Didn't what's-her-name clean you
out?

CHRISTOPHER

No, she didn't. And you can say
her name, she's not Satan.

OLIVE

Are you dating yet?

CHRISTOPHER

No. I'm in therapy.

OLIVE

You can't do both?

CHRISTOPHER

It's not advisable, no.

OLIVE

I'm sure you talk about what a
rotten mother I was.

CHRISTOPHER

We talk about a lot of things.

OLIVE

There was nothing wrong with your
childhood. The biggest trauma you
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE (CONT'D)
ever had was when Sparky got hit by
a car.

CHRISTOPHER
It's not just about trauma.

OLIVE
Well, I think it's stupid to dwell
on the past.

CHRISTOPHER
Let's not have this conversation,
all right?

OLIVE
You had a normal, happy childhood,
just for the record.

CHRISTOPHER
Okay, Ma, I'll let my therapist
know.

Olive starts clearing the table. Christopher gets up to
help.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
Dad's sight is gone.

OLIVE
Not necessarily.

CHRISTOPHER
I'm afraid it is. I flicked my
fingers in front of his eyes and he
didn't respond.

OLIVE
Is that what you were doing instead
of talking to him?

CHRISTOPHER
I did talk to him.

OLIVE
How do you think that made him
feel, having you flick at him?

CHRISTOPHER
He wasn't even aware, Mom. He
barely responds. The stroke really
fried him.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

You don't know. You're not a doctor.

CHRISTOPHER

Excuse me?

OLIVE

You're a podiatrist. That doesn't count.

CHRISTOPHER

Thank you.

OLIVE

Don't be offended. It's a fact.

CHRISTOPHER

I am offended. That was a shitty thing to say.

OLIVE

And who are you to go snapping your fingers in front of your father's face like that? Who the hell are you?

CHRISTOPHER

I wasn't snapping my fingers, Jesus Christ!

OLIVE

Did you even bother to say three words to him?

CHRISTOPHER

Yes!

OLIVE

What?

CHRISTOPHER

Do you want a transcript?

OLIVE

I want to know what you said to him that was so goddamned wonderful.

CHRISTOPHER

Nothing, Mom, nothing. I'm a fucking idiot, all right?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

No, you're selfish. You just
couldn't be bothered to come out
right away to see your father.

Olive turns her back to Christopher and starts washing the
dishes.

CHRISTOPHER

You're the one who told me that I
didn't have to come.

OLIVE

That's because it was very clear
from your calls that you didn't
really wish to.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh my god.

OLIVE

Admit it, you know I'm right.

CHRISTOPHER

No, Ma, no. You need to admit that
you say these horrible things to me
that make me want to crawl in a
hole and die!

OLIVE

Don't be so dramatic.

CHRISTOPHER

You do. All the fucking time!

OLIVE

You never call me so how can that
be true?

CHRISTOPHER

I don't want to fucking call you
because you make me feel like shit!

Christopher has Olive backed up against the sink.

OLIVE

Stop using that horrible language.

CHRISTOPHER

Screw my language! You know what
my shrink says? He says it's a
fucking wonder that I'm even
standing after all the crap you
said to me when I was a kid!

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

What crap? Give me an example.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER

Abusive crap! Putting me down!
You say crazy, destructive things
and you then pretend that nothing
fucking happened! Admit it! Admit
it for fucking once! Admit that
you were a horrible mother!

Olive, her defenses fried, starts to cry.

OLIVE

Christopher, please. You have to
stop yelling at me. I almost got
murdered and I've lost my dearest
companion. I need someone to be
nice to me.

CHRISTOPHER

(quietly)

Okay Ma, okay.

Christopher's fury is spent. Olive wipes at her eyes and
blows her nose.

The two of them sit there for a beat, exhausted by their
fight.

Olive puts her plate on the floor for the dog to lick.
Clancy's tags CLICK as they hit the plate. It's a comforting
sound.

OLIVE

There's ice cream.

CHRISTOPHER

Sure. Yes please.

334

EXT. MUNICIPAL AIRPORT, MAINE -- A FEW DAYS LATER

334

Olive is standing with Christopher and the dog at the gate of
the small terminal.

CHRISTOPHER

Bye, Mom.

OLIVE

All right then. Travel safe.

CHRISTOPHER

I will, Ma.

Christopher walks across the tarmac to the puddle-jumper.

(CONTINUED)

Olive watches him go. No, she's not going to be sad. No.

OLIVE
(to the dog)
That's it. Let's go.

335 INT. CROSBY NURSING HOME, HENRY'S ROOM -- DAY

335

CLOSE ON Henry, the same bewildered expression on his face.

OLIVE (O.S.)
Henry, look who's here.

Clancy is lifted into frame and he starts licking Henry's face. Henry smiles and makes a noise.

Olive puts the dog on Henry's lap and guides his hand so he can pet him. Olive has a basin of water and wash cloth and she starts cleaning Henry's face.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Christopher's on his way home. He said that he'll be back soon. He's crazy about you, Henry. He kept saying what a wonderful father you are.

Henry makes a sound, trying to form a word with his lips.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Say it again, Henry. Go ahead.

Olive leans closer, waiting. But Henry falls silent. She stares into his eyes, searching for a sign of consciousness. Finally, she flicks her fingers in front of him to see if he blinks. He doesn't.

336 INT. POST OFFICE -- A FEW WEEKS LATER, DAY

336

Olive is standing by the garbage bin at the post office, sorting mail, flinging the junk mail into the garbage.

A local woman, CYNTHIA BIBBER, 55, approaches Olive.

CYNTHIA BIBBER
Hello Olive.

OLIVE
Cynthia.

Cynthia touches Olive's arm.

(CONTINUED)

CYNTHIA BIBBER

I'm so, so sorry about Henry.

OLIVE

Nothing to be sorry about. We all know this kind of thing is coming. Not many are lucky enough to just drop dead in their sleep.

CYNTHIA BIBBER

How are you doing?

OLIVE

Just fine.

CYNTHIA BIBBER

You know my daughter Andrea has a degree in social work now. I told her about everything that's happened to you and she said that she'd be glad to talk to you.

OLIVE

I remember Andrea in my class. Not too bright with the math. Glad she found a calling.

CYNTHIA BIBBER

(offended)

All right, Olive. Nice to see you.

Cynthia moves off.

Olive sorts through the rest of the mail. She almost throws a small cream-colored envelope in the trash. It's addressed to her. She opens the envelope and pulls out a card that's on thick, expensive stock. There's a short note, written in a careful, elegant hand: *He was always a nice man. I'm sure he still is. My Best, Louise Larkin*

Olive stares at the note.

337 EXT. LARKIN HOUSE -- DAY

337

Olive is ringing the doorbell of the Larkin house. As she waits, she notices the flaking paint around the front door, the lack of upkeep.

We hear light footsteps and LOUISE LARKIN, 62, opens the door. She's wearing a long, sweater-like cashmere robe and

(CONTINUED)

her white hair is silky and tied to the side with a velvet bow. She's stick-thin and pale but her posture is regal and her face is actually quite beautiful. Age has smoothed her skin and brought out her cheek bones. She looks like some strange, ageless fairy queen.

Olive can't help but stare.

LOUISE
Hello, Olive.

OLIVE
Hello, Louise.

LOUISE
Do come in.

338 INT. LARKIN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS, DAY

338

Olive steps into the dim front hall. The house is formal and furnished with good antiques. But the curtains are all drawn dulling the light inside.

LOUISE
I've set up tea in the living room.
You can leave your purse here, if
you like.

Olive puts her big purse on the front table, careful not to knock over a porcelain figurine.

As Louise leads Olive to the living room we can hear, bizarrely, Sherry Lewis singing *The Song That Never Ends*. *

It's coming out of the library where Olive sees that a TV is tuned to Sherry Lewis' Lambchop's Playalong. Louise catches Olive's curious look. *

LOUISE (CONT'D)
Silly, isn't it. But I prefer it
to the news. Why let in all that
gloom and doom. *

OLIVE
Oh sure. *

LOUISE
Can't stand a quiet house. Tick,
tick, tick. I'm sure you miss
having Henry there. *

OLIVE
It's an adjustment. *

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE

He was such a kind and pleasant
man. A pure delight to be around.

*
*
*

OLIVE

Oh, I wouldn't go that far.

*
*

Louise laughs softly.

*

LOUISE

I've always enjoyed your candor,
Olive.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

Louise leads Olive into the living room where a tea service is set up on a coffee table. *

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Have a seat, Olive. Let me pour for you.

Olive settles herself in an expensively upholstered chair that's slightly worn at the arms. While Louise pours, Olive glances around the living room. It looks dusted and clean but there's a water stain in the wallpaper. There's an 8X10 formal studio shot of 13-year-old Doyle in a blazer posed with his mother.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

I hear that one of your young men is staying at the same prison as Doyle.

OLIVE

My young man?

LOUISE

The one who tried to rob you. If you ever pay him a visit, I'm sure that Doyle would also love to see you.

OLIVE

Why on earth would I want to pay him a visit?

LOUISE

There's something about being held captive by someone. You get attached.

Olive's head swims, ever so slightly.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

I haven't given that boy a second thought.

LOUISE

Oh come now.

Louise hands Olive her tea.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

I'll let you put in your own cream.

We hear a CREAK on the floorboards overhead.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Robert is up from his nap. He has the upstairs and I have the downstairs. We've worked things out.

OLIVE

Do you ever talk to each other?

LOUISE

On occasion. But Robert is not a nice man. His heart beats twice an hour. Cold, cold man. Brrr. But they always blame the mother, you know. Always, always they blame the mother for everything.

