

SUMMER SOLSTICE

An
Original Teleplay
by
Bill Phillips

SECOND REWRITE
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NOTE

This story takes place during one summer day on Cape Cod in the present.

The characters MARGARET and JOSHUA TURNER represent the older, present-day versions of the same characters named MAGGIE and JOSH, who represent younger, past-tense figures.

SUMMER SOLSTICE

FADE IN:

1 EXT MARCONI BEACH, CAPE COD PRESENT DAY 11

1

A brilliant yellow sun hangs in the sky.

Beach grass blows atop a dune, its blades bathed in bright light.

Thousands of sunlit mirrors roll on the Atlantic, breaking up under the force of a crashing wave, only to form again in its wake.

Sunlight dominates this place. Bodies of all shapes and sizes apply lotions to various shades of tan, brown, red, and lily-white skin. Towels and sunshades protect sleeping eyes, while sunglasses of infinite variety protect roving ones. Lifeguards recoat their noses with zinc oxide.

The guards are in their chairs, spaced one hundred yards apart across the protected beach area. A few roving guards carry Peterson buoys as they patrol along the shoreline. Children run from blankets to shorebreak, sometimes tripping up the steady progress of the guards, sometimes causing a frisbee player to abandon a dramatic leap, sometimes crushing masterpiece sandcastles, and sometimes landing on their bottoms upon hitting an intransigent object. Bathing beauties stroll and roll their hips for emphasis. Beerdrinking office workers call out their approval of the display. Bikini-clad Canadian men embarrass matronly American tourists with their insufficient attire. Old people avoid the sun with umbrellas. Two children drag a dead skate up to their parents' blanket.

A ROVING LIFEGUARD looks approvingly after the gyroscopic movements of two beauties as they pass. Nothing has his attention for long; however; he is conditioned to look at the water and count heads regardless of the competing sights. The beauties have earned a few extended looks. He resumes his walk.

Just past the "End of Protected Beach" sign, past most of the thousands of sunbathers crowded onto this National Seashore beach, sit JOSHUA and MARGARET TURNER, aged 87 and 85 respectively. Joshua is a handsome man with thinning white hair. His skin is tanned and freckled by the sun. Margaret is still a beauty to eyes capable of seeing beyond wrinkles and thick lenses. They are in bathing suits, and Joshua is blowing up a beachball. He is getting winded between breaths. Assembled to one side of their blanket is an array of artist gear: a folded easel, brushes, paints, a canvass protected from the elements.

MARGARET

Joshua, if your friends could see
you now...

JOSHUA

(with a twinkle)
Good thing I'm not among friends.

1: (Cont'd) MARCONI BEACH

1

Josh musters his strength and continues blowing up the ball until winded again.

JOSHUA (Cont'd)
We've outlasted them all, Maggie.

Margaret looks out over the ocean, her mind wandering through years of memories. Joshua blows again.

JOSHUA (Cont'd)
They're making these things
bigger, you know.

Margaret's thoughtful reverie is snapped. She slowly pulls herself up from her beach blanket, moves toward Joshua's half-inflated masterpiece and squeezes it with both hands, spluttering it into Joshua's face.

MARGARET
They're definitely making the air
heavier these days, don't you think?

JOSHUA
I've taken little ladies over my
knee for less, lassie.

MARGARET
Don't think I haven't known who
and when.

Pointed look from Joshua, who resumes blowing up the beach ball.

JOSHUA
We had more stamina in those days.

MARGARET
We had more everything in those
days.

JOSHUA
Hmmp. Those days. We're begin-
ning to sound past tense..

MARGARET
I'm beginning to feel past tense.

JOSHUA
You need a lover.

MARGARET
I have one. He just can't blow
up beach balls.

Joshua finishes blowing it up, caps it, and creakily stands.

1 (Cont'd) MARCONI BEACH

1

JOSHUA
Race you to the shore.

MARGARET
(taunting; flirting)
Why don't you carry me?

Joshua lunges for her, dropping the ball, which rolls down the sloping beach toward the water. She is running away.

2 MONTAGE JOSHUA MARGARET

2

They run gingerly down the crowded beach, Margaret enjoying the chase, Joshua huffing and cursing behind her. SUPERIMPOSE CREDITS over this montage. They run past young bikini-clad teenagers, families of five and more, lifeguards, other senior citizens, beachcombers of all shapes and sizes, surfers, and little children. Joshua catches her and threatens to pull down her strap. She defiantly stops resisting.

MARGARET
Go ahead.

Joshua's bluff has been called. He releases his grasp on her strap.

JOSHUA
I still have use for you.

MARGARET
Coward.

JOSHUA
Exhibitionist.

They head back up the beach, walking arm in arm, Margaret playfully tripping Joshua as they go. It is a careful game, each recognizing the other's frailty. SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: SUMMER SOLSTICE. They reach their blanket. Joshua spots the beachball floating in the shorebreak.

3 POV JOSHUA BEACHBALL

3

It is heading for deeper water.

4 BLANKET MARGARET JOSHUA (CONTINUATION OF 2)

4

As Margaret sits, Joshua heads out for the ball, stopping at the shoreline to carry out the ritual of dabbing water behind his neck, under his arms, on his chest, before wading with a shudder out toward the ball. Off screen, a whistle blows: two short warning blasts from a lifeguard.

Margaret folds her arms over her knees as she looks to the source of the noise.

5 POV MARGARET A LIFEGUARD

5

This is the same one featured in the opening scene. He is running with a Peterson buoy toward Joshua, who is now waist deep and about twenty feet from the departing beachball, borne by the wind and current out to sea.

6 SHORELINE LIFEGUARD JOSHUA

6

LIFEGUARD

Hey! ... Mister!...
Ya can't do that!

Joshua is like a child caught at the cookie jar.

JOSHUA

Don't think I can make it,
young man?

LIFEGUARD

That's not it, sir. We don't
allow beachballs here.

Joshua is incredulous.

JOSHUA

Where do you propose that one
use a beachball, if not at a
beach?

LIFEGUARD

Got a point there.

JOSHUA

Well, then...?

LIFEGUARD

Jus' the same... can't do it.
It's a rule.

JOSHUA

You know, a man my age doesn't
have many pleasures left. Am I
to forfeit my last remaining one?

The guard is embarrassed and does not recognize Joshua's teasing for what it is. MARGARET ENTERS FRAME.

MARGARET

I'll bet a strong young man like
you would have no trouble retrieving
our toy.

She sidles up to the guard.

MARGARET (Cont'd)

I could make it worth your while.

6 (Cont'd) SHORELINE LIFEGUARD JOSHUA MARGARET

6

The guard is even more embarrassed.

LIFEGUARD

Look, ah... even us lifeguards
with our training...

MARGARET

So strong...

LIFEGUARD

(trying to ignore her)
... don't try goin' out after
those babies. Current's too strong.

MARGARET

I'll bet you're the fastest swimmer
on your team. With those long legs.

Guard squirms.

LIFEGUARD

Well, ah...

JOSHUA

(looking out at ball)
I suppose that were one lucky enough
to overtake it, it would drag one to
the bottom like a lead anchor.

The guard does not know what to make of these two old-timers.

LIFEGUARD

Let's just say they're very
hazardous.

MARGARET

(as though seeking privileged
information)
Do you believe that... or are you
paid to say it?

LIFEGUARD

Both.

(feeling defensive)
The rules may seem silly to you,
but we haven't lost anybody on
this beach yet.

JOSHUA

(strangely distant)
That's something to be proud of.

6 (Cont'd) SHORELINE LIFEGUARD MARGARET JOSHUA

6

MARGARET
(rescuing the moment)
I should say so!
(beat)
You do take pride in your work,
don't you?

LIFEGUARD
Well, ma'am... we're just careful...
that's all.

JOSHUA
An example for us all.

There is tension between Joshua and this young man.

MARGARET
Joshua, we're being impertinent,
and this young man has work to do.

LIFEGUARD
Heh heh. Well, thanks.

The guard walks off.

MARGARET
(calling after him)
Remember... I've got my eye on you!

The guard winces to himself. Margaret giggles. Joshua glowers. The
GUARD EXITS FRAME.

JOSHUA
(mumbling)
They're all power-hungry.

MARGARET
Maybe it's the artist in you...

JOSHUA
What do you mean?

MARGARET
You always seem to threaten authority
figures.

JOSHUA
That comes with being unconventional.

. DISSOLVE TO:

7 EXT. VICTORIAN HOME 1915 BURNSIDE RESIDENCE

7

Young MAGGIE and JOSH DRIVE UP to the house in their Ford. Maggie is a beauty with long, thick hair. Josh is tall and slender. She is twenty; he is twenty-two. They sit primly and properly as Josh parks the car. He walks solemnly to the passenger side to let Maggie out. They break the facade for an instant to let off a mutual giggle before Maggie stifles it.

MAGGIE

Shhh. We must be controlled.

They close the car door and walk with resolve toward the house.

JOSH

Wish me luck.

MAGGIE

(through clenched teeth)

Nothing of the kind... I wish you the continuing skill of the impostor I love.

They continue down the walk. Ahead of them, through a screen door, BURSTS eleven-year-old MALCOLM, Maggie's brother.

MALCOLM

(at door, into house)
Maggie's here with a fellow!

