

RUMOR HAS IT...

UNTITLED

by

Ted Griffin

No portion of this script may be performed, reproduced,
or used by any means, or quoted or published in any
medium without the prior written consent of Warner Bros.
Pictures.

FINAL WHITE

WARNER BROS. PICTURES INC.
4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, California 91522

May 25, 2004
© 2004
WARNER BROS. ENT.
All Rights Reserved

This film is based on a true rumor.

FADE IN:

1 INT. BALLROOM - ANGLE ON A WOMAN

1

Overlooking a New Year's Eve party. SEEN FROM BEHIND, she wears a cocktail dress and light overcoat, smokes a very long cigarette.

A YOUNG MAN saunters INTO FRAME to stand beside her, and together they watch the countdown. As "Happy New Year!" ERUPTS across the room, the Young Man slips an object into her palm and strokes her wrist with his index finger and -- FREEZE-FRAME.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the final hours of the year 1962, in the city of Pasadena, California, this man and this woman slept together. He was twenty-one years of age. She was forty-two.

RESUME-ACTION: The Young Man strides casually back to the party. The Woman waits a moment, then affixes the object to her earlobe.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In the best tradition of Pasadena affairs, very few people knew of it.

2 INT. BALLROOM - THE NEXT YEAR

2

THE SAME WOMAN IN THE SAME BALLROOM, in a receiving line, greets WEDDING GUESTS. The Young Man steps forth, offers his congratulations to her, then to the BRIDE beside her.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

That summer the two met again, at the wedding reception for the woman's only daughter. To the best of her memory, the young man's presence at the occasion had gone unrequested --

Kissing the Bride on the cheek, he strokes her wrist with his finger. Mother recognizes the affection and -- FREEZE-FRAME.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

NARRATOR (V.O.)

-- as had his attentions to the
bride. These indiscretions, too,
escaped public notice.

RESUME-ACTION: The Young Man saunters away as the Woman
stares daggers at her red-cheeked, white-satin'd
daughter.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The next spring, however, brought
threat of exposure to both parties
in the form of a work of fiction.

3 INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

3

A SMALL AUDIENCE AT A BOOK READING. A sign reads: "Meet
Local Author CHARLES WEBB."

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Authored by a confidante of the
young man's who had intimate
knowledge of his liaisons and the
poor manners to write about
them --

We PAN AWAY to find The Woman again, seen (as always)
from behind, hiding in Biography, flipping through the
hardback.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

-- the book disguised its
protagonists' true identities
under the most gossamer of veils.

ANGLE ON THE BOOK

As pages turn, HIGHLIGHTING certain words, words like
"Benjamin" and "Elaine" and "Mrs. Robinson."

NARRATOR

Names were changed, of course, but
the better class of Pasadena
recognized members of its own, and
a whispered speculation began: who
were the inspirations for this
hometown roman a clef?

4 INT. BRIDGE PARTY

4

A MATRIARCH whispers in a PATRIARCH's ear --

(CONTINUED)

PATRIARCH
Roman a what?! A clef?!

MATRIARCH #2
It means a novel in which real
persons appear under fictitious
names.

MATRIARCH #3
No!

RUDDY-FACED MAN #1 (V.O.)
Yes!

TWO RUDDY-FACED MEN huddle by a grill, out of earshot of
sun-dressed wives and sprinkler-hopping kids.

RUDDY-FACED MAN #2
Does Henry know? That it was his
wife?

RUDDY-FACED MAN #1
Who dares ask him?

RUDDY-FACED MAN #2
(repulsed)
That --

He quite visibly says "cunt" as we hear:

MATRON #1 (V.O.)
(overlap)
-- darling woman?!

MATRONS whisper over a punch bowl.

MATRON #2
And with the Lindus boy, too! Her
best friend's son!

MATRON #3
I heard it was Mary Beth with the
Bianchi boy.

MATRON #1
But Mary Beth doesn't have a
daughter.

(CONTINUED)

MATRON #3
The Rose Princess?

A CHEER across the room draws the Matrons back to the party, and they pass The Woman, standing alone, eavesdropping. She passes a TV airing election results and clicks it OFF.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Without a unanimously prime suspect, however, interest in the scandal quickly waned. (It was, after all, only a book.) Soon all talk of the matter had faded.

ON THE TV

as it goes black.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But then, in 1967, the movie came out.

INT. MOVIE THEATER

A packed audience stares rapt at the screen.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
For godsake, Mrs. Robinson, here we are, you got me into your house, you give me a drink, you put on music, now you start opening up your personal life to me, telling me your husband won't be home for hours...

WOMAN (V.O.)
So?

On screen: Dustin Hoffman stands framed within Anne Bancroft's legs.

HOFFMAN (V.O.)
Mrs. Robinson, you're trying to seduce me.

Bancroft laughs at him, cigarette in hand.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL THE REAL DEAL: The Woman watching from the rear of the theater, cigarette in hand. AN USHER asks her to extinguish it, but she chooses to exit instead.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Thus the most closely guarded
secret of one Pasadena family
became immortalized in American
culture. And for generations to
come people in town would speak of
how the characters in that film
were based on fellow residents,
perhaps even neighbors.

8 EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

8

The Woman exits, drops her cigarette, takes out her
feelings for the film on it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But which son of Pasadena had
inspired Benjamin Braddock, or who
the real Mrs. Robinson was, no one
could -- or would -- say.

SARAH (V.O.)
Why not?

WHIP PAN UP TO the sky, and a 767 passing overhead.

SUPERIMPOSE: 1997

9 INT. 767 - DAY

9

SARAH, 32, sits beside her fiance JEFF, 34, in coach.
She has the window; he has the aisle, editing a legal
document.

SARAH
Why. Not.

JEFF
There are many reasons.

SARAH
Chief amongst them being? I'm
serious.

JEFF
I don't think you are.

SARAH
I am. Have you ever done it?
(as he shakes his head)
Don't you want to try something
new?

(CONTINUED)

He thinks, shakes his head again, in jest.

SARAH

You're afraid of getting caught.

JEFF

Yes.

SARAH

I hear if they catch you, they
give you a free bottle of
champagne and announce it over the
intercom.

JEFF

You're lots of fun.

SARAH

You're no fun.

JEFF

I'll be fun on the ground.

Sarah considers a more aggressive tactic even though,
truth be known, this whole enterprise scares her. She
reaches for the airline-issue blanket in the pouch before
Jeff --

SARAH

Excuse me.

-- then unfolds and drapes it casually over both their
laps. As her hand prowls beneath it, toward his lap:

JEFF

Don't.

SARAH

(quitting, frustrated)

You know, they have a name for
people like you?

JEFF

Frequent flyer?

SARAH

Leonard.

JEFF

Yes, I'm stifflingly conventional.
But, I hear, stifflingly
conventional is the new black.

Sarah turns to stare out her window, upset.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

What is this?

SARAH

What is what?

JEFF

You went somewhere. Where? I remember you being in the cab to the airport -- we were discussing places to register? -- and I remember going through security with you. Then some point over Denver you went somewhere. Because this isn't you.

SARAH

Maybe I just want to see if my new fiance has any sense of spontaneity?

JEFF

I didn't know there was going to be a test on this flight.

(taking out his datebook)

Let me see. Mmm, yeah, I don't have spontaneity penciled in 'til Wednesday.

She turns away from him again, even more upset.

JEFF

You really want to do it?

SARAH

(hiding her uncertainty)

Yes.

He considers her a moment more, then draws his knees aside. The offer takes Sarah by surprise.

SARAH

You're sure?

JEFF

No.

Still his legs remain drawn aside. Sarah checks the lavatory occupancy signs.

SARAH

Okay, the one on the left. Wait a minute, then knock twice.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

SARAH (CONT'D)
(reassuring him --
and herself)
This is gonna be fun.

JEFF
Yes. Fun like prison.

She rises and shimmies past him.

10 INT. LAVATORY

10

Sarah examines herself in the mirror: shakes out her hair, wets her lips, unbuttons her blouse, checks for lines around her eyes. Waits. Then: three knocks on the door. She hesitates, then unlocks it. Jeff slides in, quick to close the door behind him.

SARAH
I thought I said two knocks.

JEFF
You want me to go out and do it
again?

She smiles: thank you for coming. They circle one another, trying to decide how to position themselves -- on the toilet? Over the toilet? Astride the sink?

JEFF
Wait, I've got it.

He hops up on the sink, legs akimbo.

JEFF
Be gentle.

Sarah laughs with Jeff -- this is a really awkward place to be intimate -- when:

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, we've begun
our final descent toward Los
Angeles --

SARAH
-- no, no --

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)
-- please return to your seats at
this time and stow any belongings
removed during the course of the
flight.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Sarah sags. Jeff can't hide his amusement.

JEFF

That's, that's too bad. I'm
sorry. Sort of. I'll go back
first?

(but first)

You okay?

She nods, shrugging it off. Jeff kisses her and exits.

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)

We hope you've enjoyed today's
flight and wish you a happy stay
in Los Angeles or wherever your
final destination may be.

Sarah looks at herself in the mirror, hair and clothes
primed for nothing. There's something weighing heavily
upon her, beyond just her inability to get laid in
flight.

11 INT. LAX - DAY

11

Sarah and Jeff exit the terminal, burdened with luggage.
Jeff checks messages on his cell phone.

12 EXT. LAX - CURBSIDE - DAY

12

Sarah's father, EARL DUXBURY, 60, dressed in tennis warm-
ups, greets them with a hug and a handshake. As he helps
Jeff load bags into his convertible BMW's trunk, Sarah
takes issue with the bumper-sticker on its rear: "Dole-
Kemp '96."

13 EXT. BMW (PASADENA FREEWAY, NORTHBOUND) - DAY

13

Jeff sits up front, garment bag in lap. Earl drives the
speed limit. Sarah sits in back, wind-tossed, watching
cars pass her by.

EARL

Jeff, do you share my daughter's
political views?

JEFF

No, sir. I'm a lawyer. I have to
think logically.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

SARAH
(to Jeff, provoked)
Hey, did you see Dodger Stadium?

JEFF
Where?

She points to it, with her middle finger. He smiles:
right back at you.

EARL
Anything to report from New York?

SARAH
No, no news. No.

Jeff shoots her a look, and she responds in kind: not
now.

EARL
Uh-oh, here they come! Everybody
ready?

JEFF
For what?

Dead ahead: the Chavez Ravine tunnels. Earl starts
taking deep, dramatic breaths.

SARAH
Da-ad. Can we not...
(to Jeff)
We used to -- as kids, we'd hold
our breath through these tunnels.

As they enter the first tunnel, Earl holds his breath and
beckons Jeff to join along.

SARAH
You don't have to.

JEFF
No, no. I'm always up for new
experiences.

Jeff takes a big gulp of air and holds it. As they shoot
out and into more tunnels, Sarah glances back and forth
from Earl to Jeff, their cheeks bulging. Are these
really the men in her life? They ROAR past a road sign
for "Pasadena."

14 EXT. PASADENA NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

14

Cruising past plush residences, Sarah points out landmarks from her childhood; she harbors the mixed emotions of an ex-con revisiting an old cell block.

SARAH

That's the tree I fell out of when I was six. That's where I crashed my bike once --

EARL

Jeff, this your first time in Pasadena?

JEFF

It is.

EARL

There's an old saying: 'No one comes from Los Angeles, everyone comes to Los Angeles -- '

SARAH

-- in seventh grade I chipped my tooth on that curb --

EARL

' -- but if you do come from Los Angeles, then you probably come from Pasadena.'

JEFF

I thought you were from Ohio.

EARL

I am. But Sarah's mom grew up here. And Sarah, of course.

SARAH

Everyone has to come from somewhere.

(pointing to a wall)

That's where I ran away to once.

JEFF

You ran away to a wall?

EARL

When she was twelve. A few years after...

SARAH

When I was twelve. That's as far as I got.

EARL

She'd convinced herself she was adopted.

15 EXT. DUXBURY HOME - DAY

15

The Beamer sweeps into a half-circle driveway leading to a white two-story family home.

JEFF

What gave you that idea?

16 INT. DUXBURY HOME - FOYER - DAY

16

ON A DUXBURY FAMILY PORTRAIT: EARL at 35 with his wife JOCELYN, 29, ANNIE, 2, in her arms, and SARAH, 7.

ANNIE (O.S.)

You're here! You're here! You're here!

NEW ANGLE

ON ANNIE DUXBURY TODAY, 27, tan, trim and still very blonde, sweat-stained in tennis whites, hopping up and down. She throws her arms around Sarah, just in the door.

ANNIE

You're here! You're here! You're here! You're here!

SARAH

(without her sister's enthusiasm)

I'm here! Annie, this is Jeff. My boyfriend.

JEFF

(reacting to "boyfriend," but letting it pass)

Hi.

Jeff extends his hand, but Annie, indefatigable, hugs him too. She never stops hopping, always ready to receive serve.

ANNIE

You're cute.

JEFF

So are you.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE

(to Sarah)

He's cute.

(then)

Oh my god! I'm getting married!!

SARAH

Where's Scott?

ANNIE

Practicing his serve. Come say
hi. Oh, Daddy --

She turns to the adjoining DEN where Earl has turned on
CNN Headline News: The second Clinton inaugural is days
away.

ANNIE

-- Scotty wants to play Canadian
doubles again, and we've got our
dance lesson at three.

Earl nods, then grumbles, re: Warren Christopher on TV.

EARL

Goddamn California raisin.

ANNIE

(to Sarah)

He's been so great this past
month. Signing checks like a
trooper.

(she starts outside)

Come watch us play.

SARAH

Soon as we put our bags down.

ANNIE

Sooner!

She dashes out. Sarah watches her go: Do I really
belong to this family?

JEFF

Your sister... likes to bounce.

Jeff and Sarah ascend the stairs with their bags. Jeff
stops to study the family portrait.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

JEFF

I can't imagine why you thought
you were adopted. Wait, actually
you do have a lot of your mom in
you...

Sarah, pushing ahead, pauses before her father's bedroom.

JEFF (O.S.)

(inspecting another photo)

What is this from, senior prom?
You never told me you had cornrows
in high school.

18 SARAH'S MEMORY POV OF THE BEDROOM - CIRCA 1973

18

Jocelyn, 31, lies bed-ridden. She summons to her side
9-year old Sarah and draws her fingers through her hair,
lovingly.

19 BACK TO SCENE

19

Sarah awakes from her reverie as Jeff approaches.

JEFF

You alright?

SARAH

(she nods, then:)

You ever wish you'd grown up
someplace else? So when you went
home it would be somewhere
exciting. Like Paris or...
somewhere exciting.

JEFF

It wouldn't be exciting. It would
be where you grew up. Besides,
Los Angeles is very exciting.
Movie stars. The beach. The
Mansons. It's just like Paris.
Occupied.

Sarah smiles.

JEFF

So: I'm your 'boyfriend'?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

SARAH
 (carefully)
 I was thinking: Maybe we
 shouldn't tell anyone this
 weekend. At least not until after
 the wedding. It's Annie's big
 day, I don't want to steal
 attention...

Jeff considers the request, unenthused, but acquiesces:

JEFF
 As long as you tell me I'm cute.

SARAH
 You're cute.

JEFF
 I've heard.

He moves amorously toward her, but:

SARAH
 Uh-uh-uh. We're in Pasadena now,
 not Los Angeles.

JEFF
 What's the diff--

CUT TO:

20 INT. COUNTRY CLUB - RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT.

20

Cocktails before the rehearsal dinner.