OLIVE

I suppose.

LOUISE

You know it's true. How is Christopher?

OLIVE

He's in California and is doing very well.

LOUISE

Has he been out here much to help you, Olive?

OLIVE

Oh sure. Sure he has.

LOUISE

He was always such a sensitive boy. Just like Doyle. Nobody believes
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE (CONT'D)
this now, of course, but Doyle is
the sweetest soul alive.

OLIVE
How is your daughter doing?

LOUISE
She lives in Boston, and is working
on her PHD.
(in a little sing-song)
Boys go to Jupiter to get more
stupider, girls go to college to
get more knowledge.

Louise lets out a little laugh. Olive doesn't know what to
say. She sips her tea.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry that I'm not setting a
better example for you.

OLIVE
What do you mean?

LOUISE
On how to cope with being pitied.
I'm old news. But you're fresh
meat for the gossips.

OLIVE
I don't pay attention to the busy
bodies.

LOUISE
But still, you've come here for
lessons.

OLIVE
No, I came here because you were
nice enough to send me a note.

LOUISE
True, I haven't lost my manners.

Louise stirs her tea.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
You've probably thought of killing
yourself.

Olive feels the room swim.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

I hardly see how that would solve anything.

LOUISE

Of course it would. It would solve everything. But the question is of how to do it. Myself, it would be pills and drink. You -- I don't see you as a pills person. Something more aggressive. The wrists, but that would take so long.

OLIVE

I guess that's enough of that.

LOUISE

Olive, you're the last person who I expected to be offended by this kind of talk.

OLIVE

I think I'm going to get going. But I do appreciate that you sent the note.

LOUISE

Oh, you came here for a nice dose of schadenfreude and it didn't work. Sorr-y.

OLIVE

Thank you for the tea, Louise, I'll see myself out.

We FOLLOW Olive as she makes a beeline for the front hall.

Olive grabs her purse from the front table, almost knocking over the porcelain figurine. She quickly rights it. Louise is right there.

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE

What do you keep in that purse of yours, Olive? What're you hiding in there?

OLIVE

That's enough, now.

Olive sees ROBERT LARKIN at the top of the stairs, looking down at her, looking harmless and shrunken. He raises his hand in a tired greeting.

As Olive opens the door she gets a glimpse of Louise as she's picking up the porcelain figurine. She quickly goes out and shuts the door. Louise hurls the figurine at the door.

339 EXT. LARKIN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS, DAY

339

Olive can hear the porcelain figurine shatter against the door.

Olive shaken, moves away.

340 INT. CROSBY NURSING HOME, HENRY'S ROOM -- LATER, NIGHT

340

We see a fresh vase of flowers on Henry's dresser. THE MOONLIGHT SONATA is playing on Henry's radio. Olive is lying on the bed with Henry, who's been tucked in for the night.

OLIVE

Henry, I had quite a day. I went to see Louise Larkin because she had sent me a note. I thought she was reaching out to me but it turns out that she's out of her mind. She's not just crazy but she's wicked crazy. She despises her husband. She despises everyone. The only nice things she had to say about anyone, were about you, Henry. She said that you're the kindest man in the world. Which is true. You were born kind. You grew up kind. And then you married a beast and you loved her. You had a son who's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

grown up to be complicated but at least will never bludgeon a girl to death. You've been endlessly kind to townspeople as they came to you for their medicine. You soothed their ills in your clean white coat. You've lived a fine life, Henry. You have. You can die now, It's all right. I'll be right here. You don't have to do this alone.

Olive lays her head next to his chest so she can be next to his heart.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Love you, Henry.

Olive's eyes drift shut.

341 EXT. WOODS -- DAY

341

Olive is walking down a path in the woods with a bundle of flowers for Henry. We see Ski Mask digging a grave for Henry in a clearing. His face is sweaty and his skin blotchy from the effort.

Christopher is sitting on the ground running his electric train set, ignoring Henry, who's sprawled on the ground in suit pants and his pharmacist's coat, his limbs in disarray.

OLIVE

What're you doing? Don't let your father lie there all pell mell like that.

CHRISTOPHER

He's dead, Ma, he doesn't care.

OLIVE

He's your father for God's sake. And why are you making that boy do all the work? He's a criminal and he cares more about your father than you.

CHRISTOPHER

Fuck you, Ma.

Ski Mask is there, pointing his gun at Christopher's head.

SKI MASK

Don't talk filthy to your mother. I'll blow your fucking head off.

(CONTINUED)

Henry is sitting up.

HENRY

That's enough now. Shame on all of you.

Ski Mask points the gun at his own head and pulls the trigger. Gore splatters on Henry's snowy white pharmacist's coat.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Oh for fuck's sake.

OLIVE

Dammit Henry! That boy was defending me!

HENRY

Oh shut up, Olive.

Henry turns his radio on to his classical station: some jaunty BAROQUE. He lies back down, ignoring Olive.

OLIVE

(sobbing)

I brought you flowers, Henry...I brought you flowers and this is what happens...

MORNING AID (V.O.)

Mrs. Kitteridge, you need to wake up...

342 INT. CROSBY NURSING HOME, HENRY'S ROOM -- THE NEXT MORNING 342

Olive is being shaken awake by the MORNING AID. The Baroque music is playing on Henry's radio.

Olive has passed the night sleeping next to Henry.

OLIVE

...what?

MORNING AID

If you could get up please, Mr. Kitteridge needs to be changed.

Olive looks over at Henry. He's still alive and well.

(CONTINUED)

MORNING AID (CONT'D)

Excuse me, please.

CLASSICAL RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

It's twenty past seven here on
Morning Classics...

Olive gets up and stands there, disoriented while the aid
moves in to change Henry's diaper.

CLASSICAL RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

It's another beautiful day -- sunny
and highs in the 70's. Perfect.

OLIVE

Henry, I'll be back later. I'm
going home to feed the dog.

343 EXT. CROSBY NURSING HOME -- MORNING

343

Olive, still in a daze, is walking out to her car. Angela is
standing outside and smoking a cigarette.

ANGELA

Hello, Olive.

OLIVE

Angela.

ANGELA

(her cigarette)

You caught me. I know you've told
me a million times to quit.

OLIVE

Well, who am I to tell people
what's best for them.

Olive moves to her car and gets in. She sits there for a beat
and stares at the dashboard.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Who the hell do I think I am.

FADE OUT

END OF PART 3

OLIVE KITTERIDGE
PART 4
"SECURITY"

Written by
Jane Anderson

Based on the novel
"Olive Kitteridge"
By Elizabeth Strout

WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT 05/07/13
BLUE REVISIONS 09/1/13

OLIVE KITTERIDGE PART 4-- SECURITY
4 YEARS LATER

SUPER: 4 YEARS LATER

We hear the opening strains of Dvorak's NEW WORLD SYMPHONY.

401 OMITTED 401

402 INT. NURSING HOME, HENRY'S ROOM -- DAY 402

The Dvorak is coming out of a radio that's set on Henry's bureau.

Olive now 68, her hair greyer but her constitution still strong, is giving HENRY a shave. Henry is now 74, and still has the same baffled expression on his kind, handsome face.

A young nurse, CINDY, is putting some of Olive's flowers in a vase.

OLIVE

Make sure you change the water in the vase every day. Chrysanthemums make the water turn. And when I call to talk to Mr. Kitteridge please tell everyone to make sure to hold the receiver tight to his ear. Don't let them just lay it on the pillow so I'm blabbing like a fool into the air.

NURSE CINDY

Don't worry, Mrs. Kitteridge, we'll take good care of him. You have yourself a wonderful time with your son.

OLIVE

We'll see. After three days I stink like fish.

Henry makes a chuckling sound. Olive looks at him, pleased that he liked her joke. She rinses and dries Henry's face. She gets out his after shave and pats his cheek. Then she pats a bit on her wrist so she can travel with his scent.

She picks up his big old Timex from his bedside table and puts that on as well.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE (CONT'D) (O.S.)
Henry, I'll call you when I get
there. But if my plane goes down,
just know that I'll be thinking of
you as I hurtle to earth.

She presses her lips to his cheek and then takes her leave.

403 OMITTED 403

404 EXT. LOCAL AIRPORT, MAINE -- DAY 404

NEW WORLD SYMPHONY continues...

Olive is bravely getting on a puddle-jumper that's parked out
on the tarmac. The PILOT helps her up. He's clean cut and
pleasant, but much too young to be flying a plane, which
makes Olive wince.

405 INT. PUDDLE JUMPER -- DAY 405

The plane is taking off and Olive is gripping her armrest and
staring ahead, her eyes watering a bit with fear. The plane
finally levels off and Olive lets out a deep breath. A NICE
LADY across the aisle gives her a smile.

NICE LADY
I hate takeoffs, don't you?

OLIVE
Can't stand them, but what can you
do.

NICE LADY
Are you going to New York for
business or pleasure?

OLIVE
My son asked me to come down. His
new wife is three months pregnant
and she apparently has the pukes.
So I'm on a mission of mercy.

NICE LADY
Oh how nice. You're going to be a
grandmother.

OLIVE
Seems so. This girl already has
two other children by some other
fellows.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

It doesn't seem to bother my son,
so I'm not going to let it bother
me.

NICE LADY

It's the way things are these days.

OLIVE

That's right. No point in being an
old crank about it.

Nothing more to be said.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Going back to the view.

Olive looks out her window at the coast of Maine below: the
luscious green of the trees and fields...the rocky shoreline
edged by froth...the deep, clean blue of the sea. We see tiny
little boats below, the sun shining on the water. Olive's
heart swells from the beauty.

