

#27

OVERBOARD  
by  
Leslie Dixon

Property of:  
MGM STUDIOS

Second Draft  
February 23, 1987

EXT. AN OREGON HARBOR - ESTABLISH - DAY

VARIOUS SHOTS: Local fishermen. Baiting their lines. Sitting in the sun. Kidding each other. We finally focus on TWO LOCALS, bearded lumberjack types carrying fishing nets, walking down the pier. They stop and and whistle in awe at the sight of

A HUGE YACHT,

the S.S. Immaculata, glaringly out of place, docked among the tiny fishing boats.

LOCAL #1

Whoa-oh! Whose little baby is that?

LOCAL #2

Nobody we're ever gonna know.

LOCAL #1

Could be tourists.

LOCAL #2

Huh! What kind of re-tard tourists'd stop here?

EXT. YACHT CABIN WINDOW

We see the faces of JOANNA STAYTON and her husband, GRANT, peering disdainfully through the glass at the town.

INT. YACHT CABIN

It's sumptuously furnished, with the kind of taste and elegance only New Yorkers enjoy. Grant Stayton, nautically attired, is a good-looking man, but somewhat anaemic -- the virility has been bred out of him from generations of wealth. His wife, Joanna, a stunning blonde with severely laquered hair, turns away from the window in a cold fury.

JOANNA

(in the haughty, imperious tone  
of a woman spoiled from birth)

Where. Are. We.

GRANT

(peering at a map)

I think ... Elk Cove, Oregon.

JOANNA

The teeming metropolis of Elk Cove.

(pacing, furious)

I do not, do not BELIEVE that this  
is happening.

GRANT

It's not going to happen--  
(calling loudly)  
Andrew!! Tell them to try it again!

From the bowels of the boat comes the asthmatic wheeze of an engine trying to turn over.

JOANNA

I don't suppose it occurred to you to have the boat examined before we left?

GRANT

(testy)  
Why should it?! This yacht has never once broken down, not once in 20 years!

JOANNA

Or been serviced, apparently.  
(pacing again)  
Ugh! I can't believe I was lunatic enough to go out in the open sea in one of your heirlooms!

GRANT

(this touches a nerve)  
This is the Stayton yacht, kings and Presidents have been entertained on this yacht, the least you could do is appreciate it--

JOANNA

I'd appreciate it a lot more if it had closet space.  
(calling imperiously)  
Andrew!! Start it again!!

The engine gives a sickly gurgle and dies.

JOANNA

Oh, for god's sake.

She sweeps out of the cabin. Grant sighs and follows.

EXT. BELOW DECK - ENGINE ROOM

Joanna looks down at two CREW MEMBERS, up to their elbows in greasy engine. Overseeing this operation is ANDREW, the Stayton's distinguished, 50-ish manservant.

JOANNA

Andrew, how much longer is this going to take?

ANDREW  
Depending on the availability of  
parts ... two days.

JOANNA  
(drawing herself up)  
Excuse me?

The crew members stammer simultaneous explanations. Joanna turns to Andrew, speaking as though they weren't there.

JOANNA  
Obviously the innards of this boat  
are a complete mystery to them ...  
that's reassuring ...

She sweeps out of the room, ignoring further explanations.

EXT. THE DECK

As Grant emerges from their cabin, Joanna strides past him to the retracted gangplank and issues an order to another passing CREW MEMBER.

JOANNA  
Put this down.

GRANT  
(grabbing her arm)  
What are you doing!

JOANNA  
(as though addressing a  
retard)  
I am not remaining on this boat for  
two days ... I am going for a walk  
on dry land.

GRANT  
Are you insane!?

JOANNA  
Why would that be insane?

GRANT  
Joanna, this is obviously a town of  
impoverished rednecks -- they're  
bitter and resentful of people like us.

JOANNA  
The point being...?

GRANT  
They might hurt us!

JOANNA

They might disgust us, I  
sincerely doubt they'll hurt us.

GRANT

(getting worked up)

You have no idea, Joanna, what  
kind of squalid, amoral lives these  
people lead! And it's time you  
started to think about it ... they  
may well take over in our lifetime--!

JOANNA

Oh, please.

GRANT

Well, why not?! They breed like rabbits  
... there are more and more of them  
all the time ... and less of us, because--  
(pointedly)  
--some of us refuse to reproduce!

JOANNA

I don't breed, dogs breed, and  
if you're so concerned about my safety,  
why don't you just come with me?

GRANT

I am barely safe aboard this boat!  
These people would like nothing better  
than to kidnap a Stayton! We are not  
ending up prisoners with parts of  
our bodies sent to our families until  
they pay some obscene ransom!

JOANNA

Grant. Don't be an imbecile.

GRANT

(starting to hyperventilate)  
They could storm this boat at any  
moment! Taking the silver ... grubby  
hands pawing through your jewelry ...

JOANNA

Grant, stop it!!

He manages, with an effort, to regulate his breathing.

JOANNA

Before this escalates to epilepsy, let  
me assure you, I will not, repeat,  
not set foot off this boat. I will rot  
here for two days. All right? But I'm  
going to require some sort of project.

GRANT  
Project?

JOANNA  
(off his blank look)  
Project. A productive activity ...?  
For me ...? To do ...?

EXT. AN OREGON HIGHWAY - MORNING

A battered old crew cab truck with non-existent shock absorbers goes bumping along the road.

INT. TRUCK CAB - MOVING

DEAN PROFFITT, the driver, a good-looking, rural charmer in his late 30's, is singing rowdily along with the C&W tune on the radio - one of those real weepers, dripping with self pity. Between his knees is a 7-11 styrofoam cup of coffee; he munches a Hostess powdered sugar doughnut -- breakfast. On the seat beside him, on the floor and all over the dash, is copious evidence that Dean is a father: a beach ball, toy trucks, kids' books, a large artificial tarantula, a stuffed Gumby, etc. Dean pulls up to

THE PIER

and gets out of the truck, wiping the powdered sugar crumbs from his mouth and blinks in awe at the yacht. Looks at the slip of paper in his hand. Yup. This is the place.

THE YACHT

Dean, carrying his tool kit, approaches tentatively.

DEAN  
Hullo ...?

GRANT's face, twisted with paranoid terror, pops up like a Jack-in-the-box from behind the railing of the boat. He brandishes a sterling silver candelabra like a weapon.

GRANT  
(terrified)  
Get back! Get back or I'll have  
to hurt you!

Dean is taken aback but hardly frightened.

DEAN  
Uh ... somebody call for a carpenter?

Grant slowly puts the candelabra down.

THE DECK OF THE YACHT

Joanna and Grant stride across the deck, Grant at Joanna's elbow, nervously peering back as Dean follows them.

DEAN

I heard you got an emergency ...?

GRANT

(as though Dean weren't there)

Does he have references?

DEAN

Uh ... local references? Uh ... no ...  
I just moved up to this area, but  
Hey, I've been doing this shi -- this  
kinda work for years ...

GRANT

I'm very uncomfortable with this,  
Joanna.

JOANNA

It's my project, and therefore  
of no concern to you.

GRANT

We don't know this person ...he  
could be a serial killer!

JOANNA

It's entirely possible.

DEAN

(amiably)

Hey, hey, hey. You got an  
emergency? We can do a blood test and  
a bunch of fingerprints right now, or  
I can just get started. Huh?

He smiles winningly at Joanna, but his charm, which is decidedly rural, escapes her. She looks at him coldly.

DEAN

Now what seems to be the problem?

INT. CABIN OF YACHT - DAY

Joanna holds open the door to an expansive closet.

JOANNA

Well, you can see how inadequate it  
all is... you would think they could  
build in some shoe racks! And we need

JOANNA

(cont'd)

these rods extended ... I'd actually like this compartmentalized so I can separate linens, wools, silks and crepes...

DEAN

Wait, wait wait .. You want me to remodel a closet?

JOANNA

(patronizingly)

Isn't that what I've been explaining in some detail?

Andrew appears, bringing a tray with some Perrier water, crackers and caviar. Without even acknowledging his presence, she spreads some on a cracker and takes a bite.

JOANNA

Excuse me? What is this?

ANDREW

Caviar, Mrs. Stayton.

JOANNA

(weary with the world's stupidity)

Must I specify, when I ask you to pack caviar, that it be good caviar, and not fish bait?!  
Or is that too great a leap?

(turning back to Dean)

You have 48 hours. I suggest you get started.

With that, she sweeps from the room -- or almost sweeps from the room -- the width of her shoulder pads block her from getting through the door. Attempting to retain her dignity, she turns sideways and exits. Dean turns to Andrew, sympathetically.

DEAN

You always get that shit?

ANDREW

Oh, this is a good day.

CU- THE CLOSET - A DAY LATER - 3/4 REMODELED

Dean, shirtless, is working away quickly and efficiently ... the closet looks greatly improved and it's clear that he knows what he's doing. His concentration is somewhat marred, however, by the imperious tones of Joanna wafting through the open window, from the deck outside.



JOANNA'S VOICE

Hello, Dudley, this is Mrs. Stayton.  
I'm up in ... Elk Snout, or something ...  
Well, I've been lauguishing on hold,  
are they starting the auction? Thank  
god ... I want to put in a bid on  
the Moore, the big piece, the dancing  
woman. What are we starting at? 750?

EXT. THE DECK

Joanna, in a revealing bathing suit, sits in a deckside chair  
at an outdoor table, playing backgammon with Grant while  
conducting a phone call.

JOANNA

All right ... I'll bid one.  
(beat)  
One-two.  
(beat)  
One-five.  
(beat)  
One seven.  
(beat)  
Good! Good! All right, that's one  
million, seven hundred thousand?

From inside the yacht cabin there is the CLUNK! of heavy tools  
being dropped ...

INT. YACHT CABIN

Dean, his tools on the floor, stands openmouthed at the prospect  
of that sum of money being bandied about.

DEAN

Jeeeesus.

JOANNA'S VOICE

(continuing)

Good, my card number is 012-359-9131.  
No, it's platinum, of course there's  
no limit ... this is Mrs. Grant Stayton!  
I should hope so.

There is the click! of the receiver being replaced and the SOUND  
of approaching footsteps. Dean quickly returns to work as Joanna  
comes striding in. Now that we have a better look at her,  
we see what a flimsy piece of work this bathing suit is:  
the legs are French-cut so high we can even see a strawberry-  
shaped birthmark on her haunch. She puts her hands on  
her hips ... she's beautiful, imperious ... and completely  
unaware that between Dean's shirtlessness and her revealing  
~~dress~~ there are two attractive, only partially clothed  
adults alone in a very small room.

JOANNA

Well, the boat appears to be functioning,  
so I'd appreciate it if you'd stop  
eavesdropping and finish your ...

(trailing off, pointing at closet)

What is this?

DEAN

That's called "wood." It's oak.

JOANNA

Oak. An oak closet. Why am I even  
amazed?

DEAN

I donno. Why are you amazed?

JOANNA

One would have hoped you'd know that  
closets are cedar, otherwise, we  
get moths.

DEAN

Lady, there's not a real big moth  
problem off the Pacific Coast.

JOANNA

This discussion is pointless; you'll  
have to rip all this out.

DEAN

(trying to keep his temper)

Okay ... you want cedar? Fine.  
Fine. But that'll add three hundred to  
my estimate.

JOANNA

(coldly)

I beg your pardon.

DEAN

Look, I already bought the oak --

JOANNA

Well, I'm certainly not paying for  
that --!

DEAN

Well, I'm not eating it when  
you didn't ask for cedar --

JOANNA

The civilized world knows about  
cedar closets --

DEAN

(imitating a hillbilly)  
Well, ma'am, up here in Elk  
Snout we don't know about  
closets ... nor bathrooms, neither --  
you're lucky I'm housebroke!

JOANNA

You were listening to us!

DEAN

It was kinda hard to avoid!

JOANNA

Well, you'll avoid it very  
easily in the future, because  
you're fired!

She strides out. He follows, angry.

EXT. DECK OF YACHT

DEAN

Fine with me, except you owe  
me \$600.00!

JOANNA

The job wasn't done to my  
satisfaction!

DEAN

I got news for you: no job will  
ever be done to your satisfaction!

JOANNA

That is quite enough! Get out!

DEAN

Look, I worked for that \$600  
and I want it!

JOANNA

Grant! Where are you?!

DEAN

Oh, for --! You know what your  
problem is? You're so goddam  
bored, you don't have a goddam  
thing on this earth to do, except  
your hair, you gotta invent things  
to bitch about! Your closet was fine.  
You just wanted something to take up  
your fucking useless empty nail-doing,  
suntanning, rich bitch days!

During this speech he advances on her in anger, not particularly meaning anything by it, but Joanna is sure she's going to be raped.

JOANNA

Grant!!! Don't ... don't you dare touch me!

DEAN

Touch you! Not a chance.

(beat)

Even though what you need is a sock in the mouth and a six-foot dick!

Joanna gasps in absolute horror and, in a quick instinctive reaction, pushes at Dean's chest with all her might. He staggers backwards onto the gangplank... she pushes again, and he FALLS OFF THE BOAT, hitting the water with a SPLASH. She quickly unties the boat from the pier.

JOANNA

Andrew! Start the engine!

A few seconds pass. The boat starts.

THE WATER

Dean flails, sputtering.

DEAN

Hey! My tools!!

In answer, his tools come hurtling down into the water beside him.

THE YACHT

takes off.

EXT. DECK OF THE MOVING YACHT

Joanna throws that last hammer over the side, eyes full of tears. Though she'd rather die than admit it to herself, Dean's words hit a nerve. Joanna now does what she always does in times of crisis -- grabs she phone and dials a familiar number.

JOANNA

(after a beat)

Hello, mother.

INT. A RITZY NEW YORK BREAKFAST ROOM - DAY

EDITH MORGAN, Joanna's handsome and excessively wealthy mother, is lunching on one diet wafer and black coffee, though it's

taking three servants and half the sterling in New York to serve her these items. (It's clear that Joanna learned her imperious manner at her mother's knee.)

EDITH

(into phone)

What?! Are you serious?  
Darling, I'm really at a loss to understand this ... what on earth do you care what some carpenter from ... Elk Whoosis thinks of you?

BACK TO JOANNA

JOANNA

You're right ... he's beneath my contempt ... I'm sure this is all PMS.

BACK TO EDITH

EDITH

Well, what are you doing on your feet? Go to bed! You can't possibly be expected to deal with cretins when you're having your period ... or anything else! Two days in bed! Are you listening to me?

BACK TO JOANNA

JOANNA

(fondly)

As usual, mother, you're absolutely right.

BACK TO EDITH

EDITH

Let's just hope you succeeded in drowning him.

EXT. A BATTERED TRAILER - DAY

A signpost reads "Billy Pratt -- General Contractor, and the front yard is filled with the lumber and tools to prove it. Dean's station wagon pulls up and Dean gets out, hair plastered to his head, and storms up to into the trailer, dripping water up its front steps.

INT. TRAILER

This is BILLY PRATT's combined office and living quarters. Billy, Dean's old friend, is a big, overweight, genial guy -- not a world-beater for brains, but with a good heart. He sits hunched over a none-too-clean desk, drawing up some plans, as Dean angrily bangs the door closed.

BILLY

(without looking up)

How'd it go?

Dean hurtles a piece of seaweed onto Billy's desk.

EXT. TRAILER

Dean stomps out, followed by BILLY.

BILLY

Whacha mad at me for?

DEAN

(imitating Billy)

"You oughtta move up here, I'll get you work" --! Great work, I'm out 600 bucks, half my tools...now I get to drip dry -- thank you!

BILLY

I didn't know her -- her butler just called up! Look, I'm sorry! I'll get you another job.

DEAN

No more jobs!

BILLY

It's a big contract.

(enticingly)

Build a miniature golf course ...?  
Biggest one in four counties ...?

DEAN

(intrigued)

Yeah ...? I love miniature golf.

BILLY

Yeah, and this is a monster contract, I think we could get it ...

He puts his arm around Dean and leads him back into the trailer.

INT. TRAILER

Billy shows Dean the plans he was working on.

BILLY

I been working up a bid ... I got a great theme for it ... "The Seven Wonders of the World."

DEAN

Yeah ...!

(beat)

But there's 18 holes, right?

BILLY

Yeah.

DEAN  
Don't we need some more wonders?

BILLY  
(he hadn't thought of that)  
Yeah ... we'll need ... 11 wonders.

Both men think for a moment.

DEAN  
Dolly Parton! She's a wonder!

BILLY  
Good one! Write that down.  
(looking out window)  
Uh ... maybe we better do this  
later.

DEAN  
(scribbling away)  
Why? We're on a roll.

BILLY  
'Cause Mrs. Burbidge is here.

Dean looks nervously out the window.

DEAN'S POV -- BILLY'S FRONT YARD

MRS. BURBIDGE, a steely-eyed middle-aged woman gets out of her car and starts for the trailer.

INT. TRAILER

DEAN  
(panicked)  
Shit! Shit, shit!  
(pacing -- trapped)  
God damn it, I moved up here to get  
away from social workers! How'd  
they get on my ass in two weeks?!  
Man, I don't believe it! This thing  
got a back door?

Dean races into the trailer's tiny second room.

BILLY  
Nope.

INT. TRAILER BACK ROOM - DAY

Mrs. Burbidge stands, blocking the doorway, catching Dean is the process of trying to pry the window open.

DEAN

Heh ... how's it going?

MRS. BURBIDGE

I didn't find you at home, Mr. Proffitt.