PASADENAN #1	PASADENAN #2
-- she's at USC and	-- all limestone. I know I
absolutely loving it there,	may be in for heartbreak,
and he's at Cal and	but I just can't stand
absolutely loving it,	tumbled marble --
too --	

PASADENAN #3
 -- then you haven't heard the half
 of it because then on the sixth
 hole --

ON SARAH

almost paralyzed by fear and horror as she takes in the
 crowd: Do I really have to hail from here? Annie leaps
 suddenly before her, dragging two BRIDESMAIDS.

(CONTINUED)

ANNIE

Sarah! This is Nikki! She's a
bridesmaid, too! This is my
sister, Sarah, my maid of honor!
And you know Donna!

BRIDESMAIDS

Hi!

ANNIE

(off to a new arrival)
You're here! You're here! You're
here!

NIKKI

Aren't you excited?! I am! I'm
so excited I could scream!

SARAH

(through a smile)
Don't.

PASADENAN #4

-- and I swear to God it
tastes just like
mayonnaise --

EARL

-- mark my words:
President Danforth
Quayle --

Jeff answers a PASADENAN's question:

JEFF

No, this is my first time here.

PASADENAN #5 (O.S.)

You know, there's an old saying:
'Nobody comes from Los Angeles,
they come to Los Angeles...'

Jeff smiles politely -- he's heard this before. Across
the room Sarah notices him -- from this distance he seems
to meld with the crowd -- as PASADENAN #1 has her
cornered.

PASADENAN #1

I hear you're in New York and
absolutely loving it there. And
you have this wonderful boyfriend
who's just crazy about you -- is
he here? And that you're
absolutely loving what you're
doing. What are you doing?

SARAH

(uncomfortably)
I work at The New York Times.

(CONTINUED)

PASADENAN #1
A journalist! Wouldn't your
mother've been proud!

SARAH
I, uh, I'm a fact-checker
actually.

PASADENAN #1
(no idea what that is,
but trying to seem
impressed)

Oh?!

Back to Jeff, pretending to hear for the first time:

PASADENAN #6 (O.S.)
'... but if you do come from Los
Angeles, then chances are you come
from...'

Back to Sarah, explaining:

SARAH
I call to confirm certain items in
stories. If someone's name is
spelled correctly, or if they have
brown hair or not. For legal
reasons.

PASADENAN #1
That sounds fascinating.

Not the word Sarah would choose -- "stultifying" maybe.

ANNIE	PASADENAN #6
-- you're here! you're	-- my favorite are the
here! you're here! --	Milanos --

Sarah speaks to a litany of GUESTS, in a series of
conversations, growing increasingly weary of the topic:

SARAH
-- doing it about six years. It's
a stepping stone to being a
reporter. Or it's supposed to
be --

(next)
-- pretty much a self-starter
industry. You need to go out and
get that one story that
establishes you. And I haven't
yet --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

SARAH (CONT'D)

(next)

-- sometimes I think growing up here has really kept me from, you know, going for it at work. I was raised to be polite, not hungry.

REVEAL: Her audience now are the KIDS of the party, 5 to 10-year olds in mini-party attire.

SARAH

Watch out for that.

(next, to adults again)

-- no, I, I'm not a journalist. I'm an aroma therapist.

PASADENAN #4

(the last of these)

-- we went to Spain last summer and it's like an entirely different country there --

Back with Jeff, in another circle, as Sarah approaches.

JEFF

Hi.

SARAH

Hi. Having a good time?

JEFF

(teasingly)

You're not?

Jeff's called back into conversation, and like a good soldier he goes. Sarah drifts away, disappointed: She'd hoped he'd be in as much hell as she. She seeks refuge at the bar.

SARAH

Vodka rocks, please.

Sarah waits uneasily. She senses a pair of eyes upon her and, warily, peers down the bar to find: tall, regal KATHARINE RICHELIEU, 76, staring at her.

KATHARINE

My god, kid, you look sensational.

SARAH

(relieved, they hug)

Grandma.

(CONTINUED)

KATHARINE

Ah, the name makes me feel like
death is still at least a week
away.

(eyeing her vodka)

Going for the hard stuff already?

SARAH

I'm on east coast time.

KATHARINE

And we're long overdue.

(to the bartender)

Uno mas, por favor.

(back to Sarah)

How are things at Pravda?

SARAH

The New York Times is fine.

KATHARINE

And the boy?

(as Sarah shrugs)

That good?

(off a DINNER BELL)

After dinner. We'll be drunk then
so I'll expect dirt.

SARAH

Like how Jeff didn't want to --

(she whistles/gestures)

-- in the airplane lavatory today?

KATHARINE

I'll skip dessert.

SARAH

Or how he proposed to me last week
and I said yes and I'm terrified I
don't know if I'm ready to get
married.

Katharine studies her granddaughter: is she serious?
She is.

KATHARINE

I'll skip the mixed greens.

She touches two fingers to her lips -- let's smoke --
then leads Sarah away. Across the room, Jeff looks for
Sarah, nowhere to be found. Then, to the same old
question:

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (5)

20

JEFF

Actually, I have been to Pasadena before. I was stationed here during the war, at an internment camp just down the block.

(then)

I'm kidding.

21 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - TERRACE - NIGHT

21

Away from the crowd. Katharine lights a cigarette.

KATHARINE

So: The boy went down on one knee, but he won't go down in the coach crapper. Who can blame him really, what people do in there... Where's the ring?

SARAH

On order. Tiffany's. Fifteen thousand dollars.

KATHARINE

Atta girl. Well, kid, what terrifies you?

Sarah indicates the Pasadenans inside.

SARAH

That terrifies me.

KATHARINE

It's just Pasadena, kid. It's what happens when you give people everything they want and leave them alone for a hundred years.

SARAH

I just -- I don't want my life to end up like that. I want it to be alive. I want it to be full, you know?

KATHARINE

Of course: you want to have sex on planes.

SARAH

I'm afraid if I marry Jeff, or at least marry him now, then I'll never... do anything.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

SARAH (CONT'D)

You know, by the end of my
twenties I thought I'd've defined
myself, and I'm thirty-two now and
I still don't feel defined!

(reaching for a drag)

Can I have a...?

KATHARINE

(denying her)

You've got addled down pat, dear,
don't try for stupid the same
week.

SARAH

I'm afraid if I get married now,
I'll have kids and that'll be
it...

KATHARINE

Criminy, kid, you make marriage
sound like a death sentence.

SARAH

It was for Mom.

KATHARINE

Your mother did not get lupus from
her wedding vows.

SARAH

But what did she ever do past the
age of twenty-two? Besides raise
us...? I just -- I want there to
be more to my life.

22 INT. COUNTRY CLUB - HALLWAY - NIGHT

22

As the rest of the guests take seats in the dining room,
Jeff searches for Sarah -- without success. He finds
instead Earl, nervously going over notes for his toast.

JEFF

Hey, Mr. D. You seen Sarah?

He hasn't.

JEFF

Everything alright?

EARL

I have to make a toast. I'm a
little nervous.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

JEFF

You'll do fine.

EARL

I wish the girls' mother was here.
She could always put me at ease.

JEFF

What would she do?

EARL

Ah, just gimme a hug.

Jeff opens his arms: will this do? Earl shrugs, and they hug.

23 EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - TERRACE

23

Katharine studies her granddaughter, still distraught.

KATHARINE

Kid, you furrow your brow any more, you're gonna pull something. It's funny, you know, your mother was the same way. Before she married your dad, she was just as...

(she flutters
her hand)

So much so she went MIA a week before her wedding.

SARAH

Really?

Katharine's said too much; she starts inside.

KATHARINE

C'mon, let's go inside. I'm freezing my nuts off out here.

SARAH

Grandma?

24 INT. COUNTRY CLUB - RECEPTION AREA

24

Now deserted. Sarah follows her in.

SARAH

Grandma: Mom went missing?

(CONTINUED)

KATHARINE

She just took off for a few days.
To think. Get her head straight.

SARAH

Took off to where?

KATHARINE

Somewhere, I can't remember. Cabo
maybe.

SARAH

Cabo! To think?! Was Vegas
booked?!

(struck)

You don't think there was someone
else, do you?

KATHARINE

(a tad too
resolutely)

No. She just went away. For your
father's sake, we never discussed
it much at family dinners. Point
is, kiddo: you shouldn't worry
yourself over this thing. If you
don't want to marry Steve --

SARAH

-- Jeff --

KATHARINE

-- then don't. And if you do, do.
And if the marriage implodes,
divorce. You haven't lived fully
'til you've gone through one of
those.

SARAH

(no better off)

Thanks, Grandma.

KATHARINE

Happy to help.

As they head in together to the dining room:

SARAH

Do me a favor? Not a word
about --

(she touches her
absent engagement
ring)

-- to Dad or anybody.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

KATHARINE
And spoil your fun announcing?

25 INT. COUNTRY CLUB - DINING ROOM

25

Jeff, seated, tracks Sarah as she escorts Katharine to her seat, then finds her own. All the while, Earl gives his welcoming toast:

EARL
When I first asked Annie where she wanted her wedding reception, she said, without missing a beat, 'The club, Daddy.' Shocked I had even asked the question. And when I asked her where she wanted the rehearsal dinner, she said, 'The club, Daddy.' I said, 'Honey, two nights in a row?'

The crowd laughs, and Sarah sits. Jeff leans over:

JEFF
Your mom's mom?
(as she nods)
What were you guys talking about?

SARAH
Things.

JEFF
(studying her: she's
somewhere else again)
Hi. I'm Leonard.

SARAH
I'll bet you are.

EARL
(droning on)
But Annie reminded me how our family has always celebrated happy events in our lives here. Every graduation dinner. Both girls' debutante balls. Even their parents' wedding was here, the twenty-fifth of June, 1963. So I asked Annie, 'Why is it we always come here?' And she said, 'Because, Daddy. It's tradition. It's where we come to be a family.'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EARL (CONT'D)
(his glass raised)
I welcome you all here. I, of course, wish the very best for the beautiful bride and groom. But tonight I offer a toast simply to... tradition.

Everyone toasts, commencing...

A QUICK DINNER MONTAGE

To a CHORUS of "Tradition" from Fiddler On The Roof:
Episcopalians feast upon a set menu of lamb, potatoes au gratin and green beans, served by an exclusively Hispanic waitstaff.

Toward the meal's end, Annie and her groom, SCOTT, make the rounds of tables, poster children for happy, unexamined lives. Sarah watches them work the room, amazed at how unconflicted they seem. Beside her, Jeff calculates an idea in his head; he lets out a...

JEFF
Hmm.

SARAH
What?
(off his look)
You said 'hmm.' Hmm what?

JEFF
Your parents didn't waste much time.

SARAH
Hmm?

JEFF
They didn't waste much -- never mind.

SARAH
No, no. What?

JEFF
They were married June 25th, 1963?
You were born February 3rd of '64.
They didn't waste much time getting pregnant. C'mon, you've seen filmstrips.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (CONT'D)

(and as it
dawns on her)

You never did the math before?

SARAH

After Mom died, we didn't
celebrate their anniversary a lot.

JEFF

You were born eight months and a
week after your parents' wedding.
So either you arrived a little
early or... somebody jumped the
gun.

Sarah sips wine and considers Earl, across the room,
demonstrating proper forehead technique.

SARAH

I don't think so.

JEFF

It was the sixties.

SARAH

No, it was the early sixties.

JEFF

I'm not saying it was a shotgun
wedding. Your mom probably didn't
even know she was pregnant until
after the honeymoon.

She eats some lamb and considers this, too. Then, with
her mouth full, it hits her. She starts looking for
Katharine.

JEFF

What?

SARAH

I have to, um... Do you need
any...

Sarah darts away, leaving Jeff. Still chewing, she
crosses the room to her grandmother, chatting with a
COUPLE.

SARAH

Was there someone else?

(CONTINUED)

KATHARINE

Sarah! Have you met Schuyler and
Gillian...

HUSBAND

Eisenbaum.

KATHARINE

They're Scott's cousins.

SARAH

Was there?!

Katharine sees: her granddaughter is near raving. She
apologizes to the Eisenbaums --

KATHARINE

Excuse us a moment.

-- then rises to drag Sarah from their earshot.

SARAH

(lamb at last
swallowed)

Did Mom sleep with someone before
Dad?

KATHARINE

What's gotten into you?

SARAH

In Cabo? Did she?

KATHARINE

How could I possibly --
(to a passing guest)
Hello!

(back to Sarah)
Why do you think I would know
that?

SARAH

Because: you know everything.

Grandmother and granddaughter remain in a heated standoff
until:

EARL (O.S.)

I need all the bridesmaids over
here for a picture! Bridesmaids!
Where's the maid of honor?

KATHARINE

Right over here!

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (4)

25

That confirms it: Katharine is hiding something. Bridesmaids pull Sarah away into a line-up for Earl, camera-ready.

EARL

Sarah, you're next to Annie. I need my two girls front and center. Nikki, a touch to your --

SOUND GOES ABRUPTLY MUTE as Sarah, mind reeling, clocks Katharine returning to the Eisenbaums; then her father (is he her father?), yammering directions at the other girls; then her sister (half-sister?), giggling at everything. Across the room, Jeff watches her, concerned. Then, back with Sarah, SOUND ABRUPTLY RESUMES:

EARL

-- and everyone ready? Smile!

CUT TO:

26 INT. DUXBURY HOME - SARAH'S ROOM - ON SARAH

26

Far from smiling. She lies, head on a pillow, staring at the ceiling, deep in thought, when she hears --

-- PLOP-THWANG! echoing from outside her window. Sarah rises, peers outside upon Earl and Annie's crack-of-dawn warm-up rally. PLOP-THWANG! PLOP-THWANG!

27 INT. DUXBURY HOME - HALLWAY - MORNING

27

Sarah emerges from her bedroom, bedheaded, in sweats and a T-shirt, and tiptoes down the hall to sneak into --

28 INT. DUXBURY HOME - GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

28

-- where Jeff, in bed, reviews his legal document again.

JEFF

Good morning.

SARAH

Good morning. Whatcha doin'?

JEFF

Just going over the indemnity provision of this asset transfer agreement.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

JEFF (CONT'D)
(then, the truth)
And wondering what happened to you
last night?

SARAH
(penitently)
Can I get in?

29 SAME SCENE - MINUTES LATER

29

Sarah and Jeff spoon. PLOP-THWANG echoes from outside.

JEFF
Your grandmother said there was
someone else?

SARAH
She didn't say there wasn't.

JEFF
So you think your father may not
be your father... and your sister
may be your half-sister...

SARAH
What if Mom had a fling before the
wedding? It would make sense. I
mean: why am I not... blonder?
(then)
You think I'm overthinking this?

JEFF
You're not underthinking it.

SARAH
It would explain so much. Why
I've never felt at home at home.
Why I've never shared anything in
common with my family. Why I'm so
confused about...

JEFF
Confused about...?

SARAH
Just, you know, confused.

But he has a pretty good idea about what. She avoids the
awkward moment by changing the subject:

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

SARAH

I wonder if Dad knows. I can't ask him -- if he doesn't, it'd kill him. I bet my Aunt Mitsy would know.

JEFF

Your Aunt Mitsy?

SARAH

My godmother. Mom's best friend. I should go see her.

EARL (V.O.)

Why, she run out of ice?

30 EXT. DUXBURY HOME - TENNIS COURT - DAY

30

The pre-wedding doubles tourney. Earl encourages Annie and her bridesmaids from the sidelines as Sarah stands aside.

SARAH

I thought I should say hi. She was Mom's maid-of-honor after all.

EARL

Nice get! Nice get!

SARAH

Anyway, can I? Borrow the Beamer?

EARL

Honey, you're not insured on it.

(then)

Nice! Nice! Nice!