406 EXT. JOHN F. KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, ARRIVALS -- DAY 6

We're hit with the rude blast of ground traffic -- CAR HORNS
and the GRIND of airport buses. Olive is coming out of the
baggage claim with her suitcase into the stifling New York
heat. An AIRPORT COP is yelling and rapping on cars to keep
them moving. Olive, a bit panicked, stands on the curb with
her suitcase as she searches the line of cars for her son.
Arriving PASSENGERS are hustling past her, competing for her
curb space. A family of INDONESIANS with a giant pile of duct
taped luggage on their cart parks next to her. Some HASIDIC
BUSINESSMEN on their cell phones are waving at their ride. A
WEALTHY WOMAN rudely pushes past Olive as she gets in her
limo.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)

MOM! OVER HERE!

Olive sees her son CHRISTOPHER, now 37, waving at her from
his double-parked Volvo station wagon that's clear up the
street.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

I can't leave the car! I'll get a
ticket!

OLIVE

For God's sake.

(CONTINUED)

Olive, annoyed now, hauls her suitcase through the crowd. Christopher meets her at the curb.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Where were you? I thought you were meeting me at the gate. I was waiting there for you.

CHRISTOPHER

(annoyed as well)

Ma, I told you, no one meets anyone at the gate. They have security.

OLIVE

You could have reminded me. I was standing there. I didn't know where you were.

CHRISTOPHER

If you'd get yourself a cell phone, you could have called me.

OLIVE

No, you needed to be more clear with me.

Christopher throws Olive's suitcase in the trunk.

CHRISTOPHER

Come on, get in.

As Olive opens the car door, she sees fast food bags and toddler detritus on the floor of the passenger seat.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Sorry. Here, just throw that crap in the back.

Christopher starts clearing the floor for Olive.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

I meant to clean the car, but I've had a crazy week. Sorry.

OLIVE

Don't worry about it, I'm not the queen. Move. I'm fine.

Olive gets in the car.

407 INT. CHRISTOPHER'S VOLVO STATION WAGON -- A WHILE LATER 407

Olive and Christopher are now stuck in traffic on the parkway. He's in a shirt and tie, just come from his office. He's looking more and more like his father, a responsible man with a sensitive face.

CHRISTOPHER

So how is dad?

OLIVE

His heart beats on. His lungs are clear. His eyes are still blue. He still enjoys his aftershave.

She lets Christopher smell her wrist where she dabbed Henry's aftershave.

CHRISTOPHER

I've forgotten what his voice sounds like.

OLIVE

He's still on the phone machine. All you have to do is call.

CHRISTOPHER

Ann wants to meet him.

OLIVE

Well, any time that you want to come up.

CHRISTOPHER

Traveling with Ann's kids isn't easy. They're a handful. The one-year-old keeps us up all night, and the four-year-old -- frankly Mom? Theodore is a little piece of crap.

OLIVE

Oh ducky. Duck soup. Can't wait to meet him.

(a beat)

I know you think that your father isn't all there. But he still listens, Chris. He's still engaged.

CHRISTOPHER

Sure. I know.

A frisson of guilt hangs in the air. Olive lets out a soft belch -- the residue from her nerves.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
You're still doing that.

OLIVE
What.

CHRISTOPHER
The belching.

OLIVE
Does it annoy you?

CHRISTOPHER
Not really. And Ann won't care.
She's easy.

OLIVE
Not like Dr. Sue.

CHRISTOPHER
No.

OLIVE
Do you two still talk?

CHRISTOPHER
Not really. I can't really stand
her, Mom.

Olive feels suddenly warmed.

OLIVE
It's good to see you, Kiddo.

408 EXT. CHRISTOPHER & ANN'S BROWNSTONE, BROOKLYN -- DAY 408

Christopher is squeezing his station wagon into a parking
space on a crowded block of brownstones.

As Christopher hops out to get Olive's suitcase, Olive opens
her door which scrapes on the curb and stops halfway.

As she tries to maneuver herself out of the half-opened door,
she steps on a pile of dog crap.

OLIVE
Oh hell!

CHRISTOPHER
What's wrong?

OLIVE
I stepped in some dog mess.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER

Oh Jesus. People never pick up
around here. It's unbelievable.

OLIVE

For goodness sake.

CHRISTOPHER

This way, Mom. Watch your step.

Christopher takes Olive's arm and leads her down some steps
to a ground-level apartment. He unlocks a barred metal gate
and opens it and maneuvers Olive's suitcase through the tight
space.

409 INT. CHRISTOPHER & ANN'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS, DAY 409

Christopher opens the apartment door and flips on a light in
a dim hallway. Olive looks in at the crowded, unkempt place.

OLIVE

Let me take this shoe off before I
track dog mess in your house.

CHRISTOPHER

You can leave it right there. Ann
and the kids are out in the yard.
Go straight ahead. I'm just going
to put your suitcase in your room.

Christopher opens a door that leads down to the basement.
Olive watches him flip on another light and descend down the
stairs.

Olive, trying not to despair, takes her shoes off and is now
in her panty-hosed feet. We FOLLOW her as she goes down the
dim hall, side-stepping toys and stray clothes. She's
greeted by a large, shedding LAB who sticks his nose in her
crotch, leaving a drool spot on her skirt.

OLIVE

No! Sit.

Olive moves past the dog. She reaches the kitchen which is
cluttered with more toys and has unwashed dishes piled in the
sink. She hears a CHILD SQUALLING and she follows the sound
to the back door which is open to the back yard.

*
*
*
*
*
*

410 EXT. CHRISTOPHER & ANN'S APARTMENT BACK YARD -- CONTINUOUS DAY 410

Olive is emerging from the kitchen into a cement yard that's hemmed in by the other brownstones. *

ANN

Hey you made it! Hi Olive!

Christopher's wife, ANN, 35, is standing at a barbecue, scraping last season's food off the grill. She's only three months pregnant but has already put on weight. She's a big, tall, friendly gal, utterly guileless. She goes over to Olive and gives her a big hug. *

ANN (CONT'D)

Wow, it's so nice to finally meet you! You mind if I call you Mom? I've been dying to call you Mom!

OLIVE

You can call me anything you want.

The squalling child is ANNABELLE, a naked one-year-old who's sitting in a plastic wading pool while 4-year-old THEODORE battles next to her with some plastic action figures.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Do you need to attend to that child?

ANN

Oh, she's just getting over a cold. Come here cranky girl.

Ann picks up Anabelle and wipes a river of snot from her nose with a beach towel.

Christopher comes out.

ANN (CONT'D)

Hon, I scraped the grill. You want to start the coals?

CHRISTOPHER

Sure.

THEODORE

(to Ann)

Who's she?

ANN

That's your Grandma Olive. Say hello.

(CONTINUED)

THEODORE
Did you bring me a toy?

OLIVE
No.

THEODORE
Why not?

OLIVE
Slipped my mind.

THEODORE
You were supposed to bring me one!

ANN
You have a whole week with Grandma.
She'll get you a toy later. Mom,
would you like a beer?

OLIVE
Thank you, no. Water is fine.
Pardon my feet, I stepped in some
dog mess out there.

ANN
Oh yeah, it's all over the block.
I'll be right back.

Ann saunters into the kitchen with Annabelle on her hip.

CHRISTOPHER
Here Mom, you want to sit?

Christopher drags over a rusty beach chair. Olive sits and
checks the bottoms of her stockinged feet.

OLIVE
Oh hell, I already have a run.

We hear an odd voice above them.

PARROT (O.S.)
Praise the Lord.

OLIVE
Good grief, what's that?

CHRISTOPHER
It's our tenant's parrot. He has
the floor above us.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

That's a parrot? It sounds like my
Aunt Ora.

Olive looks up to a balcony above them where we a parrot
pacing back in forth in a large rusty cage.

THEODORE

He's a fundamental Christian!

OLIVE

The parrot?

THEODORE

No, the man! He taught the parrot
to say holy things every time you
swear.

(shouting to the bird)
Shit!

PARROT

Praise the Lord.

THEODORE

Ass!

CHRISTOPHER

Theo, cool it.

*

THEODORE

I'm showing her how it works.

OLIVE

Thank you, that will do.

Ann comes back out. She hands Olive some water in a plastic
child's cup.

ANN

Here you go, Mom. Did you want
ice?

OLIVE

This will be fine.

Ann settles herself in another beach chair with Annabelle on
her lap and takes a swig from a beer.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Is that non-alcoholic?

ANN

No, but don't worry, it's okay, I
just have one.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANN (CONT'D)

The hops in beer is supposed to be very healthy for women.

OLIVE

Didn't know that.

ANN

Oh yeah. It promotes estrogen.

OLIVE

Well, you learn something every day.

Olive looks at Christopher but he's staying focused on lighting the grill.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I didn't know you had a tenant. Does he give you any trouble?

CHRISTOPHER

No, he keeps to himself.

OLIVE

They can be a real nuisance. When we rented your house to all those summer people, they were always breaking things.

CHRISTOPHER

Uh-huh, I'm sure.

Ann sips her beer and lets out a soft burp.

ANN

Mom, did Chris ever have chicken pox? He said he can't remember.

OLIVE

He had the German measles but not the pox.

ANN

Okay, good to know.

OLIVE

He did catch a lot of colds, though. I rubbed Vicks Vapo Rub on his chest. That's what I recommend for your little one there.

*

ANN

Actually, I read that Vapo Rub can cause lung damage.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

Nope, never heard that one.

ANN

Oh yes. That could be why Chris has asthma. But you shouldn't feel badly. No one knew back then.