(beat)

Sit down.

Dean sits uncomfortably on Billy's unmade bed, miserably conscious of still being dripping wet. He discreetly takes a soggy sleeve and wrings it out into a potted plant.

MRS. BURBIDGE

I did, however, find your children at home. And we have some serious concerns that they're not being provided with a wholesome environment.

DEAN

(hotly)

Are you saying I'm a bad father?!

MRS. BURBIDGE

Me? No. No I'm not, but ...

(sighs)

My colleagues are alarmed by your house.

DEAN

(unable to argue with that)

All right, look. Your colleagues got kids? Kids are messy.

MRS. BURBIDGE

Live mushrooms growing out of the carpet strike us as ... excessive.

DEAN

They're not poison!

MRS. BURBIDGE

Mr. Proffitt, where is the mother of these children?

DEAN

Dead for seven years, now what does that have to do with --

MRS. BURBIDGE

Seven years is a long time to be without a female influence in the house. It seems to have made them ... incorrigible.



DEAN

Nah! You wouldn't think that  
once you got to know them!

MRS. BURBIDGE

It's hard to get past the first  
impressions, Mr. Proffitt. I saw,  
with my own eyes, the bigger boys  
trying to suffocate the littlest --

DEAN

No -- see, it's a game they  
play with each other -- it's  
called "Hide the Brother in the  
Convertible Sofa" --

COUNSELOR

Mr. Proffitt -- Dean -- I'm sorry.  
You're going to have to provide a  
more regular income and a less  
turbulent environment or we're going  
to have to recommend that these  
children be put in a foster home.

DEAN

You can't --! That's --  
(realizing she can)  
I did work, I'm owed six hundred  
bucks! The woman wouldn't pay me!

SOCIAL WORKER

Then I suggest you find her.

INT. CABIN OF STAYTON YACHT - NIGHT

We PAN from the dresser, where we see, deposited, all of the  
jewelry Joanna was wearing in the previous scene, to THE BED,  
where she lies in a Camille-like pose, heating pad on her  
stomach, a snifter of cognac and a box of chocolates near at  
hand. Grant is in bed next to her, in a robe over pajamas,  
watching TV.

JOANNA

Must you run that thing?

GRANT

Yes, I must, it's good for  
my nerves, it has a tawdry escapist  
quality.

JOANNA

What you have to escape from  
I cannot possibly imagine.

Grant slowly turns and looks at her. She is, obviously,

something he'd like to escape from very much. Oblivious, she sits up bolt upright.

JOANNA

Grant! I left my platinum credit card up on deck!

GRANT

Then go and get it.

JOANNA

I am doubled over with cramps ... do you think I'm lying here for my own amusement?

Grant shoots her another look. That's exactly what he's thinking.

GRANT

(weary)

I'll go ... in a minute.

JOANNA

In a minute it could be blown overboard, do you know the Sandinista tortures you have to go through to get one of those replaced? Ugh ... never mind, this is obviously asking too much of your energies ...

With a groan of hypochondria she rises from her sickbed.

EXT. THE DECK - BY MOONLIGHT

Joanna, in a diaphanous white robe and high heeled slippers (seriously inappropriate deckwear) appears, hair and robe sent immediately askance in the stiff nautical breeze. She teeters across the rocking deck to the telephone table ... no card. Impatiently she looks around, sees ...

HER CREDIT CARD,

shining softly in the moonlight, which has evidently been blown over the railing to the unrailed prow of the ship.

JOANNA

peers over the railing, not about to set foot out there herself.

JOANNA

Grant!!!

(no reponse)

ANDREW!!!

INT. YACHT CABIN

Grant, hearing her cries, turns up the volume on the TV.

INT. LOWER CABIN

Andrew, enjoying a well-earned glass of wine, turns up the volume on his stereo. Her strident voice is soothingly eclipsed by Mozart.

EXT. DECK

Still calling their names, Joanna watches angrily as the card slides still further from the railing. Heaving a sigh of monumental annoyance with her help, Joanna unfastens and opens the small gate to the unguarded prow of the ship. Then, with one perfectly manicured hand firmly grasping the rail, she steps out, retrieves her card, steps back through the gate, puts the card on the table, and, putting her hand to her collarbone, takes a deep breath at the scope of her exertions.

The ship chooses this moment to give a tremendous LURCH -- JOANNA IS FLUNG VIOLENTLY BACKWARDS AGAINST THE GATE, WHICH (because she forgot to latch it) SWINGS OPEN, CAPITULATING JOANNA BACK TO THE UNGUARDED PROW, WHERE SHE TEETERS ONE INCH FROM THE EDGE. She tries to get back to the railing, but

THE HEEL OF HER SHOE

lodges firmly in a crack, and

JOANNA

can't move her right leg!

JOANNA

(terrified)

GRAAAAAAAAAA----!!

A final lurch sends her toppling backwards, and -- SPLASH! She's overboard, flailing wildly to stay afloat.

INT. CABIN OF YACHT

Grant now has the TV turned up so high she's inaudible.

THE SEA - BY MOONLIGHT

And we see the soggy white robe floating -- no Joanna.

THE YACHT

surges on without her.

EXT. MAIN STREET IN ELK COVE - DAY

Dean's truck (side view) drives up, stops at a light. We hear, through the rolled-down window, Dean avidly complaining to Billy, who sits beside him in the front seat.

DEAN

So that's it! She's out in the middle of the Pacific with my money, that I earned, I can't even hire a housekeeper --

The truck pulls out of frame. And now we see that it was pulled up alongside

AN APPLIANCE STORE

--with a window full of TVs -- all of them on -- and on all of them, a picture of JOANNA. We HOLD on the window as we hear the SCREECH of BRAKES and Dean drives back INTO FRAME. He leaps out of the car, leaving the motor running, and stares in the store window. Yes, it's Joanna on television. Dean and Billy get out, approach the window.

DEAN

That's her!

BILLY

The bitch?

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE

(faintly audible through glass)

Does this face look familiar to you? We at K-ELK hope it does to one of you, because this little lady is an amnesiac -- that is, she has no idea who she is!

Dean gawks.

NEWSCASTER

Here's the beach where our mystery woman was found, unclothed, unconscious, and in shock ...

We SEE a dazed Joanna, wrapped in a blanket, being escorted from the beach by police.

NEWSCASTER

She has no idea how she got there -- or who she is. So far she has been unable to tell authorities her own name.

THE TV - INT. A HOSPITAL - ON JOANNA

She's in a hospital gown, looking very peeved as reporters thrust microphones at her.

JOANNA

(disoriented)

Of course I know it, I'm ... I'm ...

(snapping with frustration)

This is absolutely absurd, of course I know, how could one not know one's own --

(waving away the microphones)

Could you remove those?

I don't wish to discuss this.

INT. YACHT CABIN - MORNING

Grant has fallen asleep with the TV on. He yawns, opens one eye, closes it -- and both eyes pop open as he sees Joanna's face on

THE TV

still on from the night before. We then see A POLICE SERGEANT with large red welts down the side of his face, obviously the result of being raked by female claws.

SERGEANT

So if any of you have any idea who this mystery woman is, please come to the Elk Cove police station. There is a reward.

Grant sits bolt upright as another picture of Joanna flashes onto the screen.

NEWSCASTER

To repeat today's top story, a woman with amnesia was found at dawn this morning --

Grant rushes from the room.

EXT. DECK OF YACHT

Grant rushes out, shielding his hungover eyes from the glare. He looks around, sees only

JOANNA'S HIGH HEEL

sticking forlornly out of the prow of the deck.

GRANT

Oh, shit. Andrew!!

EXT. THE YACHT - LONG SHOT

--as it does a 180-degree and heads back the way it came.

EXT. A PIER - DAY

The yacht docks back at the pier. Grant, tucking a long sterling carving knife into his belt, nervously descends the gangplank and starts tentatively down the pier. He freezes with terror as two LOCAL FISHERMEN come down the pier towards him ... and pass him with utter disinterest. Grant takes a deep breath and starts off down the main street.

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - DAY

This is a tiny little pit stop, not meant for dealing with serious criminals. Dean and Billy stand out front, in mid-argument.

BILLY

She don't even remember her own name -- you think she's gonna remember she owes you 600 bucks?!

DEAN

Well, she does, whether she knows it or not!

During this conversation, Grant makes his nervous way up the steps without noticing them -- but Dean catches a glimpse of him disappearing into the police station.

DEAN

Hey! That's her husband -- he remembers --

BILLY

(restraining Dean)

Uh-huh, so, what, you're gonna go kick this guy's ass in the middle of a police station?

DEAN

No, I'll wait here, I'll kick his ass when he comes out! That all right with you?

INT. POLICE STATION

Grant approaches the COP on duty.

GRANT

Excuse me ... I think my wife is here ...

COP

All right!

(calling)

Hank!! Guy's here for the mystery  
bitch!

(catching himself)

...sorry ... I guess you know  
she's quite a little handful ..  
this way ...

He leads Grant into

AN ADJACENT ROOM

Grant approaches a one-way mirror and looks in, seeing ...

JOANNA

in a detention cell, surrounded by cops and a LOCAL DOCTOR.  
She is wearing a mans shirt and trousers and -- what  
else? -- complaining away.

JOANNA

Are you seriously telling me I  
have no medical recourse?

DOCTOR

There isn't a whole hell of a lot  
I know about amnesia.

JOANNA

(patronizingly)

Yes, I can see that. Would it be  
asking too much to obtain the opinion  
of a specialist?

DOCTOR

(amused)

Oh, like a amnesia doctor? Yeah, we  
must have half a dozen of those.

Snickers from the cops. Joanna bristles.

JOANNA

Would it be asking too much of  
your manners to tell me what other  
doctors you do have?

DOCTOR

Couple good vets.

More snickers.

JOANNA

Listen to me. As of right now my life history seems to consist of a dirty beach, policemen, a pack of reporters, and a breakfast of extremely runny eggs over easy ... I refuse, REFUSE, to be incarcerated like a criminal, while no efforts are being made to locate SOMEONE who can either identify or cure me --!

ON GRANT

His mouth open. So it's really true.

COP

Is that her?

Grant watches Joanna, who continues to bitch, pouring forth a torrent of indignation. A slow smile spreads over his face as the beauty of the opportunity hits him.

GRANT

No. I've never seen her before in my life.

The Cop sighs.

COP

I can't tell you how sorry I am to hear that.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Dean and Billy back out of sight as Grant emerges, the Cop following hopefully.

COP

Know anybody who might know her?

GRANT

Gee, I'm sorry. Good luck!

Chuckling to himself, Grant walks down the front steps, then gives a gleeful little hop as he starts off down the street. Dean stares after him.

DEAN

You see that?! He's skipping out on her!

BILLY

So? Go kick his ass! He's getting away!



DEAN  
Sh! I'm thinking.

BILLY  
Since when?

Dean ignores this, watching Grant recede out of view with an unusually pensive expression. A smile begins to curl his lips.

EXT. THE YACHT

Grant bounds up the gangplank like Gene Kelley, stopping short as he sees Andrew waiting for him on deck. He composes his face into a mask of tragedy.

GRANT  
Mrs. Stayton has decided to leave me.

ANDREW  
(elated)  
That's --!  
(pulling himself together)  
... ahem ... unfortunate, I'm so sorry.  
Will we be returning to New York?

GRANT  
(heartbroken)  
No. No ... I need time ... to think ... to be alone ... to heal ...  
(lightly)  
I think we should continue with our world cruise exactly as planned.

ANDREW  
Without Mrs. Stayton?

GRANT  
I need to forget.

ANDREW  
Yes, sir.

REED  
And let's get away from here ...  
let's go south.

ANDREW  
Where, exactly, sir, did you have in mind.

Grant gazes moodily out to sea.

GRANT

Oh ... Rio ...?

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Dean, hair combed ~~and wearing a clean shirt~~, grins winningly at the cop on duty.

DEAN

Yes ... I'm here to pick up my wife.

The cop gasps with gratitude.

COP

Really?! Okay. Okay. Now freeze, stay right there, I'll get the sarge.

(calling)

Sarge!! We got her husband!!

Billy, who is here with Dean, yanks him aside.

BILLY

(low)

Dean, c'mon man, let's get outta here --

DEAN

No! That woman owes me 600 dollars.

(a sly grin)

I'm gonna take it out in trade.

BILLY

And you think they're just gonna give you that woman?

The SERGEANT appears, beaming, greeting Dean energetically.

SERGEANT

Hey, brother. Great to see ya!

(aside to the cop, low)

JEE-sus, I thought we'd never get rid of the bitch --

Dean's hand lunges into frame, grabs the Sargeant and slams him up against the wall, Clint Eastwood style. The Sergeant's feet dangle inches off the ground.

DEAN

What. Did. You. Call. My. Wife.

SERGEANT

(terrified)

Oh, hey, well ... you know as well as anybody ... she gets a little ...

SERGEANT (cont'd)  
heh ... hard on the ears ... I'll  
... uh ... just go get her ...

He backs out of the room.

COP  
Here are ... uh ... a few personal  
effects seem to've washed up with her ...

He hands Dean a paper bag. Dean inspects its contents,  
pulls out

A LACY PAIR OF UNDERWEAR  
monogrammed "J.S."

COP  
And you might as well take these ...  
we were gonna send these over the A.P.  
wires, but now that you're here ...

The cop hands Dean

SEVERAL PHOTOS OF JOANNA

obviously in mid-tirade. She looks pissed.

DEAN  
Thanks a lot.

Dean hurriedly stuffs these items into his overcoat pocket  
as we HEAR, from down the hall, the inevitable torrent of  
vehement opinions that mean Joanna is being brought out.

BILLY  
You're on your own with this one,  
man. I'm gonna swear under oath  
I had nothing to do with this ...

He ducks out of the station as

A DOCTOR

enters with Joanna in tow. Dean beams with recognition and  
steps forward. Joanna frowns as she takes in this  
handsome, flannel-shirted, blue-jeanned roughneck.

DEAN  
Annie!

Before she can say a word he crosses to her, takes her in  
his arms and plants a huge kiss right on her mouth.  
She squirms, breaking away.

JOANNA

What do you think you're -- ugh!  
Who is this man!

DEAN

(hurt)

Annie ... you don't know me?

JOANNA

Certainly not.

Dean looks at the doctor, as though bewildered by Joanna's cold glare. The doctor takes him aside.

DOCTOR

Your wife's had an almost total  
loss of memory.

DEAN

(as though overcome)

Oh ... god! How long will it last?

DOCTOR

No way to tell ... Could be a week,  
could be a year. We really don't  
know much about this kind of thing ..

DEAN

(shaking his head)

I ... I can't believe she wouldn't  
know her own husband.

JOANNA

(breaking in)

Husband!

(to doctor)

This missing link person is not  
my husband!

She shakes her head, shrinking against the wall in horror.

DEAN

Oh, Annie --

JOANNA

"Annie ..."

(to herself, trying it  
out)

Annie. No. It's not right. It's  
not my name.

DOCTOR

(to Dean)

You'll have to start all over with  
her. She's had a major shock.

Dean approaches her, eyes brimming with tenderness, concern.

DEAN

Annie ... god, this is crazy ...  
well, everything is gonna be okay.  
I'm Dean Proffitt --

JOANNA

All right. I realize that I don't  
remember numerous things, but I truly,  
from the depths of my soul, do NOT  
remember you. Don't you think there'd  
be some spark of recognition?

DEAN

(ardently)

Well ... maybe you'll spark to  
this.

He sweeps her into his arms and kisses her passionately.  
She breaks free.

JOANNA

Ugh! I don't believe it! This could  
be some stranger off the street!  
He has no proof --

The police shrug. The don't really care, so long as they  
get rid of her.

COP

(pointedly)

He seems to like you.

JOANNA

(to Dean, suspiciously)

What's my full name?

DEAN

(as if he can't believe  
she doesn't remember)

C'mon, baby --

JOANNA

What is it!

DEAN

(soothingly)

Mrs. Annie Proffitt--

JOANNA

What's my maiden name?

DEAN  
Annie Goolihy.

JOANNA  
(musing)  
Annie Goolihy ... where in god's name  
did I grow up, Dogpatch?

DEAN  
No, not there, over in Goober,  
North Carolina.

JOANNA  
Where did I meet you?

DEAN  
(smoothly)  
Hank's Donut World ... you used to  
hang out there when you were still  
in the Navy.

JOANNA  
(horrified)  
I was in the armed forces?

DEAN  
(pulling out his wallet)  
Hey, I still got the postcards  
from Okinawa --

JOANNA  
(stopping him)  
No!  
(shuddering)  
The Navy ...!

DEAN  
Now c'mon, you know that --

JOANNA  
No, I don't know that! I  
don't know any of this! I don't  
know you! I want proof!

The Sergeant sighs, takes Dean aside.

SERGEANT  
Uh ... look, if it was up to me  
you could have her, but you  
understand ... I gotta require  
some sort of validation ...

DEAN

(low)

Well ... I don't like to talk about this in public, but ...she's got this little strawberry birthmark right down there on her hip ...

The three men look expectantly at Joanna. Dreading, she takes refuge behind a desk, hiding her from the waist down, and we HEAR a ZIP! She looks down. Her eyes widen with revulsion. It's true!

DEAN

(grinning)

Come to Daddy!

INT. DEAN'S TRUCK CAB

Dean and Joanna (who, for simplicity's sake, we will now know as "Annie,") are travelling through rural countryside, which she eyes with bewilderment. She peers at Dean, who's as unfamiliar as ever.