(then, relenting)

As long as you're back by noon to get dressed. And I want to see you play first.

SARAH

Dad, tennis and I...

EARL

It wouldn't be a bridesmaids' tournament without you. You always had such a beautiful serve, I don't know why you gave it up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

EARL (CONT'D)
(off her reticence)
Please. For your old man. How
many chances do I get to see my
girls play together?
(then, back to
the action)
Nice get! Nice get!

Sarah doesn't have the heart to turn him down.

31 THE NEXT GAME

31

Sarah steps to the baseline to serve. Three balls bounce her way, and she fumbles two. Finding her stance, she dribbles her first ball off the pavement once, then off her shoe. It rolls away. She receives another ball, takes a breath, then tosses it in the air and swoons, blinded by the sun. The ball falls unswung upon.

SARAH
Sorry.

EARL
S'okay, just a practice.

She steps back into position to try again. She takes a breath, tosses the ball and serves it. Perfectly. An ace if it weren't practice.

EARL
Nice, Sarah, nice.

Buoyed -- maybe she does share something with her father and sister -- Sarah returns for her next try.

SARAH
Okay. This one's in play.

She lines up again, tosses the ball and smashes it -- up and into an overhead light, shattering it, bringing a rainstorm of plastic down upon the court. Earl and the other girls dash for cover.

SAME SCENE - A MOMENT LATER

As Earl sweeps up --

SARAH
I'm sorry, Dad.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

EARL
 It's okay, just -- go.
 (he pushes his car
 keys into her hands)
 And don't drive too fast!

32 EXT. EARL'S BMW (PASADENA) - DRIVER'S POV - DAY

32

Careening around a corner, nearly colliding into traffic.
 This is why Earl doesn't loan the car to Sarah: she is a
 horrible driver.

33 EXT. AUNT MITSY'S HOME - PORCH - DAY

33

A spinster's residence, cozy to a fault: candles,
 trinkets, throw pillows galore. Sunk in a wicker chair,
 Sarah fights Aunt Mitsy's hyperactive toy terrier off her
 lap. From inside the house:

AUNT MITSY (O.S.)
 'Did your mother have somebody on
 the side before she got married?'
 (laughing)
 Oh my. I wasn't expecting that.
 No, sweetie. Not that I know of.
 Who put that idea in your head?

SARAH
 My grandmother.

AUNT MITSY (O.S.)
 Katharine? If anyone was going to
 have something on the side...

AUNT MITSY appears from the house, filling a muumuu,
 wrists weighted with bracelets, a Mai Tai in each hand,
 the Miss Havisham of Pasadena. She sings:

AUNT MITSY
 'We're having a cocktail,
 A tropical cocktail...'
 (one drink goes
 to Sarah)
 Here ya go, hon. Hair of the dog.

SARAH
 Apparently Mom disappeared right
 before her wedding. 'To think.'

AUNT MITSY
 Gosh, I don't remember that.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

Do you remember any men she might
have associated with back then?

AUNT MITSY

You make this sound like a police
investigation. 'No, officer. The
only man your mom ever had eyes
for was your father.' And Beau
Burroughs.

SARAH

Who?

AUNT MITSY

Beau Burroughs. He was a year
ahead of us at Prep. Your mother
and I were just gaga for him.

(she drinks: memories
make her thirsty)

You wanna see a picture?

34 SAME SCENE - ON A YEARBOOK ("PASADENA PREP 1959) -
LATER

34

Crew-cut boys and girls in skirts covering their knees.
Aunt Mitsy sits beside Sarah now, turning pages.

AUNT MITSY

That's your mom and me in... Our
Town or Importance of Being
Earnest, I can't tell.

(with too much
flourish)

'All women become like their
mothers. That is their tragedy.
No man does. That's his.'

SARAH

(focusing her back
to the yearbook)

Beau Burroughs?

AUNT MITSY

Right. Here he is. Star of the
track team. Your mom and I never
missed a meet.

SARAH

Did they go out?

(CONTINUED)

AUNT MITSY

Dated a little. Beau was not the steady boyfriend type. He had lots of girlfriends.

SARAH

You?

AUNT MITSY

After college, very casually. In fact, I invited him to your mom's wedding, but your grandmother pooh-poohed it. Said an ex-beau at a wedding was bad luck. Ex-beau...

(she chuckles)

Of course, he crashed it anyway.

(re: another picture)

That's him with Charlie Webb. I forgot those two were friends.

The picture: TWO YOUNG MEN IN TUXEDOS, one's face obscured as he whispers into the other's ear. The caption: "Beau Burroughs And Charles Webb Make Mischief At Prom."

AUNT MITSY

(rising, to
the kitchen)

My drink needs freshening. Yours?

SARAH

I'm driving. Charles Webb. That name sounds familiar.

AUNT MITSY

Oh, he was the big celebrity from that class. You know. He wrote that book that caused all that flap. The, uh --

Aunt Mitsy stops. Pistons firing in her brain. She turns back to Sarah, upset.

SARAH

What?

AUNT MITSY

When did Katharine say your mom...?

SARAH

A week before the wedding.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

AUNT MITSY
 (fragile)
 Did she say she went to Mexico?

SARAH
 Cabo.

Aunt Mitsy's eyes well up, stung, as she goes inside.

AUNT MITSY
 ... bastard...

Sarah sits alone, struck. She scours the yearbook again, from Beau Burroughs to Charles Webb...

SARAH
 ... Charles Webb, Charles Webb...
 Aunt Mitsy? What did you say he wrote?

35 EXT. PASADENA - DAY

35

MOVING ALONGSIDE SARAH as she drives home, brow knit, mind occupied; consequently she runs a stop sign.

SARAH
 (off honks)
 Sorry. My bad.

She drives on as K-EARTH announces the time, and Sarah confirms it on her watch: twelve noon, she's late. She punches the gas, and on the radio a new song begins --

"Hello, darkness, my old friend, I've come to talk with you again..."

-- WE REMAIN BEHIND as the Beamer moves out of earshot and almost out of sight when suddenly -- SCREEEEEECH! -- it veers off the road and into a row of plastic garbage bins.

CLOSE ON SARAH

BEHIND THE WHEEL, fists at 2 and 10, arms rigid, mouth ajar. She's realized.

"... in restless dreams I walked alone, down narrow streets of..." Sarah turns off the radio. Thinks. Turns it back on. "... touch the sound of..." She turns it off again. Jaw in lap.

36 EXT. CHURCH - BREEZEWAY - DAY 36

MOVING WITH JEFF, a VHS cassette in hand, as he searches Gothic breezeways for the bride's waiting room.

37 EXT. CHURCH - DAY 37

Guests are arriving as Katharine searches for her granddaughter. To the PASTOR:

KATHARINE

Father, do you know where the bridesmaids are in wait? I'm looking for my granddaughter.

PASTOR

The bride?

KATHARINE

(acidly)

The other one.

38 INT. BATHROOM - CHANGING ROOM 38

Sarah, half-dressed in her bridesmaid's gown, studies the VHS box. Jeff sits atop the toilet nearby.

SARAH

'Based on a book by Charles Webb.'
You've seen this, right?

(of course he has)

Everyone always said it was based on a real... thing... in Pasadena. That someone in town, some family were the real Robinsons. It's my family, Jeff. We're the Robinsons.

JEFF

Why do you think?

SARAH

Charlie Webb. He went to Prep with Mom, and he was best friends with this Beau Burroughs, who I'm pretty sure was the one she took off with.

JEFF

Beau Burroughs?

(off her look)

Dustin Hoffman's character was Benjamin Braddock. Beau Burroughs. BB.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

Mom ran away with him, got pregnant, then came back to marry Dad.

JEFF

Maybe got pregnant.

SARAH

Was she in love with him? If she was, why did she come back? Was it even her choice to? And why didn't anyone ever tell me about this?!

JEFF

Most of all you have to hide it from the kids. Koo-koo-ka-choo.

Katharine enters suddenly, and Jeff and Sarah clam up -- an awkward, caught-in-the-cookie-jar silence. Then, remembering he's sitting atop the toilet, Jeff rises from it and (out of habit) flushes.

JEFF

S'all yours.

KATHARINE

What the hell are you two talking about?

SARAH

You're Anne Bancroft, aren't you? You're Mrs. Robinson.

KATHARINE

Steve, go play with your dick.

JEFF

Jeff.

(to Sarah)

You'll be alright?

Sarah nods, and Jeff starts away.

KATHARINE

And not a word to anyone, yo-yo, or I start mentioning how you couldn't get it up on the plane in.

Jeff looks to Sarah, betrayed, then goes. Sarah and Katharine face off.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

SARAH

Beau Burroughs. Mom liked him,
you seduced him, then she ran off
with him before the wedding.
Isn't that what happened?

KATHARINE

(taking out
a cigarette)

You shouldn't believe everything
you see in the movies --

SARAH

TELL ME!!

Katharine stops, startled by Sarah's volume, then resumes
the lighting of her cigarette. Sarah lowers her voice to
ask:

SARAH

Is it true?

(as Katharine
inhales, nods)

Was Mom in love with him?

(as Katharine
shrugs: maybe)

Then why did she come back?

KATHARINE

(a big drag, then)

Beats the hell out of me, kid.

39 INT. CHAPEL - DAY

39

In the balcony, TWO WOMEN sing "Benedictus" as the pews
below teem with friends and family. The groom is already
at the altar; the first bridesmaid marches toward it.

In the church's rear, the Wedding Coordinator cues the
next bridesmaid to begin her procession. Sarah waits,
two back, reeling. She glances at Annie and Earl behind
her, sharing a final teary moment before he gives her
away. They notice Sarah, and Earl reaches out to include
her.

EARL

I love both you girls very much.

Sarah hugs them both, conflicted. The wedding
coordinator taps her shoulder: time to go, and she draws
away from them.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

WEDDING COORDINATOR
(whispering)
Smile -- smile!

MOVING DOWN THE AISLE

Sarah attempts a smile, but suddenly all she can see are mouths, CLOSE-UPS of them: guests' smiling, Jeff's curling in sympathy, Katharine's touched by a single finger: tell no one. Sarah continues, as does "Benedictus" OVER:

40 EXT. LAX - MORNING

40

Earl drops off Sarah and Jeff at the airport: curbside kisses and farewells.

41 INT. LAX TERMINAL

41

Jeff checks in as Sarah uses his cell phone; she does not check her bag.

SARAH
... hi, my name is Sarah Duxbury,
I'm an alumna, class of '82. Hi.
I'm trying to find an address or
phone number for a member of the
class of '59? Beau Burroughs...

She steals a pen from the check-in counter.

42 ON AN ESCALATOR

42

Jeff and Sarah ascend as she reads:

SARAH
'2980 Sand Hill Road, Menlo Park,
California.' They didn't have a
phone number.

JEFF
That's a business address. Sand
Hill Road, it's Silicon Valley.
Hi-tech. 'Plastics.'

SARAH
What? Oh, right.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

JEFF

I thought the name sounded familiar. He's a somebody up there. You gonna drive or fly?

SARAH

I figured drive. It's not that far.

JEFF

You're just gonna ask him, point-blank?

SARAH

I could call out 'Hey, Dad,' see if he turns.

JEFF

(handing her
her ticket)

Here, better hold onto this. I'll call your office, tell them you're sick.

They take each other in, to say goodbye.

JEFF

You sure you don't want me to...

SARAH

Thanks. I should do this alone. You have work.

Jeff kisses her on the forehead --

JEFF

Go. Find him. Stop being confused.

-- then on the lips.

JEFF

And remember: I don't care who gives you away.

43 AT THE GATE

43

Jeff glances back at Sarah as he boards, and she offers him a wistful wave before he disappears. She hesitates a moment, then buries her airline ticket in her purse, only to find Jeff's cell phone there.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

SARAH

Jeff, your --

But he's gone. OFF Sarah, steeling herself for her journey...

44 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

44

A MONTAGE OF SARAH'S DRIVE NORTH ON PCH, mirroring Hoffman's journey to Berkeley in 1967, a sun-roofed Chevy Malibu from Avis standing in for his red Alfa Romeo:

Sarah drives in and out of a tunnel. At a gas station, she refills her tank. Back on the road, she spots her exit -- Sand Hill Road, Menlo Park -- and crosses two lanes of traffic to make it.

SARAH

(off honks)

Sorry, my bad, my bad!

45 EXT. MENLO PARK - DAY

45

Sarah cruises down Sand Hill Road. At 2980, she makes an abrupt turn in.

46 EXT. 2980 SAND HILL ROAD - PARKING LOT - DAY

46

Sarah finds an available space. A football field away stands a sleek, modern OFFICE BUILDING, crowned by a sign: "TECHNET."

47 INT. TECHNET - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

47

Nouveau corporate chic: modern/warm, open/intimate. Glass walls offer views of the workspace within where TWENTY-SOMETHINGS toil on the eve of the dot-com boom. Sarah takes it all in as she approaches a RECEPTIONIST, headsetted, answering the company's main line.

RECEPTIONIST

Good afternoon, Technet -- just a moment. Good afternoon, Technet -- just a moment. Good afternoon, Technet -- just a moment.
(to Sarah)
Good afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

(a beat, then)

Sorry, I thought you were going to
say 'Technet.' That must get...
I'm here to see --

RECEPTIONIST

(her phone buzzes)

Pardon me a moment. Good
afternoon, Technet --

Sarah spots a WIRED magazine on display. Its cover
story: "TECHNET -- WORLD ON A STRING OR JUST A BALLOON?"
Its cover art: A MAN IN HIS FIFTIES, smiling, holding a
globe-like balloon, identified as "Beau Burroughs,
Technet Founder."

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry. You were here to see?

SARAH

(holding up the mag)

Him.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Burroughs is gone.

SARAH

Do you know when he'll be back?

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, I meant: he's no
longer with the company.

SARAH

What?!

RECEPTIONIST

Last Friday. He resigned his
position, divested most of his
shares. Here...

The Receptionist points to a Wall Street Journal on her
counter, its headline: The 6(.2) Billion Dollar Man --
Beau Burroughs Cuts And Runs From Technet.

RECEPTIONIST

Did you have an appointment with
him?

SARAH

No... Shit.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

RECEPTIONIST

If it's an emergency, I'm sure he
can be reached. Are you family?

SARAH

No, I, well... He didn't leave a
forwarding address or...?

RECEPTIONIST

I'm afraid I couldn't give one
out.

As Sarah prepares to quit and go:

RECEPTIONIST

You know, he is keynoting an
investors' conference tonight in
the city. It's a public event, I
don't see why I shouldn't tell
you.

SARAH

(her best smile)

Where in the city?

48 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

48

Driving MONTAGE #2: Sarah speeds upstate; she enters San
Francisco.

49 EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL (SAN FRANCISCO) - NIGHT

49

Sarah SCREECHES into valet parking and races inside.

50 INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - BALLROOM ENTRANCE

50

A sign reads "Goldman Sachs Investors Conference."
Several GREETERS monitor the entrance. Sarah approaches,
breathless.

SARAH

Hi, is this the --

(she spots the sign)

-- yeah.

Sarah pushes toward the entrance, but the GREETER stops
her.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

HEAD GREETER

I'm sorry. This conference is
open only to registered
participants and the press.

SARAH

I'm press.

Sarah withdraws her wallet and fumbles out a card.

SARAH

New York Times.

51 INT. BALLROOM - INVESTORS CONFERENCE

51

Sarah enters, a conference guide under her arm and a
hand-printed nametag ("Sarah Duxbury, NY TIMES") on her
breast, to find a packed FOUR-HUNDRED PERSON AUDIENCE
hanging on every syllable of --

-- BEAU BURROUGHS, in the flesh. He stands alone on
stage, miked, a paragon of California living: tall, tan,
trim, tieless. A video CLOSE-UP of Beau is projected
behind him.