OLIVE

I don't feel badly because I don't believe it's true.

ANN

(to Christopher)
How's the grill, Hon?

CHRISTOPHER

You can start getting the food ready.

Ann gets up, hauling Annabelle up on her hip.

ANN

Mom, I hope I didn't offend you. There's just so much new information out there, you know?

OLIVE

Yuh, I'm sure.

ANN

I'm so happy that you're here.

Ann bends down with Annabelle and gives Olive a hug while Olive does her best to avoid the child's runny nose.

ANN (CONT'D)

Theo can you come help me get the food?

THEODORE

Why?

ANN

Because I have to carry your sister.

THEODORE

She's only my half-sister.

CHRISTOPHER

Jesus, Theo, go help your mother. Now.

(CONTINUED)

Surprisingly, Theodore obeys. He follows Ann in.

OLIVE

He listens to you.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm the bad cop. I don't mind.

OLIVE

You were always a well-behaved kid.
You were never a brat.

CHRISTOPHER

You wouldn't allow it.

OLIVE

Aren't you glad.

CHRISTOPHER

Actually, I am. My kid isn't going
to get away with any shit.

OLIVE

Good.

CHRISTOPHER

Ann knows how I feel. She's in
agreement.

OLIVE

Yuh, this one seems very agreeable.

CHRISTOPHER

Could you not refer to my wife as
"this one?"

OLIVE

Oh, don't take offense. My memory
stinks.

CHRISTOPHER

I just said her name. Ann.

OLIVE

Noted.

CHRISTOPHER

Ann is good for me, Mom.

OLIVE

Noted.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER

I know you're hurt that I didn't tell you about her sooner. I'm sorry. I take responsibility for that.

OLIVE

I don't even know how you met.

Chris doesn't answer.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

How did you meet?

CHRISTOPHER

In a therapy group.

OLIVE

Huh.

CHRISTOPHER

I know you think headshrinkers are the devil.

OLIVE

I could care less. Does she complain about her childhood as well?

CHRISTOPHER

She's getting over it. Her mother is a raging alcoholic and her father was a Marine who made her do push ups every day.

OLIVE

Well, that should make your childhood look like a breeze.

Christopher doesn't say anything. Olive finds this vaguely hurtful.

*

CHRISTOPHER

'Scuse me, Ma, I need to get the meat. You need anything

*

*

OLIVE

Nope. Happy as a lark.

Christopher goes inside.

*

PARROT (O.S.)

Bless you, my Son.

(CONTINUED)

Olive looks up. The tenant, SEAN O'CASEY, 30's, is out on his balcony, taking the parrot out of his cage. He's wearing a t-shirt and yoga pants and has the withdrawn demeanor of a poet with writer's block. He stares down at Olive while he strokes the parrot.

SEAN

Hello.

OLIVE

Hello.

SEAN

You're the mother.

OLIVE

Yes. I'm Mrs. Kitteridge.

SEAN

(amused by the formality)

Mrs. Kitteridge.

OLIVE

And do you have a name?

SEAN

Mr. O'Casey. How do you do.

Olive stares at Sean, momentarily speechless. Sean stares down at Olive while he keeps stroking the parrot, making her uncomfortable.

OLIVE

That'll do then. Carry on.

Sean goes back in, taking his parrot.

Christopher comes back out with some tongs.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I just met your tenant. He's a bit strange.

CHRISTOPHER

Sean, yeah, he's a weird guy.

OLIVE

His last name is O'Casey?

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah.

OLIVE

Is he any relation to Jim O'Casey?

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER

Who?

OLIVE

Your English teacher, Mr. O'Casey,
who used to drive us to school. He
and his wife had a shoe full of
children. Is that fellow one of
those?

CHRISTOPHER

Haven't a clue.

OLIVE

You might want to ask.

CHRISTOPHER

Don't care to. Never liked
O'Casey. He was a jerk.

Olive feeling a bit unhinged, gets up.

OLIVE

Let me do something. Do you need
the table set?

CHRISTOPHER

Sure. Go ask Ann.

Olive heads for the kitchen.

*

411 INT. CHRISTOPHER & ANN'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS, DAY 411

Olive walks into the kitchen where Ann is trying to put a
salad together with one hand while she holds the mucous-y
Annabelle with the other. Theodore is sitting at the kitchen
table eating a raw hot dog, making smacking sounds.

*

*

OLIVE

Can I help?

ANN

Oh, yeah, great Mom. You want to
take Annabelle?

OLIVE

I can make the salad.

ANN

Okay, sure. Cool.

Olive goes to the sink and starts sorting through an
unappetizing package of week-old lettuce.

(CONTINUED)

Ann goes to the fridge and gets herself another beer. She catches Olive's glance.

ANN (CONT'D)

I'm switching off because my beer got warm. I only drank half of it. See?

Ann holds up her last bottle.

OLIVE

I just imagine that isn't helping with your nausea.

ANN

My nausea?

OLIVE

I thought your pregnancy was giving you the pukes.

ANN

(patting her belly)

Nope. I'm healthy as a horse.

OLIVE

My son said that you needed me to come help you out.

ANN

Oh, I think he just wanted me to meet you.

OLIVE

So you can see what a rotten mother I am.

ANN

(too earnest to joke)

Not at all. Listen, Olive, I understand what you went through, dealing with your father's suicide and all. My mother is self-destructive as well. She's still alive but she's slowly killing herself with gin so I'm already mourning her death. And I have all these anger issues, of course, but anger doesn't serve, you know? It's not something that I want to pass on to my kids.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

Oh sure. But they'll blame you anyway.

ANN

Oh, probably.

Ann takes a measured swig of her beer then she shifts the sweaty child on her lap and picks up a paring knife and starts peeling a green apple.

ANN (CONT'D)

Hey Olive, did you bring any photos?

OLIVE

Photos?

ANN

Family photos. One of my projects is to put together a Kitteridge family book for the kids. It'd be nice for the kids to have that, don't you think?

OLIVE

Well, for Christopher's child, but I don't know if it would mean much to your other two.

ANN

Oh sure it will. They love Chris. He's their dad.

OLIVE

And where are the other fathers, if I may ask.

ANN

Theodore's went back to Germany and Annabelle's dad is still in L.A. They're both very comfortable with Christopher raising their kids.

OLIVE

Of course they are, he's paying the bills.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

Yeah, I guess that's true. But still, it's nice that we all get along.

As Ann peels the apple, Olive watches as the spiral of the skin grows longer. She finds this vaguely unsettling -- it reminds her of Jim and his apples...

Ann gives Annabelle a chunk of apple for her to gum.

ANN (CONT'D)

You want some apple, Mom?

OLIVE

No thank you.

Ann pops a chunk of apple into her mouth and chews with the same smacking sound as Theo.

Theodore has grabbed the apple peel which has fallen to the floor.

*

THEODORE

Look, it's a snake.

ANN

Oh yeah, isn't that neat.

Theodore makes the snake go after Annabelle. She starts squalling.

ANN (CONT'D)

Honey, be gentle, okay?

Olive is suddenly feeling ill.

OLIVE

Where's your rest room?

ANN

Down the hall, are you okay, Mom?

OLIVE

Yuh, just a little queasy. It must be from the traveling.

ANN

Do you want me to hold your head for you?

OLIVE

For God's sake, no.

412 INT. CHRISTOPHER & ANN'S BATHROOM/APARTMENT- DAY

412

Olive rushes into the bathroom and locks the door. There's a child lock on the toilet lid and she madly tries to get it open.

OLIVE

Oh dammit...

She finally gets the damn thing unlatched and she bends over the toilet and vomits. She hovers for a moment, waiting for more, then she flushes. She rinses her mouth and face at the sink and scrubs her hands, trying to keep a mild hysteria at bay.

There's knocking at the door.

THEODORE (O.S.)

Grandma Olive, it's dinner time.

OLIVE

I'll be there in a minute, thank you.

THEODORE (O.S.)

Are you throwing up?

OLIVE

No.

THEODORE (O.S.)

Are you pooping?

OLIVE

No.

THEODORE (O.S.)

What're you doing?

OLIVE

None of your business. I need some privacy, please.

Theodore starts making little tapping sounds on the door.

Olive shuts her eyes and waits for the child to leave her in peace.

413 EXT. CHRISTOPHER & ANN'S APARTMENT BUILDING, BROOKLYN -- NIGHT 413

Olive is sitting with Christopher and Ann at a rusty outdoor table, finishing the unsatisfying dinner. *

(CONTINUED)

Theodore, exhausted from his day, is babbling while he plays with his plastic men. *

ANN

Theo Honey, time for bed.

THEODORE

...no.

ANN

Come on. Say good night to Grandma.

Theodore wraps his arms around Olive.

THEODORE

Good night, Grandma.

Olive, not a hugger, does her best.

OLIVE

Yes, good night to you.

ANN

(touching Christopher)

Do you want me to read to him tonight?

CHRISTOPHER

No, I can do it. I'll be there in a minute.

They squeeze each other's hands and Ann goes inside with the children. Chris, alone now with his mother, slumps down in his chair like a 13-year-old. Olive searches for a conversation starter.

OLIVE

So how's your depression. You still have it?

CHRISTOPHER

I take Prozac.

OLIVE

Does it help?

CHRISTOPHER

Absolutely. What about you, have you ever thought about taking anything?

OLIVE

I don't believe in drugs.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER

Kind of a strange attitude being
that dad was a pharmacist.

OLIVE

I don't believe in using drugs as a
crutch.

CHRISTOPHER

Is that what you think I'm doing?