ANNIE

What ... was I doing on the beach?

DEAN

Well ... see, it's a thing you like to do, hunting for oysters at night ... something about getting in that mud up to your knees really turns you on. One time we went down there with a six pack and a blanket, and --

ANNIE

Stop!

She shudders, puts her hand to her temple, gazes forlornly out the window at the modest farms, pig-pens and all.

ANNIE

I don't ... live near here, do I?

DEAN

See?! You do remember! We live right here!

EXT. THE TRUCK

pulls up a long potholed dirt driveway, twin rivulets of dust kicking up around it.

INT. THE TRUCK CAB

Annie can't see anything but dust. They come to a stop.

The dust settles.

ANNIE'S POV

Tobacco Road. The yard is strewn with auto parts, an old bathtub, a honking goose, barking dogs and a weed-infested garden. There's an old wooden house, on no discernable foundation, with a charred front porch.

ANNIE

This ... this isn't ...

DEAN

Welcome home.

EXT. FRONT YARD OF DEAN'S PLACE

Dean helps her out of the car.

ANNIE

Home ...! I can't live here ...

DEAN

What's the matter, babydoll?

ANNIE

This is wrong ...

She is drowned out in barks as two dogs come bounding joyfully towards her, leaping on her with muddy paws -- obviously greeting their mistress. What Annie doesn't see is that Dean is holding a milk bone behind her back.

DEAN

Well, George and Mabel're glad to have you back.

ANNIE

(terrified)

They're wolves!

DEAN

Everybody's glad you're back.

ANNIE

(with dread)

Everybody ...?

Dean opens the front door.

ANNIE'S POV - INT. HOUSE

This shack is not only the boonies -- it's Beyond Thunderdome.



As the two mutts yap ceaselessly, GREG, 10, is duelling to the death with his non-identical twin brother, Travis, using a toilet plunger and a sponge mop -- following the example of the Erroll Flynn movie that rolls crazily in the shot picture tube which sits somewhat crookedly in an oversized TV cabinet.

Out of harm's way beneath the kitchen table, JOE, 7, a greasy, feral runt in a dirty Spiderman T-shirt, sits crosslegged, the contents of an entire package of spaghetti spread around him. He dips a stiff spaghetti strand into a jar of chocolate sauce and munches blissfully.

CHARLIE, the oldest at fourteen, dressed in greasy workman's coveralls, works intently on a nasty-looking chainsaw he's semi-dismantled on the kitchen table.

DEAN

Hey!

The room quiets -- somewhat.

DEAN

Your mother's home.

A chorus of "Hi, Mom!"s. The kids wave at her cheerfully. Annie reels, as though knocked backwards by a physical blow.

ANNIE

(aghast)

They're ... they're not m ... m ...

She can't even say it.

DEAN

Aw, Jesus, baby, I was sure you'd remember them.

ANNIE

Now you listen to me! I think I would know if I had ch ... ch ...

Annie's eyes roll back in her sockets. Her knees buckle. Dean catches her before she hits the ground.

INT. KITCHEN AREA - DAY

Dean carries the passed-out Annie in his arms, followed by his kids.

DEAN

(low)

Okay ... that was pretty good ...

Dean lays her out, corpse-like, on the kitchen table. They

all gaze down at her as though she was Frankenstein on the slab.

DEAN

Well ... how do you like her?

GREG

She's pretty.

JOE

She's dead.

CHARLIE

(contemptuously)

She's not dead.

TRAVIS

I don't like her.

GREG

What's wrong with her?

TRAVIS

She has no tits.

DEAN

(peering at them)

What do you mean, they're --

(realizing that he is

talking to a 10-year-old)

That's not for you to decide,

or even think about --

TRAVIS

Get real, dad.

CHARLIE

She's a fake blonde.

GREG

No she's not --

TRAVIS

(reaching forward)

Let's pull some out and see --

DEAN

Get away from there! You want her  
to hear you? Come here, c'mon...

He herds them down back into the living room area.

DEAN

Let's run through this one more  
time. Now, what do we call her?

CHARLIE, JOE, TRAVIS, GREG

Mom.

DEAN

Why do we want to do that?

GREG

So she'll cook and clean up.

DEAN

And what'll happen if we mess up?

JOE

(glcefully)

You'll skin us alive!

DEAN

Worse! No TV for two weeks!

TRAVIS

So? It's broken anyway.

DEAN

I'll fix it and then I'll take it away! So now what do you say? Huh? Huh? You know what happens to smartmouths? Huh?

With every "huh" Dean tickles Travis, who squeals, tries to get away, but can't.

TRAVIS

Get Dad!

The other kids pile on Dean like football players, shrieking with laughter -- this is a familiar game. A lamp tips over, crashing to the floor, in smithereens. Dean draws himself up.

DEAN

(mock anger)

Now see what you did!

The kids laugh and pile on him afresh.

ANNIE

finally comes to, opens her eyes to see

DEAN

imitating a Tasmanian Devil, chasing his squealing kids around the room.

ANNIE

blinks in horror at these savages, crawls off the table and sneaks out the door.

GREG

looks up from the rough-house, sees the empty table.

GREG

Dad!

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE

Annie bursts from the house and runs down the driveway, towards the main road.

INT. KITCHEN

Dean and the kids watch this through the windows. He looks down at the dogs.

DEAN

You up for a run?

They begin to bark joyfully.

EXT. LOWER DRIVEWAY

Annie is running, running ... hears the barking dogs ... steps on it ...

DEAN AND THE DOGS

are in pursuit.

ANNIE

veers blindly off the road and into the trees.

THROUGH THE TREES

Annie runs, crashing through the underbrush, hearing the BARKING grow louder behind her.

DEAN'S VOICE

Stop! That's pure poison oak!

She stops immediately, quivering with fear. Dean comes up behind her.

DEAN

Every one of those little leaves'll make you itch for a week.

She stands, frozen in fear, surrounded by red foliage.

DEAN

Now, baby. I know it all seems strange ... it's strange to me too not to have my little girl know her own family ... but don't you worry. We'll get you re-aquainted.

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH - DAY

Annie sits on a stump facing the house, chalk-white with shock and amazement. The kids are lined up on the porch, squirming restlessly. Dean stands like a ringmaster displaying tame lions.

DEAN

Okay. This's Charlie. Charlie's the oldest. And that's Travis --

TRAVIS

(interrupting)

The smartest!

DEAN

... and Greg ... they're twins ... I guess you can see that they're not identical ...

GREG

Yeah, or I'd look like a shithead!

TRAVIS

Who asked you, butthole?

DEAN

They came out fighting and they're still at it. And this's Joe. Joe ...? Give your mother a kiss ...

The 7-year-old steps forward and promptly falls on his face, victim of tied shoelaces. The other kids laugh and run off; Joe, yelling angrily, stumbles after them. Annie watches in horror.

ANNIE

There are ... so many of them ..

DEAN

You always had your heart set on six, so we keep trying ...

ANNIE

But ... they ... they don't look like me ... I can't imagine ...

DEAN  
(smoothly)  
Well, they do take after your  
mother. Let's just hope they  
don't grow up to be lushes.

ANNIE  
My ... mother is a lush?

DEAN  
(compassionately)  
Was. Cirhossis.

ANNIE  
(shocked)  
She's de --? W-what about my  
father?

DEAN  
(smoothly)  
Alive and well. He's due for  
parole in two years.

ANNIE  
I don't want to hear this!  
(hands to temples)  
I can remember for myself!

She puts her hands to her temples, concentrating with all  
her might. Nothing.

DEAN  
Now, baby, the doctor said the  
best way for you to do that was  
to just get right back to your  
normal routine. He says that's the  
only sure way to jar everything  
loose. So, you gotta do what  
you normally do.

ANNIE  
(apprehensively)  
What did I normally do?

Dean smiles.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dean leads Annie to the stove, where a chicken and some  
vegetables are displayed, along with a pot of boiling  
water. Annie surveys them with mystified repugnance.

ANNIE  
I prepared and handled raw  
food?

DEAN  
You cooked every night!

ANNIE  
This is ludicrous ... I've never  
done this in my life ...

HER POV - THE DINING TABLE

All four kids are staring at her expectantly like Oliver  
Twist.

TRAVIS  
(ever the con artist)  
Mommy ...? I'm hungry.

The other kids start to whimper.

ANNIE  
(low, to Dean)  
They're tall enough to reach the  
burners. Can't they make their  
own dinner ...?

DEAN  
But you make their dinner every  
night! Now, here we go, first thing  
you wanna do is wash some of these  
carrots...

He hands the carrots to Annie; she holds them by their  
ends, revulsed, and allows herself to be walked over to the  
sink ... she looks down and recoils in revulsion.

ANNIE'S POV - THE SINK

A large turtle lumbers across the sink bottom. Greg  
immediately springs to her side.

ANNIE  
What is that!

GREG  
Got him at school. His name's Lucky.

TRAVIS  
Awww, stupid!

ANNIE  
(catching her breath,  
disgusted)  
My GOD, it's a pet! Get  
that revolting thing out of here!

GREG  
(manipulating)  
You said I could keep him!

Annie stares at him. Since she can't remember what she did and didn't say, he's got her.

ANNIE  
I don't care what I said ...  
just ... do something with it ...  
take it outside.

GREG  
He'll run away!

TRAVIS  
Right. Dumb thing moves about  
a foot a year.

GREG  
He's smarter than you!

Travis snatches up the hapless creature, leaps over to the stove and dangles it over the boiling water.

TRAVIS  
(singing)  
Turtle soup! Turtle soup!

Dean grabs the turtle and gives it to Greg.

GREG  
(defiantly)  
Nobody touches this turtle but me!

There is a beat as all his siblings look at each other, snicker unanimously, and begin to advance on Greg, hands outstretched to touch the turtle. Greg realizes his error and runs for it, his brothers thundering after him.

ANNIE  
Do they ... have some sort of  
problem with their glands?

DEAN  
Well, you know boys! Now, you're  
gonna put this chicken in the pot ...  
just chuck 'er in there ... that's  
my little baby ...

Annie, revolted, picks up the chicken by the end of one drumstick and holding it at arms' length, drops it in the boiling water. Dean applauds. Annie sinks into a chair, drained by the effort.



ANNIE  
Ugh ... I am utterly exhausted ...  
I must go to bed.

DEAN  
Oh, you will ... real soon!

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dean opens the door for a weary Annie. She walks in, taking in the tiny room, big enough only for a bed and a chest of drawers. She runs her hands over the items on the dresser ... a hairbrush ... cheap bottle of cologne ... she sniffs it ... wrinkles her nose ... a box of tampons.

DEAN,

meanwhile, notices the Goodwill price sticker still sticking to one of the housedresses in the closet. He discreetly peels it off, as

ANNIE

eyes the dog lolling on the bed, clearly its accustomed sleeping place.

ANNIE  
Shoo! Get out!!!

She waves her hands awkwardly at the dog, which lumbers off the bed and out of the room. Annie turns ... and is stopped cold by the sight of Dean taking off his shirt.

ANNIE  
Stop that!

DEAN  
Stop what.

ANNIE  
Stop stripping.

Dean stares at her like she's out of her mind, which indeed, she feels as though she is.

DEAN  
(tenderly)  
Baby ...!

The weirdest part is, this guy looks great without his shirt. And in his eyes is that little twinkle that lets a woman know she's in for a good time.

ANNIE  
This is impossible. I don't  
know you ...

DEAN  
(taking a step forward)  
You still don't remember ... anything?

ANNIE  
I do not!

DEAN  
Might help you remember.

ANNIE  
Oh, I see. Therapy.

DEAN  
(cheerfully)  
Yeah!

ANNIE  
That's very generous of you, but  
absolutely not.

DEAN  
(Mr. Sympathy)  
Oh. Hey. I understand. I do.

He starts for the door, turns back, grins.

DEAN  
I'll just have to work my charms  
on you all over again. Turns out  
anything like last time, you'll  
jump my bones on the first date!

ANNIE  
We ...  
(gulp)  
... on the first date?

DEAN  
You dragged me into the back of  
your daddy's truck and had right  
at me in the 7-11 parking lot.  
Didn't even have to buy you a  
beer!  
(off her horrified  
expression)  
It was pretty good, too. G'night!

He's gone, leaving Annie alone, miserable, and -- if what  
he says is true -- a slut.

THE NEXT MORNING

Annie, in bed, is awakened by SCREAMS. She sits bolt upright.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

Annie, in a ratty terrycloth robe, follows the screams into

INT. BATHROOM

--where pandemonium has broken loose! Travis is doing all he can to keep a struggling Greg from reaching into the toilet, while Joe, sitting gleefully in the sink, keeps flushing it with his foot.

GREG  
(seeing Annie)  
Save him!

Annie -- dreading -- looks down into the toilet ... to see Lucky the turtle belly-up, his shell stuck in the bowl. He kicks helplessly as water gushes around him.

ANNIE  
(to Travis)  
Get him out of there!

TRAVIS  
(confidently, to Joe)  
Break him in half. He'll go down.

Joe nods obediently as he stands on the edge of the sink.

GREG  
NO!!!

Joe jumps ... but Annie whisks him out of mid-air, placing his little body out of the way.

ANNIE  
Travis. Get that thing out  
of there this second!

TRAVIS  
(snickering)  
You get him out!

ANNIE  
I am not plunging my hands  
into a toilet!

Travis and Joe drag a screaming Greg out of the room.

ANNIE

...You hear me ...?!

They're gone. Annie sighs, sinks to her knees, closes her eyes, turns her head, and reaches for the turtle.

INT. KITCHEN

Dean is haphazardly making four bologna sandwiches at once and stuffing them into lunch sacks as the kids come thundering down the stairs.

DEAN

Step it up, you'll miss the bus!  
Go go go go! Jackets! Go! Go!

They grab their jackets as Dean herds them out the front door to

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH

where we see their little figures racing

DOWN THE DRIVEWAY

for the bus in the distance.

INT. LIVING ROOM

ANNIE (O.S.)

Are they gone?

DEAN

Yeah.

Annie comes tentatively down the stairs, buttoning up the buttons of one of the cheap (and definitely used) housedresses we saw hanging in her closet. It's obviously tight on her. She fingers the polyester material with revulsion.

ANNIE

(suspicious)

This garment cannot possibly  
belong to me.

DEAN

Huh?! That's your favorite!

ANNIE

Then why is it a size too small?

DEAN

(thinking fast)

Oh no! Well, I guess it's happening.

ANNIE

What's happening.

DEAN

Same thing that happened to your sisters. They stay skinny for years ... then they all just blow up like balloons! Happens overnight!

Horror-struck, Annie feels her midriff for symptoms of bloat. She sinks into a chair. Dean puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

DEAN

Don't worry. I'll still love you.

ANNIE

I ... I can't think about this ...  
I can't think until I've had my coffee ...

She raises her hand as thought summoning a servant.

ANNIE

Black, please, Sweet 'n' Low  
and very strong.

DEAN

Yeah, you'll feel better when you  
brew some up! Well ...

He kisses the top of her head, grabs his tool kit.

ANNIE

Where are you going!

DEAN

(amused)

You know, baby. To work.

She frowns. Apparently the concept isn't too familiar to her. He starts out. She grabs his arm.

ANNIE

But I can't stay here!

DEAN

You wanna come help me drywall?

ANNIE

No! I want to remember! I --  
(looking around, disgusted)  
What did I do all day?

DEAN

Your weekly chores. I know you  
don't remember so ... I made you  
up a little list.

He hands her a piece of paper. She stares at it with  
trepidation.

MUSIC UP UNDER: (A MONTAGE OF INEPTITUDE)

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Annie opens the cabinet under the sink, where the cleaning  
supplies are stored. She eyes them.

ANNIE

Large. Black. Beetles. This  
strikes no chords.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SERIES OF SHOTS

1. Annie is spraying Raid in every conceivable crevice,  
under every cushion, and even inside an abandoned  
tennis shoe.
2. Annie awkwardly sweeps a cloud of dust in the general  
direction of an unsecured dustpan on the floor. The  
dustpan flies across the room like a golf ball.
3. Annie drops the broom and sinks into a chair in  
exhaustion ... and continues to sink as the ancient  
upholstery swallows her whole ...

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Annie is uncertainly pushing a shopping cart as Dean throws  
a succession of horrible items into it ... the largest  
economy box of detergent known to man ... one, two, three,  
four, five mousetraps ... a toilet plunger ...

ANOTHER ANGLE

They have reached the meat counter. Tentatively --  
dreamily -- her hand reaches out for a steak -- Dean's hand  
comes into frame, covers hers, and moves her hand over to  
the hamburger. She eyes him unhappily. He shrugs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

As the kids go bounding by her for another day of school,  
Annie, carrying a mop and pail, opens the door to their room.

HER POV - THE KIDS' ROOM

It's a large attic dormer bedroom with four unmade beds.

The floor is concealed under mountains of junk -- toys, comic books, candy wrappers, dirty laundry, old food dishes crusted with scum, stray potato chips, scattered board games, a badminton racket ... and, wandering through the rubble, a kitten or two.

ANNIE

drops the mop and pail, turns, and expressionly walks out. Why bother?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

We HEAR a distant THUNDERCLAP. Annie is rushing around the room, placing every available pot, pan -- any remotely convex item -- beneath the torrent of leaks that cascade from the ceiling. Just as she gets the last one in place ... the dogs come bounding in the doggie door and shake themselves dry, spraying her from head to toe. She does a slow burn ...