BEAU

We've heard a lot today about
revolution. The coming
information revolution. The
coming internet revolution. Che
Guevara used to describe
revolution as a turn of the heart.
He'd tap his rebels in the chest
and say, 'Here. This is the axis
of the world. This heart turns
and, with it, the world.' This
speech only works in Northern
California, by the way.

(laughter)

Che, as you know, was trained as a
doctor. When a man of science
speaks in such figurative terms
one wonders exactly what he has in
mind. As something of a
dilettante Che biographer, I have
my own theory. I think he was
talking about something he saw
perhaps many, many times -- the
mystery of recovery. That moment
when a patient decides, despite
everything, to live.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

BEAU (CONT'D)

To overcome his suffering and will himself back to health. That was a revolution to Che: a willing of the unimaginable into existence.

(then)

Ladies and gentlemen, the internet revolution isn't coming. It has arrived. In technology, in information, in economics, in how we lead our day-to-day lives, in how we do business, and entertain ourselves, and feed people, and care for the sick -- the unimaginable has been willed into existence. And to paraphrase another hero of mine, this revolution will not be televised -- it's on your PC's right now.

52 SAME SCENE - CLOSE ON THE CONFERENCE GUIDE - LATER

52

Inside are PHOTOGRAPHS OF BEAU: his corporate portrait; circa 1980, flanked by tech-geeks, a beautiful young woman on his arm; in black-tie with Governor and Mrs. Clinton, a different (but just as young) beautiful woman on his arm.

Sarah scours the photos, in a corner of the conference's cocktail reception, surrounded by...

A VENTURE CAPITALIST

A HEDGE FUNDER

-- can we, can we speak
offline for a second here?
I just want to double-lick
on a point --

-- you can market it
virally or you can market
it in stealth mode or you
can do both --

A START-UPPER

-- we just secured the domain name
'Lobster.com.' Basically any kind
of shellfish now you can buy on-
line --

Sarah spots Beau, encircled by BUSINESS REPORTERS.

REPORTER #1

-- Technet is the third multi-
billion dollar company you've
created, taken public and divested
from in six years. Why always get
out so quickly?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

BEAU

There are two schools of thought on that one, John. First is: some people think my attention span's too short for a day-to-day manager, that I'm only interested in the launch, the action. And the second school of thought is...
 (he pauses to think)
 What was the question?

Laughter.

REPORTER #2

So what's next?

BEAU

Probably a little dinner and then I've got a plane to catch.
 (everyone knows he's teasing)
 What's next?

He shrugs and smiles: obviously there is something but he's not saying. Sarah, meanwhile, tries to join the circle inconspicuously; Beau immediately notices her.

BEAU

Miss Duxbury. How are things in New York?

Sarah reacts: "Holy shit, does he know who I am?"

BEAU

Always happy to have the Gray Lady represented.

She remembers: of course, her nametag. All attention is on her, and she's at a loss for words.

BEAU

Any questions from The New York Times?

SARAH

Not just now.

Beau smiles, charmed by her timidity. Meanwhile:

PUBLICIST

You all know Mr. Burroughs hosted the DNC's biggest fundraiser in the valley last year.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

PUBLICIST (CONT'D)
In fact President Clinton calls
him his 'California consigliere.'

BEAU
Course, he calls Panetta that,
too.

Beau's RIGHT HAND MAN steps to his side to whisper in his
ear, and like that Beau breaks up the interview.

BEAU
Gentlemen, I apologize. Ms.
Duxbury...

He bids adieu. Sarah watches him go: "That might be my
dad."

53 ACROSS THE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

53

Beau is getting a heated earful from a bigwig venture
capitalist named McNAMEE. Sarah approaches, nervously.

SARAH
Mr. Burroughs.

BEAU
Ms. Duxbury.

SARAH
Excuse me for... Could I speak to
you for a moment?

BEAU
Of course.

McNAMEE
Beau...?

BEAU
One second, Ron.
(back to Sarah)
How can I help you?

SARAH
Um, I'd just like to ask you --

McNAMEE
Beau, I need you for two minutes.
Please...

(CONTINUED)

BEAU

Sarah Duxbury, have you met Ron McNamee? Ron's one of the most powerful men in this conversation. Sarah's from The Times. You must work under Bill Oliver there?

SARAH

Actually...

McNAMEE

Oh yeah? Well, you tell that SOB boss of yours he's gonna print that shit about our IPO's, he should have the guts to come here himself, not send one of his minions. And that goes for Stoller and the rest of your crackpot gang over there.

He stalks off, seething. Sarah reels, blind-sided.

BEAU

Sorry about that. I don't think he would have left us alone otherwise. You have questions...

SARAH

Yeah, I, uh, I wanted to ask, um --

BEAU

Sorry, is this on the record or off?

SARAH

Oh, oh, off. Off. I'm not here in a professional capacity.

BEAU

You're not?

SARAH

No, I, uh, I, well... My mother was Jocelyn Richelieu.

That name stops Beau cold; he studies Sarah.

BEAU

Duxbury, Duxbury, of course. Your father's name was Earl, wasn't it? I'm sure it still is. Wow. You're Jossey's daughter.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

So I'm told.

BEAU

(as memories
flood him)

Wow. I, uh -- wow. Hey, I'm real
sorry about your mom. You must
have been very young.

SARAH

I was nine.

BEAU

She was a good lady.
(a respectful
pause, then)

So: you're a journalist now?

SARAH

No, I, I work at The Times, but --
it's a long story. I do want to
ask you some questions, though.

BEAU

About?

SARAH

What happened back then.

BEAU

Between your mom and me?

SARAH

And you and my grandmother.

That stops Beau cold again.

SARAH

I also know about the book. The
movie.

Beau tries to smile, unsettled; he checks to make sure no
one has overheard this.

BEAU

You, you have anywhere you need to
be right now?

(as Sarah shakes
her head)

Let me, uh...

Speechless, he pantomimes: "Wrap up here." She nods.

54 INT. FOUR SEASONS - ELEVATOR

54

Riding down, with others, Sarah sneaks a glance at Beau's profile, searching for familiarities, then away before he catches her.

BEAU
You grow up in Pasadena, too?

SARAH
Went to Prep.

BEAU
You live there now?

SARAH
Manhattan. Upper West Side.

BEAU
That's right: The Times.
Pasadena. You ever wish you grew
up someplace else?

Sarah double-takes as -- DING --

55 INT. FOUR SEASONS BAR - NIGHT

55

Club chairs; a live pianist; smoking is still permitted at the mahogany bar. Beau chooses a discreet table, and he and Sarah sit. A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS
Cocktails?

SARAH
Just a coke, please.

BEAU
(to the Waitress)
One second.
(to Sarah,
confidentially)
I don't know how easily I'm going
to open up to you about my early
sex life if I'm stone cold sober.
And, as a rule, I never drink
alone.

SARAH
Vodka on the rocks.

BEAU
Two, please.

The Waitress goes. Beau smiles.

(CONTINUED)

BEAU
Thank you. I'm a little nervous.

SARAH
So am I.

They share a smile. Then an awkward pause. Then:

BEAU
So what did your grandmother tell you?

SARAH
She said that, well, she told me --

(as Beau waves her on)
-- she said you pursued her, that, that you were an incorrigible pussyhound and the lowest piece of white whale shit in the ocean. Her words. If it makes you feel any better, she's not a big fan of the movie, either.

BEAU
It's a comfort. 'Incorrigible pussyhound.' She said that? Out loud?

SARAH
You know my grandmother. So to speak.

Beau smirks at her, the same mischievous grin Sarah saw in Aunt Mitsy's yearbook photo, and --

CUT TO:

56 THEIR VODKAS

56

Arriving. They clink and drink.

BEAU
Okay. I've got my armor on. Ask your questions.

SARAH
Well, basically...

(CONTINUED)

BEAU

What happened? You've read the book? Seen the film?
(who hasn't?)
They're not too far apart.
Charlie did a nice job. Broad strokes, it's pretty much how it was. He took some creative liberties, of course. I didn't exactly graduate from college, but I suppose The Drop-Out would've made a lousy title. And the ending, obviously. I didn't run off with your mother.

SARAH

You didn't?!

BEAU

(amused)

No. She married your father.

SARAH

Right. But, um, didn't you, I mean, you didn't try to stop it?

BEAU

The wedding? All that 'Elaine! Elaine!' business?

(mimicking Hoffman at the church window)

Tell you the truth, though, when I first saw it, the movie, I thought: hey, why didn't I think of that? I always wondered what might have happened if I had...

Sarah wonders, too. A RING emanates from within her purse, and she spies it curiously. It RINGS again.

BEAU

Your purse is ringing.

Sarah remembers: Jeff's PHONE! She withdraws it --

SARAH

Sorry, do you mind if --

BEAU

Take your time.

-- then steps away before answering:

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

SARAH
Hello? Hey, I have your phone!

INTERCUT WITH:

57 INT. JFK TERMINAL - NIGHT

57

Jeff is at a payphone.

JEFF
Yeah, I realized that when I
called myself and you answered. I
just landed, where are you?

SARAH
(keeping her
voice low)
I'm here. With him. How was the
flight?

JEFF
In-flight meal was chicken with
chicken. Have you asked him?

SARAH
Not yet... Because I'm leading up
to it... Because I'm scared...

Sarah watches Beau across the room, making their Waitress
laugh.

JEFF
Don't be scared. Just take a deep
breath, ask him, then run
screaming from the room. I'm
gonna catch a cab. Call me when
you're done?

SARAH
I will. Bye.

She hangs up. She takes a deep breath to steel herself,
then returns to Beau.

58 ANOTHER ANGLE

58

SARAH
Sorry about that. Where were we?

(CONTINUED)

BEAU

We were talking about your
scandalous past. Wait, no, it was
mine.

Sarah smiles, nervous, and takes a drink for courage.

BEAU

You know: they originally cast
Robert Redford as...
(he indicates
himself)
I don't know why they switched.

SARAH

You didn't like Dustin Hoffman?

BEAU

No, I did, it's just that, if I
had cast me, I would've picked
someone, you know...

SARAH

Less Jewish?

BEAU

I was going to say taller.
(then, teasingly)
You are from Pasadena.

Beau smiles, and Sarah takes another drink for courage as
the waitress returns with an appetizer menu --

WAITRESS

Here you are.

BEAU

I thought we might order a little
food. Thanks, Alison.

-- and this time the vodka works:

SARAH

Did you sleep with my mother?

She can't believe she said it. Neither can Beau.
Neither can the waitress, who makes a quick exit.

SARAH

In Mexico. Cabo. The weekend
before her wedding.

Beau studies her: "How do you know about that?"

(CONTINUED)

SARAH
Did you?

BEAU
Yes.

SARAH
Did you use a condom?

BEAU
Why would you possibly want to
know that?
(and then it
dawns on him)
Oh...

SARAH
I was born February 3rd, 1964.
Just shy of nine months after my
parents' wedding. So it's pretty
much a coin toss between you and
Dad. And I don't look like him.
I don't vote like him. I don't
drive like him. I think you might
be...

Beau rises to move his chair closer.

BEAU
Sarah.

SARAH
It is possible. Even if you wore
one. It's possible.

BEAU
No. It's not.

SARAH
And it makes perfect sense, we're
both...

BEAU
I'm sorry. It didn't occur to me
before. That you might be
thinking this.

He glances about -- there are too many people nearby --
so he takes her hand and leads her out to --

59 EXT. FOUR SEASONS BAR - TERRACE - NIGHT

59

They're alone out here. Beau squares up with her.

(CONTINUED)

BEAU

It's impossible for me to father children.

SARAH

You're sterile?

(as he nods)

But maybe not thirty years ago?

BEAU

All my life. I know.

SARAH

How? How can you know that?

BEAU

Because... When I was born...

Another COUPLE steps outside; Beau whispers in Sarah's ear.

SARAH

Really? And they just stayed up there? Inside you?

BEAU

Supposedly they wither away after a while. There's a simple procedure today, draws them right down. But back then...

SARAH

So you have no...? But you can...

BEAU

I just can't impregnate anyone. I'm sorry, Sarah. I can't be your father.

Sarah digests this, and suddenly the folly of her quest hits her full in the face and she's embarrassed, upset, ashamed...

SARAH

Oh God, I'm so, I'm so, oh God...

She pushes back inside --

-- and rushes across the lounge, nearly colliding with the waitress. Beau follows her in, stops to leave cash with the Waitress, then chases after her.

61 EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - NIGHT

61

Sarah exits, crying now. Beau exits soon after.

SARAH

I'm sorry. I don't know why I reacted like that. I should be relieved, I guess. My family's my family. Only... my life's such a disaster right now. My career's nowhere, I should be covering campaigns or wars or something, and there's this guy who wants to marry me but I don't know if I wanna get married or, or, or, or, or, or -- not. I guess I wanted to see if you were my dad, cause then I would've felt allowed to be confused... And I could figure out what to do with myself...

He wipes a tear from her cheek, then raises her chin. She stares up at him, sniffing, as he smiles down upon her.

BEAU

C'mon. Let's cheer you up.

62 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT

62

Beau and Sarah ROAR up and over Nob Hill in his vintage convertible SPORTS CAR.

SARAH

Didn't you have a flight to catch?

BEAU

Plane can't leave without its pilot.

63 EXT. LOMBARD STREET (SAN FRANCISCO) - NIGHT

63

They zigzag their way down to --

64 EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

64

-- where Beau leads Sarah from the car, past tourist-trap Chinese restaurants, down a foreboding alley to an unmarked warehouse entrance. He buzzes the door and a moment later they are welcomed in by A DIMINUTIVE CHINESE WOMAN.

65 INT. WAREHOUSE-CUM-RESTAURANT - NIGHT 65

Beau and Sarah are sat at a long table, squeezed in between other diners, the only Caucasian faces in the place -- only locals-in-the-know dine here. Sarah talks and talks and talks as Beau listens, happily.

An exotic dish is set out before them. Sarah balks at it, but Beau insists she sample it -- "Sometimes you have to try something to know you don't want it" -- and after some hesitation Sarah does... then spits out: "I don't want it."

66 EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT 66

Back on the street, Beau buys snowcones for two as Sarah notices a pair of BICYCLE-RICKSHAW DRIVERS. On a whim, she approaches them. Beau inquires what she's doing -- his convertible, after all, is just around the corner...

67 BEAU AND SARAH - MOMENTS LATER 67

Beau and Sarah fly through the streets of Chinatown, standing in their seats, wind in their hair, laughing, as the rickshaw drivers pedal away. Sarah starts a shaved ice fight. THEN...

68 SARAH AND BEAU - MOMENTS AFTER THAT 68

Sarah and Beau peddle madly, racing neck-and-neck, as their drivers cool their heels in their own cabs; Sarah pulls ahead, and Beau, admiring her, lets her go.

69 INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT 69

Beau refills Sarah's glass from a pitcher of beer.

BEAU

You know, you're not the first person to harbor anxieties about their future. I was -- literally -- the poster boy for that sort of thing.

SARAH

How'd you figure yourself out?

BEAU

I screwed up a lot. Lived abroad a while, tried a lot of drugs. Joined an ashram.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH
Doodled Grandma.

Beau smiles/cringes: yes, and that.

BEAU
Then someone told me the most
revolutionary two words I'd ever
heard: 'Be Present.' So now all
I ever worry about is my immediate
universe. Which presently
consists of you, me, and the
deafening silence coming from this
jukebox.

As Beau attends to it, Sarah considers that. She swigs
again from her mug of beer, bleary-eyed, as on a TV above
the bar the Clintons appear.