8 INT. BURNSIDE DINING ROOM MAGGIE JOSH FATHER MOTHER MALCOLM 8

All are silent at the dinner table. The sounds of silverware and china clinking dominate the meal. Father barely hides his glowering. Mother's eyes dart between Father, Maggie, and Josh. Maggie's eyes are serenely fixed on Josh. He eats with enthusiasm, trying to ignore the awkwardness everyone feels. Malcolm stares at Josh, finally resting his elbow on the table.

MALCOLM

(to Josh)

You sure eat alot.

JOSH

(chewing heartily)

Good food!

FATHER

Elbows off the table, Malcolm.

Malcolm obliges instantly. He knows his father.

MOTHER

Would you like some more potatoes, Mister Turner?

JOSH

Thanks, yes!

8 (Cont'd) BURNSIDE DINING ROOM MAGGIE JOSH FATHER MOTHER MALCOLM 8

Mother serves him more potatoes.

MALCOLM

(to Josh)

I'm sure glad you came for dinner.

JOSH

Really, Malcolm, why is that?

MALCOLM

Mother was planning fish until she saw you two drive in. And I can't stand the stuff.

FATHER

(sternly to Malcolm)

Eat.

More silence. Josh finally recovers.

JOSH

Well chicken happens to be my very favorite dish, and I can't remember that I've ever had it baked so delicately.

Father winces at "delicately".

FATHER

What do you think of those Fords, Mister Turner?

JOSH

Way of the future, sir... I feel.

FATHER

Mmmph.

More silence. More clinking.

JOSH

What I mean is, once they perfect the internal combustion engines so they don't frighten horses...

FATHER

(interrupting)

You mean "infernal" combustion...

JOSH

(ignoring the remark)

...then I think we'll be seeing them in every home in the country.

FATHER

Won't happen.

8 (Cont'd) BURNSIDE DINING ROOM MAGGIE JOSH FATHER MOTHER MALCOLM 8

JOSH
Never can tell, sir.

FATHER
It won't happen.

Father gives the strong impression that the subject is closed. Therefore, the subject is closed. More silence. Father begins carving more chicken with a large knife and fork. More dishes clanking to accent the silence. Finally...

MALCOLM
Mister Turner?

JOSH
Yes?

MALCOLM
You ever kissed Maggie on the lips?

Father stops carving, but retains the implements.

MOTHER
Malcolm Burnside! Don't you ask such personal questions! Now apologize to Mister Turner.

FATHER
(interrupting Malcolm's apology)
That won't be necessary, Malcolm.
We'll give Mister Turner the courtesy of allowing him to answer.

MOTHER
(to Father, icily)
Darling...

Father ignores her... stares at Joshua. Long dead silence as Joshua finishes chewing, then swallows.

JOSH
The answer to your question, Malcolm, is most definitely "Yes". You have a mighty fine tasting sister.

Shock hits the dining room. Father slowly stands at his plate, carving fork in hand.

MAGGIE
(fighting panic)
Father seems to be finished, Mother.
What do we have for dessert?

8 (Cont'd) BURNSIDE DINING ROOM MAGGIE JOSH FATHER MOTHER MALCOLM

8

MOTHER
(trying to help out)
Fresh apple pie! Malcolm, will
you go check the window to see
if it's cooled?

MALCOLM
I think I'll stay here and watch
for a minute.

MOTHER
(meaning business)
Get the pie, Malcolm.

MAGGIE
(to Malcolm)
Now!

MALCOLM EXITS quickly.

JOSH
(ignoring the glare of
the looming Father)
Delicious meal, Mrs. Burnside.

FATHER
It's a pity you can't stay for
dessert, young man.

Mother and Maggie dare not speak.

JOSH
Oh, I wouldn't miss fresh apple
pie for the world, sir.

FATHER
You came into my home unannounced...

MAGGIE
Father, please...

MOTHER
George...

FATHER
(ignoring them)
You endanger my daughter by driving
her around in one of those... contraptions.
You contradict me to my face...

JOSH
I never disagree behind one's back, sir.

8 (Cont'd) BURNSIDE DINING ROOM MAGGIE JOSH FATHER MOTHER

8

FATHER

And you speak profanely at my table
about my daughter... and in front of
my young son.

MALCOLM DUCKS his head back IN.

MALCOLM

I think the pie's ready.

MOTHER

(frantically)

Go check it again!

Malcolm looks puzzled, catches on, and DUCKS OUT FAST.

JOSH

Maggie, I think it's time that we...

Maggie frantically signals that Josh's timing is poor.

FATHER

You would be wise to leave this
table, sir, while you are still
capable of self-locomotion.

JOSH

Sir, I think... I know that you
misunderstand our situation.

FATHER

I understand perfectly, sir.
Please to leave.

JOSH

I won't be leaving without my
bride.

This shock renders the previous shock relatively bland. Father stands
weaving... on the borders of self-control.

JOSH (Cont'd)

I've known your daughter for two
years, sir, and we were married
last month. We thought it would
be fun if no one knew besides us.

FATHER

Fun!!

9 EXT. BURNSIDE RESIDENCE

9

Josh's car is parked before the large house. The front door slams open against the house as JOSH RUNS OUT toward his car. A rampaging FATHER FOLLOWS, brandishing his carving fork. Josh reaches the car.

JOSH

You won't use that fork, sir.
Why don't you put it down and
we can talk man-to-man?

Father is ignoring Josh's words. They circle the car.

JOSH (Cont'd)

Very well, then. Your daughter
will be a widow.

Josh stops evading and stands to face Father's fury, scared to death. Father reaches Josh, still holding his fork. He looks at it without passion, then back to Josh.

FATHER

Come with me.

They walk into the house, past anxious MOTHER, MAGGIE, and MALCOLM, who begin to follow.

FATHER (Cont'd)

We won't be interrupted.

FATHER and JOSH EXIT.

10 INT. BURNSIDE KITCHEN

10

FATHER and JOSH ENTER. Father puts his fork on the table. He sits. Josh stands, frightened.

FATHER (Cont'd)

Sit.

Josh sits. Father reaches for a bottle of bourbon and two shot glasses.

FATHER (Cont'd)

Drink.

They both drink. Father pours again.

FATHER (Cont'd)

Drink.

Josh hesitates. Father drinks. Josh follows. Father pours again.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 INT. BURNSIDE DINING ROOM MOTHER MAGGIE MALCOLM

11

They are sitting tensely, awaiting violence. After a moment, drunken singing emanates from the kitchen. They head for the kitchen door.

MOTHER
You stay here, Malcolm.

MALCOLM
Aw, Mother.

Mother and Maggie peer into the kitchen.

12 POV MOTHER AND MAGGIE THE KITCHEN JOSH FATHER

12

They are drunk and dishevelled. They sing slurringly.

JOSH & FATHER
'Twas Molly Malloy
The Queen of them all
The Belle of the County Firemen's Ball
Her ankles were dainty
Her legs made her tall
And she took them on
One at a time in the hall.

They see they have witnesses.

JOSH
(gesturing with his glass)
We won't be interrupted.

Father pours another round.

FADE OUT

B R E A K

FADE IN:

13 EXT. MARCONI BEACH PRESENT JOSHUA MARGARET

13

The sun shines high in the sky.

Joshua is gathering his painting supplies, numbering a few more items than convenient for him to manage. Margaret watches with amusement.

JOSHUA
Are you coming with me?

MARGARET
I doubt you could manage without me.

13 (Cont'd) MARCONI BEACH PRESENT JOSHUA MARGARET

13

JOSHUA
Who knows? I may encounter a
ravishing sunbather.

MARGARET
It wouldn't be the first time,
would it?

JOSHUA
(lovingly)
Nothing could ever touch that.

14 EXT A CAPE COD BEACH A LARGE DESERTED DUNE 1913

14

SUPERIMPOSE: 1913. Seagulls cry out as they swoop down to scavenge the beach. They nervously react to the approach of an intruder. Over the large dune comes beautiful 18-year-old MAGGIE. She wears a straw bonnet, a frilly ruffled blouse and generously cut long skirt. She carries a basket and a blanket. She arrives at a secluded spot and peers up and down the beach to confirm her solitude.

15 POV MAGGIE THE BEACH 1913.

15

Miles of uninhabited beach and rolling surf.

16 MAGGIE 1913

16

On removing her bonnet, long tresses fall beyond her shoulders. She piles them on her head and ties them up. She removes her skirt and blouse, revealing corset and bloomers. She looks around again before unbuttoning her corset.

17 DOWN THE BEACH JOSH 1913

17

He wears a bulky shirt and khaki pants rolled up to below the knee. He carries a knobby driftwood cane, a canteen, and a pair of binoculars. He is tall, thin, and twenty. He is boyishly handsome. He reaches the top of a dune and raises his binoculars.

18 POV JOSH 1913 THROUGH BINOCULARS

18

He follows the flight of a seagull to its target on the beach. It is joined by another as they fight over their booty.

19 JOSH 1913

19

He quickly drops his binoculars to his chest, digs his cane into the sand, pulls a pencil and sketch pad from his shirt, and sketches the scene he has just witnessed.

20. INSERT THE SKETCH 20

It is quite good.

21 UP THE BEACH MAGGIE 1913 21

She stands in the shorebreak, tosses her bloomers onto the beach, and dives into the ocean, emerging moments later refreshed between the breakers. She bobs under the next wave.

22 DOWN THE BEACH JOSH 1913 22

He tucks the sketch pad back into his shirt and continues up the beach, walking atop the grassy dunes.

JOSHUA (V.O.)

Do you realize that the beach has changed more over sixty-seven years than we have?