INT. HALL OUTSIDE MASTER BEDROOM

Dean lingers in the doorway, looking seductive. Annie, standing inside the bedroom, SLAMS the door in his face. We hear the CLICK of a deadbolt.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY

Annie shuffles awkwardly, trying to keep her balance on the slick floor in her rented shoes, to the foot of a lane. She gingerly slips her fingers into one of the balls on the rack ... lifts it ... steps back into position. She swings the ball behind her ...

DEAN AND THE KIDS

dive out of the way as the ball crashes through their score table.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE MASTER BEDROOM

Annie again SLAMS the door in Dean's face. We hear the CLICK of a deadbolt and the SOUND of HEAVY FURNITURE being pushed in front of the door.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

The family is fishing. Annie stands in the river in a pair of thigh-high fishing boots, miserably holding a fishing pole. On the rock next to her is the remnants of a picnic. She reaches for a cracker ...

ANNIE'S POV - THE OPEN JAR OF FISH BAIT

## ANNIE'S

pupils dilate. She drops her pole in the water. Dreamy, trance-like, she reaches for a knife, spreads some of the bait on the cracker, and begins to bring the vile concoction up to her mouth. Dean notices this and grabs her wrist. She snaps to and stares at the cracker, horrified ...

## INT. FRONT HALL WINDOWS

Annie has a sponge and a bucket. She gingerly wets the sponge and lifts it towards the grime-encrusted windowpanes. Unfortunately, the first window she picks has a crack and it shatters instantly.

## EXT. SHED OUTSIDE HOUSE

Annie drops many inappropriate items -- overcoats, shoes, etc. -- into a rusty, malevolent-looking old washer, peers at the control dial and turns it on. Dangerously overloaded and imbalanced, the washer rattles itself free from its position near the sink and begins to "walk" towards her, stalking her like a robot with brain damage. She yelps and runs.

## EXT. BEHIND THE HOUSE - DAY

Charlie revs up a chain saw and hands it to Annie, who holds it as far from her body as possible, trembling with terror. She edges tentatively towards the log pile, trips on a root and stumbles ... in a frantic attempt to keep the saw above her head she cuts through an overhanging tree branch which falls, braining her, causing her to stagger backwards ... where the saw sheers the ropes of the clothesline ... the clothes fall into the mud and over her face, obscuring her vision ... she staggers blindly, cutting the body of a scarecrow in half ...

## DEAN AND CHARLIE

watch, mouths open, as this ballet of ineptitude shows no symptom of finality.

## EXT. ACAPULCO HARBOR - DAY

## GRANT'S YACHT

The boat is tied to a pier -- a much more prosperous pier than Elk Cove -- a yacht-infested pier. Grant, very much in his element, comes waltzing up the gangplank with a brown young beauty.



ANDREW

peers at them, embarrassed by what he sees. He draws Grant aside.

ANDREW

Sir ... forgive me for commenting on your personal life, but is this really wise?

GRANT

(taking him aside)

No problem. I had her tested at a clinic.

(brandishing a certificate)

Clean as a whistle!

ANDREW

I wasn't referring to the potential disease factor ...

The telephone rings. Andrew picks it up as Grant jubilantly steers the girl towards the cabin.

ANDREW

Sir ...?

GRANT

(violently)

What?!

ANDREW

(significantly)

Mrs. Morgan.

GRANT

Damn! Tell her ... ugh! ... all right.

He pulls the girl into

INT. YACHT CABIN

GRANT

Here ... you sit here ... and fondle this ...

He pulls a sable stole of Joanna's out of the closet, drapes it over the girl's shoulders, and grabs the phone.

GRANT

(with false heartiness)

Hello, Edith! Oh, yes, a wonderful time, unexpectedly wonderful.

INT. EDITH'S KITCHEN - DAY

Edith sits, overseeing a GROOMER who is "artistically" shaving her miserable little poodle.

EDITH  
I find that intensely difficult to believe. You're not still having those fights?

ON GRANT

GRANT  
Definitely a thing of the past.

ON EDITH

EDITH  
Well, put my daughter on. I'd like to wish her a happy birthday.

ON GRANT

GRANT  
Birthday!  
(covering quickly)  
Oh! Yes! Well, Edith, Joanna's not here ... I sent her onto the mainland so I could put together a little ... uh ... surprise party!

ON EDITH

EDITH  
Well, that's a thoughtful gesture, Grant, and not at all like you.  
(suspiciously)  
What have you done?

GRANT  
W-what?

EDITH  
What have you done to poor Joanna that you have to atone for -- you're not known for your spontaneous generosity.

GRANT  
(adjusting the sable on the girl's shoulders)  
You'd be surprised. Well, here come the caterers, I'd better run ...  
(making clanging noises around the room)  
Ice buckets? Over here ... ugh! Native catering service, they're mixing stainless with silver, I have to go ...

EDITH  
Well, just tell Joanna--

GRANT  
I will! Goodbye, Edith!

He hangs up, begins dancing the girl around the room as he sings:

GRANT  
Happy Birthday to youuuu  
Happy Birthday to youuuu  
Happy birthday, dear Joanna  
Happy birthday to youuuuuu!

EXTREME C.U. - ANNIE

She is catatonic, staring into space. WIDEN FRAME TO reveal we are in

INT. PROFFITT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dean comes in from work, tool kit in hand, to find Annie sitting in an armchair, glassy-eyed and slack-jawed. From ten feet away the kids take turns tossing grapes, which bounce off her forehead. No response.

DEAN  
Hey, what's going on?

TRAVIS  
Nothing.

Dean moves in for a closer look at Annie.

DEAN  
What's wrong with her?!

CHARLIE  
She's been like that for an hour.

TRAVIS  
She's getting better.

DEAN  
Better!

TRAVIS  
She's not going buh-buh-buh-buh-buh!

He mimes a person with uncontrollable shakes.

DEAN  
Why'd she do that?

GREG  
(accusingly, to Travis)  
It's your fault!

TRAVIS

Uh-uh! You threw the darts  
at her!

GREG

I was going for the skunk!

DEAN

Who let a skunk in the house!?

Joe, Travis and Greg point at each other, shouting at once.  
Dean leans close to her.

DEAN

Hey, babydoll. What's for dinner?

Annie, as per Travis' imitation of her, starts shaking uncontrollably, going "buh-buh-buh-buh-buh..." Dean grabs her, hoists her into his arms and takes her out to

THE FRONT PORCH

where there is a gigantic RAIN BARREL and unceremoniously dumps the still-stammering Annie into the very cold water. She is instantly shocked into silence, her open mouth gasping like a fish.

DEAN

Sorry, babydoll. I had to do it.

Sputtering, she finds her tongue as he helps her, ever so tenderly, out of the rain barrel and even dries her with his jacket.

ANNIE

I don't belong here!!! I feel  
it! Don't you think I feel it?!!  
I can't do any of these vile things,  
and I'd never want to! Every  
moment is a nightmare, my children  
are the spawn of hell, you're the  
devil, oh god ...

DEAN

Aw now, you won't feel that way  
when you start remembering ...

ANNIE

Well, I'm not remembering! And  
I haven't a clue as to how to  
go about --

She trails off, thinks. Clearly something has occurred to her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Annie is rummaging through every drawer in the room, ransacking it like a burglar.

DEAN

What're you doing?!

ANNIE

Not that it's any of your concern, but I'm looking for memorabilia.

DEAN

Memero-what?

ANNIE

Photographs. Scrapbooks. Something that will spark some wisp of a memory! Do we, or do we not, possess these things?

DEAN

Oh well ... uh, sure ... I donno where they'd be ... y'know, we've only been here a couple weeks ... lotta things're still in boxes from the move.

ANNIE

We moved here deliberately?

DEAN

Yeah. Our last place was a real dump.

Annie waves this unimaginable thought away, moves to the closet, starts to ransack it.

DEAN

There's nothing in there.

ANNIE

How do you know? You just said you didn't know where they'd be --

DEAN

Well, I know where they're not gonna be, and they're not gonna be in this closet! What's the matter?

Annie stares at him, jarred by something familiar.

ANNIE

The closet ... the closet ... and  
you ... this is familiar ...

DEAN

We've kept our clothes in the same  
closet for 14 years, it had damn  
well better be, now, c'mon ...

He leads her away from the dangerously provocative closet.

ANNIE

Fine. You're so sure where  
everything is. You find the  
pictures.

DEAN

Look, for all I know they got lost  
in the move!

ANNIE

(suspicious)

Do you mean to tell me that there  
is not one piece of photographic  
evidence of our life together  
anywhere in existence?!

Dean grins weakly.

EXT. BILLY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Dean's station wagon roars up, honking. A few seconds  
pass; Billy, in a bathrobe, comes down the front steps  
with a flashlight as Dean jumps out of the car.

BILLY

Somebody better be dead.

DEAN

I need a favor.

Dean pulls out a familiar envelope -- the envelope of  
photographs of Annie he was given at the police station.

INT. BILLY'S TRAILER

Billy takes the photos of Joanna and throws them down on  
the table.

BILLY

No!

DEAN

(pleading)

For your old buddy ...?

BILLY  
Get somebody else!

DEAN  
C'mon, man, you made the best fake  
I.D. God ever saw --

BILLY  
Well, I'm not gonna make you  
a fake wife!!

DEAN  
Why not!

BILLY  
I'm out of the business! I got  
my own company, things are going  
good, I'm not gonna mess up my  
life again--

DEAN  
Billy, I'm not asking you to forge  
anything, I just want you to put her  
into these pictures --

Dean produces a handful of his own family photos.

BILLY  
I don't even have a camera  
anymore ... I don't have my  
equipment ... what're you doing ...

Dean casts a practiced eye around the trailer ... notices  
a loose panel in the ceiling, reaches up and pokes it  
loose. He pulls down a box and opens it. It contains a  
camera, multitude of engraving tools, pens and inks, etc.  
Billy sighs, caught.

BILLY  
(grumbling)  
You've known me too long.

DEAN  
(grins)  
Maybe a marriage certificate,  
while you're at it.

AN HOUR LATER

Billy, sitting at the table, carefully pastes the cut-out  
silhouette of Joanna into a picture of Dean and the  
(younger) kids.

INT. BILLY'S BATHROOM

It has been converted, temporarily, into a darkroom. Dean and Billy bend over the sink ...

BILLY

(irritated)

Well, I'm telling you right now ...  
if this thing ever gets out, I'm  
not gonna get sucked down the john  
with you, man -- I'm gonna deny under  
oath that I never knew anything  
about this ... here she comes ...

CLOSE ON THE DEVELOPING TRAY

and we see one of the pictures comes up through the  
developer ... a faked wedding picture of DEAN AND ANNIE ...

AND WE DISSOLVE TO THE SAME PHOTO

now in Annie's hand. We PULL BACK to find that we are in

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Annie sits on the bed, peering at the photo with a total  
lack of familiarity.

ANNIE

It's my wedding day ... why do  
I look so annoyed?

DEAN

(smoothly)

Oh ... your father showed up  
shitfaced ... we hadta throw him  
out.

She sifts through the photographs, shaking her head with  
misery.

ANNIE

Then it's true.

(with revulsion)

I belong here. In this hovel.

DEAN

(indignant)

Hovel! Hey, hey! Pretty snotty  
words for a little girl off a pig  
farm.



ANNIE

I grew up ... among ...  
(erupting)

Well, what if I did?! I don't care!  
My home is NOT going to be a  
pig farm, my children are NOT  
going to be pigs and my husband --

She trails off, eyes him up and down.

ANNIE

I may not be able to do much with  
you. Goodnight!

EXT. UPSTAIRS HALL

The door slams in Dean's face. He grins. A second later  
the door opens again and the dogs are hurtled out. It  
slams again.

EXT. A RAZED, LARGE VACANT LOT - DAY

Several burly construction workers, are grading the site  
for the eventual golf course. Billy stands, holding an  
open encyclopedia, which he scrutinizes unhappily.

WORKMAN #1

What's the matter?

BILLY

I just looked up the real wonders  
of the world ... the Pyramid at Giza ...  
what the hell kinda wonder is that?

WORKMAN #1

That's a stupid wonder.

BILLY

I promised I'd keep the 7 real  
ones ... what the hell am I gonna  
do with a pyramid?

Dean, arriving late, jumps out of his truck and trots over.

BILLY

Hey, where ya been?

DEAN

(with a self-satisfied grin)  
Oh, just giving the little woman  
a few pointers on the Roto-Tiller.

(beat)

It's taking her a while to get  
the hang of mud.

BILLY  
(grinning)  
You son of a bitch.

DEAN  
Hey, man, just getting even!

MUSIC UP UNDER: (SEQUENCE OF ANNIE'S INCREASING  
COMPETENCE)

DEAN (V.O.)  
You should see how I got her trained...

INT. SHED - DAY

Annie comes in, carrying a mountainous load of laundry which obscures her face. She puts it down as the washer, already in mid-cycle, starts to "walk" again. She gives it a well-placed, savage kick. It gurgles and stops at once, humming obediently.

DEAN (V.O.)  
I just snap my fingers and she  
hops to ...

EXT. YARD - DAY

Dean, holding a rifle, nods at Annie, who obligingly (but without enthusiasm) takes an old, dented hubcap out of a pile and THROWS it HIGH into the air as though it were a clay pigeon. BLAM!!! Dean blasts the hubcap ... nodding at her to throw up another one ...

DEAN (V.O.)  
She's learning a trick or two ...

INT. HALL - DAY

Annie scrubs the windowpanes. The music SWELLS as the dirt runs down in rivulets and we finally SEE the first shaft of sunlight penetrate the gloom. She beams.

DEAN (V.O.)  
Of course, she's still a little  
short on maternal instinct.

INT. KIDS' BEDROOM - MORNING

We see the four boys asleep on their beds. Annie comes in with two pot lids and starts to clang them together. A moment later, she is pelted with toys, junk, etc.

DEAN (V.O.)  
Sometimes it's still touch and go ...

INT. BATHROOM

This is "morning rush in the Proffitt Bathroom" -- Greg splashes in the tub, Annie and Charlie are brushing their teeth, and from the position of Joe (seen from the rear) we gather he's peeing. The scenario resembles the Stateroom scene in "Night at the Opera." As if that weren't enough, Travis barrels into the room, screaming bloody murder, holding a bed pillow to the back of his head.

ANNIE  
(impatient)  
What is it?

TRAVIS  
I'll kill him!!

He lunges for Greg, who pokes his tongue out from the relative safety of the tub ... Annie pulls the boy's flailing arms to his sides, and immediately understands the problem -- the pillow remains stuck to the back of his head.

ANNIE  
Wonderful.

TRAVIS  
(half crying)  
He glued me!!

GREG  
(unrepentant, to Travis)  
Got you back! Got you back!

TRAVIS  
Now I'm really gonna kill that stupid turtle!

GREG  
You just try!

TRAVIS  
I'm burying him. You'll never find him!

Annie stands between them.

ANNIE  
Stop it!!  
(angry, to Greg)  
What did you use?

GREG  
Stuff from Dad's toolbox.

Annie grabs the pillow, pulling a yelping Travis towards her.

ANNIE

Do not move or speak.

Travis whimpers. Annie grabs a pair of scissors off the counter and snips! the pillow loose from Travis' head. Travis immediately lunges for Greg, trying to dunk and drown him.

DEAN (V.O.)

And, y'know, it's not easy teaching  
a useless person to do stuff ... I  
gotta be creative about this ...

INT. BOWLING ALLEY

Face scrunched with fear, Annie stands awkwardly posed to try another shot at bowling. Dean slides up behind her and gives her ass a little tweak ... her face darkens with anger ... in a cold fury she HURTLES the ball at the pins. Strike! Dean smiles.

DEAN (V.O.)

But some stuff she'll never get ...

INT. THE STATION WAGON - MOVING - DAY

Annie is learning to drive.

DEAN

Keep to the right, the right,  
THE RIGHT ...!

(swerving violently)

Jesus!

(wiping his brow)

Listen, truth is, you never were  
much on driving, let's forget this.

ANNIE

No! I'm not going to be trapped  
in the house!

(pointing at one of the  
pedals)

What's this again ...?

DEAN

That's the ...

A horrible grinding noise comes up from the engine.

DEAN

...clutch.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
(pointing, as though  
addressing a retard)  
...and that's your old friend  
Mr. Brake.

ANNIE  
You don't have to be sarcastic!  
I am able to differentiate--

The car screeches to a stop and stalls as Annie experiments with the concept of braking. Dean sighs.

DEAN  
Okay. Start 'er up.

ANNIE  
I may be a little vague on the subject, but shouldn't there be some sort of key?

DEAN  
Well, there was.

ANNIE  
And ...?

DEAN  
(shrugs)  
It's around.

ANNIE  
Buried under archaeological layers of debris, I have no doubt.

Dean takes a tangle of wires under the car and effectively hot-wires it. The car wheezes to life.

ANNIE  
Isn't hot-wiring illegal?

DEAN  
Women driving a stick is what oughtta be illegal, now c'mon, start steering or walk!

The car lurches forward.

ANNIE  
Why would I ever have married you?

DEAN  
(grinning)  
Be happy to show you.

ANNIE  
(crisply)  
Ignorance is bliss.

BILLY (V.O.)  
So she never remembers a thing?

DEAN (V.O.)  
Nope. Just gets a little twinge now  
and then ...

