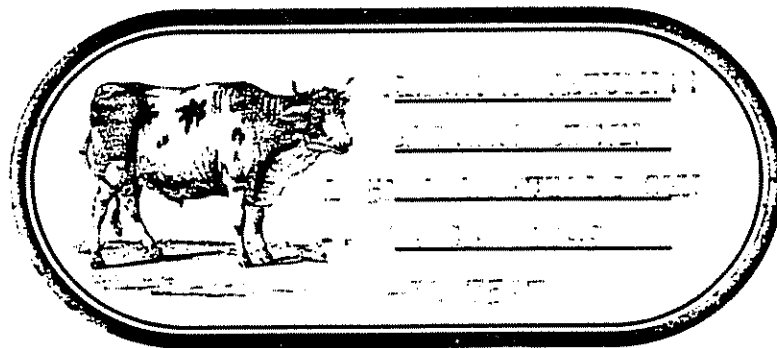


"RACHEL, rachel"

by

Stewart Stern



from the novel A DAST OF 100
by Margaret Laurence

ERRATA IN SCRIPT: "A JEST OF GOD"

7/ 25/ 67

<u>Page</u>	<u>Scene</u>	<u>Error</u>
83	182-A	Change DUSK to DAY
83-B	182-B,C,D	Change DUSK to DAY
83-C	182-F	Change DUSK to DAY
95	209	Change DUSK to DAY
97	221	Change DAY to NIGHT
	223	OMIT SCENE
28	61	Becomes 61-A CONTD
33	68 CONTD (2)	Becomes 68-A CONTD
76	167	OMIT SCENE
114	250	Change BRIGHT DAY to NIGHT, and add: "The bedside lamp is on."

For those concerned with Dialogue Changes,
kindly consult Writer for changes on the
following pages:

4, 4-A, 8, 12, 13, 14, 20, 21, 28, 29, 36, 38,
63, 64, 68, 69, 75, 76, 77, 81 (see below), 82,
83, 83-B, 83-C, 89, 90, 91, 94, 95, 98, 100,
101, 110, 111, 113

Note: p. 81 - Sc. 181: FLORENCE's speech becomes
VERLA's.

CONTINUING NOTE:

THE NAME "WILLARD SIDDLEY" WILL BE CHANGED THROUGHOUT
THE SCRIPT TO "LEIGHTON SIDDLEY."

There will be pink pages for the following:

5, 6, 10, 11, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 22, 25, 26, 27,
32, 40, 41, 55, 84, 85, 93, 103, 112, 115, 116,
117, 119, 120, as well as appropriate "A" pages.

1 IN DARKNESS

A low, short, pathetic MOANING uttered in a woman's voice. It is as if each heartbeat caused her pain. Then the moaning ceases, abruptly, and we are left with the sound of a racing HEART, banging recklessly, like a garbage can blown down a hill.

2 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL'S EYES - GREY DAWN

The eyes fly open and stare up, flash to the right, to the left. The HEARTBEAT pounds. RACHEL's eyes fasten onto something o.s.

3 CLOSE SHOT - ALARM CLOCK

Its ticking rises briefly above the rapidly beating heart. Rachel's hand reaches in and depresses the alarm plunger so the clock won't ring. The hour is 6:25 A.M.

4 FULL SHOT - BED

Rachel lies absolutely motionless. We are in a girlish, old-fashioned bedroom. The bed is white-painted metal, with white-painted metal bows decorating the head. There is a white, spindly-legged dressing table and a round mirror with a white, rose-carved frame. Framed pictures hang against the flowered wallpaper on the wall next to Rachel's bed. CAMERA has MOVED IN very slowly until Rachel's profile fills the frame. She is looking towards the window through half-closed lids. The SOUND of her heart seems to fill the room.

5 LONG SHOT - WINDOW - RACHEL'S P.O.V.

A three-inch slit between sill and the bottom of the window-shade shows the first glum grey of dawn, and the down-swept winged branches of great spruce trees. The shade is restless in the slight breeze. Its RUSTLING is heard briefly above the beating HEART, whose rhythm gradually declines.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

Not yet.

6 HIGH ANGLE - RACHEL

lying below us. Her arms are folded across her breasts as if she had been formally laid out. The first BIRD CHIRPS.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

Don't let it be day.

(MORE)

6 CONTD

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE (Contd)
 (the Voice turns
 hard -- it scolds)
 Get up.
 (pleads)
 Not yet.
 (scolds)
 Up! Up!

7 CLOSEUP - RACHEL'S EYES

RACHEL
 I'm dead.

Her eyes shut tightly. The screen goes black. All
 sounds CEASE except her BREATHING.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
 You're not dead. You're breathing.
 (explains)
 I'm having a heart attack. Can
 I move my arms?

Cautiously, Rachel tests her arms, lifting them high,
 opening and closing her hands. CAMERA FOLLOWS her
 hands as they rise and FOCUSES on the FRAMED PICTURES
 which hang on the wall above the bed, losing the hands
 altogether. The pictures show: an impression of
 Rachel as a child -- then a High School Annual pose
 of some special boy -- a picture of Rachel in her teens
 with sister Stacey and Niall, the father, on some
 fishing trip. Niall stands behind the girls, a hand on
 Stacey's shoulder, his face unseen in the shadow of his
 hat. PAN from Rachel's look of resentment to Niall's
 hand on Stacey's shoulder, then move to a family wedding
 picture in which Stacey is a bride, and HOLD finally on
 a photo of Stacey tossing her wedding bouquet to Rachel,
 who stands with hands outstretched to catch it. Over
 the photographs, CREDITS are SUPERIMPOSED.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
 (continuing over above)
 You've been having heart attacks
 every morning for seventeen years.
 Longer. Since before you even
 knew what they were. Every day it's
 the same -- heart attacks -- cancer.
 Get up!

During this, CAMERA has discovered Rachel's hands again,
 performing a shadow-play on a space of empty wall below
 the pictures. Shadow animal heads snap at each other,
 drive each other off. For a moment, the wall is blank,
 then shadows enter again, and meet, smaller than they
 were.

7 CONTD

PULL BACK to include the hands and arms of RACHEL AS A CHILD. CAMERA PANS DOWN to show that Rachel, the Adult, has been replaced in bed by the Child Rachel. The VOICE OF THE MOTHER is heard, as if approaching from beyond the bedroom door.

MOTHER'S VOICE

(singing)

Lazy Mary, will you get up!
Will you get up, will you get up!
Lazy Mary, will you get up!
Or you'll be late for -- what?

CHILD RACHEL

(calling out)

School!

The child looks apprehensively at the closed door as the SOUND of the knob turning comes over.

8 RACHEL'S P.O.V. - BEDROOM DOOR

as it opens, revealing Rachel's MOTHER, wan and rumped in her wrapper.

MOTHER

Good morning, Rachel dear --

9 MED SHOT - ADULT RACHEL

as she sits up, blinking sleeplessness out of her eyes, yawning and scratching her head.

RACHEL

Good morning, Mother --

PAN DOWN to show Rachel's feet fumble into her mules, then HOLD on the mother as Rachel PASSES back and forth, collecting her bra and panties, throwing on a robe.

MOTHER

I was just wondering. Do you intend by any chance to pass the Regal Drugstore on the way home from school this evening?

RACHEL

I don't intend anything yet, but I can --

9 CONTD

MOTHER

Well, maybe you could pick me up
a bar of that nice chocolate --

RACHEL

All righty --

MOTHER

(as Rachel EXITS)

It can be small. The five cent
kind is plenty good enough for me.

10 INT: BATHROOM - MIRROR SHOT - RACHEL - DAY

Rachel, still in her robe, is brushing her teeth. She
sees herself in the mirror and pauses, not finding the
sight very pleasing.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

You'd think just getting up to
face the day was something you
should get a medal for.

(rinses out mouth,
spits)

Awkward sentence. Don't end on
prepositions.

(the elocution teacher)

"For which you should get
a medal."

She opens the medicine chest to put the toothpaste
back, then slams the mirrored door.

11 INT: BATHROOM - CLOSE SHOT - SLIP - DAY

as Rachel's hand yanks it from the towel rack where
it has been drying. PAN to include her face as she
notices something wrong.

RACHEL

What?

There is a hole between lace and hem. She puts a
finger through it and wiggles it. PULL BACK as she
starts to put it on.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

(as if caught in the
midst of an argument)

I mean who sees me? Aside from
Dean Martin and Johnny Carson
and Walter Cronkite?

11A EXT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - DAY

The house is a large, white Victorian affair with a long porch. It stands at the back of a shadowed lawn, sheltered by great spruce trees whose spears rise higher than the roof. Above the door a blue neon sign flashes night and day: "JAPONICA FUNERAL CHAPEL, Hector Jonas, Dir." Rachel comes around the corner of the house and sees HECTOR JONAS. He is polishing his hearse.

HECTOR
Morning, Rachel --

RACHEL
You're on the job early, Hector.

HECTOR
I had the damndest nightmares
all night long --

RACHEL
(chiding)
Guilty conscience?

HECTOR
(laughs)
Don't I wish!

As Rachel starts across the lawn towards the street, her mother appears in an upstairs window, still in her wrapper, and balancing a cup of tea.

MOTHER
(half stage-whisper,
half calling)
Rachel!
(Rachel turns)
Don't get me the milk, you know
-- get the plain. Not so much
cholesterol in that --

RACHEL
What?

MOTHER
The chocolate! The chocolate!

Rachel waves that she understands. Mother slams the window down with unexpected force. Rachel continues on to the pavement, checking to be sure her slip doesn't show. She is wearing things a few years out of style. Her brown hair is in a tight little pony tail. She tends to lumber a bit when she walks, leaning forward and hiding her breasts, as if pretending to search for some lost, irretrievable object.

12 EXT: STREET - DAY
TRAVELLING SHOT - RACHEL'S LEGS (HAND-HELD)

The legs walk briskly along. Three inches of slip show beneath the hem of the dress. The hole is very apparent. One hand reaches down to hike it all up, but the slip drops even lower. PAN UP to show Rachel frantic with embarrassment as she hurries along.

13 TRAVELLING SHOT - RACHEL'S P.O.V. - CHILDREN
(HAND-HELD)

CHILDREN en route to school are overtaken by the hurrying CAMERA. They all look up at the lens (Rachel's eyes), then down (at her slip), and react with giggles or head-slapping shock.

14 TRAVELLING SHOT - RACHEL (HAND-HELD)

She jounces along, grim, humiliated, perspiring.

15 TRAVELLING P.O.V. - BOY ON BIKE (HAND-HELD)

The boy is JAMES DOHERTY, a wiry, slight boy of seven years, with ruffian, sorrel hair and burning, candid eyes. He stares at her in shock as he rides by, bumps down the curb into a street we come to, circles CAMERA as we start across.

JAMES

(helpful)

Miss Cameron, your -- you know
-- pull down your dress so nobody sees --

We hear a SCREAM of brakes, a horn BLOWING, and the image of James wobbles and becomes sky as CAMERA FALLS backwards. The SOUND of SIRENS approaching and the increasing MUMBLE of a crowd. James' face APPEARS and looks down into lens, saddened and scared.

JAMES

Does it hurt, Miss Cameron?

RACHEL

The only thing that hurts is leaving you. Will you remember me?

JAMES

Yes --

RACHEL

I don't know why there should always be one special one, or
(MORE)

15 CONTD

RACHEL (Contd)
 why it should have been you --
 Will you forgive me for never
 saying out loud how much you
 mean to me, James?

JAMES
 I know it anyway --

RACHEL
 I just never wanted to embar-
 rass you in front of the others
 -- that's the reason --

JAMES
 I know. You picked on me most
 because I was the one you liked
 best.

RACHEL
 And the one I expect the best
from --

JAMES
 (kisses her)
 Goodbye, Miss Cameron. Sleep
 well --

RACHEL
 Goodbye, my love --

ATTENDANTS place Rachel carefully on a stretcher and
 start wheeling her past a hushed crowd towards the
 waiting ambulance. MOTHER pushes to the front of the
 crowd, dressed in her wrapper as we just saw her. A
 LADY and a MAN lean in and stare at Rachel.

LADY
 I recognize her. She teaches
 second grade at Manawaka Elemen-
 tary.

MAN
 That's right -- Room One.
 That's the classroom she had
 when she went to school. I
 know, 'cause I sat right
 behind her.

CAMERA TILTS to show the Lady lift up the hem of
 Rachel's slip. It is full of holes, mended and un-
 mended.

15 CONTD (2)

LADY

I'm amazed the school board
would hire someone who was so
careless about her personal
things.

Mother hears this and pales. CAMERA has been lifted into the ambulance, head first, and now looks back out the doors at the gawking witnesses in the street. We see Mother run out of the crowd with a small cry, stricken. She totters in a tight circle, like some delicate wounded antelope of advanced age. Then she drops dead. The ambulance doors SLAM and a SCHOOLBELL starts to ring as SIRENS moan away.

16-18 OMITTED

19 EXT: STREET - TRAVELLING CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

walking as before. Nothing has happened. The SIREN FADES away, but the BELL continues to ring.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

Stupid thought. Morbid. I
mustn't give houseroom in my
skull to that sort of thing.
Whenever I find myself brooding
like that, I'll simply have to
turn it off and think about
something else.

PAN with her to show the front of the school, and
CHILDREN hurrying toward the entrance. Others

CONTINUED

19 CONTD

are seen in the playground at the back of the building. Rachel sees them, cuts across the lawn in their direction as the BELL continues.

20 EXT.: SCHOOLYARD - REVERSE ANGLE - SCHOOL - DAY

In f.g., several LITTLE GIRLS are playing at skip-rope, two holding the rope for one who is double-jumping in a most spectacular way. They sing a Skipping Song in sharp, grating VOICES.

LITTLE GIRLS

The wind blows low, the wind blows high,
The snow comes falling from the sky,
Muriel Simmons says she'll die
For the want of the golden city.
She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the queen of the golden city --

In b.g., Rachel comes around the corner of the school and walks toward the rear stairs.

21 FULL SHOT - SWINGS

James is swinging along, soaring high above CAMERA and falling away again. He is looking off at Rachel, following her progress toward the stairs.

22 CLOSER ANGLE - RACHEL

as she calls to the children in the play area.

RACHEL

Come inside, Grade Twos! I want
everyone at his seat before the
bell stops!

23 PAN SHOT - WILLARD'S CAR

a shiny, well-kept 1960 Chevrolet. WILLARD SIDDLEY swings in a wide arc, HONKING to warn the children out of his way, and pulls in beside the rear stairs at a parking-place marked with a sign: "PRINCIPAL". His is the only car permitted in the yard. He leans across and calls to Rachel.

WILLARD

Miss Cameron -- a moment of your
time, please?

24 ANGLE - RACHEL

as she comes to Willard's car, CAMERA GOING with her, and looks in the window. Willard sits smiling at her, one arm flung along the back of the seat beside him. He is a small, pompous man who scurries when he walks, and makes up for what he lacks in stature by being six hundred times more brisk than anyone. He wears glasses.

WILLARD'S VOICE

What a day, hum? Chill in the air right now, but it's going to be a scorcher.

RACHEL

(awaiting the blow)

Yes. Summer certainly seems to be upon us.

WILLARD

Angela's working on her summer cold already. Every year -- like clock-work. Your eyes look a little red too.

RACHEL

(lightly)

The sand-man failed to pay a call on me last night.

WILLARD

You ought to take a nerve-relaxer. I do. Once the tension's gone and you sink into that deliciously mindless euphoria, sleep can be a very sensual experience --

WILLARD

Did you have something special on your mind, Willard? The bell has stopped.

WILLARD

Oh! Well, Angela and I just wondered if you'd like to have a little supper with us at home tonight.

25 RACHEL'S P.O.V. - WILLARD'S HAND

resting on the seat-back. It is a spotted, furry hand. His VOICE becomes low and indistinct, and the CHANTING of the children diminishes too. It is as if Rachel's concentration pre-empted them.

25 CONTD

WILLARD'S VOICE
(indistinct)
She'd really like it. So would
I. We've been wanting to have
you for a very long time --

26 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

She looks at Willard's hand, fascinated, then reaches
in through the window, unlocks the door, and leans
into the car.

WILLARD'S VOICE
(indistinct)
-- but Angela's been busy with
out-of-town relations and somehow
or other --

27 CLOSE SHOT - WILLARD'S HAND

as first Rachel's fingertips, then her lips, reach in
and brush across the furry knuckles.

WILLARD'S VOICE
(indistinct)
-- summer's here and we haven't
invited our little Rachel in for
a single meal. So if you could
see your way clear, you'd be
putting balm on sore consciences.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
Stop that, Rachel! What are you
thinking of!

28 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

Standing outside the car, as before the fantasy began.

RACHEL
It's awfully nice of you and
Angela, Willard, but it's Mother's
bridge night and I always do
coffee and sandwiches.

ANGLE WIDENS to include Willard as he gets out of the
car and starts up the stairs.

WILLARD
That's too bad. We're going to
have a lot of fun. An old friend
of yours is going to be there, too.
Just the four of us --

28 CONTD

RACHEL
(following up the
stairs)
Who is it?

LEIGHTON
Uh-uh! Too late now, unless
you change your mind. Oh!
Incidentally --

RACHEL
"Incidentally?"

LEIGHTON
(reconsiders)
It'll keep.

He goes into the school. CAMERA has BOOMED up the
stairs with Rachel, and now, as she turns, it is close
on her.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
How can I ask him "who" like
that? What can he possibly
think? Oh, Rachel -- shut up!

PAN to show schoolyard beyond, HOLDING Rachel's head
in f.g. James continues to swing perversely. Rachel
CLAPS her hands.

RACHEL
James Doherty! You get off
that swing this very instant --
Or Else!

He does, with a flying leap, saunters toward her --
hands in his pockets.

RACHEL
Look at you! Fastest gun in
the west and the slowest thing
on two feet! Look alive now!
(claps in rhythm,
he runs)
Hup two three four --
Hup two three four --

He climbs the stairs, past her, without giving her a
look, and goes into the school. She follows, CLOSING
the door on them both.

29-31 OMITTED

32 INT: SCHOOL CORRIDOR - HIGH VIEW - SWINGING DOORS - DAY

The doors divide the corridor midway down its length. Through their wire-glass windows we see a class of FIFTH GRADERS marching to the doors, led by their teacher, CALLA MACKIE. She is solidly constructed, short and broad without fatness, and wears a long-sleeved fawn smock. Her hair, above the goodnatured face, is gray and straight, combed back behind the ears and chopped in a bang, like a Shetland pony's. Round rimmed glasses give her the look of a comic, wind-ruffled owl. As the muted THUNDER of her class approaches on the far side of the doors, a nearer TRAMPING drowns it out. Rachel appears below, bangs open one of the doors, and stands aside with it for her Second Graders to go through.

33 ANOTHER ANGLE - CORRIDOR

shooting behind Rachel towards the advancing Calla. Calla halts her class in front of the swinging doors and smiles at Rachel.

CALLA
We're off to the library, to
look at castles and keeps.
What are you off to?

CONTINUED

33 CONTD

RACHEL

We're going to be fairies and
raindrops. Guess what. Old
Freckle-Puss asked me to supper
tonight, and I said no.

CALLA

They probably serve rat. Come
on up after. I bought you a
nothing gift.

RACHEL

What?

CALLA

A companion that needs taking
care of, even as you and I --
but unlike your mother, it's
guaranteed not to talk back.

RACHEL

You're terrible!