SARAH
So you know him?

BEAU
Both of 'em. Friends almost nine
years now.

SARAH
You don't think he really cheats
on her, do you?

Beau says nothing, punches in his song selection:
"Somethin' Stupid" by FRANK AND NANCY SINATRA. He soft-
shoe's a little on his way back to the booth.

SARAH
Sinatra?

BEAU
Sinatras.

He extends a hand -- care to dance? Sarah hesitates, so
Beau pulls her straight into a cha-cha.

SARAH
Can I ask you: What happened that
weekend with Mom? Skipping the
intimate details. How'd you guys
end up in Cabo?

BEAU
My parents had a house there.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BEAU (CONT'D)

I was staying alone, pretty much loafing the summer away, when Jocelyn just showed up. We had a little history together, back in high school... For three days all we did was swim and laugh. I taught her how to surf. Then, one morning, I woke up, she was gone. Back to Pasadena to get married. I didn't even know she was engaged.

(the memory
still sharp)

Those were probably the three happiest days of my life. It's the only time I can remember ever really feeling... peaceful.

SARAH

Why did she go back?

BEAU

Security maybe. She never said. Broke my heart, too. But I was twenty-one, twenty-two, and a long way from ready to get married.

SARAH

Have you ever? Been married?

(as Beau lifts
four fingers)

My God!

BEAU

I know. My CFO used to tell me I wed too impulsively. This was before she and I eloped. You know, I can see a lot of her in you.

SARAH

Your CFO?

BEAU

Your mom. She was a very beautiful woman. So are you.

SARAH

Thank you.

They share a smile which lasts a moment too long.

SARAH

I think I have to pee.

70 INT. DIVE BAR - LADIES' ROOM

70

Sarah steps up to the sink. She washes her hands, checks herself in the mirror, then checks herself checking herself.

SARAH
(defensively)
What?

71 INT. DIVE BAR - BATHROOM HALLWAY

71

Sarah exits and nearly collides with Beau on his way to the men's room. They smile, then attempt to pass, both a little drunk and both choosing the same direction so that they accidentally block one another again. They laugh, and try again -- and block each other again, and laugh --

-- and then, glancing up, Sarah's eyes catch Beau's, and that's that: she kisses him, impulsively, and only for a moment or so, but on the lips. She pulls away, embarrassed.

SARAH
I'm sorry, that was -- I've had
too much to drink prom-bably...

He stops and kisses her now, tenderly too, his hand cupping her cheek, and it's a sweet kiss, or it is until Sarah grabs his head and thrusts her tongue down his throat and suddenly it's a full-force make-out and --
FREEZE-FRAME.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
In the first weeks of the year
1997, this man and this woman
slept together. He was fifty-five
years of age. She was thirty-two.

RESUME-ACTION: Sarah and Beau, lip-locked, fall OUT OF
FRAME.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Their liaison remained a secret
until the following morning.

CUT TO:

72 EARLY MORNING FOG

72

WAVES CRASH, GULLS CRY. Sarah steps INTO FRAME, lost, searching. She finds FOOTPRINTS in the sand beneath her, fresh...

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

Sarah tracks the prints through the fog, careful her own feet avoid them. She looks ahead: far up the beach A WOMAN forges the trail in the sand. She turns: it's JOCELYN.

Sarah calls out: "Mom!" but no sound emerges -- just WAVES and GULLS. She hurries to catch her but gets distracted by the sight of HERSELF at 7, playing in the surf, an IMPOSSIBLY ENORMOUS WAVE rising up behind her.

Sarah turns back toward Jocelyn -- she's disappeared. What's more: Sarah's feet have wandered into her mother's tracks, which leave off just ahead, before an unexplored stretch of sand...

73 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

73

Sarah stirs in her sleep, dreaming. Outside, WAVES continue to CRASH, GULLS to CRY. She fidgets, then rolls to her side, revealing a monogram on the pillow below: "BB."

She awakens slowly, bleary-eyed. Props herself up on an elbow to glance around the room. "Where am I?" And then the memory of the night before unfolds itself --

-- and her brow shoots up -- "oh shit" -- and her hand plunges below the sheets to inspect -- "oh shit" -- and she bolts upright to discover she's alone, and naked, and in Beau Burroughs' bed.

74 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

74

Beau's bedroom door cracks open and Sarah peers out. In a shirt of Beau's and a pair of boxers, she emerges into:

75 INT. BEAU'S STATE-OF-THE-ART BEACH HOUSE - VARIOUS ROOMS - DAY

75

Enormous, modern, an ocean view in every window. Sarah goes from room to room, gathering her clothes, piecing together a chronology of the night's lovemaking. There is no sign of Beau, however -- only a deep-sleeping LABRADOR RETRIEVER.

76 INT. BEAU'S LIVING ROOM

76

Still no sign of him. As she starts to don her clothes, she hears a FAINT RINGING.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

She looks: her purse lies flung below a chair. She snatches it and withdraws Jeff's CELL PHONE, BLARING now. Should she answer it? No.

77 EXT. BEAU'S BEACH HOUSE - BLUFFSIDE - DAY

77

IN A GLASS DOOR'S REFLECTION: Sarah appears in the door, then slides it open to survey the surroundings. Beau is not to be seen, but he is to be heard:

BEAU (O.S.)

Close the door. So the dog
doesn't get out.

Sarah obeys, then peers about: where is he? She wanders into the yard, blindly passing (in the f.g.) a pair of feet jutting up from behind a hedge.

BEAU (O.S.)

Over here.

She turns, spots the feet, and rounds the hedge to find Beau, on a yoga mat, inverted in a headstand.

BEAU

Good morning.

SARAH

Good morning.

BEAU

Best hangover remedy I know: a
jump in the ocean, then five
minutes with your feet above your
head followed by a three-mile jog.
Better than coffee and aspirin.
You wanna try?

(no)

You want coffee and aspirin?

She nods. Beau drops his legs.

78 INT. KITCHEN

78

Sarah consumes two aspirin and a glass of water. Beau trades her the empty glass for a cup of coffee. She cradles it and sips.

SARAH

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

BEAU

You're welcome.

Sarah stares into her coffee, at a loss for words.

SARAH

You make good coffee.

BEAU

Thank you.

SARAH

You're welcome.

(then, matter-
of-factly)

Where are we?

BEAU

Half Moon Bay. Hour south of the
city. San Francisco. Anything
else I can get you? Eggs? OJ?
Paramedic?She shakes her head. Sips more coffee. More quiet
awkwardness, broken at last by:

SARAH

I should go.

(she puts her coffee
down, thrusts out
her hand)It was very nice meeting you, Mr.
Burroughs.

BEAU

(surprised, he
takes it)It was nice meeting you, Ms.
Duxbury.

SARAH

Well... Goodbye.

She goes. Beau waits, sips his coffee. Sarah reappears
after a moment, befuddled.

BEAU

You left your car at the hotel.

SARAH

(remembering, then)

Do you think you could...?

BEAU

Of course.

79 EXT. BEAU'S CONVERTIBLE - DRIVING - DAY

79

Along the coastline. Beau drives; Sarah rides.

BEAU

I need to say something to you.
What you told me last night about
your life in New York -- your job,
the guy -- suggested it wasn't
anything to rush back to. I
realize this a bit awkward given,
well, everything, but last night
was pretty spectacular for me.
What I'm saying is: I like you.
Very much, I suspect. And I'd
like to get to know you better in
the light of day.

(then)

I'd like you to stay.

SARAH

Stay?

BEAU

As in 'not go.' You don't like
the idea?

SARAH

No, it's just that, I think that,
well, I think -- I thought we were
going to get my car.

80 EXT. A PRIVATE AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

80

Beau's convertible pulls up next to a luxury private
plane.

BEAU

We will. I thought we might get
breakfast first.

SARAH

I didn't know there was an IHOP in
the sky.

BEAU

It's a quick trip. Up to the wine
country and back.

SARAH

Do I have a choice in the matter?

BEAU

Sure. We can fly to Tahoe if you
like. C'mon...

81 THE PRIVATE PLANE - MOMENTS LATER 81
shoots down the tarmac --

82 INT. BEAU'S PRIVATE PLANE 82
-- and lifts off. Beau flies; Sarah in the co-pilot seat, dumbfounded by her situation, seat assignment, everything.

BEAU
So what do you think?

SARAH
About the plane?

Beau shakes his head: about what he was proposing.

BEAU
You think I'm too old for you,
don't you?

SARAH
... no...

BEAU
Then?

SARAH
You slept with my mother and my grandmother. I mean: what would my family say? And you are too old for me. Obviously I'm very confused right now and last night was, I don't know, maybe some sort of rite of passage I had to go through: maybe every girl in my family has to sleep with you --

BEAU
-- or maybe it's love --

SARAH
-- or something I had to get out of my sys--

She turns to him: "Did he just say...?"

83 EXT. SKY - DAY 83
Beau's plane banks over the Northern California coast and shoots up to the Napa Valley.

84 EXT. NAPA VALLEY DIRT ROAD - DAY 84

A Jeep ride from the plane to breakfast. Beau talks, and Sarah listens, holding on like it's the ride of her life.

85 EXT. NAPA VALLEY VILLA - DAY 85

An Italian villa with an expansive garden overlooking vineyards. Sarah and Beau dine, and Beau talks and talks and never glances at the view as Sarah nods and drinks her juice and wonders how she quite got here again.

86 SAME SCENE - LATER 86

In its gardens, Beau and Sarah walk and talk, a glass of wine in both their hands, a bottle in Beau's other. She laughs at his joke, growing more comfortable -- it is, for all intents and purposes, a first date.

87 INT. BEAU'S PRIVATE PLANE - DAY 87

Sarah looks down from her co-pilot's window to the valley below. What a difference a morning makes: she's still dizzy, and wary of the suddenness of all this, but there's euphoria buzzing through her. She looks at Beau, handsome at the controls, then around the empty cabin, then to Beau again.

SARAH

You ever, uh... I mean, have you ever... I guess, not if you're flying the plane...

He smirks at her -- you oughta be ashamed -- when the COCKPIT PHONE RINGS inside the cabin. Beau checks the caller ID on his dashboard and answers on speaker, without enthusiasm --

BEAU

Hey, Wally, what's up?

RIGHT HAND MAN (V.O.)

It's McNamee, he's frothing mad.

BEAU

When isn't he?

RIGHT HAND MAN (V.O.)

This is different. He says he's entertaining another search engine proposal, with terms much more advantageous to him, and unless you want to lose him, you have to close today.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH
(quietly)
'Search engine'?

BEAU
The next big thing.
(then)
OK, here's what I want you to do.
Call McNamee back, tell him this,
and write it down so you don't
forget. Ready?

RIGHT HAND MAN (V.O.)
Ready.

Beau makes a raspberry sound.

BEAU
You got that, Wal?

RIGHT HAND MAN (V.O.)
(worriedly)
I got it.

BEAU
Talk to you.

He hangs up.

SARAH
Your next business deal?

BEAU
Maybe. Or yeah, at least it was.
When I woke up this morning, for
the first time in years I felt
like... I didn't need it anymore.
I felt at ease. You don't know
this about me but I actually don't
do 'at ease' very well.
(teasingly)
Not that you had anything to do
with it.

(re: the valley
below)
This place is gonna go through
some major changes, anyway. This
bubble will not last... So maybe
I'll step away from it this time.
Lord knows I don't need the money.
I used to think I needed the
action, but now...

He smiles at Sarah -- she's the difference between
yesterday's internet mogul and today's man-of-leisure.

88 INT. BEAU'S BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

88

Sarah stands framed in an expansive window, overlooking the coast, drinking coffee. She could get used to this. Beau appears behind her, in T-shirt and shorts, carrying running shoes. He sits down to don them.

BEAU

I shouldn't be more than twenty,
thirty minutes. You sure you
don't want to come?

SARAH

I have no shoes. Or any clothes.
(pointedly)
They're in my car.

BEAU

Funny, we forgot to get that.
(then)
I promise. When I get back.

But Sarah isn't so concerned about it anymore. Shoes on, Beau rises to address her.

BEAU

Hey, I know this must seem nuts to
you, but life should be a little
nuts. Otherwise, it's just a
bunch of Thursdays strung
together.

(he discovers the
wash-tag on her
shirt)

You've got my shirt on inside out.
People will know I machine wash
warm.

(he lifts her chin,
smiles, kisses her)

Stay and find out. If it is...
Otherwise, who's to know?
(off to his jog)

Oh, and make sure the dog doesn't
get out.

And he heads off out the front door. Sarah stands there,
at a crossroads.

CUT TO:

89 SAME SCENE - LATER

89

She chews on a fingernail, deeply conflicted. Then,
lifting Jeff's cell phone, she dials.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

SARAH
Hi, it's me... Jeff, can you hear
me? Hold on, I can't get a
signal, hang on one second...

She wanders through the house, seeking a clear cellular
signal, growing warmer as she approaches the front door.

SARAH
Can you hear me?

No. She heads out the front door --

90 EXT. BEACHSIDE ALLEY - DAY

90

-- and onto the street.

SARAH
How about now? Listen, we have,
we have to talk. No, I'm still up
here. I...

And just then Beau's chocolate Labrador darts through the
open front door and off and away.

SARAH
No, no, no, bad dog!
(back on phone,
frazzled)
Can I call you back?
(she hangs up)
Dog!

She chases after the dog down the street. WE STAY HERE,
HOWEVER, BY THE HOUSE FOR A FEW MOMENTS, UNTIL --

-- A SURFER, 20's, steps INTO FRAME. Coltish, in
tattered jeans, hooded sweatshirt and flip-flops. He
watches Sarah disappear down the street, then proceeds
inside --

91 INT. BEAU'S BEACH HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

91

He peers about.

SURFER
Hello?

92 INT. DEN

92

He finds no one here, either.

93 INT. KITCHEN

93

Or here. He helps himself to a cup of coffee.

94 INT. LIVING ROOM

94

The Surfer takes in the ocean view as he sips coffee. Then, setting down his cup, he heads upstairs, passing the front door just before Sarah re-appears in its frame, Lab-less.

SARAH
(one last
hopeful cry)

Dog!

She hurries back inside and starts frantically searching throughout the room for --

SARAH
-- a leash, a leash, a leash, a
leash --

No luck. She stops to scan the room, frustrated, and her hand errantly lands on her neck and the wash-tag protruding there and she remembers -- her shirt's on inside out. As she pulls it off to reverse it --

-- the Surfer returns from upstairs, now in swim trunks instead of jeans and (like Sarah at the moment) topless. He stops to watch Sarah don her shirt. Dressed again, Sarah continues her search. She spots her coffee cup (actually the Surfer's) and picks it up, to reveal --

-- a framed PHOTOGRAPH OF BEAU, smiling proudly beside a brand-new HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE, his arm slung paternally over the boy's shoulder. Sarah studies the picture, brow knitting, as she starts to sip from the mug.

SURFER
That's my cup.

She spins/yelps, startled, and coffee flies.

SURFER
Sorry, I didn't mean to... At
least, not that much. Hi.

SARAH
Hi.

Sarah's gaze turns from the bronzed, half-naked young man before her to the stained carpet below her.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

Shit.

SURFER

Or one might suppose. I'll get a towel.

He goes to the kitchen. Sarah debates whether or not to grab a fireplace poker as a weapon, instead holds onto Jeff's cell phone for protection.

SURFER

I forget: are you supposed to wipe a carpet stain or dab it? I think dab -- you think dab?

(he returns, to dab)

Sorry I startled you. No luck with Castro? The dog. I'll grab him. He usually pads down to this one stretch of beach and tries to nationalize it. I'm Blake, by the way.