MARGARET (V.O.)

That depends on how you measure erosion; I suppose.

(pause)

Your eyes are the same today.

Josh raises his binoculars once again and reacts with a start.

23 POV JOSH THROUGH THE BINOCULARS 1913 23

Bloomers on the beach. He PANS LEFT to the water... nothing. He PANS RIGHT, stopping on the bloomers again, moving on to a corset, moving finally to a makeshift lean-to. The blanket has been stretched between some short driftwood sticks. Salt water glistens on a young lady's FEET and LOWER LEGS which extend beyond the censorial lean-to.

24 JOSH 1913 24

He drops the binoculars as his jaw slackens. A brief inhale precedes his quickened pace along the dune.

25 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT MAGGIE 1913 25

She puffs on a cigar, exhales, and throws her head back to exult in the sun's rays. A cough reveals she isn't very good at smoking, but she is enjoying the newfound sensuality of it. She reaches into her picnic basket and pulls out a bottle of wine, a corkscrew, and a glass. Biting the cigar between her pretty white teeth, she pops open the cork, slightly coughing and eyes tearing under the irritation of the cigar smoke. She looks around again, reassured that she is alone, and pours herself a glass of red wine. At this point we have only hints that she is bathing nude. She warms her palate with the wine, savors its warmth before swallowing. She sighs aloud with pleasure.

25 (Cont'd) MAGGIE 1913

25

MARGARET (V.O.)

You have never been so quiet
since that day.

JOSHUA (V.O.)

I was afraid you could hear
my heart pounding. It was
a very unconventional sight.

MARGARET (V.O.)

My first cigar.

JOSHUA (V.O.)

My first bathing beauty.

MARGARET (V.O.)

You handled it with aplomb.

JOSHUA (V.O.)

Hardly.

Maggie finishes her glass and pours another, lying prone and enjoying the
sunbursts refracting through the liquid and the glass as she swirls it
around. CAMERA TILTS TO DUNE above her as we catch a glimpse of JOSH'S
HEAD bobbing out of sight.

MARGARET (V.O.)

What was that song?

JOSHUA (V.O.)

I don't know. I made it up.

26 OMIT

26

27 DOWN THE BEACH JOSH 1913

27

He walks "casually", carrying his cane, his canteen, and his binoculars.
As he sings a nervous little song, CAMERA REVEALS MAGGIE, alarmed by the
sound of an intruder. She spills her wine, hurriedly reaches for her skirt
and blouse, throws them on, burying the partially smoked cigar in the sand.
She reaches into her basket for a book.

JOSH

(singing)

I found a silly little gull
Upon the beach one day.
I asked her for directions
For I couldn't find my way.
She told me with her feathers
It was fine for me to stay.
That gull and I have been together
Since that very day.

27. (Cont'd) JOSH MAGGIE 1913

27

JOSH (Cont'd)

(singing)

So tell me of adventure,
I'll tell you of my own;
And tell me of your loved ones
And you'll never be alone;
And if you find a little gull
Upon the beach one day,
Remember of this song I sing
And ask of her the way.

(feigning surprise)

What's this?! Hello!

28 REVERSE ANGLE FROM BEHIND JOSH THE LEAN-TO

28

MAGGIE demurely EMERGES from behind the lean-to. She smiles modestly.
CAMERA FOLLOWS JOSH to her blanket.

JOSH (Cont'd)

I've never seen anyone out here
this far.

MAGGIE

Neither have I.

Awkward pause. Maggie self-consciously glances to see if all her tracks
are covered.

JOSH

Do you smell smoke?

Maggie quickly shakes her head.

JOSH (Cont'd)

I distinctly smell smoke. I do
hope there isn't a grass fire in
the vicinity.

MAGGIE

I don't smell it.

JOSH

Well, no matter. We'll know soon
enough if it's a grass fire.

Awkward pause.

JOSH (Cont'd).

You must be a student.

Maggie nods.

28 (Cont'd) MAGGIE JOSH

28

JOSH

Where?

MAGGIE

I beg your pardon?

JOSH

Where do you study?

MAGGIE

Vassar College.

JOSH

Splendid school.

MAGGIE

I know.

JOSH

What year are you there?

MAGGIE

I'm a sophomore.

JOSH

(laughing)

That makes you just a child!

Maggie is not laughing.

JOSH (Cont'd)

(recovering)

Relatively speaking, I mean.

(awkward pause)

What are you reading?

MAGGIE

Keats.

JOSH

Excellent. How do you find him?

MAGGIE

Quite satisfactory, thank you.

(awkward pause)

Are you always so gregarious
with strangers?

JOSH

Usually. Somehow I feel I know
you.

MAGGIE

I'm quite sure we've never met.

28 (Cont'd) MAGGIE JOSH 1913

28

JOSH

It's something I would never forget.
(awkward pause)
You must be thirsty out in this hot sun!

He opens his canteen.

JOSH (Cont'd)

I never go anywhere on this beach without this.

MAGGIE

(feeling her wine)
No... thank you.

JOSH

You'll dehydrate in this weather!

Long awkward pause.

JOSH (Cont'd)

Nice day for a swim...

No comment from Maggie. Josh turns toward the ocean.

JOSH (Cont'd)

Look here... bloomers!

Maggie is mortified. Josh runs to them, picks them up daintily.

JOSH (Cont'd)

These aren't yours, by any chance?

Maggie shakes her head "no".

JOSH (Cont'd)

Strange. Who could have forgotten their bloomers? You can only imagine the circumstances, eh?

During the awkward pause, he tucks the bloomers into his belt and begins exploring.

JOSH (Cont'd)

And what's this...?
Looks like a corset!

Maggie gives up.

MAGGIE

It is a corset. Those are my bloomers, and I'll thank you to confine your inventory to your own belongings.

28 (Cont'd) MAGGIE JOSH 1913

28

Josh is embarrassed that he has gone too far in his charade.

JOSH

Forgive me. Just trying to be observant. It's my job, in a way. You see, I'm on assignment to observe the natural beauty of this beach. I'm doing a book of sketches.

MAGGIE

And who has given you this "assignment"?

JOSH

I'm not at liberty to divulge that until publication.

MAGGIE

My uncle is a publisher.

JOSH

(a little too eagerly)
Really!

MAGGIE

Yes.

She is in control now, and she is enjoying the silence.

JOSH

You know him well?

MAGGIE

He's my uncle.

JOSH

Perhaps he'd like to see my book.

MAGGIE

Not if you're already under contract.

JOSH

I haven't actually signed.

MAGGIE

If that's a confession, I have one: my uncle isn't actually a publisher.

JOSH

(disappointed and embarrassed)
I see.
(growing angrier)
Why did you do that, then?

28 (Cont'd) MAGGIE JOSH 1913

28

MAGGIE

Why did you tell me you were on
"assignment" if you're speculating?

Josh looks out to the ocean, stalling for an answer. Maggie is aware she has embarrassed him. Finally,

JOSH

I like your spirit.

She lets him off the hook by acknowledging his compliment with a graceful shrug.

MAGGIE

May I see some?

JOSH

Sketches?

Maggie nods. Josh pulls out his sketch pad, hesitates for a split-second, smiles, walks to her blanket. He hands her the notebook and sits at her side. She looks at one page at a time: a nest of terns; a breaker washing over a large chunk of driftwood; two gulls fighting over a morsel of food.

MAGGIE

These are very good.

JOSH

(nervously)

The next one is my best.

Maggie turns the page to find an accurate representation of a nude young girl holding a wine glass to the sun as she lies on a beach blanket... cigar in her other hand. Maggie exerts great control over her reaction, but her eyes reveal fury. This lasts only a moment.

MAGGIE

What is your name?

JOSH

Joshua Turner, at your service.

MAGGIE

Joshua Turner, you are a rascal.
Your only saving grace is that
you're good.

Josh grins broadly.

JOSH

You like it?

MAGGIE

I hate it.
I suppose you want some wine.

28 (Cont'd) MAGGIE JOSH 1913

28

JOSH

I was waiting for you to ask.

Maggie digs out her bottle and glass.

JOSH (Cont'd)

What's the occasion? Are you celebrating the Summer Solstice?

MAGGIE

The what?

JOSH

Today... it's the longest day of the summer. The Solstice.

MAGGIE

I knew that.

JOSH

Of course you did.

MAGGIE

I did!

JOSH

I know!

Maggie pours a glass and hands it to Josh. She holds the bottle.

MAGGIE

Had I known you were coming, I'd have had you bring glasses.

JOSH

Had I known you were here, I would have brought champagne.

MAGGIE

I'll bet you can't afford champagne.

Josh shrugs. Maggie gestures for a toast.

MAGGIE (Cont'd)

To our little secret.
(threatening look)
May it ever remain a secret.

They drink-- he from the glass, she from the bottle. She uncovers the cigar from its burial spot in the sand.

JOSHUA (V.O.)

And it did, Maggie... the first of many.

29 BOARDWALK PRESENT JOSHUA MARGARET

29

They are walking along a scenic expanse of boardwalk amidst an expanse of dunes, each of them carrying some of Joshua's painting gear.

MARGARET

We played a lot of games.

JOSHUA

Maybe too many.

MARGARET

They kept us young.

JOSHUA

They also made us old.

MARGARET

You're tired.

(lovingly)

You only get reflective when you're tired.

JOSHUA

(wryly)

Thought has always tired me.

MARGARET

Only second-thought, Joshua.