She laughs and scampers past CAMERA, after her class.
HOLD on Calla, stock-still before the closed door,
her back to us, her class restless behind her. She
raises her voice without turning to face them:

CALLA

Have all my Walter Raleighs died?
Drawbridges do not open by
themselves.

Two BOYS spring forward, one to each door, and press
them open for Calla and the Fifth to pass through.

34 INT: CLASSROOM.- LONG SHOT - SCHOOLYARD - DAY

shooting through the window from within the room.
There is no one in the schoolyard. The swings are
still in the windless afternoon, the teeter-totter
rests aslant. Rachel is heard SINGING quietly in a
light, clear voice:

RACHEL'S VOICE

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea --

CAMERA MOVES away from the view to reveal the children
at their desks, heads resting on crossed arms, eyes
shut. Rachel sits on a chair at the rear of the room,
where she can watch the children without distracting
them.

34 CONTD

RACHEL

Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!

35 CLOSE SHOTS - CHILDREN

thru
38

some wide awake but peaceful, others really sleeping.

RACHEL'S VOICE

Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one,
While my pretty one, sleeps.

CAMERA HOLDS on James, who is fast asleep. A crayon is held loosely between his fingers above a half-finished drawing of a space-ship.

39 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

RACHEL

(singing)

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will --

She sees something that makes her stop. WHIP PAN to show Willard standing just inside the room. He holds the door ajar with one hand, carries a folder in the other. HOLD while Rachel ENTERS SHOT, goes out of the classroom with him. One or two children raise their heads and look around enquiringly.

40 INT: CORRIDOR - RACHEL AND WILLARD - DAY

He leads her away from the door.

WILLARD

I've been going over the
attendance records. James
Doherty's been absent too much.
(hands her records,
points emphatically)
Three weeks in March. Ten days
in May. This week again --

RACHEL

I know. It's tonsillitis.

WILLARD

My wife, as you know, paints.

40 CONTD

RACHEL
I beg your pardon?

WILLARD
I say my wife paints. She's been
going out every day to sketch
those willows -- down by the
Wachakwa.

RACHEL
Across from the cemetery there?

WILLARD
Know who she saw in those willows
two separate times, when he was
supposed to be home, sick in bed?

RACHEL
James has too much honor to
play hockey --

WILLARD
Angela's got an artist's eye --
it doesn't make mistakes. Did
he bring a note when he came
back yesterday?

RACHEL
Oh, yes. I've got it in my desk
if you'd --

WILLARD
No need. I take your word.

RACHEL
I always keep them a month in
case anything --

WILLARD
Very conscientious, very
commendable. You'd better
send the young man out to me --

RACHEL
It's his mother's fault!
She wrote the notes!

WILLARD
(enjoying it)
Look at the she-wolf --
protecting little Mowgli!

40 CONTD (2)

RACHEL (Contd)

I mean -- don't you think so too?

LEIGHTON

I only want to talk to him,
Rachel --

WHIP PAN to Rachel.

RACHEL

I don't believe that. I think
you're a liar. I think you're
a sadistic son of a bitch, Wil-
lard! All you live for is get-
ting them behind your door and
beating them up!

She rushes away from him, opens the classroom door.
PAN to show the children beyond, all heads up and
staring.

RACHEL

James, collect your things!

JAMES

Why?

RACHEL

Don't ask questions, please.
Just do it!

LEIGHTON

You know what'll happen when
the School Board hears about
this?

RACHEL

Come along, James.

James comes to her with what few belongings he has --
drawings of space-ships mostly. PAN them into the
corridor where he permits Rachel to take his hand and
lead him away down the hall.

JAMES

Where are we going?

RACHEL

We're going home -- to my house!

JAMES

Do I have to call you Miss Cam-
eron any more?

40 CONTD (3)

Rachel picks him up and carries him.

RACHEL
Darling, you can call me any-
thing you like --

As they near the end of the hall, abrupt CUT TO:

41 INT: CORRIDOR - HEAD CLOSEUP - LEIGHTON

LEIGHTON
Must I bring him out myself?

Angle WIDENS to include Rachel.

RACHEL
I'll do it --

Wearily she walks back into the classroom.

42 INT: CLASSROOM - MOVING SHOT - RACHEL

as she comes to James' desk and looks at him. PAN DOWN
to show James still peacefully asleep on his crossed
arms. Rachel removes the crayon from his fingers.

RACHEL'S VOICE
(still quietly)
James.

The boy's eyes open: he looks up at her.

RACHEL'S VOICE
Go to Mr. Siddley, please. He's
waiting in the hall.

CAMERA PANS with James as he exits, throwing Rachel a
look of burning betrayal.

43 CLOSE UP - RACHEL

tortured, nervously twirling the crayon till it BREAKS.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
Coward!
(defends)
He's got two kids of his own.
Who am I to think I know what's
best?
(scolds)
Coward!

MOVE with Rachel as she walks to the window and looks
down.

43 CONTD

 RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
God, but I want to leave this
school!
 (accuses)
No you don't. If you wanted to
leave, you'd leave.

FOLLOW Rachel's gaze to the schoolyard below. The Child
Rachel is there, all alone in the vast, abandoned space.
She is skipping rope and the sound of it is hard against
the paving, a sharp and lonely sound.

 RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
You'll never leave anything,
Rachel.

44-48 OMITTED

49 EXT: SCHOOLYARD - DAY
 HIGH MED SHOT - CHILD RACHEL

as she starts to sing her skipping song:

 CHILD RACHEL
The wind blows low, the wind blows high.
The snow comes falling from the sky.
Rachel Cameron says she'll die
For the want of the golden city.
She is handsome, she is pretty,
She is the queen of the golden city.
She is pretty, one - two - three,
In the golden city.

CAMERA has MOVED CLOSE on the child and now PANS with
her gaze as she turns in a circle, looking at the
emptiness around her.

 CHILD RACHEL
Everybody's dead. Except me.

In the distance a WORKMAN is HAMMERING a sign onto
the school door.

50 CLOSE SHOT - SIGN

"QUARANTINE!
 SCHOOL CLOSED"

51 EXT: SCHOOL - FULL SHOT - DUSK

Calla appears in her window and calls below to Rachel, who is correcting tests.

CALLA
Child? Are you still there, child?

Rachel appears at her own window and looks up.

RACHEL
I've asked you before not to call me "child", Calla --

CALLA
Sorry -- slip of the tongue. You coming up to get your present?

RACHEL
What present?
(remembers)
Oh!

CALLA
I'd come down, but I'm busy trying to get my eagle back in his cage.

52 INT: CALLA'S CLASSROOM - LOW ANGLE - CANARY - DUSK

The bird is perched in haughty silence on some high place. Calla stands with its open cage. Rachel makes kiss-kiss SOUNDS, trying to help her lure it down.

CALLA
Come on, Jacob! Come on, you stinker. I lug you back and forth to school -- I give you gorgeous lettuce -- what do you give me? You don't sing -- you've got no ear for music -- you're a total loss --

RACHEL
Maybe he's not a canary at all -- maybe he's a bleached sparrow!

CALLA
(turns away, starts up aisle)
Don't say anything. Just ignore him.
(loud)
The hell with you, Jacob!

52 CONTD

RACHEL

Where's my present?

CALLA

I shouldn't knock him, really.
Untalented as he is, he can't
help making noise, and once
in awhile at night, I hear him
hop.

Calla has led Rachel to her desk, which is backed by a
wrapping-paper mural, done by the kids, of castles and
kings and crusades. She picks up a perfect Bonsai
tree, lifting the tissue paper off the top, and hands
it to Rachel.

CALLA

May it watch over you till
Fall -- and ever after.

RACHEL

Oh, no! Is that the one we
saw at the Flower Show?

CALLA

The same. You liked it,
didn't you?

RACHEL

Liked it! Oh, Calla, it's much
too much! I can't accept that
-- I'll borrow it, but I --

CALLA

Oh, shut up! Look! When things
get glumpy, you just look at it
against the light --

She holds it towards the ceiling, so Rachel and the
CAMERA share a view of its branches silhouetted
against the light-globe.

CALLA

-- sun -- moon -- light-bulb
-- anything. You get the
feeling you're actually sitting
under it, and while you
contemplate your navel,
everything gets very calm
and quiet --

RACHEL

Oh, gosh! I wish I had
something to give you!

52. CONTD

CALLA

So what are you planning to do between now and Labor Day? Sit on the porch with Mama and contemplate her mavel?

RACHEL

Mmm --

CALLA

I'm going to paint my apartment lilac.

(Rachel looks up)

We bought a mess of lilac paint on sale, to use at Tabernacle. Then nobody liked it but me.

RACHEL

I'm going to get a good suntan. No, I'm not going to get a good suntan. I always promise myself I'll get a good suntan, and I buy oodles of suntan lotion, then when school starts again I'm still as pale as a mushroom.

CALLA

We shouldn't make vacations too important. It's just time -- like any other time. A dozen Sunday papers --

RACHEL

I'm exactly in the middle of my life.

CALLA

What?

RACHEL

I'm in the exact middle of my life.

Calla looks bewildered.

RACHEL (Continuing)

This is my last ascending summer. After this, it's all just rolling down the hill into my grave.

CALLA

What the hell are you talking about?

52. CONTD (2)

RACHEL

Oh, mother's bridge cronies have been doing research into the longevity of lady Senior Citizens and they say we'll all poop out by the time we're seventy. Every morning I hear mother behind the bathroom door, "Sixty-five down and five to go! Better treat me nice because I won't be here much longer!"

CALLA

Oh, come on! Look at Colette! Look at Alice B. Toklas!

RACHEL

You look.

CALLA

(suddenly, to canary)
Jacob! Will you get your ass down here?

53. INT. LITTLE GIRLS' ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel and Calla are washing their hands in the little low sinks and touching up their hair in the little low mirrors over them. Jacob and the bonsai are on the floor.

CALLA

My life didn't even begin till a year ago next week. The Eve of the Fourth of July is my dependence Day --

RACHEL

Independence --

CALLA

Don't correct me. That was the Day I started leaning on the Lord.

RACHEL

Calla, we made a bargain not to talk about that!

CALLA

I think friends are more important than bargains. Can I help what I wish for you?

RACHEL

I'm not even going to listen --
I'm going to whistle!

53 CONTD

CALLA

(while Rachel whistles)
 You want me to wash my mouth out
 with soap? Anyway, it's just a
 word -- Tabernacle. Rhymes with
 Shackle. Don't you want to open
 yourself up to Life and Loving
 Experiences?

RACHEL

When I want to see monkeys I'll
 go to the zoo, and when I want to
 see people slobber and yell and
 make fools of themselves, I'll
 go to the insane asylum!

CALLA

You're certainly an authority for
 someone who doesn't know a damn
 thing about it!

RACHEL

Well I can't tell if you're
 talking about God or LSD!

CALLA

That's the second time you've
 been bitchy to me today! "Don't
 call me 'child' Calla! It sounds
 ridiculous!"

54. EXT. CHURCH STREET - MOVING SHOT - RACHEL AND CALLA - NIGHT
 walking along. Rachel carries her Bonsai, Calla her cage.

RACHEL

You just suddenly made me aware
 of how we talk, that's all. Child
 this, child that --- it's all so
 Peter Rabbit -- like Sidoney
 Travis -- did you ever hear her?
 "Rachel, be a good girl and pass
 me one of those yummy cookies!"
 I didn't mean to hurt your feelings.
 (no reply -- they
 reach the corner)
 Well -- back to our respective cages --

CALLA

I only want to say one thing.

RACHEL

What's that?

CALLA

Every time we've ever gone for
an ice-cream cone, you've picked
vanilla. That's not the only
kind, Rachel. There are thirty
other flavors, plus a flavor of
the month, and more people on
this earth than just you!

She starts away. Rachel calls after her.

RACHEL

Calla? When's the next -- whatever
you call it -- service?

CALLA

(stops, turns)
Tomorrow night. Why?

RACHEL

If you want me to, I'll come.
Okay?

CALLA

Don't do me any favors.

RACHEL

You want your tree back? I'm
going to plant it right here
in the asphalt --

She pretends to, smiling her pinched smile.

CALLA

(forgiving and happy)
Oh, Rachel --!

RACHEL

Nighty-night, then.

CALLA

Nighty-night.

56 ANOTHER ANGLE - RACHEL AND CALLA

As they part, each moving down her separate street, CAMERA LEADS Rachel around the corner. As she sees her own house across the way, she stops at the recollection of a hurtful memory, brushes it away, takes another step, then is stopped by it again as the memory persists and finds its voice:

CHILDREN'S VOICES
(distant, from the
past)
Slaughter, slaughter,
Undertaker's daughter!

She tries to brush it away again.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
They never said anything like
that, Rachel. It never happened.
Haven't you got enough real em-
barrassments without having to
make up fake ones?

She looks again, and reacts as we WHIP PAN across the street to show CHILDREN perched along the branches of a tree on Rachel's lawn. Some swing. Some are climbing. They are sticking out their tongues and making obscene gestures. The ghost SOUNDS of WIND and children's VOICES JEERING.

57 ANOTHER ANGLE - CHILDREN IN THE TREE

Suddenly the Child Rachel steps into the street from behind CAMERA and makes her way across, circling away from the terrible tree.

CHILDREN
Slaughter, slaughter,
Undertaker's daughter!
Slaughter, slaughter,
Undertaker's daughter!
Slaughter -- !

As CAMERA GOES with child Rachel and PASSES the jeering children, their VOICES blow away on the wind and become the WAILING of a WOMAN, the wild, lost sobbing of a soul in unimaginable pain. Child Rachel advances until she, and CAMERA, discover a hearse parked at the funeral parlor entrance and a farm truck parked behind it. The neon sign is gone. Instead, there is an ebony sign whose gilt letters read:

"CAMERON FUNERAL PARLOR - Niall
Cameron, Dir."

57 CONTD

Child Rachel watches from the shadows as she sees her father, a tall, sensitive, austere Scot named NIALL CAMERON -- sliding a body basket out of the hearse, a basket the size of a child. Because he is drunk, he loses his grip, and the basket almost falls. The woman, MRS. KAZLIK, screams, but Niall recovers it in time. NESTOR KAZLIK stands with his wife. He is a farmer, still in his work clothes. His mustached face is hard, high-cheekboned as a Cree's, but softened now with heartbreak. As they all start towards the porch, Niall turns suddenly and glowers into the shadows where Rachel stands, the basket clutched to his chest as if it were something he loved and refused to part with.

NIALL

Rachel, is that you out there?

(no reply)

You should be upstairs, with Mum.

58-60 OMITTED

61 ANOTHER ANGLE - CHILD RACHEL

as she steals along the farm truck, a 1940 Ford with "KAZLIK DAIRY" painted on the door. Seated on the flat-bed, where the milk cans are, is an eight year old boy, NICK KAZLIK. He is shivering with fear, his eyes stormy with suffering. Child Rachel and CAMERA STOP. Both children are awed by events, speak in low tones:

CHILD RACHEL

Are you Stevie?

CHILD NICK

I'm Nick --

In the b.g., Niall, carrying the basket, enters the funeral parlor with the elder Kazliks.

CHILD RACHEL

You look just like Stevie.

CHILD NICK

Twins means you look like somebody.

CHILD RACHEL

Did my Dadda put him in the basket?

CHILD NICK

Yes --

61 CONTD

CHILD RACHEL
Did you watch?

CHILD NICK
They wouldn't let me.

NIALL'S VOICE
Rachel!

61A ANGLE - NIALL

tall on the porch, as Child Rachel enters the light
below him.

NIALL
Did I hear myself say to get
upstairs, or was it my imag-
ination?

CONTINUED

61 CONTD

CHILD RACHEL

What are you going to do to him,
Dadda?

NIALL

I'm going to make him happy again
and put back his lovely smile.
Now you'd best do what I ask by
the time I count Three -- I don't
want you around here anymore. One!

CHILD RACHEL

Dadda -- what made him die?

NIALL

He had the infantile, like all
the others. I'm counting, Miss,
and One's used up. You know
what happens when I get to Three --

Rachel bolts around the corner of the house.

62 OMITTED

63 INT: CAMERON HOUSE - LOW ANGLE - STAIRS - NIGHT

The child Rachel flees upstairs to the family's living-
quarters. Opening off the landing at the top are a
bathroom, Rachel's bedroom facing the street for sun,
her mother's facing the rear for quiet, and, on the
left, the living-room. As child Rachel races upstairs:

NIALL'S VOICE

Two! Two-and-a-half!

64 INT: CAMERON LIVING-ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - DOOR - NIGHT

as Rachel, the adult, bursts in and shuts the door be-
hind her.

NIALL'S VOICE

Three!

MOTHER'S VOICE

(calling)
You're awfully late this evening,
dear. I almost gave up.

RACHEL

(her mind on the past)
I'm sorry --

64 CONTD

MOTHER'S VOICE

Oh, it's all right, dear. I've
got a nice chop for you -- and
some watercress all cut up and
washed --

CAMERA has PULLED BACK during this to reveal the
livingroom, crowded with the furniture of a lifetime,
gewgaws and prints and cute objects which, although
the result of a thousand personal choices, reveal not

CONTINUED

64 CONTD

one personal thing. Through a large opening that once held double-doors, we see a small dining-room. Off that, but out of sight, is the kitchen.

MOTHER'S VOICE

-- and I mashed up some of those new-putatus from yesterday, so I hope you eat it all. You don't eat enough these days. You fret over those children too much. Where are you? I don't enjoy sitting here entertaining the pots and pans --

Rachel puts down the Bonsai on a table and passes into the dining-room on her way to the kitchen.

RACHEL

I'm right here, Mother --

65 INT: KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mother sits at the kitchen table, nursing a cup of tea. She wears her wrapper, and her hair, still damp from being shampooed, is pinned up under a net and looks quite blue. A little sling holds her throat up, and her face is shiny. Rachel goes to take down an apron without giving her mother a look.

MOTHER

Don't kiss me, dear. I'm all full of egg-white. I'm exhausted. When it got to be seven o'clock and you still weren't home, I thought my goodness! She's correcting papers and the drug store will close and I bet she forgot all about my chocolate bar -- !

RACHEL

Oh, I did! I'm sorry!

MOTHER

I'm not criticizing, dear. We all forget sometimes. Anyhow -- while I was looking for something sweet to satisfy my craving, I noticed those green peppermints with the limey taste were all that was left of the Bridge Mix, and I thought Good Gawd! I better go buy another box before the girls arrive or they'll think I'm Hettie Green -- !

65 CONTD

RACHEL
(getting bread, and
cookie-cutter)
Why don't you lie down while I
fix the sandwiches?

MOTHER
No, truly, dear, I'm fine now.
I just hope you're not coming
down with something?

RACHEL
Why should I be?

MOTHER
Do that on the table, dear,
where I can see you.

Rachel brings bread-board and sits.

MOTHER
Well, you never can tell. Have
you got a fever?

RACHEL
No!

MOTHER
Give me your forehead.

RACHEL
(offers it across
table)
I'm fine --

MOTHER
Just a little warm is all --

RACHEL
Mother, I am always warm. What
kind of sandwiches do you want?

MOTHER
Oh, it's all in the fridge --
all you have to do is spread it.
(as Rachel fetches
sandwich spreads)
I heard something awful about
the Stewart girl today -- Cassie
Stewart has, shall we say, been
away --

65 CONTD (2)

RACHEL

"Been away" with quotation marks,
or just been out of town?

MOTHER

Double quotation marks! Twins!
And no prospect of a husband
in sight. Can you imagine her
mother? I mean to say she's a
nice woman, not very cultivated,
but quite nice. But what a
heartbreak for her. Twins!