SARAH

Hi.

(offering to take
over the dabbing)

Here, I'll...

For a moment they're in each other's airspace before Blake rises to a cabinet to find a leash, then starts out.

BLAKE

If that doesn't work, go to Plan B: blame the dog.

SARAH

Wait, wait: who are you?

BLAKE

I'm Blake.

SARAH

I got that. I mean...

BLAKE

Who am I? I'm the kid in the picture.

He points and Sarah rises to look: Blake is indeed the high school graduate in the picture.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (2)

94

SARAH

You're not, you're not Beau's -- ?

But Blake is gone. Sarah just stands there, aghast. She drops the towel and Jeff's cell phone.

95 EXT. BEACH - DAY

95

MOVING WITH BLAKE as he parades down the beach, swinging Castro's leash in his hand. Meanwhile, Sarah high-tails it down a precipitous set of stairs in pursuit.

SARAH

Hey!

He spots her, smiles and waves, but keeps walking, and she must run to catch up with him. As she falls into stride:

BLAKE

Beautiful day.

(then, as she's still
catching her breath)

So how long you been dating my
dad?

She stops cold in her tracks. Puts one finger up, then drops her head between her legs. Blake comes to her side.

BLAKE

Out of breath?

SARAH

(she nods but really
she's just freaking
out)

You're Beau's son...

BLAKE

I am.

(off her deep
inhalation)

C'mon, keep walking. You'll get
your air back easier.

Sarah rises and, fighting the urge to scream, walks.

BLAKE

You alright? You look a little...

SARAH

It's just, your dad didn't --

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

-- mention he had a kid? He forgets to sometimes. It shows his years.

SARAH

You don't have brothers or sisters, do you?

BLAKE

Not unless Pops's been keeping a pretty big secret from me. Which he's been known to do. Of course, there's Castro. But most people don't see any resemblance.

Blake indicates Beau's Lab up ahead, chasing waves. Sarah takes another deep breath, trying to steady herself.

BLAKE

(he knows she's
more than just
out of breath)

You really don't have much lung capacity, do you? I'm Blake, by the way.

SARAH

You said... Oh, I'm Sarah. Sorry.

BLAKE

You must've gotten teased at school for that.

SARAH

Sarah Duxbury.

BLAKE

Much better. Nice to meet you, Sarah Duxbury.

(then, glancing ahead)

Hey, Fidel!

Castro runs into Blake's arms as Sarah continues to freak.

BLAKE

So: Dad neglected to tell you about me. How long you been dating him?

96 EXT. BEAU'S BEACH HOUSE POOL/YARD - DAY

96

Beau stretches after his run as Sarah returns first through the street entrance --

BEAU

Hey!

-- followed by Blake with Castro on a leash.

BEAU

(nervously)

Hey -- !

BLAKE

Surprise, surprise.

Beau realizes: his new girlfriend has met his son. Trouble.

BEAU

When'd you... get into town?

BLAKE

Couple days ago. You know, for Mom's thing. I thought you were in Washington this week.

BEAU

Yeah, I, uh... So: you've met? Sarah, Blake. My, uh...

SARAH

Son.

BEAU

Blake's been in Africa --

BLAKE

-- Asia --

BEAU

-- Asia, sorry, for a few months.

Blake nods. An uncomfortable moment. Beau tries to smile, but Sarah just glares at him.

SARAH

Can I talk to you in private?

97 INT. BEAU'S BEACH HOUSE - DEN

97

Beau leads Sarah inside, then closes the door behind him.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

BEAU
I know how this must look.

SARAH
You have a son! A child!

BEAU
Sh-sh-sh-sh.

SARAH
(in heated whispers now)
You have a son! That means at
some point you were not entirely
sterile! Whether you had balls or
not!

BEAU
No, it doesn't.

SARAH
Then he's adopted?

BEAU
No.

SARAH
I didn't think so! Because he
kind of looks like you!

Beau goes to a stereo to turn it on.

98 INT. BEAU'S BEACH HOUSE - HALLWAY

98

Blake stands around the corner from the den door, trying
to eavesdrop, as MUSIC COMES ON. He smiles anyway --
he's got a pretty good idea the hoops Beau's having to
jump through.

99 INT. DEN

99

The room now soundproofed, MUSIC MUFFLING their voices...

BEAU
Blake is not adopted. Nor is he
my biological son. But he doesn't
know that.

(to clarify)
My first wife Cynthia very much
wanted to have children of her
own. I, of course, couldn't do
that for her, so we used an
alternative method. A donor.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

SARAH

But he kind of looks like you.

BEAU

I didn't want my child to be who-knows-who's kid. So I asked my brother...for his...to...

SARAH

Knock up your wife. Artificially?

BEAU

Yes.

A KNOCK at the door.

BEAU

Yeah?

Blake pops his head in.

BLAKE

Hey, I was thinking, since you're in town, why not come to the MCSD tonight?

(as Beau balks; to Sarah)
Sorry, MCSD -- Marin County School District. They have an annual charity auction, it's really the party of the year up here. Rich and powerful people abusing themselves for the future of our children.

BEAU

I don't know, we hadn't really, uh...

SARAH

No, you should go. You two haven't seen each other in a while...

Blake smiles, appreciative of Sarah's consideration.

BEAU

You know, can we talk about it later?

BLAKE

Okay. Just a thought.

He goes. Resume Beau-Sarah face-off.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2)

99

BEAU

Where were we?

SARAH

Your brother was impregnating your wife.

BEAU

Right. So technically Blake isn't my son. But his mother and I chose never to tell him that. And I'd appreciate it if you kept it a secret as well.

Sarah, relieved of her nightmare scenario, sighs.

SARAH

Of course. I won't say a thing.

BEAU

Thank you.

SARAH

Whew. For a second there, I thought I might have...

BEAU

Yeah, it sort of worries me what you thought I might have done.

100 INT. BEAU'S BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

100

Outside, Castro scratches at a glass door, and Blake lets him in when -- BRRNNNG! Jeff's CELL PHONE lies where Sarah dropped it. Blake picks it up:

BLAKE

Ola?

101 INT. JEFF'S LAW OFFICE (NEW YORK CITY) - DAY

101

Jeff, at his desk, is caught off-guard by Blake's voice.

JEFF

Uh, hello. I think I may have misdialed.

BLAKE (V.O.)

(over phone)

Lo siento, por favor, no hablo ingles.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

JEFF

I must have the wrong number. I'm
sorry.

He hangs up, redials. One RING, then:

BLAKE (V.O.)

(over phone)

NASA.

JEFF

(he knows he's been had)

Hi. I'm looking for Sarah
Duxbury.

INTERCUT WITH:

BLAKE

who now snoops playfully through Sarah's purse.

BLAKE

She's busy right now. Can I take
a message?

JEFF

Who am I speaking to?

BLAKE

This is Blake at mission control.

JEFF

Okay. Could you take a message,
please, Blake? Could you ask
Sarah to call Jeff -- her fiance?

BLAKE

(noting 'fiance')

Call Jeff. Got it.

JEFF

Thanks. Oh, and Blake: one other
thing...?

BLAKE

Yeah?

Jeff hangs up on him: a little get-back, and Blake
appreciates it. Jeff's mind turns to worry: what to do?
He starts to reach for the phone again but refrains.

102 INT. BEAU'S BEACH HOUSE - DEN - DAY

102

Sarah thinks, uncertain what to do.

SARAH

You know, I think I should probably just go. I don't know how I'd face my family again if I stayed...

Beau thinks, determined not to let her go.

BEAU

Let me make a proposal. Stay the night, we can go to the MCSD if you like --

SARAH

-- I --

BEAU

-- you can sleep in the spare bedroom if you like. Tomorrow I'm flying to D.C. anyway, I can drop you in New York, no hassle. If that's what you really want. Unless, of course, you'd like to meet the President of the United States.

SARAH

You're going to...?

BEAU

The inaugural, yeah. Friends almost nine years.

(then)

Please. I let love slip through my fingers once before. I swore never to let that happen again.

She considers it.

SARAH

I... don't have anything to wear. Tonight. My bag's in my car...

BEAU

S'okay. We both have to get costumes anyway.

SARAH

Costu -- ?

CUT TO:

103 EXT. MARIN COUNTY NEIGHBORHOOD - MOVING ALONGSIDE 103
 BEAU'S CONVERTIBLE SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Inside it, three almost unrecognizable characters, elaborately costumed as Che Guevara (Beau), Janis Joplin (Sarah), and Jimi Hendrix (Blake). They pull into --

104 EXT. A MAMMOTH ESTATE - FRONT - NIGHT 104

-- where VALETS attend to bumper-to-bumper Jaguars, BMWs and Mercedes and the GUESTS costumed as FLOWER CHILDREN who parade out of them and into --

105 INT. MAMMOTH ESTATE - BACKYARD PARTY - NIGHT 105

-- a 1960's-themed outdoor bacchanal: Moroccan tents, lava lamps, and bean-bag chairs galore. Everywhere you look mingle HIPPIE-GUESTS, middle-aged affluents dressed up in varied psychedelia: as the Mamas & Papas, Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, the Mansons, etc..

SARAH

My God, it's like the bar scene in
Star Wars.

The HOSTESS of the party, dressed as Pat Nixon, approaches.

HOSTESS

Beau! You came! What an almost
 pleasant surprise!

BEAU

Evening, Cynthia. Your own party
 and no costume?

CYNTHIA (HOSTESS)

Cute.

(noticing Sarah)

Blake, you didn't tell me you were
 bringing a date...

Blake shakes his head: she's not my date, and indicates
 Beau.

BEAU

Cynthia, this is Sarah Duxbury.
 Sarah, Cynthia Burroughs. Blake's
 mother. My ex-wife.

SARAH

(embarrassed)

Hi.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

CYNTHIA BURROUGHS

(aside, to Beau)

Someone forgot to padlock the
nursery again?

(then, cordially,
before she goes)

Very nice meeting you, Sarah. I
hope you enjoy the party.

BLAKE

(to Sarah, as he goes)

As long as it lasts.

VOICES (O.S.)

Beau! Beau!

A group of men hail Beau from across the room; Beau
winces.

SARAH

What?

BEAU

VC.

SARAH

Vietcong?

BEAU

Venture capitalists... Wait,
you're right. I should talk to
these people.

SARAH

I thought you were out?

BEAU

I am. I just have to mend some
fences. You see, I made two
hundred million dollars last week,
and they only made one-fifty. See
you at the table?

He kisses her and goes. Sarah takes in the party:

HIPPIE-GUEST #1

-- if the '80s were the
Decade of Greed, the '90s I
suspect will be seen as a
Return to Asceticism --

HIPPIE-GUEST #2

-- this year they're
mounting Porgy and Bess
but, thank God, they're
correcting all the
grammar --

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

105

HIPPIE-GUEST #1
 (again)
 -- a Reclamation of Global
 Prioritization --

HIPPIE-GUEST #3
 (on cell)
 -- what did it close at?
 Twelve and a quarter?!
 Alright, dump it --

She spies McNamee talking to a costumed guest, in
 apparent negotiations. McNamee steps away, and the
 costumed guest turns -- it's Blake. He approaches Sarah.

BLAKE
 There must be some kinda way outta
 here. Said the joker to the
 thief.

SARAH
 What were you talking to him
 about?

BLAKE
 McNamee? He prefers a short to a
 longboard, I was setting him
 straight. Buy you a drink?
 They're free.

SARAH
 Blake, what is it exactly that you
 do?

BLAKE
 Exactly?
 (a shrug)
 Surf, travel.

SARAH
 I mean for a living.

BLAKE
 Oh...
 (same shrug)
 Surf, travel... C'mon, have a
 drink. I hear they serve them in
 'glasses.'
 (as they move to a bar)
 I am what is known as a 'trust
 fund kid' -- or, as I prefer,
 'trustafarian.' You may have
 noticed: my folks are quite
 wealthy.

SARAH
 That's what you were doing in Asia
 for three months? Surfing and...?

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

Yes... No.
(off her confusion)
I wasn't. In Asia. I was here.
Learning the family business.

SARAH

You're going into the Internet?

BLAKE

I tried getting Pops's attention
as a slacker, that didn't work.
Now I figured I'd try his game,
see if that did the trick. Ever
heard of a 'search engine?'

Matter of fact she has.

BLAKE

'Course, getting my uncle's
attention isn't the problem.
Keeping it is.

SARAH

Wait a minute -- 'uncle?' You
said 'uncle?'

BLAKE

It's amazing, after a contentious
divorce, what a mother will tell
her son. I know my father isn't
my actual father. But why let him
know I know? I tell you only
because: I don't want you getting
weirded-out because the son of the
guy you slept with last night is
hitting on you tonight. Because
I'm not.

SARAH

Hitting on me?

BLAKE

His son.

Blake grins at her, and Sarah reacts, as a GAVEL RAPS,
and --

CYNTHIA BURROUGHS

Ladies and gentlemen, tonight's
auction is about to begin! If you
would all please take your seats!

CUT TO:

106 SAME SCENE - LATER

106

Mid-auction, the crowd applauds the latest high-bidder.

CYNTHIA BURROUGHS

Sold to Mr. Lathrop for the low,
low price of twenty-three thousand
dollars.

At a table, Sarah sits uneasily between Beau and Blake.
Clapping hands descend, and --

-- BELOW THE TABLE, Beau's hand lands atop Sarah's knee.

ABOVE THE TABLE, Sarah removes Beau's hand from her knee;
a moment later, she removes Blake's hand from the other.

BEAU

Enjoying yourself?

Sarah smiles, privately freaked. Meanwhile:

CYNTHIA BURROUGHS

And now the big-ticket item of
tonight's auction. Mr. Reginald
Bodnick of LunarTech Instruments
has generously donated his five-
bedroom hacienda in Cancun,
complete with live-in maid and
cook, and half-mile of private
beach for a week's use. Take the
whole family for a vacation, or
just that special someone. Or
take your spouse. Starting at
twenty thousand dollars, do I hear
twenty-five?

Bidding around the room begins.

BEAU

What do you think? Feel like
getting some sun?

SARAH

What? Oh, no, don't. I can't...

Beau smiles at her, then raises his paddle. Cynthia
recognizes his bid, crestfallen.

CYNTHIA BURROUGHS

Thirty-five thousand dollars from
Mr. Burroughs.

SARAH

Thanks for listening. Really, I
don't think I can do that.

(CONTINUED)

BEAU

Then don't bid.

CYNTHIA BURROUGHS

Mr. Offenhauser, care to go forty?

Mr. Offenhauser will go forty.

(as Beau raises
his paddle)

Mr. Burroughs goes fifty. Mr.

Offenhauser, care to make it
sixty?

(apparently not)

Fifty-thousand to Mr. Burroughs.

Going once, going twice...

(then, taken aback)

We have a bid for sixty thousand.

Beau looks to see who's bidding. It's --

BEAU

Blake?

BLAKE

I hear the surf down there is
absolutely horrible.

BEAU

How do you plan to pay for this?

BLAKE

I sold my Technet, too.

Beau raises his paddle.

CYNTHIA BURROUGHS

Seventy thousand to the elder Mr.
Burroughs. Would the younger Mr.
Burroughs care to go to eighty?

(Blake considers it)

The younger Mr. Burroughs should
know his mother will back him as
high as he'd like to go.

(as Blake raises
his paddle)

Eighty-thousand to Mr. Blake
Burroughs.

Beau sits back, defeated: he can't compete with his son
and his ex-wife. Blake smiles at Sarah, mischievously.

CYNTHIA BURROUGHS

Going once, going twice, sold to
the youngest bidder in the tent.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

Applause from the audience as Blake rises to receive his prize. And it's all too weird for Sarah: she rises from her seat and goes...