They walk on in silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

30 CAPE COD DIRT ROAD FORD CAR 1915 JUSTICE OF THE PEACE JOSH 30
MAGGIE

Josh and the JUSTICE open the trunk of the Ford as Maggie exits the passenger door, running ahead through the dunes to the beach. She is barefoot and wearing off-white cotton and lace. Josh is also dressed in off-white. The Justice is in black.

MAGGIE

(reaching a promontory)

Hurry!

It's high tide!

The Justice looks to Joshua with no enthusiasm whatsoever.

JOSH

(daring him)

Anything the matter?

23 (Cont'd) JOSH MAGGIE THE JUSTICE 1915

23

The Justice shakes his head "no". A FISHERMAN PASSES BY on his way to the beach (in b.g.) as the Justice pulls a Bible out of the back, takes off his shoes and socks and throws them into the back of the Ford.

24 THE BEACH JOSH MAGGIE THE JUSTICE 1915

24

Maggie and Josh beckon the reluctant Justice to come closer to the shoreline. They are being bathed in waves which crash to their calves. They are totally oblivious to the drenching of their clothes. The Justice is not so oblivious. They are teasing him. Periodically, one saves the other from being pulled into the shorebreak. During this, we hear:

JOSHUA (V.O.)

We almost lost that fellow.
He thought we were crazy.

MARGARET (V.O.)

Little did he know we really were.

JUSTICE

(to Josh and Maggie)
Do you have the ring?

Josh fishes in his pockets for the ring. He beams proudly as he pulls it out. A wave knocks them hard. He drops the ring. They scurry for it only briefly, then emerge dripping and laughing without it. The Justice is not amused.

JOSH

Oh, well. Let's get on with it.

The Justice rummages through his Bible.

JUSTICE

You need a witness, and I'm
getting wet.

The smiles disappear from Maggie and Josh. Josh remembers something and sprints away. The Justice steps back from the shorebreak. Maggie climbs up the beach, hikes up her skirts, and sits on the sand. The Justice looks at his pocket watch.

25 DOWN THE BEACH JOSH A FISHERMAN 1915

25

Josh is hurrying back with a confused but amused fisherman jogging behind. The fisherman is in his sixties.

Josh and the Fisherman reach Maggie and the Justice. The ceremony proceeds. The fisherman is laughing at the situation and doesn't mind the shorebreak, since he's dressed for surf fishing.

25 (Cont'd) JOSH MAGGIE JUSTICE FISHERMAN 1915

25

JUSTICE

Do you, Joshua Turner, take
Margaret Burnside for your lawfully
wedded wife? To love and protect,
in sickness and in health, 'til
death you do part?

JOSH

I do.

JUSTICE

And you, Margaret, do you take
Joshua Turner for your lawfully
wedded husband, to love and honor,
cherish and obey, in sickness and
in health, 'til death you do part?

(pause)

Margaret?

MAGGIE

(after pause)

Why do I have to obey him?
He doesn't have to obey me,
does he?

JOSH

(amused)

Just say yes.

MAGGIE

I won't unless you do.

The Justice is not amused and his feet are cold. The fisherman grins
through missing teeth. Sound fades out as they continue into a heated
debate.

MARGARET (V.O.)

He finally gave in.

JOSHUA (V.O.)

You've always had the charm to
get your way.

MARGARET (V.O.)

That wasn't charm... it was pure
and simple logic.

JOSHUA (V.O.)

Today, yes... your point seems logical.
It was very illogical in 1915.

Sound fades in again.

25 (Cont'd) JOSH MAGGIE JUSTICE FISHERMAN 1915

25

JUSTICE

Do you, Joshua and Margaret,
take each other...

(pause)

do you take each other...

MAGGIE

Say it!

JUSTICE

(swallow)

"As is"?

MAGGIE & JOSH

(simultaneously)

We do!

JUSTICE

Then by the power vested in me
by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
I now pronounce you...

(wince)

"husband and wife".

You may kiss the bride.

Maggie and Josh let out a series of yelps and hoots, then dive fully
clothed and laughing into the shorebreak. They surface and embrace.
On the beach, the Justice and the Fisherman stand watching, the Justice
rather somberly, the Fisherman with glee.

26 MARCONI STATION PAVILION MARGARET JOSHUA PRESENT

26

They have completed their trek down the boardwalk, ending up at this
sheltered viewpoint overlooking the Atlantic. Joshua is setting up his
easel. Margaret is helping with his paints.

JOSHUA

Did you ever think we would last
this long?

MARGARET

Individually, or together?

JOSHUA

Either... both.

Margaret stops work and looks Joshua straight in the eye.

MARGARET

I have always known we would die
together.

A wave crashes on the shore below.

The sun shines brightly overhead.

FADE OUT

B R E A K

27 VICINITY OF MARCONI STATION PAVILION JOSHUA MARGARET PRESENT 27

From a high vantage point, breakers crash on the shore.

The sun beats down with its greatest intensity of the day.

Joshua sits on a folding fisherman's chair, painting at a portable easel which stands near the precipice of the grassy dune overlooking the Atlantic. He sits shirtless, painting an ocean storm scene. He's beginning to get a sunburn.

Involved in mixing colors on his palette, he doesn't notice Margaret quietly approaching him from behind. She carries a plastic bottle of suncreening lotion, stops behind him, uncaps the bottle, and as he works, squeezes a two-foot stream of lotion onto Joshua's back. He suppresses a momentary flicker of discomfort, refusing to acknowledge Margaret's attack.

He dabs some paint onto the canvass. She dabs her finger onto his back in a comparable spot. Making a concerted effort not to budge, Joshua makes a broad stroke across the canvass. Margaret makes a similarly broad stroke across his back. He continues to apply paint to his canvass, and Margaret continues to mimick his actions.

MARGARET

(whispering in his ear)
It's going to be a masterpiece.

JOSHUA

Yours... or mine?

Margaret continues to "paint" with the lotion.

MARGARET

My canvass is more valuable.

JOSHUA

Mine will last longer.

Margaret grows pensive; looks out at the ocean. Joshua continues to paint. After a moment, Margaret's trance is snapped, and she caps the lotion, tucks it in a pocket, and simply rubs the excess into Joshua's skin.

MARGARET

Makes you think, doesn't it?

JOSHUA

No...

It makes me paint.

28 EXT. SUMMER BEACH, CAPE COD 1923 JOSH MAGGIE TOBY LUCY 28

Maggie is holding the hand of her five-year-old daughter, LUCY. They are posing for a sketch being done by Josh. Their son, TOBY, age seven, is climbing on Josh's back as he sketches.

MAGGIE

Toby, let Daddy finish.

TOBY

(climbing)

I want to play!

JOSH

I'm nearly finished, Toby;
then I'll chase you to the
shore.

TOBY

I want you to chase me now.

LUCY

(militantly, to Toby)
Leave Daddy alone or he'll
punish you, won't you, Daddy?

MAGGIE

Lucy, you let us talk to Toby.
That isn't your responsibility.

Josh stops painting, wrestles Toby to the sand, tickles him until he cries for mercy.

TOBY

Please stop... please!

JOSH

(continuing)

Are you going to let me finish?

TOBY

Yes! Yes!

Josh continues tickling.

TOBY (Cont'd)

Yes! I promise!

Josh stops.

JOSH

There, then.

TOBY

(climbing back on)

No I don't!

28 (Cont'd) SUMMER BEACH, CAPE COD 1923 MAGGIE JOSH
LUCY TOBY DAY

28

Josh lifts Toby and carries him to the water's edge.

JOSH

Then I'll throw you to the
fish and let them deal with
you!

TOBY

Oh yeah? Then I'll tell a
whale to gobble you up and
I'll ride him home.

Josh begins tickling.

TOBY (Cont'd)

No! Don't tickle!

Josh reaches the water, pretends to throw Toby in. Lucy is
getting upset.

LUCY

Don't, Daddy! Don't throw him
to the fishes! Mummy, don't
let Daddy throw him to the fishes!

Lucy begins to cry. Josh puts Toby down gently.

MAGGIE

It's all right, Lucy. Daddy's
only fooling.

JOSH

(to Toby, sternly)
Now let me finish. All right?

TOBY

Yes.

JOSH

Do you mean it this time?

Toby nods his head. Josh gives him a quick hug and returns to
his sketch.

JOSH (Cont'd)

Look at Mummy, Lucy.

Lucy obeys.

DISSOLVE TO:

29 LATER SAME SETTING JOSH LUCY MAGGIE

29

The sketch has progressed and is nearly complete.

LUCY
I'm getting tired, Mummy.

JOSH
All done, my dears!

He reveals the sketch to them. Lucy is entranced.

LUCY
I want to show Toby.

Maggie and Josh look around to where Toby was last playing.

MAGGIE
(alarmed)
Where's Toby?

JOSH
(calling)
Toby?!

30 POV JOSH AND MAGGIE A PUZZLED LUCY NO TOBY

30

31 JOSH AND MAGGIE

31

They look at each other, trying to resist panic. It isn't working.

MAGGIE
Toby!

JOSH
I'll check the water. You
check the dunes.

JOSH RUNS O.S. to the shore. Maggie sits Lucy down on their blanket.

MAGGIE
Mummy wants you to sit right here
and don't move. All right?

Lucy nods. Maggie runs up to a dune.

JOSH (O.S.)
Toby!

MAGGIE
Toby!