OLIVE

Probably not. Pill poppers don't
run in the family.

CHRISTOPHER

No, we're a moderate bunch.

OLIVE

Are you concerned that Ann is
drinking while she's carrying your
child?

CHRISTOPHER

No.

OLIVE

Her mother is a boozier. You think
she has the gene?

CHRISTOPHER

No, Mom. But if she does, she's
very aware.

OLIVE

Just saying. Had to mention it.

CHRISTOPHER

(calmly)

Thank you, I'm glad you did.
I'm going to go read to Theo. I
usually pass out in his bed so I'll
say good night now.

OLIVE

Yuh, I'm done for the night myself.

Christopher bends down and gives Olive a quick hug.

CHRISTOPHER

G'night, Ma.

OLIVE

Good night.

(CONTINUED)

Christopher goes inside. Olive stares at a candle that's sputtering in a grimy holder.

PARROT (O.S.)

Bless you my son.

Olive looks up and sees the tenant covering the parrot's cage for the night. She doesn't move. He finally goes back in and Olive makes her escape.

414 INT. BASEMENT ROOM -- DAY

414

Olive, in her nightie, is propped up on a cot, talking on the phone to Henry. It's actually not too bad down here -- the brick walls have been painted white and there's some relief from the clutter.

OLIVE

(to Henry)

They've put me up in the basement. Not a lot of natural light down here but it's the cleanest spot in the place. Not too impressed with the neighborhood. I stepped in dog mess and I've been walking around in my stocking feet. Like a dope, I only packed one pair of hose. Your new daughter-in-law isn't much of a housekeeper but she's friendly as a horse. You two would get along. A little dumb, though. She drank a beer and said it was good for her estrogen. Smack, Henry, who says things like that? Chris seems happy. He still goes on about that shrink business. But don't worry, they always go after the mother. You'll come out smelling like a rose. But I think he's missed me, Henry.

Through the phone, we can hear Henry's radio tuned to his classical station: something romantic and soft, DEBUSSY. Olive listens. It's comforting.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I'm still here. Just going to listen for a bit...

Her eyes start to drift shut. The music plays on...

415 EXT. MAINE COAST -- DAY, 1980

415

The DEBUSSY is mixing with the sound of the waves. We're looking out at the ocean which is a vibrant, inky blue. We see Olive, now 44, sitting on a rock with JIM O'CASEY, in his late 40's. He's slowly peeling a green apple with his pocket knife.

JIM

If I asked you to leave with me,
would you?

OLIVE

Yes.

JIM

You would go home tonight and tell
him?

OLIVE

Yes.

Jim tosses the green apple peel into the ocean and it turns into a green snake and swims away in the swell of the dark blue water. Olive can't bear it, she reaches for Jim --

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)

Mom. Mom!

416 BACK TO BASEMENT:

416

Olive wakes up with a giant, gasping snore.

A dim light is filtering in from the top of the stairs where Christopher is standing.

CHRISTOPHER

Mom, you have to get up if you're
taking Theodore to school.

OLIVE

Yes. I'm up.

CHRISTOPHER

I made coffee if you want it.

Christopher leaves. Olive sits up, utterly disoriented, still in her dream.

417 EXT. THEODORE'S SCHOOL -- LATER, DAY 417

Olive is walking the dog and Theodore to his school. They reach a gate where a TEACHER is standing with a clipboard to check kids off for the drop off. *

TEACHER

Hey, Theodore! Who's this?! Is this your grandmother?!

OLIVE

I'm the wicked witch from the north.

(to Theodore)

Enjoy your day, Young Man.

Olive, playing with him, shakes his hand. *

Olive passes Theodore off to the teacher. *

OLIVE (CONT'D)

This child is bright but he needs direction. *

Olive watches them go in. Then she pats the dog on his big head. *

OLIVE (CONT'D)

You're a good old boy. *

Olive, satisfied, a job well done, walks on with the dog. *

418 OMITTED 418 *

419 EXT. CHRISTOPHER & ANN'S APARTMENT -- EVENING 419

Olive is in the crowded little kitchen, making her way through a pile of dishes while Christopher dries. Ann is sitting at the table with Theodore's feet in her lap, cutting his toe nails.

OLIVE

I saw that tenant of yours in the park today. Doesn't he work?

CHRISTOPHER

No. He writes.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

What does he write?

CHRISTOPHER

I have no idea. Bad poetry, no doubt.

OLIVE

Do you know where he's from?

CHRISTOPHER

He's from Maine.

OLIVE

He is?

CHRISTOPHER

Come to think of it, he told me that his father drove into a tree.

OLIVE

He said that?

CHRISTOPHER

Oh yeah, that's why he went born-again.

Olive stares at him.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Mom, it's a joke. The guy's from Great Neck.

OLIVE

For God's sake, Chris.

THEODORE

I don't get the joke, tell it again.

CHRISTOPHER

It's not a ha-ha joke.

THEODORE

Who drove into a tree?

CHRISTOPHER

Never mind.

THEODORE

Did he get killed?

ANN

It's just a story, Sweetie.

(CONTINUED)

Olive, upset, has turned back to the sink and is angrily scrubbing a pot.

ANN (CONT'D)

Why don't we all go out for some ice cream?

THEODORE

YES! YES! YES!

Olive keeps scrubbing.

CHRISTOPHER

Ma, you don't have to do that.
Come on, let's all go out.

Theodore crazed, starts jumping up and down pulling at Olive.

THEODORE

LET'S GO! ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM!
ICE CREAM!

OLIVE

You have to stop that.

CHRISTOPHER

Theo, calm down.

THEODORE

ICE CREAM! ICE CREAM! COME ON
GRANNIE WITCH LET'S GO! LET'S GO!

OLIVE

Stop it!

Olive gives Theodore a quick smack.

Theodore, utterly stunned, stares at Olive for a beat. Then the hurt catches up to him and he starts to wail.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh Jesus, Mom.

Ann takes the sobbing boy into her arms.

ANN

Sweetie, it's okay...

OLIVE

I'm sorry. But he was tugging on me and I could have toppled over.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER

That was -- Jesus Christ, Mom, I don't even know what to say.

ANN

Chris.

(calmly)

Olive, I think what needs to happen is for you to apologize to Theodore and for Theodore to then forgive you. I think that's the best thing to do right now.

Olive feels absolutely horrible.

OLIVE

I'm very sorry, that was not a nice thing to do to a little boy. In my day, children got hit. It was just the way people were raised.

ANN

That's true, Theodore, your grandmother came from another time and she doesn't know any better. Just like Grandma Lehey doesn't know any better when she drinks.

Olive, humiliated by the comparison, looks to Christopher for support. His face has shut down. Olive wants to cry.

ANN (CONT'D)

Theo can you forgive your grandma?

Theo nods.

ANN (CONT'D)

Go ahead, give her a hug.

Theo goes over to Olive and buries his wet little face into her stomach. Olive pats his back.

OLIVE

I'm very sorry. You're a good boy.

420

INT. SNOOKY'S CREAMERY -- EVENING

420

Olive, Christopher and Ann are now sitting in a booth with the kids silently having their ice cream while Annabelle smacks the table with a spoon.

Theodore, recovered from the slap, is stabbing his spoon in his dish.

(CONTINUED)

THEODORE
...this isn't what I wanted.

CHRISTOPHER
It's what you ordered.

THEODORE
I didn't know I wouldn't like it.

ANN
What do you want, Honey?

THEODORE
(pointing to Olive)
I want what she's having.

ANN
Maybe Grandma Olive will let you
have some of hers.

Theodore stares at Olive. Christopher is watching her.
Olive knows she doesn't have a choice. Without a word, she
relinquishes her ice cream over to the boy.

421 OMITTED 421

422 OMITTED 422

423 INT. BASEMENT ROOM -- NIGHT 423

Olive is now descending into the basement.

424 INT. BASEMENT BATHROOM -- NIGHT 424

Olive is at the sink in the tiny bathroom carefully rinsing
out her torn hose. She up looks at herself in the mirror.
There's a large drip of butterscotch sauce on the front of
her blouse.

OLIVE
Oh dear God --

She turns the faucet on and starts to scrub at it. Then,
totally mortified, she starts to cry.

425 INT. BASEMENT ROOM -- NIGHT 425

Olive is now sitting on her bed talking on the phone to
Henry.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

It's happened, Henry, I've turned into old Aunt Ora who spills on herself. And Chris and Ann saw it. They saw me soil myself and didn't bother to say a word about it. They let me sit there with slop on my front like I'm nothing to them.

Olive listens, hoping for a response. All she can hear is Henry's radio: A BACH piano piece, steady as rain.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Henry, are you asleep?
(a beat)
Is anyone there? Hello? Nurse?
Hello?

Then disgusted, Olive hangs up.

426 EXT. CHRISTOPHER & ANN'S APARTMENT BACK YARD -- EARLY THE 426
NEXT MORNING

Olive, fully dressed, is sitting in a plastic lawn chair with her big purse in her lap, waiting for the rest of the house to wake up. She looks around at the wretched yard, the wading pool where plastic men are floating face down. She looks up at the parrot, who's pacing in its cage. She examines her stockings. Her runs have multiplied.

She hears sounds in the kitchen. Through the open door she sees Christopher moving around, making coffee. She sees Ann come in and give Chris a sleepy kiss while he runs his fingers through her hair.

Olive clears her throat and speaks.

OLIVE

Time for me to go.

Christopher comes to the door.

CHRISTOPHER

I didn't know you were out there,
Mom, what'd you say?

OLIVE

I said, that it's time for the
damned old lady to go.