RACHEL

(laughs)

Yes, I guess that's twice as
much heartbreak as one.

MOTHER

(sampling sandwich)

That's right, dear. You go ahead
and make light of everything.
Life is just a comedy to you.

RACHEL

Is she going to keep them?

MOTHER

That's what's so awful! She is!
It was Mrs. Barnes that told me.
(I ran into her on the porch this
morning, at poor Mr. Shoemaker's
funeral.) I said to her "I thank
my lucky stars I never had a
moment's worry over either of
my daughters!"

MOVE CLOSE on Rachel.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

Had. Past tense. She's as
immune to her own poison as
a rattlesnake --

66-67 OMITTED

68 INT: DINING-ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - MOTHER - NIGHT

It is later now. Mother looks cute with her curly
hair and "company eyeglasses", with their elfin
frames of delphinium blue.

68 CONTD

MOTHER
Oh, Verla! You're not going to
no-trump!

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Mother playing bridge at the
dining-room table with her cronies, VERLA, FLORENCE,
and HOLLY. They have consumed everything on the platter
and are smoking up a storm.

VERLA
Now don't be a sore loser, May.
When you come to my house, you
can win!

Rachel passes through from the kitchen.

RACHEL
Goodnight now --

MOTHER
(seizing her, pulls
down her face to kiss)
Till later, dear, my precious.
I do thank you so much.

FLORENCE
Goodness yes! All those de-lay-
she-ouse sandwiches!

RACHEL
I'm glad you liked them --

68A ANGLE - RACHEL

CAMERA LEADS Rachel out of the dining-room, through
the living-room, across the landing, and into her dark
bedroom. As she moves, the conversation behind her
follows like a shadow.

VERLA
I think she's marvelous. I
mean to say how she manages!
And anyone who teaches is an
absolute saint!

MOTHER
Oh, she's always been wonderful
with kids. She's been asked to
be a Godmother on two separate
occasions, and that doesn't just
happen, you know --

68A CONTD

Rachel shuts her bedroom door quietly and stands in the dark, crying suddenly.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

(mercilessly)

You're nauseating! Self-pity
is a cheap emotion -- it's
not even an

(MORE)

CONTINUED

68 CONTD (2)

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE (Contd)
emotion at all. Stop it now!
Stop it, Rachel!
 (inner voice sobbing)
I can't! She says "Till later!"
I say till when? It's the same
room -- the same lousy bed --
the same everything! Always!
Always!
 (like a slap)
Oh, go to sleep and suck your thumb.

69 INT: RACHEL'S BEDROOM - HIGH ANGLE - RACHEL - NIGHT
 (MOONLIGHT)

She lies on her back, in bed, below us -- staring up.
As CAMERA SNEAKS CLOSER, she turns on her side, looks
into LENS.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
 (warning)
Don't, Rachel -- !

70 INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - LONG SHOT - BED - NIGHT
 (MOONLIGHT)

There are two people in the bed. MOVE towards it
gradually. There is absolute absence of SOUND. When
CAMERA reaches the bed, we see a blond, unclad YOUNG
MAN in Rachel's arms. He is kissing her face and neck
voraciously.

OPTICAL TRANSITION TO:

70-A INT: BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL - NIGHT (MOONLIGHT)

still turned to CAMERA, her eyes closed now. She
twists away, lying with the back of her head to us.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
 (pleads)
It's only to sleep --
 (warning)
Don't!

From away, the SCHOOLBELL starts to RING

71 OMITTED

72 INT: RACHEL'S CLASSROOM - MED SHOT - RACHEL - DAY

She is helping a little GIRL untack a painting from the bulletin board. In b.g. other children are cleaning out their desks. Hearing the CHEERING, Rachel goes to the window and leans out to look up. CAMERA GOES with her. High above, as the CHEERING and BELL increase, Calla shakes the canary out of its cage and it flies away to freedom. Calla is smiling, as all her Fifth Graders APPLAUD and CHEER.

73 INT: SCHOOL CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - RACHEL'S DOOR - DAY

as it bursts open, disgorging a stampede of Second Graders into the noisy corridor, all clutching the paintings they made this year. Rachel stands among them, holding the door ajar, like a tree in a flooded river.

RACHEL
(nearly drowned out)
Goodbye, everyone -- Goodbye, James --

Jame is by her in a flash, without a backward look. She is alone suddenly, with the DIMINISHING POUNDING of their departure.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
-- from now on it'll only be
hello sometimes, in the halls --

As the din dies away and the BELL goes silent, she turns back into her classroom.

74 INT. CLASSROOM - CLOSE SHOT - BLACKBOARD - DAY

Silence, except for the swish of Rachel's eraser as she obliterates her final message to the class: "MISS CAMERON WISHES ONE AND ALL A HAPPY SUMMER VACATION!"

CALLA'S VOICE
Hello, Grownup!

PAN to include Calla standing in the doorway. Rachel, in f.g., continues to erase the board, trying to conceal her emotions.

CALLA
Guess what. I let the damn bird go.

RACHEL
I know -- I saw --

74 CONTD

CALLA

You coming by my place, or do you
want me to come by yours?

(Rachel looks confused)

I mean you're coming to services
tonight, right?

RACHEL

Oh -- yes --

74 CONTD

CALLA

Meet you in front of your place
at quarter to nine?

Rachel nods.

CALLA

You okay?

Rachel nods again, and Calla leaves.

75 EXT: MAIN STREET - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

Rachel is walking home from school, past the center of Manawaka's shopping district. She carries a bulging briefcase -- a schoolbag, really -- and a pair of galoshes she forgot to take home after last year's snow. She turns toward the entrance of the Regal Drug Store.

76 EXT: REGAL DRUG STORE - DAY (HAND-HELD)

Rachel's reflection appears in the glass door, on the other side of which psychedelic designs have been painted. She seems to hesitate, starts away, then changes her mind and ENTERS.

76A INT: REGAL DRUG STORE - MOVING SHOT - DAY

There is a roar of high-pitched CHATTER and rock music coming from a JUKE BOX. TEENAGERS stand in a swirl of smoke, packing the place -- big, broad backs in corduroy or leather, arms like lianas draped around female middles, slow the CAMERA's advance. Rachel proceeds forward sideways, as if to protect herself from blows, envying their intimacy, yet shrinking from it, the schoolbag and galoshes heavy in her hands. As CAMERA LEADS her forward, we are treated to various images:

- 1) A lordly BOY turns to look coolly past CAMERA, then away.
- 2) TWO GIRLS shriek into each other's mouths about some fabulous something, their tongues busy at their ice-cream cones.
- 3) A BEAUTIFUL GIRL with long, silken hair is combing the long, silken hair of a BEAUTIFUL BOY who wears a short-sleeved sweatshirt with "PEACE" stencilled on it.

76A CONTD

- 4) A GIRL'S HANDS slip into the pockets of a BOY's blue jeans, and the boy's hands start to slap them away, then let them stay.

MOVE CLOSE on Rachel, pushing her way through:

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
Who are they? Were they all mine
once? Was I their inspiration
for all this? They beat against
my life like rows of waves --

She is swallowed up amongst them.

77 MOVING SHOT - LEE TOY

coming along behind the counter. LEE TOY is a middle-aged Chinese, completely American in everything but looks. He stops before Rachel, who has reached the counter, SLAPS the counter-top with an open palm, and SHOUTS in a passable Yiddish accent:

LEE TOY
Yassa, Madam! Vuddle gonna be?

78 ANOTHER ANGLE - RACHEL

still at the counter, but wearing her nightgown now. She turns and points at the three most attractive young men.

RACHEL
I'll have that and that and
that. Please have them wrapped
and sent up to my room.

79 TWO SHOT - RACHEL AND LEE TOY

Rachel as she was before the fantasy.

RACHEL
Just cigarettes, please, Lee, but
you might as well give me a few
cartons while you're at it -- and
maybe I'll load up on chocolate
bars too. Do they come by the box -- ?

LEE TOY
Get her sour-balls, Rachel. For
her own good.

79 CONTD

RACHEL

She likes chocolate. Should I
buy a little suntan lotion too?
Or no? Or yes? Make up my mind
for me, Lee!

LEE TOY

Take a small one.

RACHEL

I'll give you a check for the
whole kaboodle --

MOVE IN on her hands. They are shaking as she opens
the schoolbag, removes her purse, takes a check-book
out and opens it. Printed on the check is: "RACHEL
CAMERON, TEN-PLAN".

NICK'S VOICE

Hello, Rachel Cameron.

80 CLOSEUP - RACHEL

turning in surprise. WHIP PAN to NICK KAZLIK, a roughly-
made, but not un-goodlooking man of 36. He has Slavic
bones and eyes, and his hair is smooth and dark.

NICK

Nick. Kazlik. The one with the
brother in the basket.

81 QUICK FLASH - NIALL CAMERON - NIGHT

Niall holds the basket to his chest as if it were some-
thing he loved and refused to part with.

NICK'S VOICE

How are you?

82 INT: REGAL DRUG STORE - RACHEL AND NICK - DAY

RACHEL

Fine, I guess. How are you?

NICK

You're staring.

RACHEL

I'd never recognize you, I don't
think -- I mean have we even seen
each other since school?

82 CONTD

NICK

Thought we were going to have the
pleasure of your company at Willard's
last night.

RACHEL

Oh, were you the one?

NICK

You made me go through a whole
evening all alone. That's pretty
unfriendly.

RACHEL

I'm sorry.

NICK

Well maybe I'll give you a chance
to make it up. You want to go to
a movie tonight?

RACHEL

A movie? What's playing?

NICK

(amused)

What's the difference?

RACHEL

I couldn't go to a movie anyhow.
I'm going to the -- I promised a
friend I'd go someplace with her.

(fills out check, takes
package from Lee Toy)

As a matter of fact, I'd better
get my nose pointed in the
direction of home right now -- !

NICK

Still live in the same place?

82A EXT: RACHEL'S LAWN - SPRUCE TREES - NIGHT

Children cling to the spruce trees, riding the swaying
branches, sticking out their tongues and gesturing
obscenely.

RACHEL'S VOICE

Yes, with my -- I keep house for
my mother since my father died.

83 INT: REGAL DRUG STORE - RACHEL AND NICK - DAY

NICK

I didn't know he died.

RACHEL

No need for condolences -- it was fourteen years ago. I went to college, but then he died and so -- I came back. Mother sold everything to Hector Jonas for such a bargain-price that he gave us

(MORE)

CONTINUED

84 CONTD

RACHEL (Continued)
the right to live upstairs in
perpetuity -- or until we're
ready to take our business down
the stairs to him!

(laughs)
He has a blue neon sign there now.
Anyway -- what did you ask me?
I'm a teacher.

NICK
I didn't ask, but so am I.

RACHEL
In the City? I mean -- you know
what I mean -- I'm not such a hick
that I think there's only one
city! What do you teach?

NICK
High school.

RACHEL
Oh, my. Teaching high school
in the City! Why'd you ever
come back here?

NICK
See my folks. They're starting
to slow down, and --
(snrugs)
Another look, that's all.

RACHEL
Well, I hope you have a nice
visit.

NICK
(grimacing)
You want to take in a movie
tomorrow night?

RACHEL
Tomorrow night?

MOVE CLOSE on Rachel.

MOTHER'S VOICE
Nick who? I don't believe I've
met him, have I? Not that Bohunk!
Not that milkman's son!

84 CONTD

RACHEL
I don't really care for movies
too much. I mean we watch so
many on TV.

85 CLOSE SHOT - NICK

NICK
How about your sister? Is she
busy?

86 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

hurt, but covering.

RACHEL
Stacey got married and moved away.
We haven't seen her since she had
her children.

NICK'S VOICE
And you got left behind.

RACHEL
I have to go now, Nick --

As she edges away, CAMERA YIELDS to reveal Nick too.

NICK
(half-teasing, but
sympathetic)
No offense. I was just looking
for a little action, and I
thought maybe you might be, too.

RACHEL
No -- I -- maybe I'll see you,
Nick --

PAN to show her hurry through the crowd, towards the
door.

87 EXT: STREET - NIGHT
MOVING SHOT - RACHEL AND CALLA

They have changed from their school clothes into
lighter, more summery things.

RACHEL
I've changed my mind! Not
another step further do I go!

CALLA

Oh, come on, Rachel -- we'll never
get seats!

RACHEL

(shuts eyes)
I'm a sleepwalker.

CALLA

Have you by any chance had yourself
a little nipsie on the sly?

RACHEL

Why, Calla, how you talk! Oh, sure --
first an encounter at Shababb's
then home to the cooking sherry -- that's
me --

CALLA

What kind of encounter, pray tell, and
with whom?

RACHEL

A gentleman. Plus the whole world. I
looked around and thought, "My God, were
these all in my class once? Was I their
inspiration for all this?"

(sudden outcry)

Nothing's real! Nothing's now! Go ahead,
push me and I wouldn't even hurt! I'm a
sleepwalker. Don't I know I've only got
one life? He asks me out and I say, "Oh,
well -- c'est la vie -- maybe next time
this or that comes around I'll grab it!"
But nothing ever comes around again.
Nothing. Ever. Does --?

She stops short and stares off as SINGING pours suddenly into
the night: A CONGREGATION and the high, choked baritone of
REV. WOOD.

REV. WOOD & CONGREGATION

In darkness that surrounds us -- In
silence where we dwell --

ANGLE ACROSS RACHEL - TABERNACLE

As Calla comes to take Rachel's arm and Rachel reacts to
what she sees across the street: The Tabernacle of the
Risen and Reborn. It is an ancient firehouse, with its

large garage doors flung up and its CONGREGATION visible from the street in the glare of naked electric bulbs. Some people are still going in. Cars and farm trucks are parked along the curb.

CALLA

Please don't chicken out.
It's nothing to be afraid
of --

REV. WOOD & CONG.

Pale serpents coil around us --
Our evil bones expel!

RACHEL

I know myself -- I just
can't make --

Expel! Expel!

CALLA

You don't know anything
about yourself. Trust me.

Our evil bones expel!

Calla leads Rachel across the street.

89

INT: TABERNACLE - ENTRANCE

An USHER, an unctious young man in his thirties, with a polished small town haircut and a gleaming smile, greets stragglers and points them toward the few remaining seats: a FARMER carrying a sleeping child on his shoulder -- an OLD MAN in a wheelchair, eyes shut behind round-rimmed glasses, lips rippling in prayer, pushed by a COMPANION.

USHER

Welcome. Joy in the Lord.
Seats right over there --
Bless you for coming.
Welcome. Lean on the Lord.
(greets Calla
and Rachel)

How are you, Calla? Two
right across the floor --

REV. WOOD & CONG.

All fitful hope shall darken
When from God's Silver'd skies
His trumpet blast we harken
And slumbering souls arise!

Arise! Arise!
And slumb'ring souls arise!

Calla smiles at Rachel and starts to SING as they start toward their seats. Members of the Congregation, arranged in double-rows on three sides of the room, sing in loud, raw voices. Halfway along one wall, on a low platform, REV. WOOD stands singing, fleshy, florid, and hale. Near him, an ELDERLY WOMAN bangs away at an upright piano with enough zeal to materialize a lesser saint. There is an altar where the Book of Life rests open, covered in a substance that looks as though it might glow in the dark or give off sparks.

REV. WOOD & CONG.

Ascend the stairway scarlet, incarnadined
with sin --

90 DOLLY SHOT - RACHEL

Rigid with embarrassment as she walks the endless gamut
in front of everyone, passing beneath the gaze of Rev.
Wood.

REV. WOOD & CONG.

Fair maid and foolish harlot
Fly to be gathered in !
Fly in! Fly in!
Fly to be gathered in!

HOLD on Rev. Wood as she watches Rachel go by.

91 ANGLE RACHEL AND CALLA

As they reach the other side. They have to edge in crabwise
between the narrowly-spaced folding chairs and the people
standing in front of them in order to get to their seats in
the second row. Featured in the first row are a BEAUTIFUL
BOY with long hair and ragged clothes, who holds a bunch of
field flowers in his hand, and a FARMER with used-brick skin
and enormous hands. Calla sings with the rest; Rachel stares
at her, then looks around to see where she is.

CALLA, REV. WOOD & CONG.

This harvest Thou hast taken
From sepulchre and tomb!
With cries we dead awaken
Within thy golden room!
Thy room! Thy room!
Within thy golden room!

91A CLOSE SHOT- - RACHEL'S POV - FLOWER

Trembling, sharp in focus. PAN UP slightly and reverse
FOCUS to show the Beautiful Boy turning to offer Rachel
the flower.

BEAUTIFUL BOY
(Simply)
Love.

REV WOOD & CONG.
Our skulls corruption bleaching,
Our limbs gone grey as stone,--

91B REVERSE CLOSEUP - RACHEL

Staring at the flower, then at the boy. She begins to
smile foolishly, too self-conscious to react properly.

RACHEL
What?

REV WOOD & CONG.
We naked stand beseeching
A place beneath thy throne!

91C TWO SHOT - RACHEL AND BEAUTIFUL BOY

She doesn't take the flower.

BEAUTIFUL BOY
Love. It's for you.

REV. WOOD & CONG
Thy throne! Thy throne!
A place beneath thy throne!

She lets him thrust the flower into her hand, but starts to laugh. It builds uncontrollably.

RACHEL
I'm so sorry! I don't
know what I'm laugh-
ing at! It's not you.
I even laughed at my
sister's wedding!

REV. WOOD & CONG.
Oh, shall the Prince of Heaven
Our final fate reveal?
With love our load to leaven,
With grace our hearts to heal?

BEAUTIFUL BOY
Laughter's beautiful,
baby. Be free.

Rachel, trying to control her laughter, looks off.

92 FULL SHOT - TABERNACLE DOORS

Three HIPPIES slither in and stand just inside the doors, which the Usher is closing. They are chewing gum. They do not sing. The doors BANG as they are closed.

REV. WOOD & CONG.
To heal, to heal!
With grace our hearts to heal!

92A CLOSEUP - RACHEL

staring, laughing no longer. Calla is visible beyond her.

RACHEL
Calla?

CALLA
Shh. I'm right beside
you.

REV. WOOD
Oh, my brothers and sisters!
I feel so blessed!

93 MED. SHOT REV. WOOD
Perspiring, filled with the fire.

CONTINUED

93 CONT REV. WOOD
I'm just standing here feeling so
blessed I have to tell you why before
we sing the last verses. I can't keep
the joy inside! Listen to me!

94 CONGREGATION

DOLLY ALONG their faces -- righteous, lost,
refined, expectant -- the ill and the well.

REV. WOOD'S VOICE
Those of you who were here remember
one night last winter we had a visitor!
Yes! A man that brought God right into
this room! Brought the voice of God
Almighty right into this room, like a
mighty rushing wind just like my Bible
says! Praise God!

94A CLOSE SHOT OLD MAN IN WHEELCHAIR

Excited.

OLD MAN & CONG.
(a whisper)
Praise God!

94B CLOSE SHOT REV. WOOD

REV. WOOD
Praise God, he's here with us again!
That man's sitting right back there
now --

He points over their heads to a place behind Rachel
and Calla.

94C RACHEL AND CALLA

As they turn to look at a room, doorless, but black in darkness.

REV. WOOD'S VOICE
-- right back there in that dark kitchen
now. Oh, my God, I'm grateful!

Extended APPLAUSE greets this announcement. Calla
is radiant as she claps.

CONTINUED

94C

CONT

CALLA

You realize how lucky we are? Oh,
my God, I'm grateful too!

RACHEL

Who is he?