- 32 JOSH AT SHOREBREAK 32
He runs along the beach, eyeing the water, constantly twisting around to cover all angles along the beach.
- 33 POV JOSH 33
A wave crashes on the shore.
- 34 CLOSE SHOT JOSH 34
Fear.
- 35 THE DUNES MAGGIE 35
She is getting out of breath.
MAGGIE
(huffing)
Toby!
- 36 POV MAGGIE 36
Down the beach. Joshua is running in the distance.
JOSHUA
Toby!
- 37 CLOSE SHOT MAGGIE 37
Her eyes are working hard, her face ashen, her breathing heavy.
MAGGIE
(in a whisper)
Dear God...
- 38 BEACH NIGHT MAGGIE JOSH TOWNSPEOPLE 38
DISSOLVE TO;
Torches illuminate the sand and the breakers. A fishing dory is being launched from the shore by four men who climb in and row just beyond the breakers, one of them at the bow and one at the stern with lanterns.
- 39 THE SHORE MAGGIE NIGHT 39
Her face is lifeless. She stares straight ahead. A TOWNSWOMAN ENTERS FRAME and covers her with a shawl.
TOWNSWOMAN
This will keep you warm.

39 (Cont'd) BEACH NIGHT MAGGIE TOWNSWOMAN

39

Maggie mouths a silent "thank you".

TOWNSWOMAN

We're lucky to have a full moon.

MAGGIE

(with irony)

Very lucky.

The townswoman has nothing left to say; she awkwardly pauses, bites her lip. Maggie continues to stare ahead.

TOWNSWOMAN

Your daughter is sound asleep
with my sister.

Maggie continues staring, giving an almost imperceptible series of nods.

TOWNSWOMAN (Cont'd)

We're praying for you.

Maggie stiffly turns and stares at the woman. Helplessness in her eyes.

40 DOWN THE BEACH JOSHUA A FISHERMAN

40

They each carry lanterns. Joshua is haggard. The fisherman, slightly trailing Josh, catches up to him.

FISHERMAN

Joshua...

Josh stops in his tracks, his eyes continuing the search he started hours ago.

FISHERMAN (Cont'd)

I think we should continue
in the morning.

Josh resumes walking, searching.

JOSH

Toby!

FISHERMAN

Joshua, please.

JOSH

Toby!

The fisherman grabs Joshua's arm. Joshua resists. The fisherman persists, now using both his arms and all his strength on Joshua.

(REVISED 7/26/80)

33

40 (Cont'd) FISHERMAN JOSH BEACH NIGHT 1923

40

FISHERMAN
You need some sleep.

Josh is now standing still, straining under the grasp of the fisherman.

JOSH
(wailing)
Toby!

41 SHORELINE NIGHT 1923

41

A breaker crashes on the shore under lanternlight.

FADE OUT

B R E A K

FADE IN:

42 VICINITY OF MARCONI STATION PAVILION JOSHUA MARGARET PRESENT DAY 42

Waves roll in on the beach below the Marconi station, sunlight sparkling on the water.

Joshua and Margaret are packing up their gear. Joshua stops for a moment.

JOSHUA
I still miss that boy.

MARGARET
(working)
Of course you do.

JOSHUA
It was good to have a son...
if only for seven years.

Margaret stops packing. She shakes her head in disagreement. He understands.

JOSHUA (Cont'd)
Fifty-nine years.

Margaret nods. Joshua pauses, then nods.

JOSHUA (Cont'd)
He has certainly kept me honest
with myself... about myself.

MARGARET
And Lucy?

42 (Cont'd) MARCONI DUNE PRESENT JOSHUA MARGARET

42

JOSHUA

Ah... a daughter's different.

MARGARET

Careful...

JOSHUA

You know it's true.

As they continue their discussion, they leave their packed-up gear behind them and lean on a fence bordering the boardwalk.

JOSHUA (Cont'd)

To Lucy, I can do no wrong.
She keeps me dishonest about myself.

MARGARET

And even falling short of the
lie makes you a better man.

JOSHUA

Gives me something to shoot for.

MARGARET

Which is probably why she's had
such problems with her husbands.
She's compared them to you.

Margaret and Joshua begin to walk as they talk, strolling along the dune through the beachgrass. CAMERA FOLLOWS.

JOSHUA

She should have compared before
she bought...

(pause)

I never approved of those young men.

MARGARET

Remind you of my father?

JOSHUA

Your father was a reasonable man...
once he put down his fork.

MARGARET

And picked up a glass, you mean.
We can't compare our lives with
Lucy's. Kids are different now.

Joshua stops walking. A moment later, Margaret notices and turns to him.

42: (Cont'd) MARCONI DUNE PRESENT JOSHUA MARGARET

42

JOSHUA

No... we're different. Always
have been. We're freaks, Maggie.
Eighty-seven years old and still
married to the same girl. Who
does that today? Who did it in
our day?

MARGARET

Did we... really?
Don't forget, Mister Turner,
you had time off for good behavior
... scratch that last part... for
behavior, whenever you were so moved.

Margaret walks on. Joshua holds his ground.

JOSHUA

We're still together.
(calling after her)
That's what matters.

MARGARET

(not breaking stride)
Sounds like ends justifying means,
to me.

Joshua starts after her.

JOSHUA

We were good. We still are!

Margaret wheels around.

MARGARET

What about the pain?

Joshua reaches her.

JOSHUA

It was never worth it... never once.

MARGARET

I don't think you mean that. I
think it was worth it to you...
every time.

Joshua is rendered uncomfortably silent by her comment. He seems
to be reliving some painful moments to himself until he finally
recovers by taking her hand and kissing it. Margaret is not so
easily seduced.

MARGARET

Am I right?

42 (Cont'd) MARCONI DUNE JOSHUA MARGARET

42

Joshua kisses her forehead. Margaret does not yield.

MARGARET (Cont'd)
You haven't answered me.

JOSHUA
(kissing her neck)
I'd rather fool around.

MARGARET
(ducking away)
I know. And I don't feel like
it at the moment.

Joshua is undeterred. Margaret grows impatient.

MARGARET (Cont'd)
Are we going to talk?

JOSHUA
(childlike)
I like how soft you are.

He begins to work a button on her dress. Margaret stiffens and stares passively enduring Joshua's meanderings.

MARGARET
(with condescension)
When you're finished playing,
let me know and we'll resume
our conversation.

As Margaret stares coolly ahead, Joshua's solo performance groans to an embarrassed halt. He grows self-conscious, worsening his situation while trying to escape it. He tickles her under the chin.

JOSHUA
Kootchie-koo!

Margaret looks at him with a pointed air of superiority and lack of feeling.

JOSHUA (Cont'd)
My, it's getting cold here.

Margaret's resolve to stare shifts into higher gear. Joshua retaliates with his own cool stare, unwittingly beginning a contest. Joshua's gaze runs from mimicry to resentment that he has been reduced to this. Their charade of stubborn testiness continues for a moment. Then the bond which has kept those eyes fixed on each other for sixty-seven years melts down their facade. Margaret finally smiles through a thin film of tears.

MARGARET
You are a rascal.

42 (Cont'd) MARCONI DUNE MARGARET JOSHUA

42

JOSHUA

My only saving grace is that
I'm good.

Margaret almost yields to his embrace, then remembers,

MARGARET

You still haven't answered me.

JOSHUA

Why do you want to talk about
old lovers?

MARGARET

Because we're old lovers... and
we made it... despite your growing
pains.

JOSHUA

(defensively)

And yours. You did all right
for yourself.

MARGARET

Yes, thank you, I did. But I
don't feel guilty about my old
champions. I remember some of
them happily and quite vividly.

(pause)

And you've always been among the
best.

JOSHUA

(stung)

I'm touched.

MARGARET

See? You want guilt! You think
pleasure is bought with pain. It
doesn't work that way. When you
seek out living as boldly as we
have, you're going to find both in
abundance.

(taking his hand)

And that's why I love you. You gave
me quantities of pleasure... but
qualities of pain. There was growth:
the greatest gift.

JOSHUA

We're different, Maggie.

MARGARET

We're like everyone else, with one
exception: We've always been willing
to let each other grow.

DISSOLVE TO:

43 EXT. BOSTON SIDEWALK 1930 JOSH

43

Joshua hops out of his new 1930 Ford, eyes it proudly, dusts off a fender, reaches into it, pulls out a bouquet of flowers, a bottle of champagne, a box of candy, and carries them peppily down the sidewalk to his apartment stoop.

44 INT. APARTMENT STAIRWAY JOSH

44

He enters the apartment building and bounds up the stairs, skipping some.

45 HIS APARTMENT JOSH

45

He enters his modestly furnished two bedroom apartment. There is a separate kitchen and a central living/dining room with windows facing onto the street.

JOSH
Fuller Brush Man!

He plops the candy down, arranging it for Maggie's first view. He places the flowers in a vase, hurries into the kitchen, to the tap, and fills it with water. He grabs two glasses.

JOSH (Cont'd)
Maggie?

He returns to the table, puts the vase down, arranges the flowers, starts opening the champagne. MAGGIE ENTERS from the bedroom, slightly dishevelled.

JOSH (Cont'd)
There you are! Been napping?
Where's Lucy?

MAGGIE
In school. What's all this?

Josh pops open the champagne, pours.

JOSH
Overnight success... after
only thirteen years.

He offers her a glass. She questions him with a look.

JOSH (Cont'd)
In due time... have a chocolate
covered almond. Still your favorite?