CHRISTOPHER

What're you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

It's time. I stink like fish.

Ann comes out.

ANN

Hey Mom. How'd you sleep?

CHRISTOPHER

She says she's leaving.

ANN

Oh, Mom, it's okay. Everyone forgave you. Theo is fine. It was a good lesson.

OLIVE

I didn't come here for a lesson.

CHRISTOPHER

Okay, Mom.

OLIVE

Okay nothing. Don't talk to me like I'm a child.

ANN

Mom, he's just trying to have a conversation with you.

OLIVE

No he's not, I'm being patronized. And would you stop calling me Mom. You're not my spawn for God sake.

CHRISTOPHER

(maintaining a measured tone)

Okay. I was hoping that things had changed, but clearly they haven't.

OLIVE

And what is that supposed to mean?

CHRISTOPHER

I can't take responsibility for these bizarre mood changes of yours. You behave like a paranoid. You always have.

OLIVE

I don't need to sit here and be called a schizoid by my son.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

Olive, please stay calm. Chris was only trying to tell you that your moods change kind of fast sometimes and it's been hard for him, you know, growing up.

OLIVE

What would you know about it? Were you there? I suppose with all that time with a shrink, you two are experts now.

ANN

Olive --

CHRISTOPHER

No, let her go. That's fine. I'll call the car service.

OLIVE

You're not going to drive me?

CHRISTOPHER

No, Mom. I have to be at work in an hour and Ann has to take the kids to school.

(to Ann)

Do you remember the name of the service we use?

ANN

I can find it, Hon.

They head back into the kitchen. Olive follows.

427 INT. CHRISTOPHER & ANN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS, MORNING 427

Christopher goes to the fridge and starts pulling together some breakfast.

Ann is flipping through a dog-eared address book.

OLIVE

So you're kicking me out. Just like that.

CHRISTOPHER

(calmly)

See, there's an example. You say you want to leave, then you accuse me of being horrible to you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Now in the past, this would make me feel awful. But I'm not going to feel awful because this is not my doing. I don't need to put up with it anymore.

OLIVE

You haven't had to put up with me for years! You broke your father's heart when you moved away, that's what started his downfall!

CHRISTOPHER

I'm not even going to touch that one.

We hear Theodore calling from down the hall.

THEODORE (O.S.)

Mommy can you come here?!

ANN

Just a minute, Honey.

(to Chris)

Are you okay?

CHRISTOPHER

I'm fine.

Ann leaves to attend to Theodore.

OLIVE

Why does she keep asking if you're fine, for God's sake? I think you can be left alone with your own mother, don't you?

Christopher puts some bread in the toaster and starts beating some eggs.

CHRISTOPHER

I am fine. I'm perfectly fine having this discussion with you.

OLIVE

This isn't a discussion, you're on the attack.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm not attacking you. As you can hear, I'm talking to you in a very calm voice.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

Like a shrink! I'm not a dope, I know when I'm being handled.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm just trying to stay neutral, Mom. You have a horrible temper and I'm not going to engage. I'm not going to live in fear of you.

OLIVE

Fear of me?! What on earth have I done?

CHRISTOPHER

You always made me feel terrible. And you made Daddy feel terrible. Jesus, I don't know what I hated more -- when you went after me, or when you sided with me and went after him.

OLIVE

Don't talk to me about your father, Mr. High and Mighty, you won't even talk to him on the goddamn phone!

CHRISTOPHER

He doesn't know who I am, Mom, he's completely checked out. And who can blame him, the way you treated him all these years.

OLIVE

You have no idea what marriage is, you and your divorce!

CHRISTOPHER

Okay, Mom.

OLIVE

You don't know what it is to stay with someone 'til death do you part. You don't know! Things go on!

CHRISTOPHER

I know that, Mom. You and Jim O'Casey. You treated Daddy like shit because of him.

OLIVE

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

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOPHER

Jesus Christ, Mom, you don't think I didn't see what was going on?

OLIVE

Nothing happened, if you want to know. People hold back when they're married. That's what you do.

CHRISTOPHER

Well maybe you should have gone off and screwed the guy instead of screaming at Daddy and hitting me.

OLIVE

I never hit you.

CHRISTOPHER

You slapped me, Mom. Many a time. I've forgiven you. But it'd be nice if you'd acknowledge it for fucking once.

OLIVE

I would never, never in a million years deliberately hurt a child!

CHRISTOPHER

It's okay, Mom. We're done. I have nothing left to say.

OLIVE

You think you have it all figured out. Good for you. I hope you have a damn nice life.

Christopher turns his back to Olive and pours the eggs into a pan. Olive is left standing there, choked with tears. Ann comes back in with Theodore.

ANN

(to Chris)

Hon, I can't find the permission slip for Theo's field trip, have you seen it?

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah, I put it in his back pack, I signed it already.

Ann barely registers Olive's despondent state.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

Oh, sorry Olive, let me call the
car service. I have the number on
my phone.

She leaves again. Theodore stares at Olive.

THEODORE

(to Christopher)

Why is she crying?

428 INT. JOHN F. KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT SECURITY LINE -428
DAY

Olive, a wreck, is standing in the crowded security line,
where expressionless TRAVELLERS are setting their shoes and
possessions in plastic bins.

Olive looks down at the runs in her stockings, no, she can't
take her shoes off. She puts her purse and Henry's watch in
a bin and watches it go through.

As she starts to walk through the security arc, a TSA OFFICER
stops her.

TSA OFFICER

Ma'am, take your shoes off.

OLIVE

I can't.

TSA OFFICER

It's for security, M'am'. You need
to take your shoes off.

OLIVE

No, I won't do that. My stockings
got shredded. They were my only
pair and now they're a mess.

TSA OFFICER

M'am', you can't go through without
taking off your shoes.

OLIVE

I told you, I won't do that.

TSA OFFICER

M'am', please.

OLIVE

I will not take off my shoes. I
will not do that.

(CONTINUED)

It gets very quiet. A TSA SUPERVISOR is suddenly by her side.

TSA SUPERVISOR
Step aside, M'am'. Take off your
shoes or you don't get on the
plane.

Olive knows that she's blown it. Numb with embarrassment, Olive takes off her shoes. The supervisor tosses her shoes in a tray and throws it on the conveyer belt. All eyes are on Olive now while she stands there in her shredded hose, watching her shoes disappear into the x-ray machine.

429 OMITTED 429

430 OMITTED 430

431 EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- DAY 431

A taxi is dropping Olive off. She bumps her suitcase up the stone steps to her house anxious to put this dreadful trip behind her.

432 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE, BATHROOM -- DAY 432

Olive is peeling her shredded stockings off and stuffing them in the trash.

433 CUT TO: 433

Olive is now taking a good hot shower, scrubbing herself clean.

434 EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- DUSK 434

It's dusk. Olive, dressed in fresh clothes and feeling much better, is out in her garden cutting flowers for Henry.

435 INT. NURSING HOME -- EARLY EVENING 435

Olive is now walking through the day room with a load of flowers in her arms. Angela O'Meara is at the piano playing a CHOPIN WALTZ for the elders who are being led through arm exercises by a STAFF MEMBER. When Angela sees Olive, she stops playing.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

Oh Olive, you're here...

OLIVE

Decided to come back early. The place was full of dog hair and the new wife is a terrible cook.

Olive keeps walking, not noticing Angela's stricken look.

WE FOLLOW Olive as she heads down the hall to Henry's room. Nurse Cindy, looking distressed, heads her off.

NURSE CINDY

Mrs. Kitteridge...you didn't get our message?

OLIVE

Is Henry all right?

Nurse Cindy puts her hand on Olive's arm.

NURSE CINDY

I'm so sorry. Mr. Kitteridge passed away last night. We called your house several times, hoping you'd check in.

Olive stares at her.

OLIVE

What time did he die?

NURSE CINDY

It was around ten-thirty.

OLIVE

I called him at ten. Why didn't anyone tell me he was dying?

NURSE CINDY

No one knew, Mrs. Kitteridge. He passed away in his sleep.

Olive stares at her.

NURSE CINDY (CONT'D)

Would you like to sit down?

OLIVE

No. I should go pack up his things.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE CINDY

Mrs. Kitteridge, you don't have to do that now. Someone can help you with that later. Our grief counselor is here. Would you like to see her?

OLIVE

No. Did you change the water?

NURSE CINDY

The water?

OLIVE

In his flowers. I told you that the water should be changed every day.

NURSE CINDY

Oh.

OLIVE

You didn't, did you.

NURSE CINDY

Oh, Mrs. Kitteridge.

OLIVE

Was he asleep when I called?

NURSE CINDY

He might have been, yes.

OLIVE

Why didn't someone wake him up?

NURSE CINDY

I don't know.

OLIVE

So you people just left the phone off the hook and walked away. You couldn't be bothered. You just let the old woman babble on to her dying husband while he drifts.

STAFF is starting to gather, ready to intervene. Olive turns on them.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

You didn't give a damn about my husband! He was just one more stupid old man to wash and change and fill a bed! You can go to hell!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE (CONT'D)
I'll slit my throat before I end up
in a place like this!

Olive turns and leaves, clutching the flowers to her chest.

Angela is coming towards Olive, ready to fold her into her arms.

ANGELA
Oh Olive, oh Sweetheart...

OLIVE
Dear God, Angie, leave me alone!

FADE TO:

436 SUPER: **SIX MONTHS LATER** 436

437 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- DAY, EARLY APRIL 2005 437

We hear Mahler's ADAGIETTO on the radio.

Olive, now 69, is lying on the couch in the den with her old dog curled at her feet. She is staring numbly out the window at the bright heads of her tulips which are ridiculously cheerful.