CALLA

I can't even describe him, he's so
beautiful! And he speaks in Tongues!

RACHEL

He what?

REV. WOOD

Do you love him? Do you
love the Lord?

CALLA

He's got the Gift of
Tongues

CONGREGATION

Hallelujah!

RACHEL

You mean someone's
going to talk out
loud and not know
what they're saying?

REV. WOOD & CONG.

Let's sing!
Shall brother unto brother
In tender mercy hold,
And join with one another
As lambs within God's fold?
Thy fold, thy fold!
As lambs within thy fold?
Shut the other door!

CALLA

Just watch their eyes
when they come back
from it --

95

CLOSE SHOT - GARAGE DOOR

as the Usher starts to drag it down. It CLASHES
complainingly as it descends, then BANGS to the floor,
sealing the room.

95A

CLOSE SHOT RACHEL

Wincing as the door BANGS down. She shuts her eyes.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

Oh, it's going to happen! Something's
going to happen! Focus your mind on
something so you don't know! You're
not even here!

A little SILVER BELL rings once, a tiny, tinkling sound.
Rachel opens her eyes and turns, towards the kitchen.

95B

CONGREGATION

All very expectant, craning to see what's in the kitchen.

96

CLOSER ANGLE KITCHEN

The beautiful boy now stands by the entrance, the silver bell in his hand. In the shadowy darkness behind him, a dim figure rises, comes forward into the light, and blinks as if he had just been surprised out of his sleep. He is a tousled, rumpled young man who looks as if he had spent the night under a bench, covered with newspapers. He wears chino pants, torn sneakers, a flannel work shirt with a clumsily knotted flowered tie, and a soiled, tan corduroy jacket. He pulls dark glasses out of his breast pocket, puts them on, walks absently to the middle of the room, turns around to see everybody, then stands quietly pulling at his lip. This is THE PREACHER. The Beautiful Boy returns to his former place in front of Rachel.

PREACHER

Please -- let's -- everyone sit down.

(congregation obeys.

Preacher clears his
throat into a handkerchief)

Something's -- something's happening. Something's beginning to happen. Not just with kids, but all kinds of people. All ages. All over. Maybe for the first time since Jesus Christ, there's this tremendous yearning to be -- um --

(he steps in the
middle of it, not
so much lost as
filled with the
inexpressable)

Words, Words and walls.

He smiles, shakes his head at the thought.

96A

TWO SHOT - RACHEL AND CALLA

Calla is absorbed and smitten. Rachel studies the Preacher as if she sat at the center of a deep cage, looking out through the bars.

97

NEW ANGLE - PREACHER

searching the floor as if he expected to find his next idea there.

CONTINUED

97

CONT

PREACHER

Walls between us. Chasms, wide
chasms between us!

(a sudden cry)

The animals are less alone with
roaring than we are with all our
words! How we suffer!

CAMERA GOES with him as he walks to the Old Man in
the Wheelchair, touches his legs.

PREACHER

How we suffer.

He walks along the row and stops in front of a blind
Negro woman.

PREACHER

How we suffer.

He touches her eyes, then moves on, stops in front of
the Farmer and the Beautiful Boy, reaches between them
to lay his hand on Calla's head, CAMERA MOVING CLOSE to
show Calla, moved, Rachel shrinking away as the hand
comes in.

PREACHER

How we suffer.

CAMERA MOVES to show Preacher walking on a few feet,
HOLDING Rachel in FG. He stops, returns to look at
Rachel. A long silence.

PREACHER

Lord, Lord, how we suffer.

He takes off his dark glasses and looks at her with his eyes.
Then he moves away.

97A

CLOSEUP RACHEL

Shocked at what has happened. She looks off, wishing to
escape.

PREACHER'S VOICE

(moving away)

Cut off from each other -- cut off from
the God in each other -- what can we do?

Rachel's expression narrows.

98 RACHEL's POV TABERNACLE DOORS (FANTASY)

Two sides of the Congregation are visible, the doors sealing the end of the room beyond them. Rev. Wood sits on her platform. The elderly Woman waits at her piano. Suddenly Rachel enters from behind CAMERA, and rushes to the doors, but the Usher leaps ahead of her and forces the handles down when she tries to raise them. Rev. Wood leaves her platform to chase her. The pianist plays fiercely, but without SOUND. Rachel turns at bay, tries to duck past the advancing Rev. Wood.

PREACHER'S VOICE

Can't we be what we are? Human? Isn't that our first and final obligation, to be more and more what we are, more and more the thing God made us, more and more the image God made us? His? Mine? Man's? Look at the nearest stranger! The human being in front of you, or next to you that you don't know! Look in his eye! Who is he? Don't you know? He's you! You're him! And you're both suffering because you can't say what you want to to each other! What do you want to say? Look at him! What do you feel? Hmm? Say it then!

VOICE

(shyly)

I love you.

PREACHER'S VOICE

Oh, God! Listen to what's said in this room!

OTHER VOICES

I love you!

98A CLOSEUP RACHEL

Sitting as she was before the fantasy, her hand now covering her eyes. She looks haggard and very apprehensive.

OTHER VOICE

(louder)

I love you.

98B MED. SHOT PREACHER

Excited

CONTINUED

98B CONT PREACHER

Do you know what that is, to say that? In this life? In this world? It's happening! Yes! Yes! The thing that's given by God through us to one another! The greatest Gift of the Spirit! Don't you feel it happening?

98C REV. WOOD

 REV. WOOD

 Praise God! Praise the Lord. Don't you love the
 Lord with all your hearts?

98D LONGER ANGLE PREACHER

 CONGREGATION

 Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Thank the
 Lord.

The Preacher starts to prowl again, along the rows. He comes to the Old Man in the wheelchair where he has been parked behind others, in a corner.

PREACHER

Would you come out in front, old man?
Would you bring him, please?
(brings the Blind Woman
forward, into first row)

Would you? Thank you.
(brings out man with
mourning band on sleeve)

You, too, sir.
(reaches for Rachel)

You, ma'am.

CAMERA MOVES closer.

CONTINUED

98D CONTD

RACHEL
(hardly audible)
I'd rather not --

PREACHER
(quiet)
Don't be afraid.
(pulls gently)
You mustn't be afraid.

CALLA
(whispers)
Go.

The Preacher draws the resisting Rachel forward, looks at the hand he holds. He speaks gently, so quietly that only those in the immediate vicinity can hear.

PREACHER
Are you so frightened of my hand?

RACHEL
(faint, not looking)
No --

PREACHER
It's only a hand. It won't harm you.
Don't you know that?

RACHEL
Yes --

PREACHER
Five fingers. To hold with. To hold
on with. Would you hold onto me?

RACHEL
(faint)
No --

PREACHER
I think you want to.
(she shakes her head)
I think you do. Be willing. Please.
(he places her arms
around his neck)
Please.

99 INT: RACHEL'S CELLAR MOVING SHOT NIALL NIGHT

CAMERA HURRIES with Niall as he carries Child Rachel out of the embalming area. Her cheek is pressed hard against his. Tears flow from her eyes but she makes no other sign of crying.

CONTD

99 CONTD

PREACHER'S VOICE
Allow what you're feeling.

100 CLOSEUP RACHEL (WITH PREACHER)

Her cheek is pressed against the Preacher's for a moment.
Her eyes are closed.

PREACHER
Say "Love" with me. Say it. Love. It's
just a word. Don't be embarrassed. Say
it. Love.
(she opens her eyes, draws
away slightly)
All right. Will you all stand, please?

Gently, still, he disengages her. ANGLE WIDENS as he places
her between the Beautiful Boy and the Farmer. MOVE TIGHT on
her hands as the Preacher picks them up and puts them into
the hands of the Farmer and the Beautiful Boy, crossing her
arms in front of her body to do so. Everyone has risen.

PREACHER'S VOICE
. My friends, I believe the Lord is here
this very minute, wanting to help us!

MOVE UP onto Rachel's face. She is trembling. Her eyes are
shut again.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
Think of light. White. Blank. Empty.

CALLA'S VOICE
(echo)
You just look at it against the light
and everything gets very calm and quiet.

101 LOW ANGLE TREE DAY

Blinding sun flashes down through the branches. PAN DOWN
the trunk to discover Rachel lying beneath the tree, shading
her eyes as she looks up through the branches. CAMERA TILTS
past her face to show Nick, whose nude torso appears in an
aureole of light and bends towards her.

PREACHER'S VOICE
Oh, Lord, please help these people!
Please free these people from all
their suffering!

102 INT: TABERNACLE CLOSE SHOT RACHEL

As she opens her eyes and looks up.

PREACHER'S VOICE
The church of the Apostles, the church
of Peter, the church of Paul --

102A RACHEL'S POV PREACHER (FANTASY)

He is seen in an aureole of light, almost as Nick was, and
he is naked too.

PREACHER
--the church of Philip who converted
Simon the Sorcerer -- this very church --
this church of the ancients --

102B RACHEL'S POV CALLA (FANTASY)

Naked, against light, frozen in an attitude of supplication,
as if to draw the Spirit in from the ceiling.

PREACHER'S VOICE
--this very church did indeed practice
and enjoy to the fullest, every gift of
the Spirit --

103 MED. SHOT RACHEL

Standing between the Farmer and the Beautiful Boy. Calla,
seen behind her, is fully clothed.

PREACHER 'S VOICE
--each and every Gift of the Spirit!
Join hands, please. Join hands in an
endless chain of love the living God
can pass through!

104 CLOSE SHOTS HANDS

In SILENCE, we see hands reaching across bodies to grasp
other hands -- men and women, children and old people,
linking the rows, bridging the aisles.

105 RACHEL

As she looks helplessly down at the arms crossed in front of
her.

105A PREACHER

His eyes are shut, his hands raised high in benediction.

PREACHER

"Now there are diversities of Gifts,
but the same Spirit!"

105B RACHEL'S POV HER RIGHT HAND

Trapped in the great purple paw of the Farmer. PAN UP to
show the Farmer's face as he listens, rapt.

PREACHER'S VOICE

"For to one is given by the Spirit
the word of wisdom."

105C RACHEL'S POV HER LEFT HAND

Embraced by the Beautiful Boy's. He is exerting pressure on
it, but it is reflexive, like a child's twitching in its
sleep. PAN UP to his face, emptied, prepared for ecstasy.

PREACHER'S VOICE

"To another, the Gift of healing."

105D CLOSEUP RACHEL

Her eyes are shut tightly. She is biting her lip.

PREACHER'S VOICE

"To another, the working of Miracles."

105E OLD MAN IN WHEELCHAIR

Expectant. Tears slide down his cheeks. His Companion lifts
the eyeglasses to wipe away the tears under them.

PREACHER'S VOICE

"To another, prophesy."

105F LOW ANGLE PREACHER

PREACHER

"To another, divers kinds of Tongues!"

Silence.

105G CLOSE SHOT REV. WOOD

His eyes are shut too, in transport. He begins to move.
PAN DOWN to show his hand as it starts BEATING against
the top of the piano, making a hollow, rhythmic sound.

106 THREE SHOT RACHEL, FARMER, BEAUTIFUL BOY (BOOM)

Rachel slumps, but her crossed arms prevent her from falling.
The farmer and the Beautiful Boy tighten their grip. A terrifying
NOISE arises, cued by the one Rev. Wood is making -- the CLOMP,
CLOMP, CLOMP of feet, like an army in lock-step crossing a bridge.
The Farmer and the Beautiful Boy begin to sway in time to it,
rocking back and forth from foot to foot, moving the resisting
Rachel with them. PULL UP AND BACK to reveal the ENTIRE CON-
GREGATION, caught in the grip of the swaying, each worshipper
linked to his neighbor.

106A PREACHER

His head is thrown back, his eyes are staring. His mouth opens
and noise pours from it, the fervent, rapid joyful noise of
Speaking in Tongues.

PREACHER

Galamani halafaka tabinata carafoya lal
lal unfranti --!

106B RACHEL'S EYES

As they snap open in terror.

PREACHER'S VOICE

Mana nuna pollani qua --!

SECOND MAN'S VOICE

(overlapping)
Lal mio fanak quemak kalnee!

REV. WOOD'S VOICE

Thank you, Lord.

Rachel's eyes look right.

107 RACHEL'S POV HEAD AND CHEST SHOT BEAUTIFUL BOY

Swaying, naked, flowers in his hair. He is in ecstasy.

107A CLOSEUP RACHEL'S EYES

Looking front again, zombie-like.

PREACHER'S VOICE
Fana taigu meefa keelo flori seelowaneee!

REV. WOOD'S VOICE
Amen! Amen! Thanks, Lord!

107B RACHEL'S POV HEAD AND CHEST SHOT FARMER

Swaying, transported. He, too, is naked. Except for his sunbaked face and neck, his body is frogbelly white.

107C REAR VIEW OLD MAN

In fantasy, too. Only his naked shoulders, neck and arms are visible above the back of the wheelchair. He raises his cane in the air like an offering. A WOMAN'S VOICE begins to keen like some one-stringed violin out of the East. Then it breaks into a SCREAM of protest and denial.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Naaaahh! Naaahh!

107D RACHEL'S EYES

Tightly shut, as she sways from side to side.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
Don't, Calla! Please, please don't!

107E RACHEL'S HAND

Interlocked with the Farmer's, hers writhing to get away. The WOMAN'S VOICE falls into short, panting sounds of a terrible privacy, either of intense pain or sexual release.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Aahh! Aahh! Aahh! Aahh! Aahh!

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
(as the other goes on)
Make her stop screaming! Please, God, don't let her be a fool! Don't, Calla! People should keep themselves to themselves! Oh -- please! Help her!

108 RACHEL'S POV LIGHT BULB

Blinding white.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Aahh! Aahh! Aahh!

PAN DOWN to show people staring into CAMERA, their outlines dazzled by the light behind them: the Farmer, Calla, others -- all dressed normally, all concerned. The Woman's Voice continues.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

(a scream of recognition as
the other goes on)

That's not Calla's voice! That's
mine! Oh, my God! That's the voice
of Rachel!

MOVE now to show Rachel, half-lying, half-kneeling, hysterical yet at peace, her eyes shut, weeping, smiling, seeking closeness, as both hands clutch the hand of the Beautiful Boy against her cheek, and she kisses it over and over.

RACHEL

Aah! Aahh! Aahh!

Calla, embarrassed, tries to drag her away, but she will not be separated from the hand for a moment. The action makes her seize Calla's hand and press that close to her face. Her eyes are still closed. The Beautiful Boy moves in to assist, BLACKING OUT the screen.

109 - 130 OMITTED

131 INT: CALLA'S APARTMENT POV LONG SHOT CALLA NIGHT

Calla is making up a bed on a studio couch, moving carefully, as if afraid to wake someone. She interrupts what she is doing to take a sip of brandy from a snifter she is carrying around with her. CAMERA MOVES to include Rachel, who lies on a second studio couch, under the covers. She is watching Calla.

RACHEL

Calla --?

CALLA

(startled)

Oh! You're awake! You were sleeping
there like a little baby --

(takes up second snifter

and bottle, comes to Rachel)

How do you feel? You okay now?

CONT'D

131 CONTD

RACHEL

When did --?

CALLA

(sits beside her)

I didn't think you should go home till
you had a chance to sleep it off, so I
just --

(laughs)

---yanked off your shoes and threw a
blanket on you. Are you okay now?
You want a little snort to help you
come to?

RACHEL

How long did I go on doing that?

CALLA

Here -- have a little taste. You had
me scared to death, honey --

RACHEL

(pushes drink away)

How long, Calla?

CALLA

A couple of minutes, maybe. It was
nothing.

RACHEL

Was I loud?

CALLA

It was a little, tiny voice -- you
could hardly hear it --

RACHEL

Tell me what happened --

CALLA

I don't know -- you were on the floor
and --

RACHEL

(breaks down)

Oh, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!

CALLA

Nothing bad happened, honestly, Rachel!
Oh, don't do that! I feel so responsible!

(holds her)

Don't do that, honey. It wasn't even a
religious experience -- you just got --
Don't do that --!

CONTD

131 CONTD (2)

RACHEL

I told you I shouldn't have gone there --
I made such a fool of myself --

CALLA

(caressing her)

We're all fools. You can't be part
of the human race and not be a fool
to somebody --

RACHEL

I'm so scared of what I'll do next,
I can't trust myself, Calla --

CALLA

Honey, honey! Poor honey-lamb!
(kisses her cheek)

It practically kills me to see you
like this --

Calla kisses Rachel's lips. For a moment Rachel seems almost
to accept it, then she draws back in terror and stares at Calla.

CALLA

(equally frightened)

Oh, God, Rachel! I didn't mean that!

Rachel breaks away, snatches up her shoes, and hurries out
the door. Calla screams.

CALLA

Oh, honey! Oh, God!

132 EXT: CALLA'S APARTMENT NIGHT

As Rachel runs down the stairs, still carrying her shoes,
and Calla runs out to call after her:

CALLA

See? Now I'm a fool too! I'm a fool,
too, Rachel! See?

Rachel runs faster and faster, CAMERA GOING with her, BLURRING
everything she passes.

133 EXT: WOODS DOLLY SHOT CHILD RACHEL DAY

Crashing through the BLURRING trees, her hair streaming out
behind her as she WHINNIES like a horse. CAMERA STOPS and
HOLDS to show her galloping into the distance, out of the
woods, disappearing into a meadow where wild flowers grow.

134 EXT: MEADOW LOW ANGLE FLOWERS DAY

As the adult Rachel, wearing a floppy hat and carrying a book, bends to gather the flowers into a bouquet.

135 EXT: COUNTRY ROAD MOVING SHOT RACHEL DAY

The countryside simmers. Rachel walks along, carrying the bouquet she has just gathered.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

I don't know what to do with myself, so I just -- I don't know -- walk. I must be a famous fixture of the countryside by now. These ruts you see, ladies and gentlemen, weren't made by wagon-wheels heading out west. They were made by Miss Cameron in her sensible shoes!

136-137 OMITTED

138 EXT: CEMETERY MOVING POV GRAVES DAY (HAND-HELD)

CAMERA SLOWS and HOLDS on the Cameron marker. Beneath the family banner is inscribed: NIAL (1893-1953), MAY MCKENZIE (1897 -), and RACHEL (1933 -), Rachel stops by the grave and stuffs her bouquet of wild flowers into a cracked vase she finds there. A crow CAWS in the woods nearby. Rachel listens to the lonely sound.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

Could a person be like Calla and not know it, I wonder? And if she were, could a man tell?

Rachel rises. CAMERA PANS to shoot across the grave as she walks away. There is a sudden explosion of crows CAWING in the woods.

139-140 OMITTED

141 EXT: CROSSROADS MOVING POV DAY (HAND-HELD)

Where a dirt road crosses the macadam there is a power pole. Scabrous home-made wooden arrows on it point in

141 CONTD

various directions, each bearing a name. Among them is KAZLIK DAIRY FARM. We MOVE IN on that sign, CIRCLE the pole, and HOLD to show Rachel standing on the macadam, regarding the name. She glances down the road it points to.

142 EXT: DIRT ROAD - RACHEL'S P.O.V. - DAY

shooting past her face, down the road that leads to the dairy. Only trees and stone walls are in sight. From far away comes the hoarse, high BUGLING of a bull and nearby, the busy HUMMING of the insects. Rachel slaps at a gnat. Then she tries to light a cigarette, but the match goes out. She succeeds on the second try.

CONTINUED

142 CONTD

Now, bracing herself, she starts down the dirt road towards the Kazlik farm.