MAGGIE
What are you doing here in the
middle of the day?

JOSH
Let me do this my way.

45 (Cont'd) THEIR APARTMENT JOSH MAGGIE 1930

45

He reaches into his pockets, very secretively removes each hand from a pocket, holds them clenched and brings them behind his back.

JOSH (Cont'd)
Choose a hand.

Maggie is visibly upset. She silently chooses the left hand. Josh changes the contents of his hands from right to left and hands a set of car keys to Maggie.

JOSH (Cont'd)
Here.

Maggie takes the keys.

MAGGIE
What are these?

Josh is beaming... not talking.

MAGGIE (Cont'd)
You didn't buy a new car?!

Josh is grinning. He impulsively goes to a window... peers out.

JOSH
Well don't just stand there!

Maggie glances back to the bedroom, hurries to the window... looks out.

MAGGIE
Oh...

JOSH
The yellow one.

MAGGIE
That's quite apparent.
Joshua, will you tell me what is going on?

JOSH
I've sold some paintings.

Josh pulls a cigar from his pocket.

JOSH (Cont'd)
Do we have matches?

Maggie reaches into a drawer for matches.

MAGGIE
When did you take up cigars?

45 (Cont'd) THEIR APARTMENT JOSH MAGGIE 1930

45

JOSH

The day I met you... recognize
the brand? I just haven't been
able to afford another until
today. Mister Palmateer gave me
a cash downpayment.

Maggie is stunned. She hands Josh the matches.

JOSH (Cont'd)

(mock aristocratic accent)

Of the Beacon Hill Palmateers,
don't you know.

He bought my Scarlet Tanager...

(lights cigar)

He bought my Great Blue Heron...

(puffs cigar)

He bought my Gulls...

(puffs again)

All of them!

Maggie sits in disbelief.

JOSH (Cont'd)

(offering the cigar)

Want some?

Maggie declines.

JOSH (Cont'd)

Do you know how many damned Gulls
I have? He bought them all!

Maggie is increasingly uncomfortable.

JOSH (Cont'd)

He asked me what I wanted for the
Tanager. I immediately inflated
the price tenfold when I found out
who he was. He didn't even bat an
eye! Then he asked about the Heron...

Josh takes Maggie's hands.

JOSH (Cont'd)

He wants me to paint more! I'm
supposed to bring my lawyer... heh,
my lawyer... who shall we get...
to discuss terms of a commission!

Maggie responds with mixed laughter and tears, but the wrong
kind. Josh is puzzled.

JOSH (Cont'd)

What's wrong?

45 (Cont'd) THEIR APARTMENT JOSH MAGGIE 1930

45

MAGGIE

(through laughing tears)
I love you, Joshua. You know I
love you dearly.
(whispers)
Josh... this is very poor timing.

JOSH

You're pregnant.

Maggie shakes her head, fights tears, tries to speak, can't, then

MAGGIE

There's a man in the other room.

JOSH

What does he want?

Maggie is silent. With the realization, Josh feels extremely foolish. He takes the cigar from his mouth.

JOSH (Cont'd)

This thing tastes terrible.
(swallows hard)
Anyone I know?

Maggie shakes her head "no".

JOSH (Cont'd)

No?

MAGGIE

I wouldn't do that to you.

JOSH

(with new resolve)
Well, then. He must feel idiotic
standing in our closet. Let's wel-
come him properly!

Josh heads straight for the bedroom, wheels around, grabs the champagne bottle and glasses and the candy. Maggie follows fearfully.

46 THEIR BEDROOM JOSH MAGGIE THE MAN 1930

46

The Man is self-consciously making the bed. He bolts upright when Josh enters.

JOSH

Don't bother with that, my good man.
We'll have the maid take care of it...
as soon as we get a maid, I suppose.
My name's Joshua Turner. What's yours?

46 (Cont'd) THEIR BEDROOM JOSH MAGGIE THE MAN 1930

46

MAN
Winston Smith.

JOSH
Handsome name. Who'd you borrow
it from? Don't tell me... Winston Smith.

The Man stands in awkward silence... looks to Maggie briefly,
then back to Josh.

JOSH (Cont'd)
Oh never mind. I understand you've
already met Mrs. Turner. Won't you
have some champagne?

The Man looks at Maggie for some indication on whether he is going
to be shot. Maggie is looking at Josh with a tearful smile.

MAN
I'd better not.

JOSH
Not one of your vices, eh?
Won't you at least join us in a
toast? You see, this is a very
happy day in our lives, Maggie's
and mine, I mean, and as long as
you're here, I wouldn't think of
excluding you from the celebration.
Excellent French Champagne, I want
you to know... from France.

MAN
No, thank you. I'd better leave.

JOSH
I wouldn't think of sending you
out of here with only one shoe.

All look down to the man's feet. He is wearing one shoe. He is
extremely embarrassed.

JOSH (Cont'd)
Let's sit down over a drink while
Maggie finds your shoe. You did
have two when you came in, didn't
you?

Maggie laughs nervously. The Man does not think it funny. He
looks for his other shoe under the bed.

JOSH (Cont'd)
Careful not to take mine, now. I
keep my shoes under there, too.

46 (Cont'd) THEIR BEDROOM JOSH MAGGIE MAN 1930

46

Maggie laughs aloud. The man is insulted. He finds his shoe, doesn't stop to put it on, but WALKS OUT, limping with his shoe in his hand. MAGGIE FOLLOWS HIM.

JOSH
Handsome shoes! Care for a
chocolate almond?

47 THE HALLWAY MAGGIE THE MAN

47

He is putting on his shoe and feeling very hostile.

MAN
(to Maggie)
Did you plan this?

MAGGIE
No.

MAN
You won't be seeing me again.

MAGGIE
No. I understand.

The man starts down the stairs.

MAGGIE (Cont'd)
Charles?

He stops partway down the stairs, turns to face Maggie.

MAGGIE (Cont'd)
I'm sorry.

He turns back without a word and hurries down the stairs, slamming the door as he goes. Maggie bites her lip. From within the apartment, we hear the crash of broken glass. Maggie starts, turns, and CAMERA FOLLOWS HER as she re-enters the apartment. She gasps.

48 THEIR APARTMENT POV MAGGIE JOSH

48

He is standing before a broken window... his arm badly gashed and bleeding profusely. He looks down at it thoughtlessly, then up to Maggie.

JOSH
That fellow was damned ungrateful...
where'd you meet him, anyway?

Josh faints in a pool of his blood.

DISSOLVE TO:

49 THE HOSPITAL JOSH MAGGIE NURSE 1930

49

Josh lies in a hospital bed with an I.V. bottle attached to his arm, which is heavily bandaged. The nurse leads Maggie to the bedside. Maggie sits quietly, waiting for Josh to open his eyes. The NURSE EXITS. Josh looks up weakly.

JOSH

Hi.

MAGGIE

Hi.

JOSH

We have to talk.

MAGGIE

Shh. Rest.

JOSH

Where'd you find him?

MAGGIE

Not now... later.

JOSH

That was very poor timing.

MAGGIE

There's no such thing as good timing for that kind of thing.

Joshua pauses for strength. Maggie strokes his forehead.

JOSH

It hurts.

MAGGIE

Your arm?

JOSH

No.

MAGGIE

(realizing what he meant)

Oh.

(pause)

That's how I feel every time.

JOSH

Were you trying to teach me a lesson?

MAGGIE

(shaking her head)

I was learning one for myself.

(REVISED 7/26/80)

45

49. (Cont'd) THE HOSPITAL JOSH MAGGIE 1930

49

Josh closes his eyes as he fights a bout of jealousy. Maggie feels helpless in the situation and sits back in her chair.

MARGARET (OLDER V.O.)

You never could accept my lovers
as charitably as you expected me
to accept yours.

DISSOLVE TO:

50 EXT. MARCONI DUNE JOSHUA MARGARET PRESENT DAY

50

JOSHUA

But we were always there
for each other, weren't we,
Maggie?

MARGARET

We still are.

They look out over the ocean. There is serenity here.

JOSHUA

(with disbelief)
Sixty-seven years together...

MARGARET

Twelve of them wonderful.

JOSHUA

Eleven.

The looks they exchange indicate that whatever the number, it has been worth it, if only for this moment.

The sun is lower in the sky.

FADE OUT

B R E A K

51. EXT. MARCONI BEACH PROTECTED AREA JOSHUA MARGARET PRESENT DAY 51

The sun is approaching the tall dunes. It momentarily darts behind a cloud, then out again.

No longer burdened with painting gear, Joshua and Margaret walk together across the heavily populated Protected Area toward the End of Protected Beach sign which marks the position of their blanket.

They pass playing children, a frisbee game, a beer party, an amorous intertwined couple, several beached surfers, a roving lifeguard, a few families, and several singles on the lookout. No one notices them, as usual.

MARGARET

Let's go somewhere different
next year.

JOSHUA

(amused)
Why?

MARGARET

I'm ready for something... else.

JOSHUA

It took sixty-seven years to
bore you.

MARGARET

No, it doesn't bore me.
(pause)
It satisfies me.

JOSHUA

That's a serious problem.

MARGARET

You know what I mean?

JOSHUA

No.

MARGARET

Have you ever had... enough
lobster? I mean really enough?
So that if someone offered you
a whole juicy buttery tail, you'd
say, "No, thanks"?

JOSHUA

Never.

They reach their blanket. Margaret picks up her hat. They sit.