The piece ends and we hear the soothing voice of the classical station announcer. Olive needs his company.

CLASSICAL RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
It's now twenty-eight past the
hour. Here's something to brighten
your morning, the Trumpet Concerto
in D by Georg Philipp Telemann.

The buoyant TRUMPET CONCERTO IN D kicks in.

OLIVE
All right that's it. Time to move.

Olive makes herself get up.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Let's go. We're walking. Let's
go, go, go.

The dog doesn't want to move. Olive shouts at him.

OLIVE (CONT'D)
Clancy! Come!

438 EXT. RIVER PARK -- DAY

438

Olive, in her sturdy walking shoes, is now trudging along a path at a determined pace with Clancy who's doing his best to keep up with his poor arthritic hips.

It's early spring. Still chilly. The trees are starting to bud and the forsythia is blooming.

As Olive rounds a corner she sees a body slumped across the path by a bench.

OLIVE

Good God.

As Olive cautiously approaches, she sees that it's a well-dressed older man lying on his side. It's JACK KENNISON, who we saw in the last episode. He's 69 now.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Hello! Are you dead?

Jack opens his eyes.

JACK

Apparently not.

OLIVE

Have you been stabbed or shot?

JACK

No. Not that I remember.

OLIVE

Is it your heart do you think?

JACK

Could be.

OLIVE

Can you move?

JACK

I don't know, I haven't tried.

OLIVE

Well try.

Olive taps one of his feet with her shoe.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Move this one.

(CONTINUED)

Jack moves his leg.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Good. Try an arm.

Jack wiggles an arm. Olive looks around for help. Not a soul around.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I don't have one of those cell phones, you?

JACK

No, didn't bring it.

OLIVE

I'll have to go back to my car and drive to get help.

JACK

No. Don't leave me alone here.

OLIVE

All right.

She looks down at him. He's a big man with a substantial gut, a man who likes to eat.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Can you sit up?

JACK

Don't know.

OLIVE

Well, you'll have to try. You're too big for me to handle all on my own.

Jack grunts and makes an effort to sit up. He pauses for a moment then hauls himself to his feet while Olive tries to support him under one arm.

JACK

Okay, I got it.

Jack moves to the bench and Olive sits down next to him.

OLIVE

Your color is a little better. You have any idea what happened?

(CONTINUED)

JACK

I was walking and I started feeling dizzy. So I sat down on the bench, and the next thing I know I'm lying on the ground with some woman squawking at me, "are you dead."

OLIVE

Well, you seem less dead every minute.

JACK

Seems so.

OLIVE

I'm Olive Kitteridge. I've seen you and your wife in town. I taught at the junior high. My husband used to own the pharmacy.

JACK

Ah.

OLIVE

You care to introduce yourself?

JACK

Jack Kennison. Didn't mean to be rude but who remembers names anymore.

OLIVE

I still make the effort. It's the polite thing to do.

JACK

(the dog)
Who's this?

OLIVE

Clancy. He's a good old boy.

Jack pats the dog's head.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

You ought to get to a doctor. I hate them myself, but you should get yourself checked.

JACK

I don't much care if I croak.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

Well, neither do I. But you don't want to do it face down on some bicycle path. Your wife wouldn't like that.

JACK

My wife died in December.

OLIVE

Then you're in hell.

JACK

Yes, I'm in hell.

OLIVE

My Henry died in September. He'd been in a nursing home for four years. You'd think I'd be relieved.

JACK

You'd think. My wife died of cancer. It took much too long.

Jack takes out a hankie. Olive stares ahead at the river to give him some privacy. Jack wipes at his eyes and blows his nose. A real honker.

JACK (CONT'D)

Tell me a reason to wake up in the morning.

OLIVE

Don't have a clue. Frankly, I'm just waiting for the dog to die so I can shoot myself.

Jack laughs.

JACK

What's your name again?

OLIVE

Not telling if you won't remember.

JACK

Suit yourself.

OLIVE

It's Olive. Do you want me to take you to the doctor?

JACK

No.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

I'm going to walk you back to your car then.

JACK

I'm capable of walking on my own.

OLIVE

Let's see you do it.

JACK

Fine.

Jack stands up and straightens himself. He's a tall man who, despite the gut, carries himself with pride. He brushes the dirt off and takes a moment to straighten out the seams of his trousers -- the man is vain.

OLIVE

You ready? You're not visiting the queen.

JACK

Oh shut up. Let's go.

439 EXT. RIVER PARK, PARKING LOT -- DAY

439

Olive, Jack and the dog are walking back to the parking lot.

OLIVE

Are you sure that you're fine to drive?

JACK

Absolutely.

OLIVE

I'm going to follow you home just to be sure.

JACK

If you insist.

Jack proceeds to a silver two-seater Porsche.

OLIVE

Dear God, is that your car?

JACK

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

It's a bit much for around here,
don't you think?

JACK

No, I don't think. It's an
excellent car.

Jack opens the door and squeezes his big body into the little sports car. He slams his door and starts up the car and guns the motor.

OLIVE

Oh for God's sake, stop showing
off.

440

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE -- DAY

440

Olive is pulling up to Jack's house, a modern place with good landscaping. Jack gets out of his Porsche and walks over to Olive's car and bends down to her window.

JACK

Would you like to come in and have
some lunch? I might find an egg or
a can of soup.

OLIVE

No, I have things to do.

JACK

All right go and do them then.

Jack is putting up a brave front but Olive can see that the man is lonely.

OLIVE

I'm going to call you later to make
sure your heart is still ticking.
Are you in the book?

JACK

No. But here's my card.

Jack reaches into his wallet and fishes out a card. She finds this card business a bit pretentious. She decides to dislike him again.

JACK (CONT'D)

You know your way back from here?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

I know the roads. Lived here all my life.

JACK

Good for you.

OLIVE

Get some rest.

JACK

Will do.

Jack walks back to his house.

441 EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- ANOTHER DAY

441

Olive is out in her garden picking early spring peas. Clancy lets out a wheezy bark. Three NEIGHBOR KIDS, ages 4, 6 and 8, are shouting and chasing each other out of the woods. The eight-year-old is waving a stick and trying to hit the other two.

Olive frowns and puts on her school teacher voice.

OLIVE

Little Boy! Don't do that! You're going to poke an eye out!

The three kids freeze and stare at Olive.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Did you hear me?

SIX-YEAR OLD

Run! It's a witch!

The kids run back into the woods, screaming and laughing.

Olive stares after them, wondering if indeed, that's what she's become.

442 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- NIGHT

442

Olive is standing at her kitchen counter having her dinner of crackers and peas that she's picking out of the pod. She gives her dog Clancy a cracker and listens to him CRUNCH it.

This is just too depressing. She gets Jack's card and looks at it for a beat:

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON CARD: **Jack Kennison, Ph.D. Professor of Economics and Business Consultant.**

OLIVE
Blowhard.

She picks up the phone and dials.

443 OMITTED 443

444 INT. JACK'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT 444

Jack is sitting at his kitchen table reading the paper and eating toast. He answers the phone.

JACK
Hello?

445 INTERCUT: JACK AND OLIVE. 445

OLIVE
Are you still alive?

JACK
Hello Olive. Yes, I seem to be.

OLIVE
I could use a good meal. You want to go out to dinner?

JACK
Sure, I'd like that.

OLIVE
We'll have to make it early. I go to bed with the birds.

JACK
I'll find us a place and call you back.

OLIVE
We're going dutch, by the way.

JACK
As you wish. Can I pick you up at least?

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

You think we'll both fit in that ridiculous car of yours?

JACK

If not, I'll rent a van. Anything else, Olive?

OLIVE

No, that's it.

Olive hangs up. She feels herself blush.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Old jerk.

446 EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- EVENING

446

Jack, wearing a crisp dress shirt and blazer is knocking on Olive's front door.

Olive opens the door. She has her big purse and she's dressed in a sweater and skirt, nothing too fancy. She takes note of Jack's attire and feels dowdy.

OLIVE

All right then. Right on time.

JACK

You have a fine piece of property here. How long have you had it?

OLIVE

Henry and I bought it forty years ago. We had that lot next door. But I sold it.

JACK

You must have made a nice profit.

OLIVE

Yuh, can't complain.

Jack nods, looks around.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I'd invite you in, but we don't want to be late.

JACK

Let's go then.

447 INT. JACK'S PORSCHE -- EVENING

447

Jack is squeezing in beside Olive. Olive is already gripping her purse.

JACK

You can relax, Olive, I'm a very safe driver.

OLIVE

I have no doubt.

Jack turns on the ignition. The radio comes on. It's Rush Limbaugh doing one of his rants. Jack turns the radio off and starts backing out.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Was that Rush Limbaugh?

JACK

Yes.

Olive doesn't say anything.

JACK (CONT'D)

For God's sake, Olive, what now.

OLIVE

You, Mr. high-and-mighty Harvard, you listen to that idiot?

JACK

He has some interesting opinions.

OLIVE

He's a liar and a hate monger. The man makes me want to puke.

Jack stops the car.

JACK

Olive, do you want to do this or not.

OLIVE

I'll shut up then.

JACK

You don't have to shut up, just try not to take who I am so personally. All we're doing is going out for some dinner.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

Fine. Drive on.

JACK

And it's Yale, by the way. I went to Yale.

Jack hits the pedal.

448 EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS, NIGHT

448

We watch the Porsche speed off down the road.
VROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM.

449 INT. THE CAPTAIN'S LODGE RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

449

Olive and Jack are now having dinner. Olive is unapologetically enjoying a large steak. Jack doesn't have much of an appetite and is resting his hand by his scotch.