143-145 OMITTED

146 EXT: DIRT ROAD - MED. SHOT - RACHEL - DAY (BOOM)

She comes along the road, hunched over her book and looking straight ahead. The cigarette has burned down. She steps on it and keeps walking. BOOM BACK and HIGH to show her, small on the road, and the Kazlik dairy farm with its house and barns spreading away to the right. Cows stand in the barnyard. After a moment, Nick comes out of the milk-house and watches Rachel from the distance. He is wearing work-clothes.

147 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - RACHEL - (HAND-HELD)

In profile as she forces herself past the farm. She is aware of Nick in the distance but cannot look at him. A cow MOOS in the pasture. Birds CHATTER. Rachel's FOOTSTEPS grate on the pebbly road. She is almost past Nick before he calls:

NICK

Yo!

She continues to extremity of FRAME.

NICK

Yo! Rachel!

She stops, her breath exploding.

RACHEL

(looks back, shades
her eyes)
Who's that? Nick Kazlik?

NICK

What you doing? Taking a walk?

RACHEL

I'm going down to the river to
read. How are you?

NICK

Tell you tonight if you want
to take in a movie --

RACHEL

I'd have to check with my
Social Secretary first.

147 CONTD

NICK

You do that and I'll see you at eight.

RACHEL

Thank you very much.

NICK

What?

RACHEL

I said okay.

He waves and returns to the milk-house. Still holding herself stiffly, she walks on -- terrified at herself. An old CHEVVIE putt-putts out of the distance -- a FARMER, his wife, and TWO KIDS. As they pass, the farmer calls to her:

FARMER

Hi!

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

(as she waggles her fingers)
Hi. Hiya. Hah or yah. How are you.
Hoo-dje-dew. How'dya double-do?
That's what "Hi" means.

She looks back at Nick's farm, and when she looks forward again, she is smiling.

148 INT: RACHEL'S LIVING-ROOM - DUSK

Mother is sitting on the couch watching TV. She has the set very close. Through the living-room door we see Rachel come out of the bathroom and hurry, in her slip, across the landing to her bedroom.

MOTHER

Where are you going? Are you going out someplace?

RACHEL

(disappearing into bedroom)
To a movie.

MOTHER

(turns off TV and rises)
Oh? What's on? Maybe I'll come too.

148 CONTD

RACHEL'S VOICE
I'm going with somebody -

MOTHER
Oh? I see. Well.

In this private moment she seems to shrink and become old suddenly, old and lost. She goes out of the living-room and crosses the landing.

149 INT: RACHEL'S BEDROOM - MED SHOT - RACHEL - DUSK

She is at her closet, slipping a black sheath dress over her head.

MOTHER
(appearing in
the doorway)
Who you going with? Calla?

RACHEL
(zipping her
dress)
No. Nick.

MOTHER
Who?

RACHEL
Kazlik. I told you he was here.

MOTHER
You've been out a few evenings,
Rachel -

RACHEL
(brushing her
hair)
For walks. Alone. I've seen
Nick exactly twice. Once at
the Regal, which you know, and
today when I happened to go by
his father's farm -

MOTHER
I didn't ask whether you'd seen
him at all, dear, so you don't
have to attack me.
(leaving)
Anyhow, you could have warned
me. I could have invited one
of the girls over to keep me
company so I wouldn't have to
be alone here -

149 CONTD

She EXITS. Rachel lays down her hairbrush and shakes her head.

RACHEL

Mother - maybe I shouldn't go at all.

She rises and EXITS too.

150 INT: LANDING - NIGHT

Mother is returning to the living-room. Rachel follows her part-way. A car HORN blows outside.

RACHEL

Mother?

MOTHER

(entering living-room)

Don't pay any attention to me, dear - you know how I dramatize. Know what I'm going to do? I'm going to vacuum the whole house, from top to bottom!

RACHEL

Mother! You're not! You're not going to lug that heavy machine around!

MOTHER

We haven't cleaned under that big couch since Christmas, Rachel -

RACHEL

You are not going to do it tonight! You are not going to move that couch!

The HORN blows again. Mother smiles.

MOTHER

How'm I going to clean under it if I don't move it, smartie?

RACHEL

Promise not to! Please -

MOTHER

(turns on TV)

I'll see -

150 CONTD

RACHEL
Promise me, Mother!

MOTHER
Shoofly! It's not nice to keep
a man waiting.

RACHEL
Mother -

MOTHER
Shoo!

The HORN blows three times, impatiently. Rachel turns.

MOTHER
Try to have fun, dear.

The TV SOUND comes on and Rachel flies downstairs.

EXT: RACHEL'S HOUSE - DUSK

Rachel comes out of the house fast, then stops short as she sees only the hearse in the driveway. The HORN honks again. Nick is parked at the curb, in a dusty Ford. Rachel fans herself in an exaggerated gesture of relief -- performed for his benefit -- then lopes across the lawn to him, CAMERA GOING with her.

RACHEL
Hello

PAN to show Nick lean over from the driver's seat to open the door for her. He wears an open-neck Banlon shirt, no jacket or tie.

NICK
(gesturing at hearse)
I'm sorry I didn't pull into the
drive but if I parked behind that
thing, I'd feel like I was next
in line.

RACHEL
(laughs as she
gets in)
Oh, listen! Don't I know!

The car SHRIEKS away in an agony of burning rubber.

152 INT: MOVIE THEATRE - MED SHOT - RACHEL - NIGHT

She sits alone. The AUDIENCE is sparse and somnolent -- an impression of shoes on the backs of seats, popcorn, some TEENAGE commotion that has nothing to do with the picture. The door at the head of the aisle opens. Rachel looks to see who came in. It is only the USHERETTE. The door opens again. This time it is Nick. Rachel pushes down his seat as if she were preparing his bed. He dumps himself into it and hands her a bag of M & M's.

NICK

Here. To make up for taking
so long --

RACHEL

Didn't you get something for
yourself?

He grins at her cockily, pulls a can of beer from the belt beneath his shirt, and shows it to her.

NICK

Now, you see, there's a technique
to this because they go off like
cherry bombs, and if the manager
hears -- you know -- no drinking
on the premises, and so forth --
so --

(takes out a
pocket-knife
opener)

-- if it's a comedy, you wait till
everyone's laughing -- or if it's
one of those epics, you wait for
the volcano or the chariot race
or something -- but when it's
quite, like now, you have to
create your own diversionary action --

(he sneezes wildly,
at the same time
opening the can)

Ar-AH-hoo! Ar-AH-humph!

(shows her the
beer, triumphant)

Ta-daah!

A flashlight beam hits him full in the face.

USHERETTE'S VOICE

I'm sorry, sir -- no drinking.

He wilts. Rachel laughs. He seizes her hand, start OUT.

152 CONTD

NICK
Let's get out of here --

153 INT. ROADHOUSE BAR - CLOSE SHOT - BEER STEINS - NIGHT
Two beer steins CLASH together.

NICK'S VOICE
Come on -- you too --

Rachel's hand enters with a coke bottle and CLASHES
it against the steins.

DON, RACHEL, NICK
Cheers!

FOCUS reverses to show Nick drinking.

NICK
To you -- to you -- to me --

MOVE to include Rachel sitting on a stool, turned away
from the bar, and DON, a bartender of Nick's age.

DON
Nick, I've got to tell you --
your old man was in earlier.

NICK
Oh, gee, thanks, Don! You really
add to the spirit of the evening
with information like that --

DON
He was looking for you --

NICK
Under what name? Mine or my
brother's?
(Don is silent)
Yeah. Well. Next time tell
him to look in the graveyard.

RACHEL
(wishing to be
included)
Nick -- ?

NICK
Three times this week he's called
me "Steve."

153 CONTD

RACHEL

Oh, but that's awful -- !

NICK

Don't waste your sympathy. Wily bastard's as lucid as I am. It's all part of a plot to make me take over the farm --

DON

You're the bastard, you bastard. My heart really bleeds. Three hundred acres of the best bottom-land in the county, and a mob of Holsteins money couldn't buy. If I had --

NICK

(interrupts)

I hate cows! That's all! I'm not Steve. I don't go into ecstasies every time I'm downwind of a cow-flop. Okay?

DON

Okay!

NICK

(quiet, to Rachel)

I don't like the way they parade around nude in mixed company. I think they should either wear brassieres or go to jail. What about you?

RACHEL

Well, they have got pretty eyelashes. They always look as if they'd spent hours putting on their make-up.

NICK

Don thinks I'm anti-Russian 'cause my old man's Ukrainian, right? Wrong! It's because there's a cow in "Mos-cow."

DON

(to Rachel)

That feeble little attempt at humor was for your benefit, Rachel.

(MORE)

153 CONTD (2)

DON (Contd)

I wish you'd stick around. You
don't know the gloom he's laid
on me all week.

Done LEAVES to wait on other customers. A pause.

RACHEL

Were you gloomy?

NICK

It's complicated --

RACHEL

Because I can't imagine any-
one with laugh-lines like you
have being gloomy very long.

(he looks at her)

Unless they're not laugh-lines.
People who spend a lot of time
outdoors sometimes squint a lot --

NICK

(looking away)

We really go at each other like
mastadons sometimes --

RACHEL

You and your --

NICK

(reliving it)

We really tromp each other. Whew!

RACHEL

Well, don't you think people who
love each other, often --

NICK

Love? You heard what he calls
me. I should have been the one
in the basket --

RACHEL

(stopped)

I see.

(a pause -- she'd
like to hold his
hand)

Mother-spiders and father-spiders

(MORE)

153 CONTD (3)

RACHEL (Continued)
and brother-spiders. I guess we
all have our share, haven't we?
Even the ones we thought were
gone are still right with us --

NICK
Step on a spider, it wriggles
till the sun goes down.

RACHEL
I thought snakes did that.

NICK
Same thing. I like you, Rachel.

RACHEL
Thank you, Nick.

Nick
Don? Want to shoot me another beer?

Rachel looks at Nick. PAN with her look. He is un-
aware of her studying him as he waits for his beer,
finishing the one he has. He looks vulnerable suddenly,
attractive.

153-A INT. ROADHOUSE BAR - TIGHT TWO SHOT - RACHEL & NICK
(FANTASY)

They are dancing together beautifully and intimately.
As they dance, Nick bends to kiss her. They stop
dancing as the kiss grows more involved.

NICK'S VOICE
Boy, when you look at a person,
you really look!

154 OMITTED

155 INT: ROADHOUSE BAR - RACHEL & NICK - NIGHT

as she is surprised out of her reverie. They are still
at the bar.

RACHEL
I'm -- was I staring again?

NICK
Through a lorgnette -- right
across to the wrong side of the
tracks --

155 CONTD

RACHEL

I didn't know you were touchy about that. My ancestors came over on an immigrant ship too, you know. We just got here sooner --

NICK

You don't have to apologize --
 (touches her face
 for the first time)
What did you think of us? What did you Limey kids think of us Bohunk kids, way back then?

RACHEL

I used -- I think I used to envy you --

NICK

Why? Did you think we spent all our time getting laid and doing gay Slavic dances?

Rachel looks down. Nick's smile is tender. Don plays the JUKEBOX.

NICK

I've embarrassed you again -- like when I said I was looking for a little action. I'm sorry.--

RACHEL

 (faintly)
Sometimes you don't sound very much like a teacher, that's all.

NICK

"O let none say I Love until aware
What huge resources it will take
 to nurse
One ruining speck, one tiny hair
That casts a shadow through the
 universe -- "

Is that better? Let's dance.

RACHEL

I can only do the box step.

NICK

Want to go someplace with me?
 (she gazes at him)
Someplace?

155 CONTD (2)

RACHEL

My mother has kind of an uncertain heart -- I mean I'm always worried in case anything happens while I'm out -- so I guess the evening's over --

NICK

Mother spiders weave very stocky webs.

156 EXT: RACHEL'S HOUSE - INT: CAR - CU - NICK - NIGHT

He is in the car. The engine is off. He looks patiently past CAMERA. Night SOUNDS of crickets and frogs.

157 NICK'S P.O.V. - RACHEL

Turned away from him, toward the house, poised motionless, her hand on the handle of the open door. Hector's pulsating funeral sign is visible beyond her.

NICK'S VOICE

(quietly)

I want to go, I want to stay.
He loves me, he loves me not.
Should I make the big decision
for you?

RACHEL

(very faint, still
not facing him)

Please --

NICK

(gentle)

Okay then, close the door.

She hesitates, then does so. He reaches across and takes her hand.

158 EXT: CAR - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

He starts the car as she looks front. He is holding her hand.

NICK

How polite and well-brought-up
you are. "Please" and
"Thank you" for everything.

The engine catches and he starts away again.

159 EXT: MEADOW - NIGHT

Only Nick's hand and foot are seen, spreading two strands of barbed wire apart that cut across the screen. Rachel comes from Nick's parked car, bends carefully between the wires, and passes through.

160 EXT: ROUGH PASTURE SLOPE - NIGHT

Nick walks through alone, carrying a folded blanket under his arm. When he has cleared, Rachel walks through, trying to avoid the hillocks and the stumbling-places.

161 ANOTHER VIEW - FROM BEHIND RACHEL (HAND-HELD)

CAMERA MOVES behind her as Nick precedes her down the slope. The SOUND of a river flowing comes clearly from the distance.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
Please God, let me make this
unimportant!

162 EXT: RIVERBANK - NIGHT

The blanket is SNAPPED in front of the lens. It hovers for an instant, then sinks onto the stubble grass. Nick's foot tramps it down, revealing the narrow river with wooded fields on the other side. Rachel stands like the last, pale pillar of a ruined temple.

RACHEL
(a bit shrilly)
You're very thoughtful to have
brought that along.

NICK
That's me. Gallant to the
end. Have a seat.

She sits rather formally and arranges her dress with a primness she despises but cannot avoid. Her eyes are cast down. Just off CAMERA, Nick is undressing. His shirt lands on the blanket. One shoeless leg enters FRAME and he pulls his trousers off.

NICK'S VOICE
It's a balmy night.

Rachel looks up, then quickly down again. MOVE CLOSE on her. Nick, seen above the waist, scrunches in behind her. He is now naked. He begins to kiss her neck which is bowed in a sort of genuflection and exposed as if waiting for the axe. Her dress is still on.

NICK
(a murmur)
You have beautiful skin.

RACHEL
(a murmur)
Thank you.

He turns her around to really kiss her. CAMERA MOVES to include both TIGHT IN PROFILE. He breaks the kiss.

162 CONTD

NICK

(a murmur)

Touch me.

She touches his shoulder, then traces his chest delicately with one finger, exploring him in the gentlest way. He seizes her and kisses her again. He breaks. She reaches up and touches her lips to his, almost as if tasting them.

163 VERY CLOSE - REAR VIEW - RACHEL'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS

The hills across the river are blurred. Nick's hand enters and undoes the zipper of her dress. The hand withdraws.

RACHEL

(a murmur)

The moon's too bright. (I
can see the cemetery.)

NICK'S VOICE

(a murmur)

("The grave's a fine and
private place
But none, I think, do there
embrace.")

He leans in and kisses the back of her neck. She pulls the dress over her head, sits motionless. His hand reaches up from where he is lying beside her and starts to remove the strap of her slip. She covers his hand with hers, restraining him. He tries again, but her grip tightens.

NICK'S VOICE

What's wrong?

RACHEL

(head bowed)

I just want it to be so --

NICK'S VOICE

Good Lord, love, don't worry. It's
never much good the first time.

RACHEL

Is it so obvious then?

NICK'S VOICE

Is what so obvious?

163 CONTD

RACHEL

That it's the first time for
me --

NICK'S VOICE

You don't have to play the
virgin, Rachel. I'm not going
to go around saying you're a
whore --

MOVE VERY TIGHT as she takes his hand from her shoulder,
spreads the fingers and examines them.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

He didn't even know! Even when I
told him! He meant the first time
people are together, not what I
meant at all.

(kisses his palm,
puts it against
her cheek)

Nick. Nick. Do you think I'd
lie to protect my reputation?
I want to hire a thousand
aeroplanes to write it all
over the sky, that Miss
Cameron has lost her reputation.

She slides his hand around to the back of her neck,
then allows herself to be drawn slowly out of FRAME.

164 CLOSE PROFILE SHOT - RACHEL

Seen against the grass, her eyes staring up. The
SOUND of the river. Nick leans in and kisses her

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

Oh, Nick! I've had lovers in my
thoughts, but you are real.
You're real and I'm here. You're
Nick. I'm here. You're real --

165 HIGH CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

Her hair is rumpled. One arm is flung across her
forehead. Her eyes and lips are shut tightly, almost
as they were in the Tabernacle. The SOUND of the
river flowing.

165 CONTD

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
Oh, Nick! I can't help this
shuddering that has nothing to
do with desire. It's just
muscles and skin and jumping
nerves, all severed from myself,
and nothing to do with what I
want to be, or give to you.
Forgive me. Forgive me.

166 GROUND LEVEL - RACHEL AND NICK

Lying on their sides, facing each other. We see only
her bare arm encircling his bare back.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
Now I don't care about anything --
except this peace -- this pride
-- this holding him --

CAMERA MOVES CLOSE on her hand, closer and closer until
the screen is BLACK.

167 INT: RACHEL'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

She steps away from CAMERA, revealing the stairway as
she starts to climb.

168 INT: UPPER HALL - NIGHT (HAND-HELD)

Rachel rises into FRAME at the head of the stairs. A
clock is TICKING loudly.

MOTHER'S VOICE
(cheerily)
Who's that?

WHIP PAN to show mother in bed in her room. The lamp
is on.

MOTHER
Cinderella home from the ball?

RACHEL ENTERS and CAMERA GOES with her as she crosses
to her mother's room, past the Grandfather Clock whose
hands stand past midnight.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
She must stuff herself with benze-
drine on evenings I go out!

168 CONTD

MOTHER

You must have had a nice evening, dear, to stay out so late --

CAMERA GOES with Rachel into Mother's room, RESTS on Mother who looks exhausted and frightened, but shows a merry facade.

PAN to Rachel.

RACHEL

We drove around. It was a lovely evening.

169 EXT: RIVERBANK - HIGH TWO SHOT - RACHEL AND NICK - NIGHT

Lying on their backs, looking up, only their heads and shoulders showing. Rachel still wears her slip. He is smoking. She watches him, kisses his cheek. He looks at her.

MOTHER'S VOICE

Well, I hope you didn't catch cold. The wind seemed chilly to me. I opened my window, then I shut it again.

RACHEL'S VOICE

Did you take your heart pill?

MOTHER'S VOICE

No. Forgot to take my sleepy-bye pill too. I feel so wide-awake and bright-eyed --

170 CLOSE SHOT - MOTHER'S HAND

As Rachel's hand pours twenty or thirty sleeping pills into it, from a bottle.

RACHEL

These should help you go sleepy-bye.

PAN UP with Mother's hand as she swallows the pills and follows it with a glass of water Rachel gives her, which she drinks down noisily. She dies. Rachel pulls the sheet across her face.

171 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
I don't mean it! If I think that
way, it's liable to happen --

PAN as she bends to arrange her mother's pillows. The
old lady helps her, very much alive. Then, as Rachel
rests her against them, Mother takes her hand.

MOTHER
Rachel -- is it serious?

RACHEL
Do you wish it were, or do
you wish it weren't?

Mother can't reply; Rachel kisses her.

RACHEL
Goodnight, Mother. Sleep.

She turns off the lamp and goes OUT.