MARGARET

Never mind, then.
We'll come here again.

51. (Cont'd) END OF PROTECTED BEACH JOSHUA MARGARET DAY

51

JOSHUA

A week ago, all I heard was
"Get me to Cape Cod".

Margaret leans over to him, kisses him on the cheek.

MARGARET

(whispering)

And you did.

DISSOLVE TO:

52 INT. BEDROOM AND ADJACENT BATHROOM TURNERS' SUBURBAN HOME NIGHT
ONE WEEK AGO JOSHUA MARGARET

52

Margaret lies in bed reading a dog-eared copy of Henry Beston's THE OUTERMOST HOUSE. Joshua stands at the wash basin in the bathroom, finishing brushing his teeth. The sounds of brushing and the intermittent wash of tap water punctuate the following dialog.

MARGARET

(looking up from book)

Marila Marila.

(liking the words)

Marila... Marila.

Joshua stops brushing and speaks with a mouthful of pasty toothbrush.

JOSHUA

(sudsy distortion)

Did you say something?

MARGARET

Marila Marila.

There is a momentary silence before Joshua decides to duck his head into the bedroom.

JOSHUA

Why did you say that?

MARGARET

(savoring the words)

Marila Marila. It's a kind of
bird. It feels good to say.

JOSHUA

I'd rather say "Blue-billed
widgeon". It means the same
thing. I prefer nicknames.

52. (Cont'd) TURNERS' BEDROOM AND ADJACENT BATHROOM ONE WEEK AGO NIGHT
JOSHUA MARGARET

52

MARGARET

It doesn't feel as good on my mouth.

(flirting)

I like things that feel good on my mouth.

JOSHUA

(referring to his toothbrush)
This feels good on my mouth.

He finishes brushing.

MARGARET

I have this overwhelming urge to be on the beach right now.

Joshua rinses his toothbrush.

MARGARET (Cont'd)

Did you hear me?

JOSHUA

"Maybe you're pregnant."

He joins her in bed.

MARGARET

You have toothpaste on your chin.

JOSHUA

Must work... I've...

Margaret anticipates her husband's humor and recites along with him.

MARGARET & JOSHUA (Cont'd)

... never had a cavity there.

MARGARET (Cont'd)

I know. And you never shave your teeth, either.

Joshua retaliates with an attack of footsie under the covers. Margaret giggles.

MARGARET (Cont'd)

Your feet are freezing!

JOSHUA

(continuing relentlessly)
Can't think of a better way to warm them up!

52. (Cpnt'd) TURNERS' BEDROOM JOSHUA MARGARET NIGHT

52

Their play continues until Joshua realizes that he is exhausting Margaret.

JOSHUA
Are you all right?

Still out of breath, she wipes Joshua's chin.

MARGARET
There.

JOSHUA
(with bravado)
Too much for you?

MARGARET
(sportingly)
Never.

He kisses her forehead, looks into her eyes lovingly.

MARGARET (Cont'd)
Your eyes are sparkling.

JOSHUA
(playfully)
Must be the light.

MARGARET
(after a pause)
Hmm.

Margaret ponders a moment longer, becoming lost in thought. After a long silence, Joshua stops wondering and asks.

JOSHUA
What are you thinking?

MARGARET
(trying to recover)
Nothing.

JOSHUA
You've always been a lousy liar.

Joshua stares her down.

MARGARET
I'm thinking about eyes.

JOSHUA
(knowing the answer)
Mine?

52 (Cont'd) BEDROOM MARGARET JOSHUA NIGHT

52

Margaret nods. She is giving in to sadness. Joshua sighs.

JOSHUA (Cont'd)

Emily?

Margaret silently nods. She can't look at him.

MARGARET

The only time you ever lost that
look in your eyes.

This is painful for Joshua. Finally,

JOSHUA

I got it back.

MARGARET

(with disbelief)

I almost lost you... for good.

Joshua doesn't know what to say. Margaret realizes she has lapsed into
sadness and makes a slight attempt to break it.

MARGARET (Cont'd)

(more cheerfully)

Then who'd wipe the toothpaste
off your chin, hunh?

(answering herself, sadly)

Probably she would.

JOSHUA

That was an awfully long time ago.

MARGARET

(not asking)

You still love Emily.

JOSHUA

She's dead now.

MARGARET

Not really...

Joshua is saddened.

MARGARET (Cont'd)

She was too smart for that.

DISSOLVE TO:

53. INT. ART GALLERY 1936 JOSH EMILY DAY

53

It is just after five P.M. as JOSH ENTERS this tastefully decorated gallery. He is carrying a painting, draped with a fine cut of fabric. The action of the door opening rings an overhead brass bell. EMILY sits at a desk, going over a ledger. She wears bifocals, and her hair is tied back. She is Josh's age, 43, and extremely attractive in a way that is diametrically opposed to Maggie's beauty. The ring of the bell causes Emily to look up from her work. She removes her bifocals as she stands.

EMILY
(as if to a stranger)
I'm sorry, Sir, the gallery
is closed.

JOSH
Then you should lock your door.

EMILY
Thank you for your advice.

JOSH
Where do you want this?

EMILY
Deliveries should be
made at the rear entrance.

Josh starts to head out.

EMILY (Cont'd)
Oh, don't bother this time.

Josh stops.

JOSH
Thanks.
(hefting the painting)
I've got a Joshua Turner here.

EMILY
(impressed)
Really...!

JOSH
You know his work?

EMILY
Know his work?
Sir, do you know anything about
contemporary American Art?

JOSH
No, Ma'am. I just deliver
these things.

53. (Cont'd) ART GALLERY 1936 JOSH EMILY DAY

53

He unveils it. It is a view of Nauset Marsh, with its myriad inlets opening onto the Atlantic. Emily is moved by the painting.

EMILY
(involuntarily)
Oh!

JOSH
Now, for example, ah...
what makes this good?

EMILY
(eyes locked on painting)
With Joshua Turner, it's purely...
(pause)
...visceral.

JOSH
(raising eyebrows)
Visceral...

EMILY
If you knew the man, you'd
understand the... physicality...

JOSH
... physicality...

EMILY
... the magnetism...

JOSH
Hmm.

EMILY
... the dynamic... intuitive
sense.
(pause)
What can I say?

Josh shrugs behind her back. Emily lets down her hair as she talks.

EMILY (Cont'd)
He has this effect on...
... on me, at least. My
pulse quickens...

JOSH
Pulse...

EMILY
My breathing becomes shallow...

Josh inhales.

53 (Cont'd) ART GALLERY JOSH EMILY 1936 DAY

53

EMILY (Cont'd)
... an aching desire wells up in
me. I want to give myself to him
on the spot. I'm totally his.

Emily now turns to face Josh, impishness revealed in her face.

EMILY (Cont'd)
(still playing)
This is what greatness does to me.

JOSH
(advancing on her)
You would have loved Rembrandt.

Josh takes her in his arms. She is through with her little game and
kisses him with passionate abandon. He is more reserved.

EMILY
(between kisses)
I worried about you.

JOSH
I had trouble getting away.

EMILY
I keep dreaming of the time
when we don't have to...

JOSH
(gently interrupting)
Don't.

Emily tilts her head back to look at him.

EMILY
What?

JOSH
(with difficulty)
Don't dream.

Emily hugs him, resting her head on his shoulder so she won't have to look
at his nervous eyes. She is fighting panic. She doesn't dare to speak.
She simply clings, waiting for him to elaborate. He can't. Eventually,
she steps back, unlocking their embrace.

EMILY
(finally calm)
What's going on?

Josh can't look at her. He shakes his head in bewilderment.

53 (Cont'd) ART GALLERY JOSH EMILY 1936 DAY

53

EMILY (Cont'd)

Josh...

He quickly looks up at her... pain in his eyes.

EMILY (Cont'd)

We need to go upstairs.

JOSH

(weakening)

I think so.

Emily moves closer to him, fondles his shirt, works on the buttons. He is trembling. She is in control.

EMILY

(with strength)

Come on.

She turns away, leading him as she walks. He doesn't follow. She stops and turns back.

EMILY (Cont'd)

I can make it better.

She gestures to him to follow. He is frozen. He looks down. Tears well in his eyes. She is losing her battle with panic.

EMILY (Cont'd)

Josh... something's wrong.

Is it Margaret?

Is it Lucy?

Josh remains silent.

EMILY (Cont'd)

(after realization)

It's me.

Josh looks up to her with pleading eyes.

EMILY (Cont'd)

You don't want to say it.

Josh is suffering.

JOSH

I love you... more than anything...
... anyone...

EMILY

(with compassion)

Yes... yes.

53 (Cont'd) ART GALLERY 1936 JOSH EMILY DAY

53

JOSH
I always will.

EMILY
I know... I do.
(pause)
Come with me.

JOSH
I can't.

Emily stands at the doorway to the back room. Josh stands where he was.
Neither moves now.

EMILY
You're still in love with
Margaret.

JOSH
(confused)
No... I'm still in love
with you.
(pause)
But I love her.

Emily cannot speak. There is a prolonged silent agony for both of them.
Finally,

JOSH (Cont'd)
(his voice cracking)
What makes it...
so hard is...
(sigh)
I know you understand.

Emily dares neither to confirm nor to deny his statement. The result
would be the same.

JOSH (Cont'd)
She needs me.

EMILY
I need you.

She becomes angry with herself for that comment.

EMILY (Cont'd)
I'm sorry. That wasn't fair.
I know where I stand.