OLIVE

Was your wife a good cook?

JACK

She was a marvelous cook. She took classes at the Cordon Bleu. Everything was full of butter.
(his stomach)
That's how I got this.

OLIVE

I cook like a peasant. That's how I kept my Henry trim.

JACK

Don't have much of a taste for anything right now.

OLIVE

That's what happens.

JACK

How long did it take for you to get your appetite back?

OLIVE

Never lost it. I eat when I'm depressed.

She takes another bite. Jack sips his scotch.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Once they're gone, all their flaws disappear, don't they?

OLIVE

There were times when I couldn't stand my Henry. Now he's the perfect man. I wonder if our kids will feel the same thing about us once we kick.

JACK

Not likely.

OLIVE

My son hasn't talked to me in six months. He called me once after his father died. He upbraided me for sending a note.

JACK

A note about what?

OLIVE

That his father had passed.

JACK

You sent him a note? Does he live overseas?

OLIVE

No, he lives in Brooklyn.

JACK

Why didn't you call him?

OLIVE

I had just gone down to visit and we had a dreadful fight. He never called to apologize so I wasn't about to call him.

JACK

That's rather harsh.

OLIVE

He never bothered to tell me that he had gotten married until two months after the fact. I'm still waiting for him to let me know if I'm a grandmother. So why should I call him with pertinent information?

(CONTINUED)

JACK
That's childish, Olive.

OLIVE
Do you call your daughter?

JACK
That's another story.

OLIVE
And what has she done to you?

JACK
I disagree with her lifestyle.

OLIVE
What does that mean? She lives in a teepee?

JACK
No. She lives with a woman the way others would live with a man.

OLIVE
She's gay.

JACK
That's what they like to call it, yes.

OLIVE
And that offends you.

JACK
I'm not happy about it, no.

OLIVE
Well, time to get over it.

JACK
Be honest, Olive, if your son was sharing a bed with a man, do you really think you wouldn't mind?

OLIVE
Wouldn't mind one bit. I'd still love him with all my heart.

JACK
You're being sentimental. You don't know how you'd feel because you haven't been presented with that situation.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

No, you're just intolerant. I suppose you don't trust black people either. I'm sure you think they're shiftless.

JACK

No, not all of them.

OLIVE

Oh good grief.

JACK

I don't believe in coddling people who don't want to work, do you?

OLIVE

And I don't have much sympathy for rich old flub-dubs who can't put themselves in other people's shoes.

JACK

Don't give me that bleeding-heart crap, Olive. You're just as intolerant as I am. You're judgemental and stubborn and petty and no, your son will not miss you when you're gone. He'll be deeply relieved, so get used to it.

OLIVE

Ducky. A ducky thing to say.

She feels herself starting to cry. No. Not in front of this dreadful man. She puts her fork down.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

I'm done here. I'd like the check.

JACK

I'm still eating.

Jack picks up his fork and stubbornly starts to eat. Olive gets her wallet out of her purse and takes out some money.

JACK (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

OLIVE

I'm paying for my half and then I'm calling a cab.

JACK

Put your goddamn money away.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

I insist.

JACK

I won't take it. For Christ sake,
leave me some dignity, Olive.

Jack looks utterly miserable. Olive puts her money back in her wallet.

OLIVE

Well, we tried.

Olive gets up. She sees Jack drain his scotch.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Make sure you can drive.

JACK

I'll be fine. I'll order some
coffee.

OLIVE

Yuh, well don't kill yourself.

Olive leaves.

450 EXT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- NIGHT

450

Olive is back home, unlocking her front door while a cab
pulls away.

451 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- NIGHT

451

Olive is coming into the kitchen, looking for her dog.

OLIVE

Clancy...

She sees him lying on his dog bed.

The dog is still breathing but he's not moving.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Clance, are you all right?

The dog opens his eyes, just barely. His life is winding
down. Olive sits down on the kitchen floor beside him and
pets his dear old head.

The PHONE starts to ring. Olive doesn't move.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Calling to report he got home, no doubt. Stupid man. I don't give a damn.

The machine picks up.

OLIVE ON PHONE MACHINE

This is Olive Kitteridge. Not home. Leave a message.

Beeep. We hear squalling in the background.

ANN ON PHONE MACHINE

Hello Olive, it's Ann. Just letting you know that Chris and I had the baby. His name is Kyle. He was born on March 28th. Anyway. Thought you'd like to know.

We hear the phone hang up. Stay on Olive taking this in as she continues to pet her dying dog.

452 INT. VET'S OFFICE -- SEVERAL DAYS LATER

452

Olive is sitting in the waiting room with Clancy on her lap, wrapped in a blanket.

A VET ASSISTANT comes out.

VET ASSISTANT

(gently)

Mrs. Kitteridge? We're ready for you.

The Vet Assistant gives Olive a sympathetic smile and holds the door open for Olive as goes in to put her dog down.

453 INT. KITTERIDGE HOUSE -- LATER, DAY

453

Olive, back from the vet's, is numbly walking into the kitchen. She puts his empty collar down on the kitchen table.

She has the mail she's collected from the post office.

454 CUT TO:

454

Olive, now at her desk putting a stack together of the bills she's paid.

(CONTINUED)

She puts a stamp on an envelope addressed to Denise. She has another letter addressed to **Mr. Christopher Kitteridge**. There's no return address on either of them.

455 EXT. OLIVE & HENRY'S WOODS -- DAY

455

Olive is now walking through the woods behind her house. She's carrying a blanket and her big purse. This is a reprise of the scene we saw at the top of the series.

She finds a spot and lays the blanket down on the ground. She reaches into her purse and pulls out an envelope addressed: **TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN**. She puts it down on a corner of the blanket along with her house keys.

She gets out her radio and turns it on low to Henry's classical station: it's the jaunty Trumpet Concerto we heard at the top of Pharmacy.

Then Olive eases herself down on the blanket. She pulls a revolver out of her purse. She loads a bullet in and sets the chamber. She stares out at the woods and takes a moment to listen to the birds. She looks up at the sky, where the late afternoon light is filtering down through the trees.

EXTREME CLOSE ON Olive. Her eyes glance down as we hear the CLICK as she cocks the gun. Then she looks back up, taking it all in one last time:
Bird song...a woodpecker...insects...the rustle of a breeze in the trees...the MUSIC...

Then she hears children's voices. It's the neighbor kids. She puts the gun down and shoves it under her purse just as the kids arrive up the path. They freeze when they see her -- it's the witch!

They stare at each other for a beat.

4-YEAR-OLD

What're you doing? Are you having a picnic?

OLIVE

Yes.

4-YEAR-OLD

Where's your food?

OLIVE

I ate it already.

8-YEAR-OLD

These are our woods, you know.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

Are they.

8-YEAR-OLD

Yes.

OLIVE

Well, I'll move along then.

8-YEAR-OLD

You can stay. But don't litter.
You need to leave everything just
as you found it.

OLIVE

Will do.

The kids move on. Olive waits for them to be out of sight, then she un-cocks the gun and puts it back in her purse. Her hands are shaking. As she starts to put everything else back in her purse, she completely falls apart. She kneels on the blanket, bent over, and clutches her heart, letting out great, wracking sobs.

456 EXT. JACK'S HOUSE -- DAY.

456

We now see Olive standing at the front door of Jack's house. She has some of her tulips wrapped in a newspaper. She knocks and waits. Then she opens the door and goes in.

457 INT. JACK'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS, DAY

457

Olive walks into the front hall. She calls.

OLIVE

Hello? I'm here.

We hear Jack call from another room.

JACK (O.S.)

Hold on, Olive, I'll be right
there. I was just lying down.

OLIVE

No, stay put. I'll find you.

458 INT. JACK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM -- DAY

458

Olive peaks into the door of a guest bedroom, where Jack is lying on top of the coverlet of a queen-sized bed with his arm propped under his head.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

Are you feeling poorly again?

JACK

Just soul poor. The body bangs on.

OLIVE

I brought you some of my tulips. I don't normally give them away.

JACK

They're lovely, Olive. Thank you.

OLIVE

Let me go put them in some water.

JACK

Don't go yet. Come. Sit.

Jack pats the bed. Olive sits, still holding the tulips.

OLIVE

I'm a grandmother. They left me a message on my phone machine. I suppose I'll have to call them back.

JACK

Yes, you should.

OLIVE

It's my fault that my son can't stand me.

JACK

Well, I haven't spoken to my daughter for two years. Can you imagine such a thing?

OLIVE

My husband loved me dearly and I was a horror to him.

JACK

My wife was a saint and I had an affair.

OLIVE

I had an affair, almost. I held back but I made my husband suffer for it.

JACK

And now you miss him terribly.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVE

Yes.

Jack touches her wrist. Olive sits down next to him and looks at Jack, into his sad, tender eyes.

JACK

God, I'm scared.

OLIVE

Oh stop. I hate scared people.

JACK

Well that's too goddamn bad.

Olive finally lets herself lay down next to Jack. She puts her hand on his chest to feel his heart.

JACK (CONT'D)

Am I still alive?

OLIVE

Still banging on.

The afternoon sun slants through the room. Olive looks out the window at the blue, blue sky. A bird lands on a feeder that hangs outside the window. It pecks at the seed and starts madly chirping.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

Foolish bird.

Olive and Jack watch the bird, taking in the creature's joy.

OLIVE (CONT'D)

It baffles me, this world.

JACK

(softly)

Yes.

OLIVE

I don't want to leave it yet.

FADE OUT.

END OF SERIES