172 INT: RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shooting her reflection in the dressing-table mirror as
she studies herself in the moonlight.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
Does it show? Can a miracle happen
and never show? Oh, Nick -- to
know that I even feel this way --

173 INT: KITCHEN - LONG SHOT - RACHEL

Sitting barefoot in her robe, dunking graham crackers
into a glass of Ovaltine until they go soggy, then
trying to get them to her mouth before the soggy part
breaks off. CAMERA MOVES CLOSER imperceptibly. The
INNER VOICE continues unbroken from the preceding scene.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
-- no matter what the terms are --
I don't care -- I just don't care --

NICK'S VOICE
Rachel -- Look, honey, I'm not
such a whizz at saying things --

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
He didn't say "whizz" and he didn't
(MORE)

173 CONTD

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE (Contd)
call me "honey." He didn't call
me anything at all --

NICK'S VOICE
What I mean is -- do you think
that life being married to a
high school teacher would be --

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
He'd never say that. All he
said was that he liked my skin --
and he said --

She pauses, a cracker half-way to her lips.

174 EXT: RIVERBANK - HIGH TWO SHOT - RACHEL & NICK - NIGHT

Still lying on their backs, Nick smoking. He looks at
her, then moves close to WHISPER something.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
-- he said "Fix yourself up when
you get home." That's all.

Nick sits out of FRAME - she lies, thinking.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
But how can I? Unless Mother has
something -- some antique, rubber
museum piece that -- that you can
still smell the disinfectant on --

She reaches out and pulls her dress to her from where
she left it on the grass, then sits up, blacking out
FRAME.

175 INT: BATHROOM - FULL SHOT - RACHEL

Her back to us, standing on a laundry hamper, reaching
into a cupboard high above the sink. She pulls out the
thing she is searching for, in a wrinkled paper bag.

176 OMITTED

177 INT: RACHEL'S BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL - NIGHT

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
Oh, Nick -- I know I didn't do well --
(MORE)

177 CONTD

 RACHEL'S INNER VOICE (Contd)
it couldn't have been very nice
for you --
 (her voice breaks
 with tears)
God, please! Whoever you are,
please let him see me again --
so I can make it up to him --
just so I can cancel out the
clumsiness.

178 INT: KITCHEN - CLOSE SHOT - CLOCK - NIGHT

The hands stand at 8:45.

 RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
It's twelve days, twenty hours,
and forty minutes since I saw you.

179 CLOSE SHOT - BRIDGE SANDWICHES

cut in the shapes of hearts, diamonds, clubs, and
spades -- all arranged in a silver platter.

180 CLOSE SHOT - FLY PAPER

A roll of it, suspended from the ceiling. Some of the
flies are dead. Others still struggle and BUZZ
energetically. PAN DOWN to show Rachel below, sitting
at the kitchen table, fanning herself with a folded
newspaper. CONVERSATION from the bridge-game intrudes
through the door.

180 CONTD

VERLA'S VOICE

One spade. Anyone happen to see
that rotten thing that's on at
the Princess?

HOLLY'S VOICE

Not I, said the little red hen.

MOTHER'S VOICE

Florence, I think you're sitting
on the pencil --

CAMERA is TIGHT on Rachel when the DOORBELL rings. She
sits like a body that had just been shot and is waiting
to fall. Then she rises OUT OF FRAME.

181 INT: DINING ROOM - MOTHER & BRIDGE CRONIES - NIGHT

As Rachel hurries out of the kitchen and past them,
HOLD on the mother's querulous, questioning look.

FLORENCE

I used to think Claudette Colbert
was so sweet and natural -- and
she had such pretty hair --

HOLLY

Oh, and Marguerite Clark -- she
was darling too.

VERLA

That was years ago, Holly.
Years and years ago --!

HOLLY

Well, it doesn't seem years
and years ago to me!

182 INT: FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

as Rachel runs down the last few steps and flings open
the door. There is no one there. She runs OUT on the
porch, CAMERA GOING with her.

RACHEL

Yes?

(calls softly)

Who's there?

After a long beat, Calla steps out from the shadow of
the spruce trees.

182 CONTD

CALLA

I left you a note, but it blew
down. It's on the step --

Rachel finds it, Calla comes nearer.

CALLA

Are you all right?

RACHEL

Yes -- are you?

CALLA

I just hadn't seen you around
anywhere, so I thought something
might be wrong--

RACHEL

No, I'm fine -- just sort of busy --

CALLA

Yeah, well -- I've been sort
of the same way.

(an awkward pause)

Well -- I was just passing by --

Rachel doesn't reply

CALLA

Oh, Rachel, I've been so
miserable!

RACHEL

Calla, it's -- it's Mother's
bridge-night. I'd like to stay
and talk, but --

CALLA

You don't know what it's like --
all I do is stare at the phone --

RACHEL

You build things up out of
all proportion.

CALLA

I'm not asking you to go out,
or even see me socially -- but
if we could have one talk! I
mean if this silence goes on,
it'll be impossible at school --

182 CONTD (2)

RACHEL

I don't see why --

CALLA

(after a pause)

Rachel, I'm sure I'm not what you think. Maybe I'm not anything. I had a few lousy experiences once with some very nice guys, and I tried the -- you know -- the other, but I swear it was the farthest thing from my mind when -- in the woods that night.

(no reply)

You're not going to say anything, right?

RACHEL

I don't know what I'm supposed to say.

CALLA

You might as well give me my letter back. I told you practically all that was in it, and the rest of the confession you don't need --

RACHEL

(hands it back)

I'll call you later in the summer, okay?

CALLA

Sure --

RACHEL

You really look wonderful, Calla --

CALLA

You too.

She turns away. After she has gone, Rachel enters the house and shuts the door.

EXT: RACHEL'S BACK LAWN - CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL - DUSK

Rachel holds a hand of playing cards. She fans herself as she waits for her mother to play.

182A CONTD

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

I don't dare leave the house.
We play Gin endlessly, so she
won't ask to be walked --

PAN to show Mother as she reaches for a card.

MOTHER

Well, I'm just going to take
that dirty old Queen -- what do
you think of them apples?

She chuckles as she arranges her hand. PULL BACK to
show Rachel and the mother sitting on kitchen chairs
at opposite sides of an old, broken wicker table.

RACHEL

Aren't you going to discard?

MOTHER

Oh, look. There's Hector --
hello, Hector!

HECTOR JONAS, a plump, youngish man in a very bad wig,
has driven up in a hearse and gotten out.

HECTOR

How are my favorite big gamblers
this evening?

MOTHER

Scalding! Can't you do something
about the humidity, Hector? If
you were a real friend, you would.

HECTOR

(holds up paper bag)
I've got two quarts of ripple-
fudge ice-cream in this bag and
I'd love to accomodate you girls
before it melts --

RACHEL

Not I, thanks, I'm the vanilla
girl -- or was.

MOTHER

Cold, rich things only make you
warmer on a warm day, Hector.

HECTOR

I tried --

182A CONTD (2)

MOTHER

(as Hector EXITS)

I finally wormed out of him why
he smells so much nicer than your
father did. He smells exactly
like a pine tree.

182B EXT: BACK LAWN - RACHEL'S P.O.V. - CELLAR DOORS - DUSK

Suddenly the doors open and fall aside as Niall starts
to climb out -- like a man who has been shut up in a
mine. Then the image vanishes and the doors are as they
were before. It has all taken only an instant.

182C EXT: BACK LAWN - RACHEL AND MOTHER - DUSK

Rachel, in f.g., still looks past CAMERA as she recalls
the vision. BLURRED in b.g., Mother continues to
chatter.

MOTHER

You know what Hector told me?
They put perfume in the embalming
fluid now! Pine, cedar, roses --
any pretty scent you like --

182D INT: RACHEL'S LIVING-ROOM - DOOR - DUSK

as Niall comes in, dressed as he was below, in his
rumped, white medical coat. He sways in the doorway,
trying to maintain his dignity, then walks slowly and
deliberately towards his chair, CAMERA GOING with him.
As CAMERA PASSES the child Rachel, it STOPS and HOLDS
on her.

MOTHER'S VOICE

Dadda always smelled of formal-
dehyde. It stuck to his clothes --
it clung to everything he touched --

182E LONG SHOT - CHILD RACHEL'S P.O.V. - NIALL AND MOTHER

Mother, dressed and coiffed in the style of 1940, takes
Niall's medical coat off and carries it, like a dead
cat, towards the kitchen. MOVE IN on Niall as he lowers
himself into his easy chair. His ravaged, silent face,
with eyes looking ever-inward, looks as if it had been
carved out of a mountain. He rubs his eyes wearily.
As he lowers his hand, FOLLOW its descent. It hesi-
tates just above the chair-arm, then descends to rest
on the antimacassar.

182E CONTD

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
Did she think his hands could
never be clean, considering what
he handled in his work? Did she
think he carried death upstairs
with him? Did she think it was
catching? Did I?

182F EXT: BACK LAWN - RACHEL AND MOTHER - DUSK
as before.

MOTHER
Well, I'm going down with three!
(Rachel turns to
the game again)
What do you mean "was"? Don't
you like vanilla anymore?

RACHEL
Actually, I think I probably
hate it.

183 INT: LIVING-ROOM - REAR VIEW - MOTHER - DAY
sitting across the room, on the window-sill, peering
down through the curtains at the view below. Rachel
APPEARS briefly in f.g. and looks at her.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
She watches the street like a
captain watches the sea, praying
for a funeral to come by and
cheer her up. And I wait, like
Calla, for the phone to ring.
It's two weeks, Nick -- One more
day, and then I'll forget --

184 OMITTED

CONTINUED

185 INT: RACHEL'S BATHROOM - DAY

Rachel lies soaking in the tub. Suddenly the PHONE RINGS. She jumps up, slipping, grabbing for a towel to put around herself.

MOTHER'S VOICE

Hello? No, I'm sorry -- she's having a bath right now -- Who is calling, please?

RACHEL

Wait! I'm coming!

Rachel bursts out of the bathroom and onto the landing, wrapped in a towel and dripping.

MOTHER

(surrenders phone)

He says it's a Dr. Timothy Leary --

RACHEL

Hello?

(relieved)

Oh, hello -- !

186 EXT: RACHEL'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON
LONG SHOT - RACHEL

SHOOTING PAST Nick, who sits in his parked car, waiting as Rachel hurries toward him. NOTE: The conversation that follows is an unbroken continuation of the phone call in the preceding scene, with Nick's VOICE filtered throughout.

NICK'S VOICE

(filtered)

My folks are away for the weekend, so I thought maybe you'd like to play house. We've got like six bedrooms, so we can -- you know -- we can chase each other and -- you know --

She presses his hand quickly and he drives away.

RACHEL'S VOICE

Well that sounds like a very interesting book. Can you get it at the Public Library?

187 INT: NICK'S CAR - RACHEL AND NICK - AFTERNOON

SHOOTING from behind them. Her arm lies along the back of his seat.

187 CONTD

NICK'S VOICE
(filtered)
You can't talk now, right?

RACHEL'S VOICE
Absolutely. At the moment I'm
"Venus Observed."

She smiles at him and fondles the back of his hair.

188 EXT: NICK'S FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Nick is piling bags of groceries into Rachel's arms,
while a BIG DOG frisks around them.

NICK'S VOICE
(filtered)
I'll pick you up in an hour.
We'll go to the store and stock
up and you can cook us huge
meals between -- you know --

RACHEL'S VOICE
I'd like very much to drive up
to the University and see that
play. It had excellent reviews.

Loaded down himself, Nick bumps her along towards the
house.

188A INT: BARN - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

Nick flicks on the lights: six evenly-spaced bulbs
along the length of the ceiling.

RACHEL'S VOICE
The only thing is -- do you think
we can get back at a decent hour?

Nick, a lonely figure in work clothes, PULLS two milking

CONTINUED

188-A CONTD

machines from their rack and carried them down the soiled aisle behind the cows. Rachel steps into view to watch, then follows at a distance.

NICK'S VOICE

(filtered)

I'm not planning to take you back at all. Listen -- all we have to do is call your mother at twelve o'clock and tell her something reassuring -- like the car went over a cliff --

RACHEL'S VOICE

(laughing)

Oh, fine --

NICK'S VOICE

(filtered)

With you in it --

188-B CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

watching, curiously moved. PAN DOWN to show Nick washing the udder and teats of a cow and connecting the suction cups which begin their drawing action at once. He performs his chores, despite his dislike of them, in a serious workmanlike way, but with a heaviness that contrasts with the VOICE heard over:

NICK'S VOICE

(filtered)

-- I mean we don't want to be too hard on the old heart, right?

RACHEL'S VOICE

(laughing)

You're impossible --

Her hand enters and caresses the back of his head. Distracted, he looks up.

NICK'S VOICE

(filtered)

Then what are you laughing for?

He rises OUT of shot.

188-C INT: BARN - TWO SHOT - RACHEL & NICK

kissing.

RACHEL'S VOICE
(laughing)
Oh, goodbye!

NICK'S VOICE
(filtered, laughing)
See you later.

The SOUND of him hanging up, then a DIAL TONE, then the SOUND of her hanging up, then SILENCE.

MOTHER'S VOICE
That doesn't look very nice, dear --
dripping bathwater all over the
floor -- !

Rachel draws apart, looks at Nick, then kisses him again.

189 OMITTED

190 INT: TO EXT: NICK'S BEDROOM - THRU WINDOW - FARMYARD - NIGHT

A CAT SCREAMS then chases another across the farmyard in the bright moonlight. CAMERA MOVES back into the room and PANS SLOWLY along the wall -- past primitive portraits of Nick's ancestors wearing costumes of the Old Country, past a religious Ikon, past a dresser where framed pictures stand, and HOLDS on a chair across whose seat Rachel's slip lies neatly, and on whose back her stockings hang, side by side.

NICK'S VOICE
Try to relax --

RACHEL'S VOICE
I am -- I'm sorry --

NICK'S VOICE
Shh. Just easy now --

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

191 INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - RACHEL - NIGHT

She lies in bed, her profile barely visible against the lesser dark coming from the window. She speaks with the ease that comes to people when they do not see each other.

191 CONTD

She laughs to herself, comfortably.

NICK

That's a comfortable chuckle.
Want to keep it to yourself or
let me in on it?

RACHEL

I was just thinking of a poem
my father saved. He used to
save funny things people wanted
on their tombstones --
"Your days away don't piddle.
At every season strive!
For once you've passed the middle,
You're more dead than alive!"
Isn't that awful? It's sort of
a propos of me --

NICK

I don't know -- Guy drops dead in
the middle of a piddle deserves to
immortalize the moment.

RACHEL

That's not what he meant -- he
meant once you're past the middle
of your life you're more dead
than --

NICK

No kidding! Is that what he meant?

RACHEL

You shouldn't make fun of me
just because I don't have a
very good sense of humor. Oh,
Nick -- I never thought I
could be this happy --!

NICK

You're just feeling smug because
you've improved a little.

RACHEL

You know what I really wish?
I mean for your sake? I wish
you'd move back here, and teach
here, and not have all that
worry over your father. I mean
did you ever consider that --?

(MORE)

191 CONTD (2)

RACHEL (Contd)

(no reply from Nick)

Nick?

(she turns on lamp)

You stopped breathing! For
a second I thought --!

He lays a heavy hand on her shoulder, meaning to reassure.

NICK

Thought what?

RACHEL

Sometimes when I like people,
I see them already embalmed.

(lies across him,

holding him)

If I keep holding you, nothing
can happen --

NICK

Babe --

RACHEL

(kisses his chest)

Your voice rumbles all over
your chest. You sound like
an earthquake --!

NICK

(pushes her off)

Hey, whoa, whoa, whoa --

RACHEL

(sits up)

Did I --? I was just --

NICK

(reaches for watch
on night-stand)

What time is it? Ten o'clock
and I haven't even fed you yet.
I'm a hell of a host.

RACHEL

I can go downstairs and fix you
an omelette --

(he looks at her as

if she were hopeless)

Or anything. Whatever you eat.

I don't know what you eat -- I

didn't mean to surround you like

that -- I was only joking anyhow --

191 CONTD (3)

NICK

(lightly)

I'm not breakable -- See? All
in one piece --

RACHEL

(lying near him)

It's still such an unfamiliar
experience to me -- having
contact with anyone. Just
feeling you alive inside your
skin is -- really -- overpower --

NICK

(making a joke)

Just a few cents worth of chemicals
is all that's under my skin -- and
a lot of water. We're ninety
percent water --

RACHEL

That's not all you are. You're
the most loving human being I
ever met, Nick Kazlik --

NICK

Babe, we've only had two dates --!
You don't know me at all --

RACHEL

(encouraged by his
continuing contact)

I know enough. I know enough
to say that I'm in love with
you -- and if I ever had children
I'd want them to be yours --

A thick pause.

NICK

No you don't, Rachel. Good Lord,
(MORE)

191 CONTD (4)

NICK (Contd)

Love! I've survived for thirty-seven years!

(calms down)

Look -- I -- I want to show you something. I think you should see this --

He gets up, takes a wallet from his pants and brings it to the bed. He shows it to her.

192 INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

Under a plastic shield. It is old and softened with much handling. It shows a boy of eight, whose face and eyes speak entirely of Nick.

NICK'S VOICE

I'm not God. I can't solve anything.

193 CLOSEUP - RACHEL

deeply hurt.

RACHEL

May I -- please borrow your bathrobe?

194 INT: NICK'S CAR - RACHEL AND NICK - NIGHT

driving through the country, back to town. The RADIO plays softly.

RACHEL

Am I doing this? Why did I ask you to take me home?

NICK

Look -- don't blame yourself --

RACHEL

I mean you're thirty-seven. If a man's thirty-seven he's married. Any teenager knows that --! What's the matter with me?

195- OMITTED

196-

197 EXT: COUNTRYSIDE - MOVING SHOT - CEMETERY (FROM CAR)
MOONLIGHT

The rows of graves snap past the window. PAN to Rachel watching.

RACHEL

It isn't as though I thought a chance encounter like this could ever lead to anything permanent. Except my whole life seems to be a chance encounter, and everything that happens to me is permanent. That's not a very clever way to be --

NICK

You let things mean too much to you, Rachel --

198 EXT: RACHEL'S HOUSE - MOONLIGHT

Nick's car pulls to the curb and stops. CAMERA MOVES to the open window, HOLDING Rachel in profile in f.g.

RACHEL

I'm sorry about not making you an omelette --

NICK

You can make it up next time.

RACHEL

Do you mean that?

NICK

Do I ever say things I don't mean?

They kiss, but in a way, they are already masks.

RACHEL

(getting out)

I feel as if I'm sleepwalking again.

(gaily)

Don't forget to call before the eggs get rotten!

Nick waves and drives away. Rachel takes out her key and walks slowly across the lawn. Hector's sign is blinking. The Mother's light is on.

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198A ANGLE - PORCH - NIGHT

As Rachel comes around the corner of the porch and reacts to something she sees. MOVE to show DR. RAVEN just loading a medical bag and a small, portable electrocardiogram machine into the trunk of his car. He is a big, ungainly old man of farm stock -- the vanished country doctor.

DR. RAVEN

It's all right -- no panic, young lady.

Rachel ENTERS.

RACHEL

Was it an attack?

DR. RAVEN

She says so, but I took an electrocardiogram and there's no damage done I can see. Anything happen to get her all excited?

RACHEL

No more than usual --

DR. RAVEN

How've you been? You look wilted enough to need watering.

RACHEL

I'm all right, thanks --

DR. RAVEN

Lie like that and your nose'll get long. Get in for a check-up one of these days, before I go up to the lake --

He leaves. She enters the house.