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE

Annie comes out carrying two full sacks of garbage. She is struck by the sight of Dean, welding a miniature replica of the Eiffel Tower. Annie drops the garbage sacks.

ANNIE  
Ah! La Tour Eiffel -- comme c'est  
jolie, g'adore Le Champs-de-Mars--  
(struck)  
I speak French!  
(rolling her tongue around  
in her mouth)  
It just came out --!  
(thinking)  
Do I know what I said?  
(thinking)  
Yes! I do! Was I stationed in Paris?

DEAN  
Stationed?

ANNIE  
When I was in the Navy.

DEAN  
Oh ... yeah ... the Navy, right.

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

DEAN  
It's a little work keeping all my  
stories straight ... but as far  
as she knows, she's just Mrs. Annie  
Proffitt, my own personal little  
cook, bottlewasher, babysitter and maid!

BILLY  
(musing)  
Kidnapping ... brainwashing ... I'd  
say you're looking at 15-20.

DEAN

Nah! Got her under my thumb.

CU - ANNIE'S EYES

Narrowed with annoyance. PULL BACK TO REVEAL

INT. KITCHEN

With the smooth moves of a pro, Annie cuts the crusts off four sandwiches and wraps them, stirs scrambled eggs, puts down dog food for the dogs. Dean comes down the stairs, holding a pile of his shirts.

DEAN

(deliberately imitating the language she used on the boat)

Baby, must I specify, when I ask for starch, that it be light starch?

He dumps the shirts on the kitchen table on his way out the door.

DEAN

Well, I'm off to bring home the bacon!

He blows her a kiss, and goes. Muttering under her breath, Annie picks her way around the full pans of leak-water to the bottom of the stairs.

ANNIE

Children!!! Breakfast!!

(muttering)

Where are the dreadful little...

She reaches into the cupboard for the plates, grabbing two in each hand. She places them on the table and turns back to the cupboard ... and freezes as the plates remain stuck to her hands.

ANNIE

GREG!!!

Mischevious giggles ... from both Greg and Travis. They peek around the corner, laughing ... they've been waiting for this. Annie stands helpless, clicking the plates together like giant lobster claws.

ANNIE

All right! That is IT!!!

Plates on her hand notwithstanding, Annie gets a grip on a full pot of leak-water and chucks it right at

GREG AND TRAVIS' ASTONISHED FACES

A curtain of water drenches them.

THE KIDS

immediately grab some of the other buckets of water, tossing them at Annie, but the water just hits

THE RAPIDLY CLOSING BACK DOOR

which Annie has just run out.

TRAVIS

Get her!

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH

The kids rush out after her, see

ANNIE

running for her life, disappearing through the trees.

THE KIDS

lunge after her, hooting, like Zulus pursuing Cornel Wilde.

ANNIE

is running ... the kids closing in ...

THROUGH THE WOODS

tearing through the trees ... the kids getting closer ... she's tackled .. all join in the pile-up, tickling her mercilessly, a writhing ball of bodies. She shrieks, grabbing and tickling any exposed flank she can reach with her elbows and knees. She's laughing now, not just from the tickling -- it's all so ridiculous that she's laughing from her gut -- the first release she's had since this nightmare started. Finally the energy begins to drain out of the free-for-all and everyone lies under the pine needles, panting for breath and giggling. Annie composes herself, tries to regain what little authority she has.

ANNIE

All right. Off to school.

Slowly everyone gets to their feet, brushing off the dry leaves.

WIDER ANGLE

And we see that Annie and the kids have been rolling around



in the infamous clearing Dean warned her about. It's A JUNGLE OF POISON OAK.

INT. 5th GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

The TEACHER, a severe old maid who obviously detests kids, is passing out pencils and test forms to the 10-year-olds.

TEACHER

...so you'll have to answer these questions very carefully -- Arthur, are you paying attention? -- there will be scores given to each of you from these tests, these scores will go on your permanent record, they will determine your placement in future classes, so you'll have to really concentrate -- Travis!

Travis is writhing in his seat.

TEACHER

Travis Proffitt!

TRAVIS

I'm itchy!

GREG

Me too!

PAN to Greg, who is squirming too.

TEACHER

Greg Proffitt, stop that right now!

GREG

I can't!

Both boys are scratching themselves furiously.

TEACHER

I don't want to have to tell you again!--

INT. PROFFITT KITCHEN

Annie, soaking her hands, finally succeeds in prying one of the plates off, as the phone rings. She answers it with her one free hand.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

A breathless Annie comes in. (Note: throughout this scene, Annie's jacket hangs draped over one arm.)

ANNIE

I'm Annie Proffitt, what happened?

The PRINCIPAL, a self-righteous battleaxe of a woman, motions for Annie to sit down.

PRINCIPAL

Well, Mrs. Proffitt, apparently your children didn't feel like taking the Schwartzman-Heinliken tests.

ANNIE

What are the "Schwartzman-Heinliken" tests?

PRINCIPAL

They're a comprehensive battery of I.Q. and deductive reasoning tests we find very valuable in determining --

ANNIE

(interrupting, no-nonsense)  
Mrs. Libra, what did my children do?

PRINCIPAL

They decided to play sick, and not very convincingly.

She gestures through a doorway to

A DETENTION AREA

where Charlie, Joe, Greg and Travis sit on a bench, whimpering and writhing. Annie peers at them, frowning.

PRINCIPAL

This isn't the first time they've been down in my office ... you have a discipline problem, Mrs. Proffitt ... Mrs. Proffitt ...?

Annie has walked into

THE DETENTION AREA

where she takes a good look at the kids, whose faces are breaking out into a very real rash. They are all weeping.

ANNIE

(realizing)  
Oh my god -- the poison oak!

She wheels around, voice rising in that comandeering manner we know so well.

ANNIE

Mrs. Libra, would you mind stepping out here and taking a glance at these children?

The principal steps out of her office and looks.

ANNIE

(with all of her old imperiousness)

Is it possible it's escaped your attention that these children have head-to-toe poison oak?!

PRINCIPAL

(instinctively intimidated by her not-to-be-denied, rich woman tones)

No! I ... yes, but --

ANNIE

But WHAT? My children are in need of medical assistance and YOU sit and smugly lecture me on the importance of tests, tests which exist to pigeonhole children's potential, a thing which cannot possibly be measured, least of all by anal compulsive Huns! I have no doubts whatsoever about my childrens' intelligence -- I do, however, have serious questions about YOURS. Children ...?

Instinctively, Annie makes a sweeping gesture with her coat-covered arm, revealing a still-plated hand. The kids, mouths open with newfound respect, follow her at once.

INT. DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Dean pays the doctor bill at the window. The waiting patients flinch as the kids, faces dotted with medicine, emphatically dominate the room. Joe is pretending to be a monster, Travis knocks over the magazine rack, and Charlie and Greg are shoving each other.

ANNIE

(to Dean)

It's my fault, I led them right into it -- Travis, cut it out -- I completely forgot -- Travis!! Get your fingers out of your brother's nose -- if I'd known they were allergic,

ANNIE (CONT'D)  
which of course I didn't -- TRAVIS  
BRIAN PROFFITT!! ALL of you --  
get out that door and wait outside --  
I MEAN it!!

To her astonishment (but not really ours, since this was delivered in tones of classic Maternal Threat) all four kids file dutifully out the door.

ANNIE  
They obeyed!

Dean is pretty impressed himself.

ANNIE  
(musing)  
Maybe they're not evil ...

DEAN  
Evil! Who said they were evil?!

ANNIE  
Well, it's obviously in their  
blood to be evil -- my side  
of the family's all winos and dope  
addicts and convicted felons ...  
(scratches her cheek absently)  
... god only knows what kind of  
genes I've passed onto them ...  
(scratches more furiously)  
Oh ... I'm ... I'm ...  
(really scratching now)  
I'm covered with it!

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - MASTER BEDROOM DOOR - NIGHT

Dean knocks on the closed bedroom door, holding a tube of ointment.

DEAN  
Okay ... come on now ... open up.

ANNIE'S VOICE  
No!

DEAN  
I've seen poison oak before!

ANNIE'S VOICE  
This has nothing to do with  
vanity!

DEAN

Then why can't I come in?

ANNIE'S VOICE

Because ... I don't trust you in here.

DEAN

If you're so god damn ugly then that's not gonna be much of a problem, is it?

(no response)

Look, you gotta have this medicine or you're gonna blow up like a balloon!

ANNIE'S VOICE

So what! I'm going to do that anyway!

DEAN

What?!

ANNIE'S VOICE

You said the women in my family blow up like balloons!

DEAN

(searching for some way to placate her)

Well ... you did have this one thin aunt ... Edna ... maybe you'll be like her ... now, c'mon.

Slowly the door opens.

ANNIE

is covered with blotches -- not as bad as the kids, but she looks like a plague victim. To his profound embarrassment, she starts to cry.

ANNIE

I'm ... so ... ugly!

Dean finds himself stepping into

INT. BEDROOM

--and awkwardly putting his arms around her.

DEAN

Oh, hey ... c'mon .... nobody cares  
what you look like ...

(fresh sobs)

I mean, we do like the way you  
look, I mean you normally look real  
pretty ... I mean, you don't now...

(more sobs)

Sit down, here. Sit down, sit!

Annie sits. So does the dog. Dean squeezes some medicine  
out of the tube and puts it on her face. It's soothing.

ANNIE

Tell me something.

DEAN

What.

ANNIE

I mean, tell me something. About  
my life, I have no past, tell  
me something not horrible.

DEAN

Um ... well ... back when you were  
working at the Burger Boy in  
Lewitsville, this little boy  
started choking on his B.L.T.  
Everybody panicked, but you just  
ran right over and whacked him on  
the back until he puked that sucker  
up. Burger Boy named you employee  
of the month!

(beat)

You always were a quick thinker.

He looks at her. She appears to be asleep. Even dotted  
with ointment her face looks lovely, vulnerable, innocent.  
Gently he picks her up and lies her down on the bed (on  
which the dog is already ensconced). Dean takes a blanket,  
covers her up and goes, closing the door softly.

ON ANNIE

With a sigh she rolls over, throws an arm around the  
dog, and snuggles close.

EXT. BACK YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

The family sits at a picnic table, finishing up the last of  
a barbecue, eating with paper plates and utensils. (Joe is  
surreptitiously melting plastic army men on the still-hot  
BBQ grill.) Lucky the turtle is blithely crawling on the  
table. Greg feeds him a piece of hamburger.

ANNIE

Greg, now come on, we agreed Lucky was going to live in the shed.

GREG

Mo-om!

She shoots him a look. Grumbling, Greg takes the turtle into the shed as the kids disperse.

ANNIE

Charlie ... your turn to clear the table.

Charlie heaves a sullen adolescent sigh and comes back, dragging a garbage can over to the side of the table, takes his arm and sweeps the entire contents over the edge into the can. He starts off.

ANNIE

What's the matter with Charlie?

DEAN

I donno ... she's just at that age.

ANNIE

"She's" ...!

(horrified)

Wait a minute, she's?!

(gasps)

What's Charlie's real name?

DEAN

Charlene.

ANNIE

Oh my god.

She trails off ... a slow smile breaks over her face.

ANNIE

(thrilled - hand to her collarbone)

Oh my god. I have a little girl!

INT. KIDS ROOM - DAY

Charlie and Annie sit on Charlie's bed, a pile of magazines spread out next to them.

ANNIE

(excited)

All right! This is Glamour, this is Vogue, this is Cosmopolitan -- never admit to a living soul that

ANNIE (cont'd)  
you actually read these --  
(opening one excitedly,  
turning pages)  
Now ... what do you think? ... you  
can see this fall everything is really  
tapered ... more rough textures ...  
now the first basic rule of fashion is  
that everything looks better with  
shoulderpads ... and just above the  
knee is a ludicrous skirt length no  
matter what anyone tells you...  
Okay, let's find you a hairstyle ...  
What do you think ...  
(pointing)  
...of that?

Charlie blushes and shrugs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Annie finishes giving Charlie a haircut. Charlie's hair is now cropped like a dutch girl. She looks adorable. She admires her reflection in a hand mirror.

CHARLIE  
So ... Jennifer Beaker likes him  
too ... she's cute ... but she  
picks her nose and eats it ...

ANNIE  
(dryly)  
Well you're cute ... and you've  
got her beat on etiquette. Okay, this  
is rouge ... we're going to use just  
a dab ... blend this in with your finger  
... start at the middle of your cheek ...  
there you go ...

Dean, who is sitting at the table, hunched over a sketch pad of designs, looks up.

DEAN  
Hey, now, not too much of that  
stuff!

ANNIE  
(confidentially, to Charlie)  
See that? Men always do that --  
they say they hate makeup, then  
they flip when you sneak it on, go  
for it ...

Annie leaves Charlie to her cosmetic experiments and looks over Dean's shoulder as he mutters to himself, tearing up.



yet another sketch..

ANNIE

What's the problem?

DEAN

The 9th hole ... it's supposed to be a pyramid thing ... what I got here is a doghouse that comes to a point ... it's gotta be more of a big deal, I don't know ...

ANNIE

Hm ... well ... the interesting thing about most pyramids is actually the interior ... so maybe what you could do ... may I?

She grabs

THE SKETCH PAD - CLOSE

We see her hand quickly -- and expertly -- sketching.

ANNIE (O.S.)

...is make the exterior wall plastic so you can see through it ... then, if the ball rolls up the side into a hole at the top it can drop down into one of several "chambers" like this ...

Her hand is all over the pad, drawing mazes, chutes, ramps

DEAN

is impressed.

INT. STATION WAGON - MOVING - DAY

Annie (and we may want to go so far as to put her into a "housewife" kerchief) is driving, driving the four rambunctious, squirming kids.

ANNIE

Now, did everyone pee? Who needs to pee?

EXT. ROSE'S SCHOOL OF BALLET

The station wagon pulls up and disgorges a leotard-clad Charlie.

INT. STATION WAGON - MOVING

Annie is driving, driving.

EXT. A MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

The marquis reads "Tub of Blood" and Co-hit, "My Axe, Your Face." The station wagon drops off Joe, who is joined by two of his friends who have been waiting for him ... they gleefully go inside.

INT. STATION WAGON - MOVING

Annie is driving, driving, with Greg and Travis in the back.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

A kids' tournament is in progress. Greg and Travis stand with their team, all of whom are wearing bowling shirts,, the back of which read "Vic's Rib Grotto." Annie is bouncing up and down in excitement, yelling encouragement and advice, along with the other parents, as their kids bowl strikes, spares ... Dean appears breathless, hands still dirty from work. He and Annie watch in tense anticipation as

TRAVIS

scores a rather unimpressive, wobbly little spare.

DEAN AND ANNIE

scream their heads off, clutching each other and jumping up and down. Somewhat abashed, they slowly release each other, but not before a moment of "heat" has passed.

EXT. A RESORT HARBOR - DAY

We see the familiar yacht anchored.

EXT. DECK

A degenerate Grant emerges from the cabin, hung over.

GRANT

Andrew, Sonia can't seem to find her underwear.

ANDREW

I believe you ate them, sir.

Grant squints, concentrates, realizes that it's true. The phone rings. Grant's hands shoot to his ears -- the noise is excruciating.

INT. EDITH'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Edith Morgan is sitting for a portrait in her most severe black and pearls.

EDITH

Now, this is ludicrous, Grant!  
This is the 9th time I've called ...  
do you have the gall to tell me  
I've missed her again?!

INT. YACHT CABIN - GRANT

with yet another gorgeous woman asleep in his bed.

GRANT

Oh, no, no, Edith, she's right here.  
Honey, wake, it's your mother.  
(into phone)  
Edith? She's really beat. We were  
out dancing at the casino all last night.

ON EDITH

EDITH

(suspiciously)  
You and Joanna? Dancing? Joanna  
can't drag you out on a dance floor.

ON GRANT

GRANT

Yes, well, I've been know to trip  
the light fantastic once or twice ...

EDITH (V.O.)

(angry and audible)  
Don't babble your inanities at me ...  
I don't believe she wouldn't call me for  
three months. Where is she?

From the volume coming from the phone receiver, the girl actually wakes up. Grant puts his finger to his lips.

GRANT

She's dead to the world! We  
won the jitterbug contest --

ON EDITH

EDITH

Grant. You're not in a position to  
lie to me ... remember our bargain. Now,  
I am going to give you one week. If, in  
one week, you do not produce my daughter,  
I am going to assume that you've done  
something unspeakable. I will then  
hire a vile, ravening mercenary, and  
he will find you, and he will hurt  
you, is that clear?

ON GRANT

GRANT

I'll find her! I mean, you'll talk  
to her! ... Soon! As soon as --  
just soon! I swear! Soon!

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE SITE - DAY - CLOSE ON

A golfball resting on astroturf is delicately tapped with a club. The ball rolls along the semi-flat surface ... up the side of a plywood model of an Egyptian pyramid ... inches its way up to the flat top ... then rolls into the middle of three "channels" which lead it into a maze-like construction of ramps and tunnels on the opposite side. Weaving its way to the pyramid's base, the ball "chooses" one of several exit ramps ... and finally comes to rest inche from an overturned Campbell's soup can. Hoots and applause as we see

ANNIE

miniature golf club in hand, grinning proudly. She's flanked by Dean, Billy, and burly WORKMEN who are totally impressed.

DEAN

You did it, baby! We just built  
it.

ANNIE

(thrilled)

I ... I can't believe it ! It's  
perfect!