Joshua frowns, afraid now that she does not understand.

EMILY (Cont'd)
I guess I have always known.

53 (Cont'd) ART GALLERY 1936 JOSH EMILY DAY

53

Josh redrapes his newly delivered painting, as a nervous gesture.

JOSH

You'll never know what you've
given me.

Emily uncovers the painting, retaining the fabric which had been draping it.
We know she knows what she's given him by the expression on her face. She
loses herself in the marsh scene before her.

JOSH

(after a long silence)
You taught me how to love myself
again.

Emily closes her eyes. A tear sneaks out.

JOSH

(after another long pause)
You made me good for her again.

Emily nods, attempting to smile through tear-glazed eyes.

JOSH (Cont'd)

I'll always love...

EMILY

(interrupting)
Don't.
(pause)
Just go now, please.

Josh doesn't move. Finally, he fumbles in his pockets.

JOSH

I, ah...

EMILY

(trembling)
Please go.

JOSH

I want to... I want to give you
this...

He pulls something from his pocket.

JOSH (Cont'd)

It's really stupid... I don't
know... It means something to
me...

EMILY

You mean something to me.

53 (Cont'd) ART GALLERY JOSH EMILY 1936 DAY

53

Josh hands Emily a piece of sea-worn purplish shell known as "wampum".

JOSH

It's wampum. The Indians used to
use it for money... it's the nicest
piece I've ever seen.

Emily holds the piece in her palm. She examines it silently.

EMILY

(after a moment)
Indian money...
(pause)
is this alimony?

JOSH

Is that stupid?

EMILY

(with compassion)
No, love.
(pause)
But I don't want it.

JOSH

Please.

EMILY

I need a shell to remember you?

Josh feels foolish.

EMILY (Cont'd)

Why should I even want to
remember you?

Josh takes it back, pockets it, tries to embrace her. She backs off.

EMILY (Cont'd)

I understand...
I have too many reasons to love you.
(pause)

She doesn't need any.
(pause)

I understand that.
(tearfully)

But I don't understand why you
want to play with me this way.

JOSH sadly backs off, turns, and EXITS. Emily weakly turns to her desk,
sits, and sobs.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 INT. TURNERS' BEDROOM, ONE WEEK AGO JOSHUA MARGARET NIGHT 54

MARGARET

You still love her, don't you?

JOSHUA

She taught me something when I thought I was past the age for learning.

MARGARET

You haven't answered my question.

JOSHUA

I love you more because of her.

MARGARET

There you go with your guilt pangs again. Are you still in love with Emily?

After a long pause, Joshua nods. Margaret is a little hurt, but she tries to remain cheerful.

MARGARET (Cont'd)

There! Don't you feel better?

JOSHUA

No.

MARGARET

Why not?

JOSHUA

Because you've just made me hurt you with something that doesn't matter to anyone. You've always been my best girl... and we're both of us too damned selfish to settle for second best.

Joshua looks at Margaret lovingly.

MARGARET

I've come to depend on that look in your eyes.

Joshua smiles. He moves closer to his wife. He touches her tenderly.

MARGARET (Cont'd)

God, I'm old.

JOSHUA

Do you feel old?

54. (Cont'd) TURNERS' BEDROOM JOSHUA MARGARET 1 WEEK AGO NIGHT 54

MARGARET
(relaxing under his touch)
Not at the moment.

JOSHUA
Then shhhh.

MARGARET
Mmmmmmm.

Joshua kisses her on the forehead.

JOSHUA
You are more beautiful than ever.

He strokes her cheek.

MARGARET
(self-consciously)
Wrinkles.

JOSHUA
It took me a long time to give
you those... let me enjoy them.

He strokes her cheek once more, savoring each wrinkle along the way.

MARGARET
Don't ever lose that look in
your eyes.

Joshua places a finger to her lips.

JOSHUA
We're talking too much.

He begins to unbutton her nightgown. She closes her eyes. He kisses her
on the neck, working his way to her shoulder.

MARGARET
Tell me something.

JOSHUA
(kissing)
What?

MARGARET
Why did you come back to me?

JOSHUA
(still kissing)
For the same reason you took
me back again.

54. (Cont'd) TURNERS' BEDROOM ONE WEEK AGO JOSHUA MARGARET DAY 54

MARGARET

Why do you think?

Joshua stops kissing her shoulders, raises his head to hers. Their faces are intimately close. Joshua responds as though stating the obvious.

JOSHUA

We made a vow.

Their eyes are in harmony. Their lips follow the cue.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

55 EXT. END OF PROTECTED BEACH MARCONI BEACH SUMMER CROWD JOSHUA
MARGARET PRESENT DAY

The sun is beginning to dip behind the tall dunes.

Now that the tide has changed, the breakers roll in differently.

Sand shifts in the wind. Sandcastles lose their hard edges.

Beach grass blows in the reddening light, casting longer shadows than before.

Margaret lies peacefully in Joshua's lap, her face shaded by her straw hat. Joshua is rocking her in a very rhythmic, meditative motion.

The same crowd carries out the same pagantry of beach behavior we have seen up until now.

The roving lifeguard reaches the end of his patrol, glancing over at Joshua and Margaret before turning around. Joshua's movement catches his eyes. He looks back toward the protected area of the beach, blows two short blasts of his whistle back to the head lifeguard.

56 DOWN THE BEACH HEAD LIFEGUARD 56

He stands on his chair, raises his binoculars to his eyes.

57 END OF PROTECTED BEACH LIFEGUARD 57

He signals by pointing to his chest, then pointing up the beach to the TURNERS, then giving a time-out sign.

58 HEAD LIFEGUARD

58

He gives an approving wave, raises his binoculars to his eyes.

59 POV HEAD LIFEGUARD THROUGH BINOCULARS JOSHUA MARGARET

59

Margaret lies on the beach blanket, her head cradled in Joshua's lap, a large straw hat shading her face. Joshua rocks slowly back and forth. ROVING LIFEGUARD ENTERS FIELD OF VIEW and approaches the blanket casually. BINOCULARS THEN TURN TOWARD THE WATER, catching a beachball blowing out to sea. No one is chasing it. It is too far out.

60 HEAD LIFEGUARD

60

He sits down, turning his attention to his immediate area.

61 PAST END OF PROTECTED BEACH JOSHUA MARGARET LIFEGUARD

61

LIFEGUARD

Excuse me. Everything O.K.?

Joshua nods as he rocks. He is serene.

JOSHUA

Thank you.

LIFEGUARD

Your wife, ah, she's O.K.?
She's all right?

JOSHUA

(hoarse whisper)
Yes, thank you. Thank you.

The guard is unsure. Joshua's eyes are moist.

LIFEGUARD

Um...

Joshua ignores him, continues rocking... hums softly.

LIFEGUARD (Cont'd)

Sir?

JOSHUA

(stiffly)
What do you want?

LIFEGUARD

Look, ah... she doesn't look
all right. Can I, ah...

61. (Cont'd) PAST END OF PROTECTED BEACH JOSHUA MARGARET GUARD

61

JOSHUA
(interrupting)

No.

(after a pause)

Thank you for your concern.
Go take care of your beach
and leave us alone.

Lifeguard hesitates.

JOSHUA (Cont'd)

Please.

Guard starts away. CAMERA FOLLOWS GUARD. He stops again and turns back to Joshua.

LIFEGUARD

Um, I came over here because from
way over there things don't look
good, and they don't look any
better from here.

JOSHUA

Your business is over there.
Leave us alone.

Joshua breaks. Tears roll down in profusion. He sobs, looking at the guard throughout. The guard hastens to the blanket, reaching for Margaret's hat.

LIFEGUARD

I can help.

Joshua seizes the guard's arm and successfully fends off the intrusion. The guard lurches again, this time removing the hat. He reacts to Margaret's lifeless, peaceful body by going for his whistle. Joshua grabs at the whistle and pulls it to him, pulling the guard off balance with it. Joshua's grip is firm and unyielding. His adreneline puts him in control.

LIFEGUARD (Cont'd)

Mister, I think your wife is...

JOSHUA

(ignoring him)

She's leaving me now.

The guard is struggling to get out of Joshua's grasp. He ducks his head out from within the lanyard.

LIFEGUARD

Sir, she's dead.

61 (Cont'd) PAST END OF PROTECTED BEACH JOSHUA MARGARET GUARD

61

JOSHUA

Who pays you for this?
(voice quaking)
Will you let her leave me in
peace? We don't know you.
We don't need you.

LIFEGUARD

We've got to get her off the
beach. May I have my whistle
back, please?

Tears roll down Joshua's cheeks.

JOSHUA

This has been our beach for sixty-
seven years. You are so young.
You know so little. Will you
please go back to your area and
leave us to our goodbyes? Are you
capable of wisdom at your age?

The guard is at a loss, torn between training and compassion. Finally, the tension leaves his body. He stares at Joshua. Joshua can read him and hands him the whistle. The guard looks down at the whistle, back to the head guard stand, back to Joshua, then around the vicinity nervously. He stands, hesitates, and walks slowly away. CAMERA FOLLOWS GUARD to the End of Protected Beach sign. Tears well in his eyes as he resumes his watch over the ocean. CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY BACK TO JOSHUA who sways with MARGARET as he uses one hand to pile sand over her legs and body. CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY to lose them in the summer crowd.

Another breaker crashes on the shore.

The sun is nearly down... a glowing red ball.

FADE OUT

END