198B INT: RACHEL'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Shooting from the top of the stairs at the open door of the room where Mother lies still. Rachel rises into view and goes there, CAMERA FOLLOWING. Mother's eyes are closed.

198B CONTD

RACHEL

(softly)

Mother? I'm back.

Mother opens her eyes, looks at her murderously.

RACHEL

What is it?

MOTHER

(still as stone)

I found something in your drawer. It's
on your bed.

She turns her back on Rachel, who hurries to her room.

198C INT: RACHEL'S ROOM - MOVING P.O.V. (HAND-HELD)

CAMERA advances toward the bed and sees displayed there,
the feminine appliance in its wrinkled paper bag.

198D CLOSE MOVING SHOT - RACHEL (HAND-HELD)

as she approaches the bed, terrified and transfixed. A
door SLAMMING o.s. jerks her around.

198E INT: UPPER HALL - CLOSE SHOT - MOTHER'S DOOR

as the bolt BANGS home on the other side. Rachel enters
SHOT, rattles the knob, KNOCKS. She is extremely agitated.

RACHEL

Mother? Please don't do that. Don't
shut me out. Mother?

(KNOCKING again)

Mama, please! I never even used it --

MOTHER'S VOICE

(Medea's curse)

Why didn't you get married like a normal
woman and have children like your sister
Stacey did?

198E CONTD

RACHEL

(reached)

Oh, Mama! Mama! Nothing alive can
ever grow in me --

She continues to beat on the door with the flat of her hands.

199 INT: PHONE BOOTH - FULL SHOT - BUS DEPOT - DAY

Through the glass wall of the booth we see VOYAGERS sitting on benches, becalmed in the dead air like ghetto victims awaiting deportation. The SOUND of dialing, then a number RINGING. PAN to Rachel's hand, laboriously printing something on a phone book cover. The distant phone RINGS again. PAN to Rachel's face, waiting for someone to answer.

200 INT: PHONE BOOTH - CLOSEUP - RACHEL'S HAND

As the phone RINGS again. She has written two words on the phone book cover, has underlined them and is now drawing a square around them. The words are: "He's gone."

201 INT: PHONE BOOTH - CLOSEUP - RACHEL

As the phone at the other end is picked up. A WOMAN's VOICE comes over, loud and thickly accented:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hallo?

(Rachel is stunned)

Hallo, who is spikking, please?

RACHEL

Hello -- may I -- is Mr. Kazlik there --
Mr. Nick Kazlik, please?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Nick no here.

RACHEL

When do you expect -- expect him back,
please?

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WOMAN'S VOICE

Maybe Christmas-time, maybe next year.
My son go away on Sunday.

RACHEL

Well, where might I reach him? Is he
with his -- with his family?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Nick ain't got no family -- he never
married yet. Who is spikking? Who
is spikking, please?

RACHEL

It's -- it's all right. I'm sorry --

Rachel hangs up, steps out of the booth, goes to the candy-
stand.

202 INT: BUS DEPOT - CANDY-STAND - DAY

RACHEL

Have you a small box of aspirin, please --

COUNTER-WOMAN

Yes, ma'am. Twenty-six cents, please --

Rachel removes a wallet from her bag. As she opens it:

202A INT: NICK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Nick closes his wallet, goes to put it back in his pants.

202B INT: BUS DEPOT - CANDY-STAND - DAY

MED. SHOT - RACHEL

As she pays for the aspirin and puts the change in her wallet,
carefully. She is fighting back tears.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

Who was the boy in the picture,
Nick? Was it you?

(as she turns away)

Ah -- Nick!

PAN as she walks towards the EXIT.

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203 - 212 OMITTED

212A INT: RACHEL'S UPPER HALL - CLOSE SHOT - TRAY - DAY

The tray, containing lunch, is placed quietly on the floor, outside the closed door of the Mother's room. PAN UP to show Rachel as she puts it there. She is in her nightgown. Her hair is uncombed. She has not bothered to dress or groom herself for several days. She rises quietly and CAMERA FOLLOWS her to her own room. As she pauses by the door, listening for her mother to take in the tray, we catch a glimpse of the disarray in Rachel's room: newspapers and discarded clothing litter the floor; a clock lies on its side, unwound; a tray with the remnants of a meal rests by the unmade bed. The shades are drawn. She goes in, shutting and locking the door behind her.

213 INT: RACHEL'S BEDROOM - HIGH ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL - DAY

Rachel lies in her customary posture of death on the disarrayed bed, a pillow held over her eyes. She MOANS and swings the pillow forward so that it lies mounded on her stomach. She feels the swell of it with her hands, then opens her eyes.

214 RACHEL'S P.O.V. - HER BODY - DAY

Shooting down the length of it. Details are blurred. The mound of the pillow seems to be the swell of pregnancy. A white-clad HAND AND ARM reaches in and yanks something up from behind it -- the small, limp form of a newborn child, still attached.

215 CLOSE SHOT - NEWBORN INFANT (STILL SHOT) - DAY

Lying on the bed. There is no motion whatsoever.

216 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL - DAY

MOANING, she twists away from the vision. Her face rests on the edge of the mattress.

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217 CLOSE SHOT - TRAY - NIGHT

A food-smeared knife has fallen from it. Rachel's hand ENTERS from above, starts to put the knife back on the tray, then hesitates. PAN UP to show her face as she studies the knife. The bedside lamp is on.

218 CLOSEUP - RACHEL'S EYES - NIGHT

Looking at the knife, considering.

219 INT: BATHROOM - CLOSE SHOT - SINK - NIGHT

The water is running. The knife lies alongside the

219 CONTD

sink, where a bottle of alcohol and a box of absorbent cotton have been arranged. PAN to show Rachel carefully untwisting a wire clothes-hanger. Her expression is fiercely concentrated.

220 INT: BATHROOM - CLOSE SHOT - ANATOMY BOOK - NIGHT

As Rachel turns a page and finds the chart of a woman. She turns back the overlay transparencies of anterior-externals, muscle sheaths and systems, and stops at the flora of reproduction. PAN with her hand as it reaches for the knife and takes it up.

221 INT: BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL - DAY

with the pillow clamped over her face.

222 LONG SHOT - RACHEL'S P.O.V. - WINDOW - NIGHT

HAND-HELD, the CAMERA APPROACHES the window. Rachel's handraises the shade. CAMERA rises high above the sill, looks down, hesitates, then LEAPS. An impression of tumbling, walls, trees, sky.

223 INT: BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT - PILLOW - NIGHT

as it falls from the bed with the CRUNCH of a body landing.

224 EXT: RACHEL'S HOUSE - CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL - NIGHT

lying dead on the grass. She is staring up and blood oozes from the corners of her mouth. The on-and-off reflection of Hector's sign illuminates her face. The image HOLDS as:

HECTOR'S VOICE

Can I buy you a drink?

RACHEL'S VOICE

What?

225 EXT: RACHEL'S PORCH - MED. SHOT - HECTOR - NIGHT

standing just outside the mortuary entrance.

HECTOR

You look like you could use
a drink -- Are you all right?

PULL BACK to show Rachel sitting on the porch step, smoking. She still wears her nightgown and robe.

225 CONTD

RACHEL

Oh, I'm fine, thank you.

HECTOR

Mama too?

RACHEL

Oh, yes --

HECTOR

I only ask because I haven't heard much talk up there the last few days -- I was going to ring the bell, but you know -- I heard footsteps and the toilet flush -- and I didn't want to be a buttinsky --

RACHEL

It's reassuring to know you're aware of us, Hector.

HECTOR

Well -- hell, I mean! Rye or sherry -- name your poison.

RACHEL

Rye, please --

HECTOR

Want to come in? I got air conditioning --

RACHEL

I really think out here -- I was only in there once and I --

HECTOR

Stay put! Stay there! I'll be out in a flash!

He disappears inside. After a moment, Rachel rises and walks slowly to the door Hector left ajar, CAMERA GOING with her. HOLD as she looks in. Niall's VOICE comes over, softly humming some sad, sentimental song, and occasionally singing a phrase of it. Rachel steps out of FRAME to cross the threshold.

226 INT: FUNERAL PARLOR ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT (HAND-HELD)

as the child Rachel passes inside, like Alice-through-the-looking-glass. She is dressed as she was in the

226 CONTD

schoolyard and is still carrying her skip-rope. The hall is mostly in shadow. A Tiffany lamp sheds mottled light on a table containing a single 1939 issue of LIFE. Flanking the table are two high-back Windsor chairs. The child Rachel STOPS SHORT as she reaches CAMERA, and stares beyond it. WHIP PAN to show what she sees: the body-basket lies empty on the floor, in a wedge of light coming from another room. CAMERA TURNS again to find Rachel, and FOLLOWS her as she approaches the room to look in. The open caskets of THREE SMALL CHILDREN lie on a flower-banked bier. Rachel studies them, then starts across the hall toward open door leading to the cellar from which HUMMING comes. A sign has been tacked to it:

"CONTAGIOUS DISEASE
NO ADMITTANCE."

HECTOR'S VOICE

You came in! I'm really honored,
Rachel. Here -- let me know if
it's too light --

227 INT: FUNERAL CHAPEL ENTRANCE HALL - CLOSE SHOT -
RACHEL - NIGHT

As an adult, she accepts the highball from Hector,
and tastes it.

RACHEL

No -- it's fine.

HECTOR

That's the first time I ever
saw you take a drink.

CAMERA MOVES to include Hector. The hall has been changed greatly since the days of Niall Cameron. The effect is brightly neo-classic, thick-carpeted and reminiscent of the Oval Room at the White House.

HECTOR

(clicking glasses)

I know you, you know? I'm an
observer of human expressions --
I've got to be, in this business
-- hell, I'm the one who puts them
there! and I tell you -- whatever
your problems are, and I'm not
asking -- you're like one of those
trick birthday candles that you can't

(MORE)

227 CONTD

HECTOR (Contd)
blow out, you know? They keep
coming back no matter how hard
you try? You've got real guts,
Rachel --

227 CONTD

RACHEL

(smiles)

If anybody should know about
those, I guess it's an undertaker --

HECTOR

Funeral Director. Please!
Is there anything I can do?

RACHEL

It's wonderful just to be here,
and hear another person's voice --

HECTOR

If that's all you want, I'll
talk your ear off! Do you like
what I've done to the place?

RACHEL

You've certainly driven death
away, haven't you?

HECTOR

It's just a question of
presentation --

228 INT: DISPLAY ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel and Hector are a little tiddly now. She sits,
attentive as a second-grader, while he speechifies
from one of several display caskets he is using as
a rostrum.

HECTOR

-- Everybody knows a product
has to be attractively packaged,
but what you got to decide is
"What am I selling?" I mean
really, when it comes right down
to it, in the last analysis,
what the hell am I selling?
What's my line?

RACHEL

Is it bigger than a breadbox?
(she giggles,
takes a drink)
Sorry.

HECTOR

Oh, I get it -- don't worry! Where
was I in my train of thought? Oh.
What am I selling. I'm selling Relief.
Did I tell you about Relief?

228 CONTD

RACHEL

Not yet --

HECTOR

Did I tell you I bought a super-
dooper upright organ that plays
all by itself?

(Rachel bursts
out laughing)

What?

(she can't stop,
he starts too)

What, Rachel?

RACHEL

Did you ever hear the one about
the angel who traded in his harp
for an upright organ and said
"Now I know I'm in heaven?"

HECTOR

You really know how to make me
lose my train of thought.

RACHEL

I'm sorry.

(dead serious
suddenly)

If a woman died while she was
carrying a child, what would you
do about that.

HECTOR

(suspicious suddenly)

In what sense are you referring?

RACHEL

Would you embalm them alone or
together?

HECTOR

I'm shocked at you. That's a terrible
question, Rachel. I hope it's
purely scientific?

RACHEL

I'd like to see where you do it.
May I?

HECTOR

I couldn't show you that -- !

229 INT: CELLAR - LONG P.O.V. - HECTOR - NIGHT

fumbling with the keys to the embalming room, in front of whose door he stands. PAN TO Rachel, watching.

230 INT: CELLAR - LONG P.O.V. - NIGHT

The door is open. Hector is gone. The cellar is as it was in memory, enormous and dark, full of shadowy pillars and dripping pipes. At the far end, in bright light, Niall is working in his embalming area. Child Rachel enters SHOT, pauses behind a pillar to watch. Niall's HUMMING comes over, and continues through the scene.

HECTOR'S VOICE

You got all your modern equipment in here now -- combination work-and-dressing table, adjustable body-positioner, motorized pump-injector --

231 INT: CELLAR - MOVING SHOT - CHILD RACHEL - NIGHT

darting forward quietly, from pillar to pillar. She stops to watch again.

232 INT: CELLAR - CLOSER P.O.V. - EMBALMING AREA - NIGHT

Niall, wearing a rubber glove, is gently massaging the back of a naked child who is turned away from us. Niall's HUMMING is as tender as a lullaby.

ADULT RACHEL'S VOICE

Why did he rub -- rub their backs?

HECTOR'S VOICE

Whose backs?

ADULT RACHEL'S VOICE

The other children?

HECTOR'S VOICE

That gets into a whole technical thing I don't think you want to know about -- let me sweeten your drink --

233 INT: CELLAR - ANOTHER ANGLE - CHILD RACHEL - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS her out of the shadows and into the brightness of the embalming area. It is clean but old-fashioned. Niall, wearing a doctor's coat and standing

233 CONTD

with his back to CAMERA, continues to massage the child with one hand while with the other he squeezes and releases, squeezes and releases, the syringe that pumps fluid into some hidden site. On the second table lies another CHILD, its face greased, ready for cosmetics.

ADULT RACHEL'S VOICE

Did he like them?

HECTOR'S VOICE

Oh, now, Rachel -- you saw him down here once -- during that epidemic.

ADULT RACHEL'S VOICE

I don't mean just that --

HECTOR'S VOICE

I was a kid apprentice -- in and out, you know? Maybe he liked the quiet. Maybe he liked it because nobody could pick on him down here. He probably had the life he wanted most --

ADULT RACHEL'S VOICE

Why should I grieve then? Why ever stop from grieving?

The child Rachel goes to stand just beside her father. She looks up at him enquiringly. He doesn't notice.

234. INT. EMBALMING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL - NIGHT

looking up at her father with a questioning intensity. PAN UP to Niall, looming above her, his eyes looking inward as always. PAN DOWN to his hand, massaging, massaging. PAN BACK to the child Rachel as she comes to a decision, then goes to the corner and lies flat on the floor, arranging herself as if she, too, had died. The HUMMING goes on for a moment, then CUTS OFF.

235. CHILD RACHEL'S P.O.V. - NIALL

as he stares down at her, shocked.

NIALL

In the name of God, what are you doing? Get up! Get up off the floor!

236 HIGH ANGLE - CHILD RACHEL (HAND-HELD)

lying below CAMERA, eyes open and staring. Niall rushes into SHOT, tearing off his coat and rubber gloves. He scoops Rachel into his arms, starts away.

236-A MOVING SHOT - NIALL

CAMERA HURRIES with him as he carries Rachel out of the embalming area and through the dark cellar. Her cheek is pressed hard against his all the way. Tears flow from her eyes, but she makes no other sign of crying.

236-B EXT: RACHEL'S HOUSE - CELLAR DOORS - NIGHT

as Niall rushes up the steps with Rachel, turns to shout at an upstairs window:

NIALL

(wild)

May! May! Come take her from me, May!

Mother appears at upstairs window.

NIALL

She's been in the room! Don't stand there! She's got to be scrubbed right away!

HOLD on the child Rachel, her cheek still pressed against his.

237 INT: CHAPEL - CLOSE SHOT - ORGAN KEYBOARD - NIGHT

as the keys play automatically "There is a Happy Land."

RACHEL'S VOICE

Does everyone make the life he wants the most?

HECTOR'S VOICE

I think so. We bitch a lot and pretend it's fate -- but given the chance to change, who changes?

PAN slowly across the varnished blond-wood chapel to show Rachel sitting on the front pew in Hector's awkward embrace. Their drinks are beside them. CAMERA MOVES IN.

HECTOR

You know the only consolation?

237 CONTD

RACHEL

What's that?

HECTOR

When all's said and done,
everything blows away --

ADULT RACHEL

Hector, would you mind putting
your arms around me, please?

HECTOR'S VOICE

Not at all. You know what my
wife does at the crucial moment?
She laughs

(MORE)

237 CONTD

HECTOR (Contd)

at me. She says she can't help
it -- I look funny. God, I wish
I never lost my hair!

RACHEL

Things like that don't matter.

HECTOR

If you're bald they do.

RACHEL

Help me, Hector.

HECTOR

How? Sometimes I can't even
tie my shoe.

RACHEL

I think I've done something that's
going to finish my mother --

HECTOR

You oughtn't to tell me things
like that -- I don't believe it
and I don't want to hear --

RACHEL

But you know, don't you?

HECTOR

You should write to your sister
about it. I don't know, I don't
know anything. And if I gave
you the wrong advice, can you
imagine? The only thing I'm good
for is to tell you where to go to
have it -- you know -- done.

RACHEL

Killed? I think I'm going to
cry now, Hector.

HECTOR

You go ahead. Maybe I'll even
join you.

CAMERA PULLS HIGH above them. The organ plays.

237A EXT: CALLA'S STREET - LONG SHOT - RACHEL - NIGHT

coming along the street wearing a coat over her
nightgown. Her feet are bare.

238 EXT: CALLA'S APARTMENT - MED. SHOT - RACHEL- NIGHT

The door is painted a violent lavender. Rachel rings the BELL loud and long. She RINGS again. FOOTSTEPS.

CALLA'S VOICE

Who is it?

RACHEL

Rachel.

CALLA'S VOICE

Rachel!

Calla opens the door. She is in pyjamas and looks a mess.

CALLA

Have you any idea what time it is?

RACHEL

Three o'clock.

CALLA

I think that's a hell of a nerve.

RACHEL

I'm a very drunk, very pregnant lady and I need a friend.

For a moment righteousness and need do battle in Calla, then she pulls Rachel in and shuts the door.

239 INT: CALLA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is in the process of being repainted a deep mauve-blue. Everything is piled in the middle -- chesterfield, Navajo rug, glass-topped coffee table, a confusion of letters and books and records and pictures done by pupils, the souvenir cushions of cities seen alone. A moat of bare floor surrounds this heaped-up island, and there is a ladder where Calla left off painting. She sits on the coffee table opposite Rachel who is wedged in the junk on the couch. They have been talking a long while. Calla leans forward, intense as a hypnotist.

RACHEL

I know exactly what it would do to Mother. If she didn't die, she'd mourn as if it were a death instead of a birth, and she'd never stop reminding me of what I'd done.

239 CONTD

CALLA

If you live, she dies. If you die, she lives -- is that the equation? Is it fair?

RACHEL

Who cares if it's fair, it's a question of fact.

CALLA

She fakes a heart-attack -- and you want to kill yourself. She's a tough, wily old bitch, Rachel, but you've got some devil's agreement going between the two of you, and I think you keep her that way.

The kettle in the kitchenette HOWLS. Calla goes to it. The scene continues as she makes instant coffee.

RACHEL

Now I think you've got a hell of a nerve.

CALLA

Why? Because I lay it on the line? You keep pining for a life of your own, but somehow or other, with you and her, it always turns out to be bridge-night. I say phoney. I say baloney. I say bull.

RACHEL

(as Calla returns with tray)

May we drop it now?

CALLA

It takes a coward to know a coward, Rachel. I'm out of saccharine -- can you stand sugar?

RACHEL

I'll just take milk.