(peering)

You even got the little hieroglyphs  
on the side!

DEAN

Yeah ... classes it up. Go on ...  
hit another one.

ANNIE

(demurely)

Oh ... no thanks ... it's past time  
for your lunch.

She walks over to the hood of his truck, hoists a picnic basket onto it, and begins to unpack an impressive -- and seemingly endless array of little goodies. Billy shoots Dean a look as she produces the final flourish -- a modest centerpiece of fresh-picked daisies.

DEAN

(a little embarrassed)

She ... uh ... hardly ever does this.

BILLY  
(not believing a word)  
Uh-huh.

ANNIE

finishes up with the food when her eye is caught by

A PAIR OF BURLY WORKMAN

who strain to pull a large stump out of the ground. One works a lever beneath the thick roots while another pulls with a rope. It's hard work.

WORKMAN #1  
God damn this sum'bitch!  
(to his partner)  
C'mon, Hank!

As the two once again throw themselves into the task, Annie approaches, rolling up her sleeves.

ANNIE  
(to Workman #1, authoritatively)  
Man the rope. Go on!

Workman #1, skeptical, but obeying her tone, obliges ... as Annie picks up a chainsaw, expertly hoists it into the air and fires 'er up. It roars to life.

BILLY

watches in wide-eyed astonishment, as

ANNIE

attacks the roots with a vengeance.

DEAN

cringes in embarrassment under Billy's glare.

DEAN  
I don't ask her to to that stuff anymore! She just does it!

BILLY  
Mm-hm. So how long have you been keeping her out there?

DEAN  
(uncomfortable)  
Couple months.  
(beat)  
Maybe three, but --

BILLY  
Don't you think you got your \$600  
worth of work out of that woman?

DEAN  
Yeah ... I guess so.

BILLY  
You guess so! You have gotten  
six thousand dollars of work --  
you have gotten your revenge!

DEAN  
Yeah ...

BILLY  
So when are you gonna tell that  
woman the truth?!

DEAN  
(evasive)  
...I dunno, all right?  
(beat)  
It's sorta ... working out.

BILLY  
"Working out?!"

DEAN  
(defensive)  
Well, yeah ... she seems to like  
it alright...

BILLY  
Dean, the woman's married! She's  
got people!

DEAN  
I don't see 'em sending out the  
National Guard!

BILLY  
Well then, what happens when she  
finally figures it out? And don't  
think she won't!

DEAN  
(growing more guilty)  
She might not ...

BILLY  
(re the lunch)  
Come on ... look at this stuff!  
Cheese with crust and sandwiches  
without 'em!

This hits home for Dean ... as Annie and the workmen succeed in turning the stump. She smiles proudly, dusting herself off as she returns to the picnic table. She begins to massage Dean's shoulders. Dean winces uncomfortably.

DEAN  
(sheepishly)  
Uh ... you don't have to do that  
right now, babe ...

ANNIE  
But I always do that while you eat ...

DEAN  
Uh ... not now, hon ...

ANNIE  
Well, I'll just get home, then, and  
finish up your shirts ...

With a cheerful wave, she starts for the station wagon, disappears beneath the dash to hot-wire the ignition. The engine rumbles. Billy gives Dean an accusatory stare. Dean sighs, hardly able to look his friend in the eyes.

DEAN  
All right! I'll tell her!

BILLY  
When?

DEAN  
Tonight!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dean comes in the kitchen door and is hit squarely between the eyes with a pastoral scene of familial bliss. Curtains we've never seen before lend a cozy touch to the room. A wonderful looking dinner is cooking on the stove. With total concentration Travis and Greg are carefully positioning each knife, fork and spoon at the table -- the first constructive activity we've ever seen them undertake. Charlie is in a corner doing ballet warmups ... Annie sits at the kitchen table with Joe in her lap, reading from a comic book.

ANNIE  
That's real good ... so ... Ooh,  
Mr. Death is mad now ... what does  
he say?

JOE  
(reading falteringly)  
I ... will ... re ...

ANNIE  
(looking over his shoulder)  
Reduce.

JOE  
Reduce ... your ... puny ...  
planet ... to rub ... rubble!

ANNIE  
Well, you're not gonna let him  
destroy the earth, are you?

Joe shakes his head, then reaches into his pocket and hands  
her something.

ANNIE  
What's this ... a present?

Joe nods. It's one of those shitty macaroni necklaces kids  
make in arts and crafts class. Annie puts it on.

ANNIE  
I'm always going to wear this.

Joe coyly buries his face in her chest.

DEAN  
Um ... Annie ...?

The kids look up. A chorus of "Hi, Dads."

DEAN  
Could I talk to you?

ANNIE  
Can it wait until after dinner?  
Mr. Death's on a rampage.

DEAN  
(sighs)  
Sure.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

Dean walks down the hall, looks into



INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

where all four kids are standing in their pajamas in an orderly line, (in order of height), holding their toothbrushes and taking turns at the sink.

INT. HALL.

Dean sighs, turns and continues down the hall, knocking on the door of the master bedroom. It opens.

ANNIE

stands in the doorway in a shortie nightgown we haven't seen before ... she is all legs and bedroom eyes. Clearly she is ready to reaffirm her "marriage."

ANNIE

So ... what was it you wanted to talk to me about?

Dean gulps. Even a week ago he would have taken shameless advantage, but now he's too guilty.

DEAN

Uh ... nothing. G'night!

He pumps her hand awkwardly and backs down the hall, leaving a confused Annie.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Dean is miserably unrolling his sleeping bag on the couch. Annie comes down the stairs.

ANNIE

Now come on ... what's bothering you?

She plunks into a chair. Clearly she's not going anywhere until he comes out with it. In the flickering firelight she looks very beautiful. Dean puts his head in his hands.

DEAN

I've ... done a terrible thing.

ANNIE

(sympathetic)

Tell me.

DEAN

There's something I have to tell you.

ANNIE

What.

DEAN

I --

(beat - he can't do it)  
-- forgot your birthday.

ANNIE

My birthday? Really? When was it?

DEAN

(sheepishly)  
Today.

ANNIE

It's my birthday ... today?

DEAN

Yeah.

He looks at her. Fuck it. He'll never tell her. Never. It's too late. He gets up, takes her hand, pulls her to her feet.

DEAN

Get dressed.

ANNIE

What?

DEAN

We're going out.

ANNIE

Dean! It's 10:15!

DEAN

(insistant)  
Get your ass dressed. It's my babydoll's birthday, and I'm taking her out on the town.

She smiles at him.

INT. BAR (THE BAR/CAFE PART OF THE BOWLING ALLEY)- NIGHT

This smoky local hot spot is comfortably jammed with a Friday night crowd -- the Naugahyde booths are crammed with gas station attendants and beauticians out for a good time. Elvis snarls "Jailhouse Rock" as couples shake it on the small dance floor. Dean and Annie enter past the illuminated Rolling Rock sign; Annie is wide-eyed with wonder at her first glimpse in months of anything resembling nightlife, as Dean leads her to a small table near the back of the room.

DEAN  
(sheepish)  
It's not much...

ANNIE  
(almost breathless)  
Oh, Dean, it's...so exciting!

Dean smiles, sincerely happy to see her so thrilled. He quickly scans a stained drink menu as he flags down a passing waitress.

DEAN  
(to the waitress, with  
a little flamboyance)  
Uh...champagne, please...

ANNIE  
(flabbergasted)  
Oh, no, Dean...!  
(grabbing the  
drink menu)  
That's seven dollars!

Dean reaches across the table to take her hand.

DEAN  
(proudly)  
I got it covered.

Annie melts...as the song ends, and the crowd offers a healthy round of applause.

"ELVIS" (V.O.)  
(mumbling)  
Thank you, thank you...

Annie and Dean look to

THE STAGE,

as we see that we haven't been listening to jukebox...but to an "incredible simulation" -- "Lonnie 'The King' Goodrow Presents Elvis Memories". Lonnie, paunchy and pompadoured, slips off his leather jacket, hanging it carefully on a spotlight coat rack.

"ELVIS"  
This one goes out to all you  
lovely ladies...

He pulls an imitation Vegas-period sequin-and-rhinestone white jacket from the rack. A few female devotees in the audience squeal...as the scraggly back-up band launches into "One Night With You."

ANNIE

smiles delightedly as the waitress places the champagne bottle and two heavy glass beer mugs on the table.

DEAN

Don't you have champagne glasses?

WAITRESS

(deadpan -- it's  
been a long night)

Not clean.

(re the champagne)

Just watch where you aim that thing.

She leaves. Dean shrugs and smiles at Annie as he pops the cork, which ricochets loudly among the rafters. Annie laughs as the bottle spews foam and Dean fills the glasses, handing her one and raising the other in an intimate toast.

DEAN

(sincerely)

Here's to your birthday.

ANNIE

(softly)

Thank you.

They clink glasses and sip. Annie looks toward the dancers on the floor.

ANNIE

Dean...do I dance?

DEAN

Wanna find out?

He stands, taking her hand cavalierly and leading her to a spot on the floor. Their eyes lock like two starry-eyed kids at their first dance as they awkwardly shift into a stiff semblance of a dancing pose and start to sway tentatively to the music. Dean's not bad and Annie grows more confident and relaxed as they continue. Dean's pleased to discover that she seems to have some facility here; taking a chance, he smiles and twirls her around. She spins and returns to his arms gracefully, surprising herself.

ANNIE

(excited)

I'm...pretty good, aren't I?

DEAN

The greatest.

As they dance closer to the stage, eyes closed, as

"ELVIS"

drops dramatically to one knee as he belts out the bridge.

ANNIE AND DEAN'S

eyes pop open, startled by the sudden volume, but they don't lose a step. She pulls closer to Dean.

ANIE  
Dean...?

DEAN  
Yeah, hon?

ANNIE  
How old am I?

He smiles warmly.

DEAN  
Twenty-nine.

She grins. This is bullshit, and he knows she knows this is bullshit, but hey. It's a sweet intention. She melts into his arms as they spin, losing themselves in the moment...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Their bodies continue to whirl...as they drop onto the bed, rolling into a passionate embrace as we

FADE TO BLACK

THE NEXT MORNING

Dean, Annie and the dog are curled up in a heap, in and on the bed. Dean has an idiot's grin. He's in love.

ANNIE  
(smiling)  
If I'd only known ...

They laugh together.

DEAN  
Well, you know ... I didn't want to rush you into anything.

ANNIE

Oh, you did too.

(laughs)

You did! And then just when I started to like you you turned into the perfect gentleman -- you know I've been trying to get you into bed for a month?

DEAN

(guilty)

Huh ... really?

ANNIE

I thought you'd given up on me. I was sure you were having an affair.

DEAN

(with more significance  
that she knows)

Honey, I'm not really ... uh ... capable of adultery, I can promise you that!

ANNIE

You sure?

DEAN

(in all sincerity)

Look Annie, it's the last thing I ever expected, but you know ... right since the day I first saw you, whether I liked it or not, I haven't been able to look at another woman. They're just not you.

She smiles, kisses him, then looks out the window at the morning light.

ANNIE

It's freezing ... I'd better get some wood in the house.

She starts to get up. He catches her around the waist.

DEAN

I'll go.

ANNIE

I'll go with you.

DEAN

Wanna come?

They smile at each other.

EXT. BEHIND THE HOUSE - MORNING

Dean and Annie are walking, arm in arm, towards the log pile as various early-morning creatures scurry out of their path.

ANNIE

Brrrrr...

DEAN

Chilly?

ANNIE

Little bit.

DEAN

Put your hand in my pocket.

She does ... then ...

ANNIE

What's this ...?

She pulls from his pocket the monogrammed underwear Dean stuck in his pocket that long-ago day back at the police station. She does a slow burn.

INT. THE KIDS ROOM - MORNING

They're all asleep. They are suddenly all jolted awake by Annie's vociferous screaming:

ANNIE (O.S.)

And WHAT the HELL are THESE?!!!

DEAN (O.S.)

Annie --!

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - MORNING

ANNIE

"Incapable of adultery --!

DEAN

I am!

ANNIE

(brandishing underwear)

Then who's "J.S."?!

DEAN

No ... see ... "J.S." is you!  
Your whole name is Joanna --

ANNIE

My last name is Proffitt, with a P!

DEAN  
(thinking)  
But your maiden name --

ANNIE  
Is Goolihy, as I recall. Nice try!

INT. KIDS BEDROOM

The kids are up now, and crowded to the window to get a look at what's going on.

EXT. KIDS' POV - FROM ABOVE

As Dean reaches out to her, tries to calm her.

ANNIE  
DON'T touch me! That's it! You  
lied to me about the most  
sacred thing in our life!  
(with finality)  
I want a divorce!

DEAN  
A divorce?!

He almost laughs, alone aware of the impossibility of such a thing.

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - GROUND LEVEL

ANNIE  
I'm glad you're amused!

She starts for the house. He follows, beginning to panic.

DEAN  
No -- Annie -- can't can't get  
a divorce.

ANNIE  
I assure you, I can!

DEAN  
No! You really can't get a  
divorce!!

INT. A RICKETY LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

From the certificates on the walls and the piped-in wedding music we gather that the owner of this office is both an attorney and a justice of the peace. Annie sits on one side of a table with her LAWYER, who, unfortunately for



Dean, is probably the most eligible bachelor in Elk Cove. Dean is on the other side of the table, agitated, scared, and furious at the way this guy keeps solicitously patting Annie's hand. Dean can barely sit still in his seat.

LAWYER

I must advise you again, Mr. Proffitt, that you're doing yourself a disservice not to be represented by an attorney.

DEAN

Attorney!! This is crazy -- Annie, I don't want a divorce!

ANNIE

You might have thought of that before you impaled Miss "J.S." -- and then lied --

DEAN

"J.S." is you!

ANNIE

(to her lawyer)  
He's still lying! Look at him!

DEAN

Annie, I love you --

ANNIE

I can never trust you again -- can't you understand that?

DEAN

No!! I won't give you a divorce!

LAWYER

Mr. Proffitt! This isn't 1910! Whether or not a person is willing to give his spouse a divorce, a divorce can still be obtained! Now sit down before I recommend a restraining order.

Muttering to himself, Dean slumps back in his seat.

LAWYER

Now, I'd like to go over what we consider to be acceptable terms. Eleven hundred a month alimony plus child support in the amount of --

DEAN

(jumping up again)  
Child support!

ANNIE

Yes. Naturally I'm asking for full custody.

DEAN

No way!! No way are you taking my kids!

ANNIE

They're mine too!

DEAN

No they're not!

Annie's eyebrows shoot up. Dean sucks in his breath. The moment of truth is at hand.

ANNIE

Would you like to explain exactly what you mean by that, please?

DEAN

(torn)

I ... I ...

(with difficulty)

You're ... not their mother!

ANNIE

What?!

DEAN

(a deep breath)

All right.

(another breath)

You're not their mother and you're not my wife.

ANNIE

(unimpressed)

Oh? Then who am I?

DEAN

Your name is Joanna ... oh Jesus, what is your last name ...

(realizing this is getting him nowhere; turning to the lawyer)

Look. She had amnesia, so I just said she was my wife so I could have someone to cook and clean up and take care of my kids, so she can't divorce me because she's not really who she thinks she is!

ANNIE  
(witheringly sarcastic)  
Mm-hm, then how do you explain  
this!  
(pulling out her wallet)  
Wedding picture ... baby pictures ...

DEAN  
Fakes! All fakes!

ANNIE  
I don't believe even you would  
be low enough to do such a thing!

DEAN  
Oh, I am!!

LAWYER  
This is without a doubt the most  
shameless and degrading ploy to  
evade alimony and child support  
payments I've heard in 20 years.

ANNIE  
Reprehensible!

DEAN  
You don't believe me? Okay. The  
kids are right outside. Why don't  
we just ask them? Huh?

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM

The kids leap away from the door (where they have been eavesdropping) as it bursts open and Dean, Annie and the Lawyer come striding out.

DEAN  
All right now, I've just told  
them the truth about your mo --  
about Annie not being your mother  
and I want you to tell them, too.

The kids look at him blankly.

DEAN  
(exploding)  
Tell them!

TRAVIS  
Dad, tell him what?

DEAN  
Tell them she's not your mother!!

The kids exchange puzzled looks.

CHARLIE  
But she is our mother.

DEAN  
No -- forget what I said before  
and tell the man the truth! Tell  
him about the day I brought her  
home from the police station --

CHARLIE  
She went for a swim. We were  
really worried --

DEAN  
Goddammit, you'd never seen her  
before in your lives!

CHARLIE  
(to her brothers)  
He's been drinking.

TRAVIS  
(sniffing Dean's breath)  
Tequila.

CHARLIE  
C'mon, Dad. Let's go lie down.

DEAN  
(through clenched teeth)  
Excuse us a moment.

He ushers the kids over out of earshot.

DEAN  
(keeping his voice low)  
What do you think you're doing?!

Charlie stands protectively in front of her brothers --  
their spokesperson.

CHARLIE  
We're not going to let you ruin  
everything...

GREG  
(adamant)  
We're keeping her.

DEAN  
You can't keep her, she doesn't  
belong to you!

CHARLIE  
She didn't belong to you, either --  
that didn't stop you.

DEAN  
I had my reasons!

CHARLIE  
Well, so do we.

TRAVIS  
We like her.

DEAN  
(voice rising)  
Oh, you like her?! You like her  
so much you'd live with her over  
your OWN FATHER?!!!