SARAH

Excuse me.

Left, Beau is at a loss: what's going on between his son and girlfriend?

107 IN A TENT

107

As the auction breaks up outside, Sarah ducks inside to hide. She comes face-to-face with a hanging still of Mia Farrow in "Rosemary's Baby" (there are other stills here, too, all icons of the '60s -- Baez, Dylan, Agnew, etc.).

Sarah gathers herself, deliberating what to do, then digs into her purse to find Jeff's cell phone -- missing. Shit.

She peers past the tent flap, a soldier in enemy territory, planning a stealth maneuver across the party, when --

-- someone grabs her through the tent canvas. She yelps, and Blake rounds the tent to enter.

BLAKE

So what do you think?

SARAH

About?

BLAKE

Modern podiatry. Mexico. Cancun.

SARAH

Blake, what are you doing?

BLAKE

What am I doing?

SARAH

Competing with your...
father/uncle. For me. I just met
you.

BLAKE

You just met Dad, and you're here.
I'm just making sure you really
know what you're doing.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

SARAH
I know what I'm doing.

BLAKE
What are you doing?

SARAH
I'm figuring that out.

108 OUT IN THE PARTY

108

Beau searches for Sarah. He gets waylaid by McNamee.

McNAMEE
Beau, I mean it: we don't close today, I'm going with another proposal.

BEAU
Oh, come off it, Ron, there is no other proposal.

McNAMEE
Beau!

Beau stops to look at McNamee: the man is not bluffing.

109 BACK IN THE TENT WITH BLAKE AND SARAH

109

As Blake sucks on a hooka:

BLAKE
Let's review your options.
There's Pops and Circumstance at Bubba's Re-Inaugural. Very historic, and I'm sure the short ribs'll be top-notch. Option Number Two: Fly Home to the Fiance. Jeff called, by the way, he wants you to call him.
(he hands back her cell)
Then there's Option Number Three: Body Shots in Baja With Blake. Take some time off, have a little fun in the sun, get your head together. We wouldn't even have to fool around -- though it might be nice. You're a cute girl, cute naked. You were reversing your shirt this afternoon?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

BLAKE (CONT'D)

(she blanches)

Truth is: you strike me as
someone deathly afraid of making a
mistake at the present moment. So
don't. Come to Mexico. Figure it
out. 'Cause you're in the wrong
place now to try and do that.

(as Sarah reassesses him)

We all need a little rescuing
sometimes. Isn't that right, Dad?

Sarah follows Blake's gaze: in the tent entrance stands
Beau.

BEAU

Blake, what... are you angry at me
over something?

BLAKE

No, Dad. You just don't have to
win at everything all the time.

Sarah, uncomfortable, gets up to go.

SARAH

I'm gonna let you two talk --

BEAU

(trying to thwart her exit)

-- Sarah --

SARAH

-- please, I just really need
to...

She goes. Beau starts to follow.

BLAKE

Dad, let her go.

110 EXT. MARIN COUNTY ESTATE - NIGHT

110

Sarah crosses the lawn from the party to the house.

111 INT. MARIN COUNTY ESTATE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

111

Sarah enters. Caterers are scraping/cleaning/smoking.

CATERER

Looking for the ladies' room?
Port-a-potties are set up --

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: 111

SARAH
I'm looking for a room with a door
I can lock.

112 INT. THE HOUSE - HALLWAY 112

Sarah, seeking refuge, tries one door (locked), then another (closet), when she hears a familiar voice coming from the entrance hall.

KATHARINE (O.S.)
-- there's been a family
emergency, you see. I am terribly
sorry to interrupt --

CYNTHIA BURROUGHS (O.S.)
-- not at all, let's see if we
can't find her --

Sarah rounds a corner to find: Katharine greeted at the front door by Cynthia Burroughs. Sarah nearly trips.

KATHARINE
Hello, kiddo.
(to Cynthia)
This is my granddaughter. Thank
you so much.

Cynthia excuses herself, eyebrow arched.

SARAH
(terrified)
Grandma. What are you doing here?

KATHARINE
I came to ask you that question.

113 BACK IN THE PARTY 113

Beau looks this way and that for Sarah.

114 BACK IN THE FOYER 114

KATHARINE
Your father and I have been trying
to reach you all day. When you
weren't to be found, I called your
fiance.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

SARAH

He's not my fiance... publicly.
Dad isn't here, is he?

KATHARINE

No. As usual he has little idea
of what's going on. I drove
myself up here.

SARAH

How did you know I'd be here?

KATHARINE

The old broad still has a few
friends in this world. And I knew
who I was looking for.

And Beau enters just then. Eyes fixed on Sarah, he takes
her hand, not noticing anyone else in the room.

BEAU

Sarah, why didn't you tell me you
were...?

And then he sees Katharine, and Katharine him -- the
first time they've laid eyes on each other in thirty
years.

KATHARINE

Oh Christ...

Sarah shrinks, wishing to disappear.

BEAU

Hello, Mrs. Richelieu. You're
looking well.

KATHARINE

Go shit in your shoes.

(to Sarah)

C'mon, kiddo...

Katharine turns on her heels and marches out.

SARAH

I, I have to go --

BEAU

-- Sarah --

SARAH

-- I'll call you.

She rushes outside after her grandmother. Beau remains
behind, debating -- should he chase after her?

115 EXT. MARIN COUNTRY ESTATE - NIGHT

115

Sarah gets in Katharine's Cadillac.

SARAH

Is there really a family emergency?

KATHARINE

It's your sister. And it's not good. But now maybe you'll believe you're one of the family.

SARAH

You want me to drive?

Katharine, turning the ignition, just looks at her -- are you kidding? -- then spots Beau appearing in the front doorway.

KATHARINE

The cojones on that one.
(off Sarah's reaction)
I was speaking figuratively, of course.

Katharine punches the gas. At the door, Beau watches them pull away as Cynthia approaches, a few drinks in.

CYNTHIA BURROUGHS

Never fear, Peter Pan. There'll be Wendys and Wendys to come.

BEAU

Her name is Sarah.

CYNTHIA BURROUGHS

Ah, but she's a Wendy. And you're the boy who never grew up.

She leaves Beau, watching the distant lights of Katharine's Cadillac as, unbeknownst to him, Blake does the same from a nearby window.

116 EXT. 101 - SOUTHBOUND - NIGHT

116

Katherine's Cadillac merges onto the road back to L.A..

117 INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

117

Katharine drives as she fills Sarah in on Annie.

(CONTINUED)

KATHARINE

They were halfway to Belize when it happened. Fortunately there was a doctor in the first class cabin, he was able to sedate her.

SARAH

She's gonna be okay, though?

KATHARINE

She's a Richelieu, isn't she?

(then)

You know, I can't help but feel partly responsible for this, you and your sister feeling so... hither-and-dither. I imagine, after your mother... I should have stepped up, been more of a presence in your lives.

SARAH

Why didn't you?

(as Katharine ignores the question)

Why didn't you? Look at me and tell me.

KATHARINE

I'm driving, kid.

SARAH

Then pull over.

And when Katharine doesn't respond quickly enough, Sarah grabs the steering wheel and veers the car onto the shoulder. Katharine brings the Cad to a stop.

SARAH

Because I remember: when I was thirteen, and I had my first monthly, and you --

KATHARINE

-- criminy, you could have --

SARAH

-- you were nowhere to be found! Dad had to take me "shopping." I didn't even know what it was!

KATHARINE

I'm not listening to this... garbage.

Katharine gets out of the car, slams the door behind her. Sarah gets out, too.

118 EXT. 101 - SOUTHBOUND - NIGHT

118

As cars whistle past, Sarah rounds the car to confront Katharine...

SARAH

And afterwards he was too embarrassed to sit me down and tell me what had happened. I had to go see the school nurse! I needed a mommy! Where were you?!

KATHARINE

Hiding! Yes, I failed you! You bury a child, kid, see how much you want to get back in the game!

(then)

You know, I wasn't exactly a crackerjack mother the first go-round. Fooling around with your daughter's high-school crush isn't exactly a hallmark of good motherhood. I figured it just wasn't my calling. But considering how your mom turned out, and that mine was a Nordic closeted ice-queen who showed about as much love and affection for me as she did her footstool, I suppose I didn't do too badly. Anyway, I'm sorry, kid. I wasn't there for you. But being a mother again just scared the bejesus out of me.

Sarah considers her grandmother, then:

SARAH

You know, don't you? Why Mom came back from Cabo? Why she chose Dad over...?

KATHARINE

I told you, I don't. She never said and I never asked. But I do know one thing for sure: she never mentioned regretting the choice.

A moment later, they head back to Katharine's Cad. She hands her keys to her granddaughter.

KATHARINE

Here, I'll take my chances. I'm pooped.

(CONTINUED)

- 118 CONTINUED: 118
- FROM A DISTANCE
- Grandmother and granddaughter slowly get back in the Cadillac, Sarah at the wheel. And they drive on, through the night...
- 119 EXT. DUXBURY HOME - EARLY MORNING 119
- The Cadillac pulls into the driveway. Katharine's out cold.
- SARAH
Hey, crackerjack...
- Katharine stirs, realizes where they are.
- 120 INT. DUXBURY HOME - FOYER - MORNING 120
- Katharine and Sarah enter, Sarah dressed in the most presentably pared-down version of her Janis Joplin costume. They find SCOTT, Annie's new husband, in the den, on a couch, red-eyed from worry. ON TV: ESPN.
- SARAH
Hi, Scott. You okay?
- He shrugs, obviously not. Then, more to make conversation than anything else:
- SCOTT
Agassi lost.
- SARAH
I'm sorry. I'm gonna go see Annie.
- As Sarah starts upstairs, Katharine staggers off to a living room couch.
- KATHARINE
You go on up, kiddo.
- 121 INT. DUXBURY HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING 121
- Sarah ascends the stairs, knocks on a bedroom door, enters --
- 122 INT. DUXBURY HOME - ANNIE'S ROOM - MORNING 122
- to find Earl keeping vigil at Annie's bedside. Annie lies in a fetal position on her four-poster, under covers.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

SARAH

Hi, Dad.

EARL

Hi, honey. Thanks for flying all
the way back.

SARAH

(wincing at the lie)

How is she?

EARL

Still hasn't said much. Except
that she wanted to talk to you.
What a way to start a honeymoon.
I was gonna make some soup. You
hungry?

No. Earl kisses her forehead, notes her odd fashion
choice, and goes. Sarah takes a chair at Annie's
bedside.

SARAH

Annie? It's me. How you doing?

No response. Sarah doesn't know what to do. Then:

ANNIE

Hi...

SARAH

Hi.

ANNIE

How well did you know Mom?

SARAH

Why?

Annie rolls over to face Sarah, sniffing.

ANNIE

I can't remember her. I was only
four... Was she happy?

SARAH

I was only nine.

ANNIE

She always looks happy in
pictures. She married so young.
I always thought if she was
happy...

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (2)

122

Annie begins to cry.

SARAH

What happened on the plane?

ANNIE

I stopped breathing. We were over the Gulf of Mexico, and I just stopped. I kept thinking: 'I've ruined my life. I've married someone I like to play tennis with, and now that's all I'll ever do.' And I couldn't breathe.

Sarah tears up, too.

SARAH

You know what? I know she was happy. I remember how much she loved us. And I don't think anyone unhappy could have felt that way.

Both girls digest that, wipe back tears. Then, through them, Annie notices Sarah's costume.

ANNIE

Why are you dressed up like a crazy person?

Sarah laughs at herself, and Annie joins in.

SARAH

'Cause I am a crazy person.

ANNIE

I guess I'm one, too, now.

SARAH

No. We're just our mother's daughters.

ANNIE

You ever feel like you might be screwing up your life?

SARAH

Constantly.

ANNIE

What do you do?

SARAH

Keep breathing.

123 INT. DUXBURY HOME - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

123

Sarah exits from Annie's room.

EARL (O.S.)
Sarah?

SARAH
Yeah, Dad?

EARL (O.S.)
Someone here to see you.

124 INT. DUXBURY HOME - FOYER - DAY

124

Sarah starts downstairs toward Earl, who carries a bowl of soup for Annie. There by the front door beside him stands Blake, with her carry-on bag.

BLAKE
You forgot your bag.

EARL
Sarah? Are you going to introduce us?

SARAH
Dad, this is Blake. Blake, Dad.

BLAKE
Blake Burroughs, Mr. Duxbury.
Nice to meet you.

Sarah notes: no reaction from Earl to the name "Burroughs."

EARL
Your grandmother's taking a nap in the living room, so if you guys could keep it at a hush?

Sarah nods, and Earl retires upstairs with Annie's soup.

SARAH
You got here quick. What were you, tailing us?

BLAKE
We flew. Dad did.
(off Sarah's terror:
Beau's here too?)
Out in the car.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

Sarah peers out a window: Beau sits at the wheel of a town car, parked behind Katharine's Cadillac and Earl's BMW.

BLAKE

He didn't want to bring me along at first, but then he said it might be awkward for him to come inside. I promised I'd send you out as soon as I was done with you.

SARAH

You're done with me now. I want you to go, both of you, anywhere, but now. I will meet you, but go.

BLAKE

Uh-uh. Not until I get my answer. Mexico -- si or no?

Sarah sighs, exasperated. Then, from the next room:

KATHARINE (O.S.)

Sarah?

Uh-oh. Sarah doesn't want Grandma knowing who's here. She hustles Blake toward the den, whispering:

SARAH

Okay. Stay here. I'll go talk to him and come back. Okay?

Blake agrees, and Sarah whips open the den's sliding door to reveal Scott, still TV-glued --

SARAH

Scott, this is Blake. Blake, Scott.

SCOTT

Hey. You like tennis?

-- then slides the door immediately shut behind Blake. She heads to --

125 INT. DUXBURY HOME - LIVING ROOM

125

-- where Katharine lies on a couch, eyes closed.

SARAH

Yeah, Grandma?

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

KATHARINE

Annie say anything?

SARAH

Sounds like she had a pretty bad
panic attack.

(re: Scott, quietly)

About whether she did the right
thing or not.

KATHARINE

(back to her nap)

A family of overthinkers.

Sarah considers that, then tears herself away, returning
to --

126 INT. DUXBURY HOME - FOYER - DAY

126

She faces the front door, takes a big breath, turns the
knob.

127 EXT. DUXBURY HOME/INSIDE BEAU'S TOWN CAR - DAY

127

Beau, behind the wheel, clocks Sarah step onto her front
doorstep. He reaches to open the passenger door for her.

BEAU

Hi.

SARAH

Hi.

She gets in.

BEAU

SARAH

It's odd being back here -- I apologize for last, oh --

BEAU

I'm sorry, you go.

SARAH

No, I, I was... You talk.

BEAU

(takes a breath,
smiles)

I'm nervous again.

(then)

I had a programmer once kept a
quote posted above his monitor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BEAU (CONT'D)

'Those who don't know their history are doomed to repeat it -- but those who do know their history are also doomed to repeat it.' I thought of that last night as I watched you drive away with your grandmother. Might as well have been Cabo thirty years ago. I didn't tell you the truth before, I was awake when your mom left. I remember she was driving this wood-paneled station wagon, and she was crying, but she wouldn't say why. She was just determined to come back here. And I let her go. Then, a few months later, I heard she was pregnant, and I understood why. She didn't leave me for your father. She left me to have you.

(then)

I don't want to make the same mistake I made with her, and let you go, too. And I don't want you to make a mistake because I didn't tell you how I feel.

SARAH

That's quite a proposal. Not that it was a proposal...