CALLA

Did I tell you I found Jacob? He was lording it over a bunch of sparrows in the park, and wouldn't you know it? the little mother's learned to sing.

239 CONTD (2)

RACHEL

Maybe he's got the gift of
tongues --

CALLA

Maybe. At least it came to
someone in the family --

RACHEL

Well, that's something to be --
 (she breaks off in
 anguish, tries to
 recover, but can't)
If I let myself think of it
without considering anyone else,
it seems like --
 (she breaks off again,
 shakes her head)

CALLA

Finish it.

A long pause in which pain and discovery burst out in
a first true hope.

RACHEL

-- like more than I could ever
hope for in my life. Oh,
Calla -- !

CALLA

 (driving hard)
Even without Nick?
 ("Yes!")
Without any hope of seeing him
again?
 ("Yes!")
And knowing it's not just a baby,
but a child you'll be raising
alone till it's eighteen or twenty
-- working a job and keeping house
-- being totally responsible all
that time?

RACHEL

If it were somebody's I hated,
maybe I couldn't -- I think my
body would expel it before it
was born. But it's his. And it's
lodged there -- and that means
living! It's living in there
all by itself!

239 CONTD (3)

CALLA

Staying in this town wouldn't be practical, would it?

RACHEL

I'd never let a child be brought up here --

CALLA

My cousin runs a school in Oregon. She's a free soul, she'd probably take you on without a degree. I'll write her. I haven't any ties I couldn't break, so if you wanted someone with you, I could go. I've looked after children before --

RACHEL

Let's stop it now. We're dreaming.

CALLA

See how my mind works? I'm sorry -- I don't mean to take over your life. I can only point out to you that you don't have to be dreaming. If you decide "yes, I want this thing," it's real. It would be the first decision you ever made that showed any respect for yourself.

RACHEL

(a pause)

Calla, do you think I could? Do you think I'd dare?

CALLA

Oh, child. Oh, my very good friend. Even to consider that, even to consider it, is such a victory.

239A EXT: A CITY CEMETERY DAY

CAMERA PANS up to show Rachel coming along the street that borders the cemetery. She walks into CLOSE SHOT and stops, looks across the way to the City Hospital, pondering. Then she makes up her mind and walks away from us, toward the front door.

239B INT: HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM DAY

Two pregnant WOMEN, one with a young CHILD, are waiting. They are probably clinic cases. Rachel sits apart from them, one arm held up, bent at the elbow, to keep cotton on the place where they have taken a sample of her blood. A NURSE enters.

NURSE

Mrs. James.

239C CLOSE SHOT RACHEL

Gazing into space.

NURSE'S VOICE

Mrs. James.

Rachel reacts as she realizes she is being addressed by the name she gave. She rises and GOES with the nurse, still holding her arm up.

239D INT: EXAMINING ROOM DAY

As the Nurse leads Rachel in, then unrolls paper on the examining table.

NURSE

Take off your shoes and sit up here.

(unbends Rachel's arm)

You don't need this cotton any more.

(throws it in can)

Doctor will be in in a minute.

RACHEL

Thank you.

Nurse goes OUT. MOVE IN on Rachel as she sits on the table, then WIDEN ANGLE as DR. MARCUS enters with a manilla folder, studying it. He doesn't look at Rachel.

DR. MARCUS

You seem like a healthy young lady. Blood pressure's normal and your heart's still beating --

RACHEL

(laughs)

I'm relieved.

239D CONTD

DR. MARCUS
(sets folder on counter)
Chicago. I know Chicago. Where's
Calla Street?

RACHEL
Where? It's -- you know -- on the --
the lake?

DR. MARCUS
(starts to wash hands)
One of those ritzy North Side
neighborhoods?

RACHEL
I guess so --

DR. MARCUS
Any complications so far?

RACHEL
Should there be?

DR. MARCUS
Thirty-five is a little late to
start, that's all.

Nurse enters as Dr. Marcus dries his hands.

NURSE
(to Rachel)
Why don't you just lie back now?

RACHEL
(lying back)
What are you going to do?

DR. MARCUS
(as Nurse holds rubber
gloves for him)
Nothing to worry about. You just
think about his college education --

CAMERA MOVES CLOSE on Rachel, excluding the Doctor and
Nurse.

DR. MARCUS' VOICE
(to Nurse)
You going to get me some more talcum
powder in here one of these years?

239D CONTD (2)

NURSE'S VOICE

Yes, master.

DR. MARCUS' VOICE

And fix the -- uh -- that's right. Try
to relax now, Mrs. James.

240 - 242 OMITTED

243 INT: NICK'S BEDROOM CLOSE SHOT WALL NIGHT

The ancestors watch from their oval frames, the photographs
stand on the dresser-top.

NICK's VOICE

Try to relax --

244 INT: EXAMINING ROOM CLOSEUP RACHEL DAY

Very tense now, looking at the ceiling. The SOUNDS of the
instruments being picked up and laid aside INCREASES to
become the VOICES and ACTIVITIES of an actual delivery room.
Rachel winces. A SLAP like the crack of a whip, then an
INFANT CRYING lustily.

245 INT: RACHEL'S KITCHEN CLOSE SHOT BABY BOY DAY

The baby sits on his potty chair while Rachel scoops food
into his smeared, greedy face. She chatters to the child
incessantly.

246 EXT: PARK LONG SHOT CLASS DAY

A column of CHILDREN, holding hands in pairs, follows a
TEACHER through the park. As CAMERA PANS with them, we
discover Rachel, sitting with other MOTHERS on a bench.
She is gently jiggling the handle of an English pram, in
which, out of view her baby is sleeping. As the children
disappear, she looks away, calm and happy and the least bit
smug.

247 INT: PENNY ARCADE RACHEL AND BABY DAY

As Rachel puts a coin in the slot of a Take-Your-Own-Picture
Booth, and lifts the baby onto the seat, instructing him to
smile. The light flashes on, surprising the baby, who starts

247 CONTD

to YOWL. Rachel breaks up, and the flashing machine goes right on taking pictures.

DR. MARCUS' VOICE
All done. You can sit up.

248 INT: EXAMINING ROOM DAY

As Rachel sits to face Dr. Marcus once more. He draws up a stool to talk to her.

DR. MARCUS
I'm afraid Junior's not planning to visit you just yet, but I'm glad you came in when you did --

RACHEL
What do you mean?

DR. MARCUS
It's not what we thought it was. There's something there that ought to come out, but I don't think there's any reason to --

RACHEL
What ought to come out?

DR. MARCUS
Just a small cyst -- about the size of a marble.

RACHEL
Are you --? Are you --? Is that all?

DR. MARCUS
It couldn't be anything else. It's perfectly round. I'm sorry, Mrs. James.

CONTD

248 CONTD

Rachel turns away. The small, whimpering lamentation, the inconsolable mourning of a mother, rises from her -- building. CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

(as the SOUND of
her own mourning
goes on)

All that. Then this at the
end of it. I was always so
afraid of being a fool. But
I can almost smile at that
fear of fools, now that I
really am one.

(her voice catches)

Nick? Goodbye.

249 BLACK SCREEN (OPTICAL)

The screen THROBS in time with RACHEL'S BREATHING, as if a light were struggling to break through. The darkness is less deep with each return.

HOSPITAL NURSE'S VOICE

Come on. Wide awake now --

MOTHER'S VOICE

(singing quietly)

Lazy Mary, will you get up --
Will you get up, will you get up --
Lazy Mary will you get up, or --

NURSE'S VOICE

(as the SCREEN blinks)

Here she comes -- that's the
girl --

MOTHER'S VOICE

The operation's over, dear --
you're out of danger and
everything's all right --

RACHEL'S VOICE

(blurry)

How can I be out of danger if
I didn't die?

She LAUGHS.

NURSE'S VOICE

She won't make sense for a
minute or two --

249 CONTD

Suddenly the throbbing light-dark blackness dissipates.

250 INT: HOSPITAL WARD - CLOSEUP - MOTHER'S HAND -
BRIGHT DAY

The hand is holding Rachel's. PAN UP to show the
Mother.

MOTHER

Here I am, dear --

251 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

looking at her mother, dulled.

RACHEL

Did Calla bring you?

CAMERA MOVES to include the mother. Beyond the draped
cubicle, other PATIENTS can be seen.

MOTHER

Yes, but you can only have one
visitor the first day. She's
been very nice, I have to admit.
She watched TV with me last
night, and slept in your room
with the door open, in case I
had to yell.

RACHEL

Did you?

MOTHER

I don't know what happens to me,
but when people are sick, I get
stronger and stronger.

RACHEL

That's good because I think I'm
going to tell you something now --

A long pause.

MOTHER

What?

RACHEL

I'm scared to death of what I'm
going to say --

251 CONTD

MOTHER
Then this may not be the time
or place to say it --

RACHEL
(laughs)
Oh, yes, it was all cunningly
planned. If I give you a heart
attack, we have all the facili-
ties right here --

MOTHER
(smiling)
Well, I'm glad to see you still
have your sense of humor.

RACHEL
I'm going to sleep a minute.

She dozes off.

252 INT: HOSPITAL WARD - DAY
CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

She sits tight-lipped, waiting, a piece of paper in her
hand containing a hand-written list. In b.g., Mother
APPEARS at the door of the ward and steals towards
Rachel's cubicle.

MOTHER
Well, look at you all fed and
rested! Would I ever love to
change places!
(kisses her)
Before I forget, I brought the
stationery like you asked me,
and what else -- ?

RACHEL
Mother, I don't want to just
plunge in like this, but there's
no way of doing it gratefully.
Calla helped me apply for a
teaching job in Oregon and I
was accepted and I'm moving
there next month.

Mother stares at her, then opens her puse and stares
into that.

MOTHER
O, drat! I knew I forgot some-
thing! I forgot stamps!

252 CONTD

RACHEL

Did you hear what I said?

MOTHER

It's too silly to hear. If you want a little change, I can understand that --

RACHEL

I don't want a little change --

MOTHER

-- because there's certainly no reason to be moving! Move? Why?

RACHEL

Because it's time. And because --
(her grip tightens
on paper in her hand)
-- because my whole life has been one long dying, and I can't reverse what's happened, but I can stop dying before it's my time to die --

MOTHER

That sounds as if you read it somewhere --

RACHEL

I did. I wrote it first and then I read it. I felt as if I needed a prepared text --
(hands mother the paper)

Here -- all the arguments. I already have my ticket and I'll give you the money for yours if you want to come too --

MOTHER

(glances at paper,
nervous now)
We'll discuss it when you get home.

RACHEL

You could see your grand-children -- and the man at the bus station said that sometimes the daffodils come out as early as March --

MOTHER

I don't want to move, Rachel.

251 CONFD

MOTHER

Then this may not be the time
or place to say it --

RACHEL

(laughs)

Oh, yes, it was all cunningly
planned. If I give you a heart
attack, we have all the facili-
ties right here.

MOTHER

(smiling)

Well, I'm glad to see you still
have your sense of humor.

252 CROSS SHOT RACHEL

She sits tight-lipped, holding a piece of paper in her
hand containing a handwritten list. In b.g., Mother
APPEARS at the door of the ward and steals towards
Rachel's cubicle.

and what else?

MOTHER

Mother, I don't want to just
plunge in like this, but there's
no way of doing it gratefully.
Calla helped me apply for a
teaching job in Oregon and I
was accepted and I'm moving
there next month.

Mother stares at her. She opens her purse and takes
into that.

MOTHER

O. drat! I knew I forgot some-
thing! I forgot stamps!

252 CONTD (2)

RACHEL

You don't -- you don't have to.

MOTHER

Well, I can't be left alone,
you know that perfectly well --

RACHEL

You can always come with me --

MOTHER

You're not giving me any alternatives!

(Rachel is silent)

Dr. Raven doesn't want me to
exert myself --

RACHEL

(giggles)

All you have to do is climb in
a bus and leave the driving to us --

MOTHER

I don't want to, Rachel. Please!

RACHEL

Don't want to go, or don't want
to stay? Which, Mother?

MOTHER

(completely childish)

I don't want to -- ! You're the
cruellest thing that ever lived.
Don't you care what happens?

RACHEL

After all the chocolate bars and
sleepy-bye pills and sandwiches
and going to the movies, do you
have to ask me that? Yes, I care
-- but I can't keep you alive.
It isn't up to me. It never was --

MOTHER

(lost)

Would I have to sell my furniture?
Can't I even take my room?

RACHEL

Yes, you can take your room. You
can take anything you like, Mother.

(MORE)

RACHEL (Contd)

Mother. Mama. Mommy. All the way back. Such a long, sad, lonely, awful time.

256. EXT. MAIN STREET - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

full of Saturday's activities. Hector's hearse turns into view and enters the traffic stream.

257. THROUGH WINDSHIELD - THREE SHOT - RACHEL, MOTHER, HECTOR

Rachel and her mother are dressed for the voyage and wear corsages. Rachel carries her Bonsai tree.

258. BUS DEPOT - TWO SHOT - RACHEL AND CALLA - DAY

facing each other in silence. Framed between them, in b.g., the BUS DRIVER is helping his PASSENGERS. Mother stands talking to Hector.

CALLA

The moment comes. I'm always pushing things out of their cages --

RACHEL

Calla -- sometimes I wish I'd been different for you --

CALLA

Yeah -- well -- don't go making a fool of yourself. You know how you feel about fools --

RACHEL

I think I'm proud to be one.

DRIVER

Last call, please --

RACHEL

Take care, my friend. I hope you find what you want.

Rachel hugs Calla and kisses her. Calla tries to contain the emotion she feels at this bold, giving gesture.

CALLA

Not to worry. I'll survive.

RACHEL

Come on, Mother. You can send Hector a postcard --

She breaks away and hurries to the bus.

259 EXT: BUS DAY TWO SHOT RACHEL AND MOTHER

Already inside and looking out the window. Mother is making gay, animated gestures and mouthing last-minute things to Hector whose reflection can be seen in the window-glass. Calla is gone. The bus PULLS OUT. The women wave, Mother with her hankie. PAN as the bus drives AWAY.

260 INT: MOVING BUS DAY TWO SHOT RACHEL AND MOTHER

As they get settled.

MOTHER

It's much more comfy than I expected
it to be --

RACHEL

Sure you wouldn't like the window
seat?

MOTHER

Not till we're way out of town, dear.
There's not a thing I need to see I
can't remember. Do these recline?

Rachel releases the mother's seat for her, then looks out
the window.

261. REFLECTION SHOT BUS WINDOW AND RESIDENTIAL STREET DAY

Rachel looks out at a quiet, tree-bordered street sliding
past, reflected in the window of the bus.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

Where I'm going, anything may happen.
Nothing may happen. I will be different.
I will remain the same.

262 MOVING SHOT RACHEL'S HOUSE DAY

As the bus passes by it. All the shades in the upper story
have been drawn.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

I will grow too orderly, plumping up the
cushions just before I go to bed, turning
off the lights when I leave a room, taking
all my pills on schedule --

263 REFLECTION SHOT BUS WINDOW AND ANOTHER STREET DAY

As Rachel continues to look out thoughtfully.

CHILD RACHEL'S VOICE

The wind blows low, the wind blows high,
The snow comes falling from the sky,
Rachel Cameron says she'll die --

264 MOVING SHOT THE SCHOOL DAY

As the bus passes. In the very far distance, Child Rachel is seen for a moment, skipping rope.

CHILD RACHEL'S VOICE

-- For the want of the Golden City.
She is handsome, she is pretty --
She is the queen of the golden city --

265 INT: BUS SIDE ANGLE RACHEL DAY

As she turns from the window, releases her seat, and lies back.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

I'll still go parchment-faced with
embarrassment. I'll still go on pushing
the doors marked "Pull" and pulling the
ones marked "Push."

CHILD RACHEL'S VOICE

The wind said "When?" The wind said "Soon!"
A dream came flying from the moon --

Rachel's face is shadowed by a thought. She looks out the window once more.

266 REFLECTION SHOT BUS WINDOW AND CEMETERY DAY

Rachel's face is pressed to the window as we see the cemetery pass and disappear in reflection.

CHILD RACHEL'S VOICE

Rachel Cameron sings this tune
At the gates of the Golden City --

267 MOVING SHOT RACHEL'S POV BOYS DAY

The boys are crouched along a roadside ditch, looking for frogs, probably. One of them looks up. It is James. All the boys throw pebbles in the air and they land in a clatter of hail on the roof of the bus. PAN TO Rachel, turning to look back at the receding scene.

(Continued)

267 (CONT'D)

CHILD RACHEL'S VOICE

They are happy, they are pretty --
All who dwell in the Golden City -
They are happy, one - two - three --
In the Golden City --
The wind blows low, the wind blows high --

268 MOVING SHOT MEADOWLANDS DAY

Child Rachel is seen in the far distance, picking flowers.

CHILD RACHEL'S VOICE

The snow comes falling from the sky -
Rachel Cameron says she'll die -
For the want of the ---

The bus passes a sign: "YOU ARE LEAVING MANAWAKA
COME SEE US SOON"

As we come to the sign, the SONG snaps off and remains unfinished.

269 INT: BUS RACHEL DAY

As she puts the memory away, lowers the shade against the sun and the passing scene. The mother is asleep. Her head bobs against Rachel's shoulder. Almost without thinking, Rachel puts her arm around the old woman, bringing the mother's head onto her breast.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

I may become, in time, slightly more
eccentric. I may begin to wear outlandish
hats. And dangling necklaces made from
seashells I've collected and painted coral-
pink with nail polish.

She kisses her mother's forehead.

270 EXT: A ROCKY BEACH DAY

Beyond the rocks, the smooth and shining sea. Gulls are wheeling over the waves.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

I will walk on the shore of the sea and
look at the free gulls flying.

PULL BACK to show Rachel coming from behind a rocky headland. She is dressed in a billowing muu-muu, a sea-shell necklace, and a large, decorated hat. She looks beautiful.

(Continued)

270 (CONT'D)

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

The wind will bear me, and I will drift
and settle, drift and settle. I will
be as light and as straight as any feather.

Rachel stops at the edge of the sea, and breathes.

271 HELICOPTER SHOT BUS DAY

As it speeds below us, through the westering country.

272 INT: BUS CLOSEUP RACHEL

Thinking of the future, the past completely gone.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

Maybe I'll find a friend. Maybe I'll even
marry a middle-aged widower and have children
in my time. Most of the chances are against
it. But not, I think, quite all -- .

273 EXT: ROCKY BEACH CLOSE SHOT RACHEL'S HAND

As the hand of a CHILD takes hold of it. PAN to the child's
face, smiling up.

274 LOW ANGLE RACHEL

Smiling down at the child.

275 ANOTHER ANGLE RACHEL

As she lifts the child high, against the glittering sea, laughing.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

It may be that my children will always
be temporary, never to be held. But
so are everyone's.

276 LONG SHOT RACHEL & CHILD DAY

Rachel turns and starts walking down the beach, away from
CAMERA, sometimes leading the child, sometimes letting it
run free.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE

Anything could happen where I'm going.

277 INT: BUS CLOSEUP RACHEL DAY

As the reality of the future and its mystery sink in.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
I will be afraid. Always. I will be
lonely. Always. What will happen?
What will happen?

278 EXT: ROCKY BEACH DAY

Rachel and the child are far, far away now. CAMERA HOLDS on
them, then LOWERS to show the tracks they have made in the sand.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
God's mercy on fools. God's grace on
fools.

CAMERA PANS to show the open sea, unpeopled, restless, coming
in.

RACHEL'S INNER VOICE
God's pity on God.

THE END