Dean looks angrily from kid to kid. They shrug.

CHARLIE  
She buys me mascara ...

JOE  
She cuts off the crusts ...

TRAVIS  
She puts up with my shit.

DEAN  
(exploding)  
I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL YOU ALL!

With a wildman's roar he lunges, batting at all his kids.

LAWYER  
(calling loudly)  
SECURITY!!

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Dean is being dragged along by the armpits by the two  
guards. He is shrieking at Annie and the kids, who quietly  
walk past him past him to the street below...where

BILLY,

just emerging from a hardware store, double-takes as he  
takes in the crazy scene.

DEAN

Willya just -- what're you --  
look, I can prove who I am! I mean,  
who she is! Would you lemme --

Dean sees Billy.

DEAN

Billy! Tell them about the pictures!

Billy looks around at the cops. The shit has definitely  
hit the fan in a big way; is Dean trying to implicate him?

BILLY

What pictures?

DEAN

(pointing at Annie)

Tell them who she is!

BILLY

What do you mean? That's your  
little wife Annie.

DEAN

You son of a bitch!!

Dean breaks free of the guards and lunges for Billy's  
throat. The guards restrain him...and he watches helplessly  
as Annie in the wagon does a commendable 180 and peels out  
of the parking lot. A TRUCKER leans against his rig,  
watching this with interest.

TRUCKER

First woman I've seen who can  
really handle a stick.

DEAN

Shut up!!

INT. BILLY'S TRAILER - DAY

Dean, seeting with frustration, tosses a suitcase and a  
crumpled brown paper bag filled with his belongings beside  
Billy's couch.

DEAN

(muttering)

I don't know why I'm still  
talking to you.

BILLY

(smiling)

'Cause you need a place to stay.

(beat)

I told you I wasn't gonna  
get dragged into this...

Dean sighs.

DEAN  
She's got my house, my kids, my  
car and all my money!

BILLY  
Look. Why don't you just go find  
her husband?

DEAN  
'Cause her husband doesn't love her!  
(sighs)  
So what do I do.

BILLY  
Well ...  
(a sly grin)  
Divorced people get back together.  
Happens all the time ...

DEAN  
Are you telling me I have to  
go through with this?!

INT. PROFFITT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dean comes in to the sight of laughing kids, gleefully  
putting pinches of gunpowder into copper tubes, making  
fireworks. There is a sudden silence at the sight of Dean.

TRAVIS  
(infuriatingly polite)  
Well, hi, Dad. Is it Visiting Day?

DEAN  
(under his breath)  
You know damn well it's Visiting Day --  
my hand's gonna visit your ass if  
you don't cut this out --

GREG  
(Beaver Cleaver)  
Nice to see you, Father!

DEAN  
Stop it! And get the fireworks  
out of the house --

TRAVIS  
I know what I'm doing!

ANNIE'S VOICE  
(quiet authority)  
Fireworks outside.

Travis scampers out, followed by the others. Dean watches, a bit huffy at their instant obedience to Annie, rather than to him.

ANNIE  
I'm glad you're here. I've given  
this a lot of thought ...

She hands him a slip of paper.

DEAN  
What's this?

ANNIE  
It's a list. Of the things I think  
I should have and you should have ...  
I've tried to be fair --

From outside we hear the BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG of fireworks going off.

DEAN  
(yelling out the window)  
You keep those away from the house!!  
(to Annie)  
Sorry, go on.

ANNIE  
(holding up a ghastly lamp)  
Now, I know this means a lot to you --

TRAVIS' VOICE (O.S.)  
(quavery)  
Um ... Da-ad!

DEAN  
Not now!

TRAVIS (O.S.)  
(more upset)  
Dad!

GREG, CHARLIE AND JOE (O.S.)  
(screaming, desperate)  
DAD!!! DAD!!!

Unlike the kids' normal yelps, this has a quality of genuine alarm. Dean and Annie rush out the back door to find



THE WASHER SHED

in FLAMES! All four kids watch in horror. Greg is sobbing.

TRAVIS

Joe did it!

JOE

You lie!!

Dean grabs them both by their collars, furious.

DEAN

How many times have I told you --!

He becomes aware that a sobbing Greg is tugging on his hand.

GREG

Save him!!!

DEAN

What!

GREG

Lucky! He's in there! Save him!

Dean looks at the burning shed. No way.

DEAN

It's too far gone, pal.

ANNIE

(hopefully)

Greg, he'll be okay. The reason turtles have that shell is to protect them.

Greg thinks this over.

GREG

Bullshit!

DEAN

(taking him by the shoulders)

Too dangerous, Gregeroo.  
I'm sorry.

Greg's tear-streaked face is heart-rending ... but

DEAN AND ANNIE

move away from the flames' heat. We HEAR Greg quietly sobbing behind them ... then, simulatneously, they stop ...

look at each other ... and do a 180° as Annie grabs the hose and turns it on, covering Dean as he puts his jacket over his face and runs into the burning shed, Annie right behind him, spraying his way ...

THE KIDS

watch anxiously.

DEAN AND ANNIE

emerge, coughing but triumphant -- Lucky in Dean's hand ... or at least Lucky's shell. The arms, legs and head of the turtle are nowhere to be seen.

GREG

(sobbing)

He's dead!

Dean puts the shell on a stump. The family crowds around, watching with trepidation ... a second passes. Two ... three ... five ... and then ...

LUCKY'S

little head peeks out of the shell, followed by his arms and legs.

THE FAMILY

goes bananas. Everyone jumps up and down, hugging and screaming, including Dean and Annie, who are soon hugging each other ... and then kissing ... and then kissing some more. The kids applaud. The dogs bark wildly. Dean and Annie finally break apart, sheepishly.

DEAN

Someone's here.

ANNIE

I'll go see who it is.

She kisses Dean and walks around

EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE

where she is confronted by the sight of

GRANT

standing on top of a rental car, cowering from the barking dogs.

ANNIE  
Mabel! Down!  
(apologetic)  
They don't see a lot of strangers.

GRANT  
Strangers! Joanna --!

Joanna looks around, thinking he must be addressing someone else.

GRANT  
I'm your husband! I know you  
don't remember your past --

ANNIE  
(suspicious)  
How do you know that? Did you read  
about me in the papers?

GRANT  
No! We've been married ten years!

ANNIE  
Hah! Nice try. You're not even  
my type.

GRANT  
Joanna!

ANNIE  
Look. You'll have to go or I'll  
have to call the dogs.

GRANT  
I brought proof! Look! -- Your  
drivers license --!

ANNIE  
George! Mabel!

The dogs growl threateningly at Grant.

GRANT  
Here's your passport -- look at  
it!

ANNIE  
Don't come any closer. DEAN!!!

GRANT  
Your platinum credit card ...  
please!!

Dean and the kids come around the house as Annie flicks

a cursory glance at

CU - THE CREDIT CARD IN GRANT'S HAND

ANNIE - EXTREME CU

as her pupils dilate.

DEAN AND THE KIDS

stop in their tracks, frozen in horror.

ANNIE

My ... credit card.

(stepping towards Grant)

That's my credit card!

She moves towards Grant, mesmerized.

GRANT

Yes! Yes!

Dean watches with fascination and horror.

ANNIE

That's my credit card!

GRANT

(soothingly)

Of course it is, Joanna.

ANNIE

(as it all floods back)

Yes! I'm Joanna!

GRANT

(coaxing)

And I'm ...?

ANNIE

William Grant Stayton!

GRANT

(correcting her)

The third.

ANNIE

My god, I remember! The  
whole thing! Dean! I --

It hits her. The magnitude, the sheer audacity of Dean's scam. She does a slow burn at

DEAN AND THE KIDS

who writhe in guilty misery.

DEAN

Now be fair, baby, I did tell you --

ANNIE

Be fair? BE FAIR?! How fair  
is what you did to me!! All of you!

TRAVIS

I wanted to tell you!  
(pointing at Dean)  
He wouldn't let me!

ANNIE

(voice breaking)  
You must all think this is very  
funny. Revenge on the rich lady.  
(to Grant)  
Take me home.

DEAN

Annie --!

ANNIE

That's not my name!  
(grabbing Grant's arm)  
Oh god, take me home! Take me  
home now! I'll get my things --  
(starting for house)  
What things, they aren't my  
things -- take me home!

DEAN

Annie --!

She leaps into the car. Grant needs no second prompting. He jumps behind the wheel and the car starts off. Dean and the kids find their tongues and begin chasing after the car, yelling after her to come back.

INT. CAR - ANNIE'S FACE

Eyes squeezed shut, so as not to see the imploring faces of Dean and the kids, who are rapping on the windows. Even the dogs are loping alongside the car, barking forlornly. Finally the car overtakes them, leaving them all behind.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Annie (who we will now again call Joanna), still in rural clothes, sits beside Grant in 1st Class as he polishes off the last of a dozen oysters. She takes a good look at him,

taking him in. It's taking awhile to adjust to him.

GRANT

(busily eating)

My god, what I've been through!  
When I realized you'd actually gone  
over the side ...well, I just went  
to pieces, I crumbled, I ... is  
this fork clean? Does that look  
like a water spot, or ...?

Joanna looks, shrugs.

GRANT

The Coast Guard ... everyone was sure  
you'd drowned ...

(to passing stewardess)

Miss? Another fork. But I kept at  
it, for three months I combed that  
coastline ... then when I got back  
to that pissant little town, I ...  
I don't know how to explain it, I  
just got a tingle ...

JOANNA

My poor mother. She must have  
been wild--

GRANT

Well ... no.

(growing very serious)

I did something unforgivable,  
Joanna. I lied to your mother.  
Every time she called I pretended  
we were still on our cruise, having  
a glorious time.

(voice "breaking")

I just wanted to spare her the  
anguish ... until I knew ...

JOANNA

(patting his arm)

You did the right thing. I think  
we can spare my mother the revolting  
truth.

GRANT

(shuddering)

Awful man ... I still think we  
should press charges.

JOANNA

No! I won't have half of New  
York dining out on this story!  
We're just going to erase it

JOANNA (cont'd)  
from my life, I insist, insist  
that we do that!

Joanna has drawn herself up to her full, former imperiousness.

GRANT  
(trying to conceal his  
glee)  
Hey. It never happened.

EXT. THE PLANE

descends towards the Manhattan skyline.

EXT. GRANT AND JOANNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - ESTABLISH

One of New York's "good" buildings. A distinctive Rolls pulls up to the curb. The doorman scurries to the cab and opens the door for Joanna.

INT. FOYER OF GRANT AND JOANNA'S APARTMENT

Huge, elegant and cheerless. The door is opened by Andrew, revealing Edith, who embraces her daughter with air kisses.

EDITH  
I couldn't wait for you to  
come see me, I had to be here --  
(focusing on Joanna's clothes;  
plucking at her sleeve)  
What is this -- Lumberjack  
Chic? It doesn't work at all --

Joanna looks down at her clothing -- the flannel shirt, the jeans, the sneakers and the macaroni necklace.

JOANNA  
(briskly)  
Nothing, Mother, our luggage was  
stolen in Nassau ...

GRANT

takes advantage of the two womens' preoccupation with one another to draw Andrew aside.

GRANT  
(hissing under his  
breath)  
All right, now, as far as Mrs.  
Stayton is concerned, I've spent  
the last three months scouring the  
coast of Oregon, is that clear?

ANDREW  
Not especially.

GRANT  
If you don't back me up you'll be  
out on your ass with no severance,  
no references, and I'll make damn  
sure everyone in this town knows  
you're not really English!

Andrew is seriously taken aback, as, in the b.g., we hear  
Edith in the b.g. continue to revile Joanna's appearance.

EDITH (O.S.)  
And what has happened to your  
hair?! It's your natural color  
... you can't be seen ... Andrew!!  
Call Elizabeth Arden, tell Maurice he'll  
have to make a house call --

Andrew jumps to obey.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A WHILE LATER

Joanna floats euphorically across the pristine room,  
caressing antiques and art objects as she goes.

JOANNA  
Oh, it's so good to be back!  
(fondling a big, heavy  
sculpture)  
Oh, and here's my Moore! I stole  
this for one-seven!

EDITH  
Dear, are you feeling all right?

JOANNA  
Perfect!

EDITH  
(dubious)  
You don't normally make love to  
the furniture.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Mrs. Stayton ... Maurice is here ...

Appearing (and that's the only word for it) in the doorway  
is MAURICE, the vision of effeminacy in tight pants, cowboy  
boots and a cowboy hat and carrying a blow dryer. He takes  
one look at Joanna and SCREAMS!



INT. JOANNA'S BATHROOM - DAY

We only see Joanna from the rear as Maurice finishes combing her out, chattering away.

MAURICE  
(unidentifiable foreign  
accent)

What waz done to you ... you  
were maybe in prison? Mm?

JOANNA  
Yes. Imprisoned on a tiny  
island with no salon --

MAURICE  
Ai! Your husband is a brute to  
take you such a place ... there!

He spins her around. She is now expertly made up and coiffed. Gone is the soft look she aquired during her time in the country. Her hair is laquered, more severe. She is, in short, her old self. Grant appears behind her, puts his hands on her shoulders.

GRANT  
Well! Everything's back to normal  
now, hm?

He takes her hand and slips her gaudy diamond wedding ring back on her finger. She smiles.

INT. AN ELEGANT NEIMAN-MARCUS-TYPE STORE - DAY

Joanna, returning to the world of shopping with a vengeance, fervently plucks outfit after outfit off the racks. Milling around her, also fingering clothes, are other women who have never done anything in their lives but shop.

EXT. A RAQUETBALL COURT

Joanna is whacking the ball back and forth with another  
RICH WOMAN.

INT. SALON

Joanna is having her toenails done.

INT. ANOTHER CLOTHING STORE

Joanna pulls more clothes off racks ... with a little less  
enthusiasm.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE

Joanna lies on the couch, talking. Her SHRINK, the ubiquitous bearded Jewish guy in his 50's, does needlepoint.

INT. ANOTHER CLOTHING STORE - MAIN ENTRANCE

Joanna walks in, sighs. Stops. Turns. And walks out.

INT. AN ART OPENING - DAY

Joanna, dressed to the nines, is jammed between various RICH PEOPLE, stifling a yawn as they talk to her, talk, talk...her attention begins to wander...then is riveted on

A PAINTING OF A GIANT, IMPRESSIONISTIC TURTLE

JOANNA

stares at it, slowly growing emotionally upset ...she backs away from the painting, turns and bolts into

INT. LADIES LOUNGE

--where Joanna sinks into a chair, puts her hand to her temple. Standing behind her is a cluster of laughing RICH WOMEN.

RICH WOMAN #1

Joanna, comes look at Margot's tits.

JOANNA

What?

MARGOT

(unbuttoning her shirt).  
I just had them done, he did a fabulous job, you have to take a look at this ...

JOANNA

I ... think I'll pass.

She backs out.

INT. ART OPENING

Joanna stands in the Ladies Room doorway, taking in the "scene" of which she no longer feels a part ...

EXT. MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

Another party is in progress, albeit a more modest one. A banner reads "Elk Cove Miniature Golf Course - THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD - Grand Opening." People are milling around,

helping themselves to Coke and pretzels, and of course, playing golf. We now PAN PAST some of the completed golf holes and they're actually pretty ingenious ... there's Mount Rushmore ... there's the Eiffel Tower, of course, and there's Billy and Dean, taking in the spectre of success with not a little amazement.

BILLY

439 people! 439 individuals! All putting their brains out!

DEAN

(morose)

Yeah ... she never even got to see it finished.

BILLY

Look, you got to get your mind off Annie!

(changing the subject)

Mike Smallwood wants us to do another course up in Jackson ... we gotta work up a whole new batch of wonders.

DEAN

How?

BILLY

What do you mean, how?

DEAN

How're we gonna come up with more wonders? Annie designed all the good ones! She came up with the Tower of Pisa, the Loch Ness Monster --

BILLY

We came up with the monster!

DEAN

The way it pops! up and eats the ball, that was hers!

Billy takes this in, agrees.

BILLY

(trying to be comforting)

Yeah ... she'll live on for a lotta people in that monster.

DEAN

(sighs)

Not for me.

He turns and walks off the course.

INT. DEAN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room hasn't changed since Joanna left. It's still neat, tidy, cozy. The twins are sprawled out on the floor, doing their homework. Charlie has the cats up on the mantle and is vacuuming. Mrs. Burbidge, the social worker, stands at the front door, shaking Dean's hand as she's leaving.

MRS. BURBIDGE

Well, Mr. Proffitt, I don't know what you've done, but keep on doing it.

DEAN

(sighs)

Thanks, Mrs. Burbidge...

She goes. Dean sighs, looks at his kids. They're all well-mannered, god knows, but all the animation has gone out of them.

DEAN

So who wants to play some Pictionary?!

Nobody's enthusiastic. Excuses, shrugs, sighs.

DEAN

Well, how about a movie?

No takers. A chorus of polite "No, thank you"s. The kids are pointedly not meeting his eyes.

DEAN

Now look, I am not gonna call her -- she hates me! She's gone, she's out of here, she's got her rich husband and her rich life and that's the end of it!

INT. JOANNA AND GRANT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joanna lies wide awake in the massive bed she shares with Grant. She gets up, throws on a robe.

INT. KITCHEN

Andrew and a MAID, a matronly woman, are watching a rerun of "I Dream of Jeannie." They leap to their feet as Joanna enters, taken aback by her unexpected presence -- it's clear she's never set foot in the kitchen before.