BEAU

As a rule: I never pop the question to anyone I've known less than forty-eight hours.

Something in his rearview mirror distracts Beau, and Sarah checks her side mirror: A TAXI has pulled in behind them --

BEAU

What do you say?

-- out of which steps Jeff.

SARAH

Oh no.

Sarah doesn't know what to do but bend over and stick her head between her legs, out of sight.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: (2)

127

BEAU
Who is it?

SARAH
(whispering)
My fiancée.

Beau reacts. Meanwhile, Jeff passes by on Beau's side of the Town Car, dark circles under his eyes from a sleepless night.

BEAU
How ya doin'?

JEFF
Not bad. You?

BEAU
No major complaints.

JEFF
You're Beau Burroughs. I looked
you up on the web.

Sarah remains folded, facing the floor, for several seconds.

SARAH
(whispering)
Did he go inside...? Is he inside
yet?

She looks up at Beau, who nods toward her window. Sarah cranks her head the other way to look. Jeff stands beside her window, peering down, bemused. He gives a little wave.

128 INT. DUXBURY HOME - DEN - DAY

128

Blake, still with Scott, hears the front door OPEN.

129 INT. DUXBURY HOME - FOYER - DAY

129

Sarah leads in Beau, then Jeff. Beau takes in the Duxbury family portrait -- Jocelyn, in particular -- as Sarah notes Jeff's taxi still in the driveway.

SARAH
You're not going to let the cab
go?

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

JEFF

I'm not gonna be here that long.

Sarah takes Jeff in. He looks like a train wreck: disheveled, up all night, circles under his eyes from worry. She closes the front door as he wanders into --

130 INT. DUXBURY HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

130

-- where Katharine, trying to rest, hears the door CLOSE and mutters:

KATHARINE

Grand Central Station.

FOOTSTEPS draw near, and she opens her eyes: Jeff stands before her.

JEFF

Morning, Mrs. Richelieu.

KATHARINE

Good morning...

JEFF

Jeff. 'J' as in jaguar, 'e' as in echo, 'f-f' as in --
(turning to Beau)
-- ffffoxtrot.

Katharine rises to her elbows to discover: Beau has also entered the room, with Sarah.

KATHARINE

What's he doing here?

SARAH

Grandma, could you --

BEAU

-- Katharine, please, I didn't come here to fight, I came to...

He pulls up, because Jeff is in the room. But the damage is done: Jeff realizes Beau's intentions.

SARAH

Grandma, I need to talk to Jeff alone for a few minutes. Can you... entertain Mr. Burroughs for me, please?

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

Katharine shoots her a look, but Sarah shoots it back.
She turns to Jeff, indicating the tennis court outside.

SARAH
You mind if we go...?

JEFF
I didn't bring my racquet.

BLAKE (O.S.)
Hey. When do I get my shot at the
title?

Blake has entered. Jeff digests this, too, and so does
Katharine: Sarah has no shortage of suitors.

SARAH
Grandma, this is --

JEFF
(recognizing
the voice)
-- Blake. Mission control.

BLAKE
Jeff? Hey.

Jeff and Sarah go.

BEAU
Katharine, Blake is my son.

KATHARINE
Of course he is.

131 EXT. DUXBURY HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

131

Jeff and Sarah step onto the tennis court.

JEFF
You know, it was snowing when I
left New York this morning. Here,
it's January and you've got a
thirty percent chance of dew.

SARAH
Jeff, I'm sorry I didn't call you
back.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

JEFF

Tell the truth, I was a little afraid to get the call. The last thing you said was 'We have to talk.' The four most dreaded words in the English language.

(then)

I'm sorry I sold you out to your grandmother. About being up there. I just didn't want to, uh... She said it was an emergency.

SARAH

Don't be sorry. I should be.

JEFF

Why? You sleep with him?

SARAH

Who?

JEFF

Either of them.

A beat, then Sarah nods, slowly.

SARAH

Beau.

Jeff looks away and sucks in air.

JEFF

Please tell me he's not your father.

SARAH

(she shakes
her head)

I'm sorry, Jeff. I'm really, really sorry.

JEFF

(nods, absorbing it)

That's some hat trick.

(then eyes to the
sky, truly hurt)

Ah, Sarah...

He steps away from her, toward the backcourt. She begins to follow, feeling horrible, but he waves her away.

JEFF

No, you...stay up at the net.

132 INT. DUXBURY HOME - LIVING ROOM

132

Katharine sits opposite Beau, eyes narrowed at him, in stony silence. He holds her gaze. Blake watches them, curiously.

BLAKE

So: how do you guys know each other?

BEAU

It's a long story, Blake.
(to Katharine)
You're still angry at me. After thirty years. Why?

KATHARINE

(lighting up)

Guess.

BLAKE

You know: you shouldn't smoke.
It's very bad for you.

KATHARINE

It's why I do it, kid.

133 EXT. DUXBURY HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

133

Sarah remains at the net, biting her lip. Jeff paces the backcourt, sorting his feelings. At last, he approaches.

JEFF

Do you love him?

SARAH

Beau?

JEFF

Either of them.

SARAH

I just met him. Them. No. It isn't love. It feels more like... being caught in a tornado.

JEFF

So now you know what that feels like... What does that feel like?

Sarah has no response. Jeff studies her again, then:

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

I ever tell you I was in a car accident when I was a kid? When I was about ten. Hit my head pretty hard against the dashboard, cracked my skull open. Seventeen stitches from here to here...

(he indicates)

I never thought I'd long for that day. This is so much more painful.

(he faces the sky)

I'm so angry at you right now. I'd like to tell you to...you know... but I know, as soon as I step foot on the plane back, I'm gonna...

(then)

I'm not a tornado, Sarah. I'm not. I can't offer you that kind of ride. But I do love you. Pretty bad. And I'm not gonna quit feeling that way cause of...

He gestures toward the Burroughs inside. Then, digging into his pocket, he produces a ring box.

JEFF

This came in.

SARAH

Jeff, please...

JEFF

No, I want you to have it.

(he hands it to her)

You have to come to me now. I'm not gonna chase you, not while you're up in the air. But when you come down, then it's your choice. And if you choose not to, then... pawn the thing, start a crack habit.

Sarah smiles at Jeff, tears in her eyes.

SARAH

Thanks. That's better than I deserve.

JEFF

I know.

134 INT. DUXBURY HOME - LIVING ROOM

134

Katharine continues to stare fury at Beau. He resigns to guessing:

BEAU
Because of Jocelyn.
(no)
Because I crashed the wedding?
(no)
Because of the movie?

Katharine can't hold her peace any longer.

KATHARINE
(to Blake)
Kid, leave the room. Grown-ups
gotta talk.

BLAKE
I wanna --

KATHARINE
Leave it.

Blake sulks away. When he's out of earshot:

KATHARINE
Because you dropped me. For a
newer model. You know how old
that made me feel? You realize:
when you did that, I was thirteen
years younger than you are now. I
suppose, though, everyone needs
someone in their life to let them
know when youth has come to an
end.
(then, pointedly)
And here she is...

Sarah and Jeff re-enter from the backyard. Beau stands.

JEFF
Well, I'm off.
(to Beau)
Please. Don't see me out.
(making his exit)
Mrs. Richelieu, goodbye.

KATHARINE
Jeff. Going so soon?

JEFF
Alas. I'm middle class. I have
to work for a living.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

KATHARINE

Come back and see us, won't you?

JEFF

I hope to.

Jeff zeroes in on Beau, steps right up to him -- is he going to take a swing?

JEFF

You know, you look a lot taller on-line.

(then, as he goes, a salute to everyone)

Folks...

SARAH

(walking him out)

I'll be right back.

135 EXT. DUXBURY HOME - DAY

135

At the front door:

SARAH

You sure you have to go?

JEFF

I'm gonna try to catch the twelve-thirty back. I didn't come here to compete. I just came to... to have come.

(as he goes)

You know how I feel. I -- I can't promise how long I'll feel this way.

He goes. Misty-eyed, Sarah watches Jeff get in his cab and leave, then closes the front door. She turns to discover Blake, sitting on the bottom of the stairwell.

BLAKE

And then there were two.

136 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

136

Sarah returns to Beau and Katharine, with Blake in her wake. She stops in the middle of the room, deep in thought. Everyone waits, but Sarah just keeps thinking.

KATHARINE

Kiddo?

(CONTINUED)

BEAU

Sarah?

She keeps thinking.

KATHARINE

Sarah, I forbid you leaving the house with this man.

BLAKE

I forbid it, too.

BEAU

Blake... Sarah...

KATHARINE

Sarah, honey --

SARAH

(exploding at last)

What?! WHAT?! You know, everyone just lay off for a second, alright?!

Silence again. Nobody knows whether to say anything. Blake opens his mouth to speak but:

SARAH

(turning on Katharine)

How many years were you gonna keep this from me? About Mom and you and him... Huh? Forever? There's so much talk in this town, nobody actually ever says anything about what's really going on. You know, you know, maybe, maybe if we knew, Annie and I wouldn't be so...

(she flaps her arms to illustrate; then, turning on Blake and Beau)

And you guys are just as bad! You won't even tell your own son he's not your son!

(off his reaction)

Oh, he already knew! And both of you are working on the exact same business venture, you don't even know it.

BEAU

You're the other proposal?

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (2)

136

BLAKE

I was gonna surprise you.

BEAU

(he is surprised)

I'm sorry, I -- I didn't know. I closed with McNamee last night.

SARAH

(pointedly)

I thought you said you were out.

Beau's caught.

SARAH

You know, this whole time I've been afraid of making the same mistake my mom did. But I don't think... I don't think she made a mistake. I think I'm just afraid of making any choice. And I have to stop.

A beat.

KATHARINE

Are you done?

SARAH

No... I don't know yet. Probably.

(then)

No: one more thing.

(to Beau)

I think the real reason you want me is because you lost my mom. You don't want me, you want her. And I'm not her.

(to Blake)

And the only reason you want me is because, well, you don't want me to be your mom. The only one who wants me for me is...

(and just then her focus is drawn to the foyer)

Annie?

137 INT. DUXBURY HOME - FOYER - DAY

137

Annie makes her way downstairs, with Earl's assistance.

SARAH

Annie! You're up!

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

Overhearing the news, Scott emerges from the den to bound up the stairs to Annie -- a tearful, if unprofound reunion.

ANNIE

I'm sorry.

SCOTT

No, I'm sorry.

ANNIE

I love you.

SCOTT

No, I love you.

Sarah watches, touched, and Katharine joins her to whisper:

KATHARINE

Life is so much simpler when it's simpler.

The blissful moment doesn't last long; Earl spies --

EARL

Hello.

-- Beau, who has also emerged from the living room.

SARAH

Dad...

KATHARINE

Earl, this is Beau Burroughs. He was a schoolmate of Jocelyn's.

(to Beau)

I can't remember, Beau, were you at Earl and Jossey's wedding?

BEAU

Just the reception.

KATHARINE

That's right, you came too late.

Earl descends the stairs to shake Beau's hand. Sarah's struck: Apparently Dad didn't know about Beau and Mom.

EARL

Nice to see you again.

Blake emerges, too, from the living room.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED: (2)

137

KATHARINE

Beau stopped by to pick up his son.

EARL

Then you both must know Sarah. Have you met my other daughter, Annie? Her husband, Scott?

Beau and Blake nod hello to Annie and Scott on the stairs, and Annie's Richelieu beauty doesn't escape their notice. Nor does their notice escape Sarah's notice, nor Katharine's, who steps up to protect her granddaughters:

KATHARINE

It's been so good seeing you again. So sorry you have to go.

Beau realizes -- he's being pushed out. He turns to Sarah, smiles and says:

BEAU

The President is waiting.
(before she can
respond; to Earl)
Blake and I are attending the
inaugural ball in Washington
tonight.
(to Blake)
We should get a move on.

Sarah realizes: Beau's throwing in the towel.

EARL

Well, thanks for stopping by. And
for bringing back Sarah's bag.
(to Sarah)
Where did you leave it anyway?

Sarah's stuck for a lie. Katharine rescues her again:

KATHARINE

Look at the -- I'm late for
bridge. Gentlemen, you're
blocking me.
(back to Annie)
I'll call you later, kiddo.

138 EXT. DUXBURY HOME - DAY

138

Katharine and the Burroughs exit, and Sarah walks them out. As Katharine peels off to her car:

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

KATHARINE
You got it from here?

SARAH
Thanks, Grandma.

KATHARINE
Don't ever say I never did
anything for you.

Katharine gets in her Cadillac and STARTS her ENGINE.
Sarah approaches Beau beside his Town Car.

BEAU
It never would have worked out for
us, you know. You're too old for
me.

SARAH
(a wistful smile)
It was lovely, though. Thank you.

Beau smiles: it was. She turns to Blake, now in the
car.

SARAH
Blake, have fun in Mexico.

BLAKE
Adios, muchacha.

Sarah and Beau share a final smile, then she watches as
the Burroughs pull away, followed by Katharine, who
winks: "Nice going, kiddo."

139 IN BEAU'S CAR

139

As it pulls into the street and away from Sarah, Beau
watching her disappear from his life...

BEAU
So you're into search engines,
too?
(as Blake nods)
You're a smart kid. Tell ya what:
I'll kiss you in, seventy-thirty.
(off Blake's look)
It's your first time. That's a
far better deal than McNamee was
offering you.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

BLAKE
(that's true)
So you wanna go to the inaugural?

BEAU
Let's go home. Your mother'll be
worried...

140 BACK WITH SARAH

140

On her front doorstep, as they all disappear. The quiet
after the storm.

141 INT. DUXBURY HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

141

Earl sits at a table, drinking coffee. Sarah enters.

EARL
Hey, honey. You want some coffee?

SARAH
No thanks.

Sarah sits down next to him. Then, out of nowhere:

EARL
Honey, I'm concerned sometimes...
that you might think I prefer
Annie over you.

SARAH
Don't you?

EARL
I just worry over her more. She's
the baby, and more fragile. You
were always so independent, self-
sufficient, I never worried quite
so much. I always knew you could
take care of yourself. Anyway, I
didn't want you to think it's
because I don't love you just as
much. Because I do.

Sarah can't help but be affected.

SARAH
Dad, can I ask you a question?

EARL
Uh-huh?

(CONTINUED)

Earl screeches to the curb, and Sarah kisses him on the cheek before she bolts out and hauls ass along the curb.

144 INT. LAX TERMINAL - DAY 144

At the airline counter, a TICKETING AGENT points Sarah toward the gate, and she takes off in that direction.

145 INT. LAX - PASSAGEWAY - DAY 145

MOVING WITH SARAH as she dodges travelers, then steps onto a conveyor, stopping briefly to catch her breath, and to think, as it carries her forward.

146 INT. LAX - GATE - DAY 146

A TV MONITOR displays CNN: Bill Clinton is being sworn in again as president. Jeff sits waiting, forlorn, for his row to be called. It is, and he rises.

MOVING WITH JEFF as he pushes toward the gate. He withdraws his boarding pass from his coat, then extends it to the BOARDING AGENT --

-- as another boarding pass joins his. Jeff looks up. Sarah stands beside him. And it goes unspoken: she is returning to New York with him. They board together.

147 INT. 767 - DAY 147

Jeff and Sarah sit aisle and window, deep in coach. The plane is finishing its climb into the sky. They smile, very happy, and Sarah kisses his scalp, where the seventeen stitches were. The seatbelt sign CHIMES off.

SARAH
(struck by a thought)
You know anything about 'search engines'?

JEFF
Not a thing. You think there's a story in it?

She nods/shrugs: maybe. Jeff kisses her on the forehead --

JEFF
Then write that thing.

(CONTINUED)