JOANNA

Listen, I won't bother you ... I  
was just looking for a beer ...  
No, no ... I'll get it myself ...

As they stare at her, Joanna opens the refrigerator, finds a beer. She absentmindedly puts the bottle against the counter, and bam! hits it with her fist. The cap flies off. She takes a long guzzle. Then she notices Andrew and the cook staring at her.

JOANNA

Um ... I don't think beer is  
going to do it ... do we have  
any tequila?

Andrew nods; she gets down on her knees and awkwardly rummages through the liquor cabinet among dozens of bottles.

JOANNA

Hm ... four brands ... what's  
the best?

ANDREW

(after some hesitation)  
Um ... I believe the Hornitos,  
madam, goes down quite smoothly.

JOANNA

Is this the voice of experience,  
Andrew?

He raises an eyebrow. She smiles at him.

INT. HALL

The faint sound of '40's swing music wafts through the cavernous, dark halls as Grant, in pajamas, comes padding towards the kitchen.

GRANT

Joanna ...?

No answer.

We TRACK him down the lengthy hall and to the kitchen door, from which the music emanates. He opens the door.

HIS POV

On the counter, in the f.g. in some disarray, is an empty bottle of tequila, some halved limes, salt, and three shot glasses. In the center of the kitchen the cook shimmies on the sidelines as Andrew and Joanna are cutting loose with a

wild jitterbug at which, given their looped condition, they are surprisingly adept. They stop abruptly as they see

GRANT

in the doorway, eyes glazed with disbelief.

INT. STAYTON BEDROOM - DAY

Joanna is energetically vacuuming the white carpet. Edith and Grant regard her quizzically.

EDITH

We're worried about you.

JOANNA

Why! I'm just neatening up.

Edith and Grant look very dubious.

EDITH

Have you been keeping your appointments with Dr. Rosenberg?

JOANNA

Yes, and it was very productive, he's finished a whole tapestry by now -- I'm sorry -- I'm just ... I don't know ...

She shakes her head, unable to talk about it.

GRANT

Jo-jo --

JOANNA

Please don't call me that. I feel like a Pomeranian.

EDITH

Darling, for the past two weeks you haven't been your old self.

JOANNA

I haven't? Well, that's one good thing.

EDITH

And ... this chumming it up with the servants ... very bad form -- stop that!

Joanna is now emptying ash trays.

JOANNA

I just want to do something.  
Haven't you ever wanted to do  
something?

EDITH

Of course. You only have to snap  
your fingers -- you can be on any  
committee --

JOANNA

I don't want committees! I want --  
(beat - a realization)  
I want ... kids.

EDITH

A baby!? I just bought you six  
Halstons, they won't fit if you're  
pregnant --

GRANT

(snapping to Edith)

The Staytons need a male heir --

JOANNA

I don't care about the Halstons  
or the Staytons! I just want ...  
a family.  
(beat)

--And I want to get out of here ...

EDITH

You just got back!

Grant and Edith look at each other in alarm as Joanna  
begins emptying wastebaskets into a plastic trash sack.

GRANT

(soothingly)

Then we'll go away. We'll have a  
second honeymoon. A long, long one.  
And we'll start our own little  
family. How does that sound?

INT. STAYTON MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Joanna is listlessly packing a suitcase. She opens

HER LINGERIE DRAWER

It's full of underwear monogrammed "J.S." She stops,  
with a shock of recognition, picks up a pair, looks at it  
for a mournful moment.

JOANNA  
                        (softly, to herself)  
                He didn't cheat ...

The phone rings. She almost answers it, thinks the better of it, returns, heavy-hearted, to her packing.

INT. KITCHEN

Andrew has picked up the phone.

                                ANDREW  
                I'm sorry ...Mrs. Stayton has left  
                strict instructions not to be disturbed,  
                but if you'll give me your name ...

INT. PROFFITT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dean is on the phone with all the kids crowded around.

                                DEAN  
                Uh ... no ... I'll call back.  
                When would be a good time?

INT. STAYTON KITCHEN

                                ANDREW  
                Well, tomorrow or Wednesday ...  
                the Staytons are leaving Thursday.  
                        (beat)  
                Six months.

INT. PROFFITT LIVING ROOM

                                DEAN  
                        (into phone)  
                What?!

He slams down the phone. The kids stare at him.

                                DEAN  
                        (panicked)  
                God DAMN, god DAMN IT!!  
                        (to kids)  
                She -- look, there's no way, there's  
                no way, okay? She's gonna go  
                off with him, it's a a six-month  
                cruise, she's leaving in three days.

The kids look crushed.

                                DEAN  
                There's no way! So stop it!



CHARLIE  
We're not doing anything!

DEAN  
Then go do something! Get out of  
here, go on!

The kids stay right where they are. Dean heaves a huge sigh and starts out of the room, stops, wheels around and looks at them.

DEAN  
Everybody pee and get your coats.

The kids scramble to obey him.

EXT. PROFFITT HOUSE - DAY - MUSIC UP UNDER

Dean revs the engine behind the wheel of the truck  
The kids barely have time to jump in the open cab doors as  
the truck peels out down the driveway.

FLIP FRAME TO:

INT. TRUCK CAB - MOVING - DAY

Dean, with a couple days' beard growth, is driving with  
fanatical determination. The cab is filled with empty  
take-out containers. The kids are singing.

KIDS  
4,000 bottles of beer on the  
wall ... 4,000 bottles of be-er ...!

They pass a sign: "Welcome to Kansas."

FLIP FRAME TO:

INT. STAYTON KITCHEN

The cook puts the final touches on a HUGE BOAT SHAPED CAKE  
reading "Bon Voyage, Joanna and Grant." Small figures  
representing Grant and Joanna stand on the deck of the "boat."  
The cook delicately places a tiny captain's hat on Grant.

INT. JOANNA AND GRANT'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A giant bon voyage party is in full swing. A nautically  
attired orchestra plays. Hired servants scurry back and  
forth, carrying platters of food. RICH PEOPLE are  
clustered in conversation. GRANT holds court, very much in  
his element.

INT. THE UPSTAIRS HALL

Edith, formally dressed, raps on the door of Joanna's bedroom.

EDITH  
What are you doing!

INT. JOANNA'S BEDROOM

Joanna, wearing a stunning black dress that (either) Hepburn might covet, is sitting listlessly on the bed.

EDITH (O.S.)  
The Hardwicks are asking for you!

JOANNA  
(sighs)  
I'm coming ...

Quickly she gets up, gives her reflection a final check, and rummages in

HER JEWEL BOX

and pulls out a lovely diamond necklace.

JOANNA

is about to fasten it around her neck, then her eye is caught by

JOE'S MACARONI NECKLACE

hanging on a doorknob.

JOANNA

impulsively tosses the diamond necklace back on her dresser, grabs the macaroni one and defiantly throws it over her head as she runs out the door.

INT. STAYTON LIVING ROOM - THE PARTY

Joanna, pasting a smile on her face, descends the stairs and begins to greet her guests.

EXT. FRONT OF JOANNA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

A familiar, battered truck wagon pulls into the adjoining garage, zipping right past the uniformed attendant, who yells and shakes his fist.

INT. GARAGE

Dean and all four kids, looking pretty grubby after three days on the road, climb out of the truck.

DEAN  
(frazzled)  
Yes, goddammit, we are there,  
all right? Now everybody shut up!

TRAVIS  
(looking around)  
This is where she lives?

GREG  
Right. She lives in a garage.

DEAN  
Come on ...

He herds the kids towards the door to the lobby, as

THE GARAGE ATTENDANT

eyes them suspiciously as they go.

INT. STAYTON LIVING ROOM

The party is in full swing. Joanna is doing her best to mingle, but is looking more and more unhappy. She approaches the bar, where Andrew is pouring champagne. He takes one look at her brittle smile, eschews a champagne class, and pours her a triple, right into a tumbler. She smiles in gratitude and accepts it. He sighs sympathetically at the obvious misery on her face, then casts a glance at

GRANT

who is standing in a laughing crowd of men, making a lewd gesture of "big breasts" ... obviously bragging about his vacation.

ANDREW'S

eyes narrow. He makes a decision.

ANDREW  
Mrs. Stayton ... there's something  
I feel you have a right to know ...

INT. THE BUILDING LOBBY

Dean and the kids are not making a favorable impression on the doorman and armed security guard.

DOORMAN  
Is she expecting you?

DEAN  
I'm the last thing she's expecting,  
but if you just call her --

INT. STAYTON LIVING ROOM

Grant excuses himself from his friends to pick up the ringing phone.

GRANT  
Yes. What?! No! Under no  
circumstances is he to be let in!  
Hold on --

He puts his hand over the phone as he sees

JOANNA,

approaches him, followed by Andrew. She is smoldering --  
smoking with rage.

GRANT  
What is it, sweetums?

JOANNA  
So you spent three months searching  
for me ...?!

He stammers ... she puts her hands on his chest and PUSHES him backward so hard he SITS on the buffet table, squishing the prow of the cake-ship under his ass. Joanna runs up the stairs, Edith following. He stares after them.

GRANT  
Pre-menstrual insanity! Here ...

He hands the phone to Andrew and follows his wife.

ANDREW  
(into phone)  
Hallo, this is Andrew. Who?  
(beat, gets an idea)  
Oh, uh, yes ... Mr. Stayton begs your  
pardon, there's been a ghastly mistake  
... the gentleman you're detaining is  
one of our guests. Send him up.

Andrew replaces the receiver, humming to himself.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL.

Grant pounds on the bedroom door.

GRANT

Joanna! What is it?!

JOANNA (O.S.)

(sobbing)

You cheated!!

GRANT

Oh, for god's sake, grow up,  
Joanna! Everybody cheats!

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Joanna is pacing, wracked with pain. Edith can't calm her.

JOANNA

You hear that?! That's what  
I've been married to!

EDITH

Don't shriek at me--

JOANNA

Why not? You're the one who  
wanted me to marry him!

EDITH

You acted of your own free will --

JOANNA

But you kept telling me what  
a good match it was, you kept  
saying I'd get my name in the papers  
and I'd be invited everywhere --  
you kept filling my head with  
that crap, mother! He doesn't  
love me--

EDITH

You don't know that.

JOANNA

I know! I know the difference,  
because --

She breaks off. Her mother looks at her shrewdly.

EDITH

Because you met someone.

JOANNA

(from the heart)

I was with someone. We were  
really together. Do you know  
what that's like?

Edith reflects for a moment, sits on the bed.

EDITH

Yes. I know what that's like. You  
don't remember your father, but  
he was ... quite ...

(beat, smiles at the memory)

Even in two rooms in Brooklyn he was,  
um, quite ...

(beat, dryly)

That he happened to have a talent for  
money ... that was an a surprise.  
But even after the money we weren't ever  
really ... accepted by any of these people.  
That takes a name. And the idea of my  
little girl Edie Jackowsky's little girl,  
married to a Stayton --!

(looks at Joanna, simply:)

I thought it would make you happy.  
Because I'm happy. I'm happy  
we're Staytons, I'm happy I have servants,  
I'm happy when I'm invited to Monaco  
or Buckingham Palace -- that impresses  
the hell out of this little babe  
from Brooklyn.

(beat)

But if it hasn't made you happy ...  
then that's my fault. And I'm so  
sorry, baby.

Joanna, in tears, embraces her mother.

EDITH

(warmly)

So who is this other guy?

JOANNA

Mother, he's gone! I've been trying to  
call him for three days ... they've  
moved, they've gone away, I don't know --!

She cries on her mother's shoulder.

INT. STAYTON FOYER

The elevator doors open. Dean and the kids pile out.

DEAN

Okay ... stay here ... I'm just  
gonna slip in there and blend right in ...  
nobody'll even know I'm there ...

He rushes through the double doors to

INT. STAYTON LIVING ROOM

There is a sudden silence as

DEAN'S POV - 200 OF NEW YORK'S MOST LUMINOUS SOCIALITES

stare in stony silence at

THIS LOWLIFE GUY

Dean has been on the road for three days straight and has  
the beard growth (and smell) to prove it. He shrinks under  
their disdain, but screws up his courage, chokes out his  
question.

DEAN

Where's Annie?

A buzz of confusion, revulsion. Who is this person? And  
who's Annie?

DEAN

I mean, Joanna, where's Joanna?!

THE UPSTAIRS LANDING

Drawn by the uproar, Grant appears, looks over the railing,  
stiffens in panic.

GRANT

SECURITY!!!

He bounds downstairs, gesturing to

TWO PLAINCLOTHES SECURITY MEN

who glide through the crowd, grabbing Dean by the armpits.

DEAN

Willya just -- Look, I -- look!

They start to drag him off. Dean breaks one arm free and  
takes a swing, connecting with one of them. The other  
continues to drag him off.

DEAN

ANNIE!!! ANNIE!!!

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Joanna, lying dejected on the bed, hears, faintly --

DEAN (O.S.)

Annie!!

She sits bolt upright, quivering.

DEAN (O.S.)

Annie!! Annie!!

JOANNA

(screaming)

DEEEEEEEAN!!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Her scream pierces the downstairs noise. People look up at

THE UPSTAIRS LANDING

as Joanna bursts from the bedroom, wild-eyed.

JOANNA

Dean ...?

She scans the crowd, sees

DEAN,

who sees her, too, and wrestles free of the guards, plowing his way through the crowd, which parts like the Red Sea as

JOANNA

bounds down the stairs three at a time and, from the last stair, takes a flying leap at

DEAN

who catches her before she even hits the ground. She clamps onto him, her legs around him, kissing him, beard growth, sweat, and all.

JOANNA

Take me home.

THE PARTY

stares in amazement and utter silence. Then, we HEAR the sound of one person CLAPPING. We PAN TO the gentleman we recognize as Joanna's psychiatrist, very pleased with his patient's breakthrough. Edith stares at him.



GRANT

Joanna!

Dean is carrying her out. Grant pushes through the crowd after them. Edith grabs his arm.

EDITH

Let her go.

GRANT

What?!

EDITH

Let. Her. Go.

GRANT

The hell I will!!!

He jerks his arm free, motions to the guards, who follow

JOANNA,

now standing, who looks back, sees them advancing... She gives the Moore sculpture a tremendous push. Top heavy, it falls right onto the three men, giving

JOANNA, DEAN AND THE KIDS

time to disappear into the elevator.

INT. LOBBY

Dean, Joanna and the kids bolt past the doorman through the side door into

INT. THE GARAGE

--just in time to see

DEAN'S TRUCK

hooked to the back of a tow truck, disappearing out of the garage.

ANNIE

Never mind! Come on!

They run to

THE END OF THE GARAGE

where Joanna's gleaming Rolls is waiting. She tries the door; it's locked. She pounds on the window, then, looking at her hand, turns it sideways and SCRATCHES a large X on the window with the diamond of her gaudy

wedding ring. She takes off a high heel and SMASHES the glass, opening the door so the kids can pile in. Dean is still standing there.

JOANNA

Get in!

DEAN

It's a Rolls Royce!

JOANNA

So? Get in!

She reaches in the car, begins fiddling with the wires under the dash.

DEAN

Look, have you thought about this?

ANNIE

Yes, get in.

DEAN

(stubbornly)

You're not gonna have this kind of car, or that kind of dress ... I'll work and I'll take care of you, but it'll be back to tacos and beers --

JOANNA

(breathless)

No it won't, get in!

DEAN

Annie, it will!

JOANNA

It won't, the money's mine, get IN!!!

DEAN

Wha --?! Money --?! How much money?

He puts his head under the dash with her, hears the answer, and pulls back in gasping amazement.

DEAN

JEEsus H. CHRIST!!

ANNIE

Why do you think he married me, now GET INTO THIS GOD DAMN CAR! RIGHT NOW!!

Dean gulps, obeys, as

GRANT AND THE SECURITY GUARDS

rush into the garage, spot them 30 yards away.

GRANT

They've got the Rolls --!

GARAGE ATTENDANT

No they don't.

Grant looks at him. The garage attendant holds up the keys, smiling. Grant smiles back, as

THE ROLLS

starts up with a ROAR! The headlights come on.

GRANT, THE GARAGE ATTENDANT AND SECURITY GUARDS

doubletake, then dive out of the way as the Rolls comes barelling straight towards them --

EXT. STAYTON BUILDING - DAY

--and out of the garage!

EXT. TURNPIKE - MOVING ON THE ROLLS - DAY

on its way out of town. As we PULL UP, WAY UP, we see the Statue of Liberty ... and we DISSOLVE TO ...

EXT. ELK COVE MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - MAGIC HOUR

And we see the more modest Statue of Liberty that crowns the 18th hole.

WIDER ANGLE

As the Rolls glides to a stop next to the deserted golf course. Dean gets out and makes a deferent arc around the front of the car to open the door for

ANNIE (as we will again call her),

who is fast asleep, still in her black dress, hair a mess from three days on the road. The kids, also sleeping, stir in the back seat as Dean gently nudges Annie to consciousness, helping her out of the car, leading her to

THE MIDDLE OF THE COURSE

Dean flicks a switch and the shadowy grounds are suddenly ILLUMINATED BY FLOODLIGHTS. Annie looks around in wonder

at what she has helped to create. She turns back to Dean, flings her arms around him, and they begin to dance, swaying to imaginary music, and the kids pile into frame, hanging onto them, and dancing with them, and we PULL BACK, and BACK ... leaving the family, and Lady Liberty, to their celebration ...

FADE OUT