

"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE"

Screenplay by

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Based on the novel by
Edith Wharton

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New York in the late 1870s.

A bunch of DAISIES makes a sudden sunburst of BRIGHT YELLOW. A hand comes into frame, begins to sprinkle PETALS on the ground. CAMERA tilts down to follow petals and we see part of a woman's SHOE. It is strangely ornate, like something from an Arabian Nights fantasy.

As this is happening, we hear a burst of a dramatic music, and a voice singing an ARIA.

CAMERA pans up from the petals to the extravagantly painted face of a WOMAN SINGER performing an aria from Faust.

PANNING continues through a series of DISSOLVES gradually revealing that we are on stage in a theater, the Academy of Music, in the latter part of the 19th century. The stage setting-of which we see only small portions-is elaborately painted. The footlights are CANDLES. Just past them, we see the orchestra, and past the orchestra, a glimpse of a full theater, lit by LIMELIGHT.

Continue PANNING and DISSOLVING through a series of EXTREME CLOSE UPS of DETAILS of period evening wear: high collars, flowing ties, beautiful beading on dresses, jewelry on necks and wrists, men's cufflinks against immaculate white cotton shirts, and shoes...women's heels, men's black patent leather pumps.

PANNING AND DISSOLVING continues through the theater AUDIENCE, past the slightly shabby red and gold painted BOXES, ending briefly on the plain red velvet WALL of a box.

NEWLAND ARCHER enters. What we see of him first is the perfect GARDENIA attached to the lapel of his jacket. CAMERA pans up to his face. He is in his late 20s. Handsome, assured and guarded. He steps toward the front of the box, joining the company of several men, including LARRY LEFFERTS who is approximately Newland's age, and SILLERTON JACKSON, who is older by a couple of decades.

Newland's move toward the front of the box is covered in TIGHT SHOTS. We still do not have a full view of the theater, and will not for the rest of this scene.

Lefferts looks at stage through pearl opera glasses. We see his POV: tight, of the stage, and the singer performing. FLASH PAN off singer through the audience, moving so fast it gives an almost kaleidoscopic IMPRESSION of rich fabric and glittering jewels. Now we're back to Lefferts, who SWINGS Opera glasses away from stage and toward another box.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

He SEES: the figure of a woman entering a box across the way. Although the woman, silhouetted against candles, is still indistinct and mysterious to us, he recognizes her and reacts with controlled surprise.

LEFFERTS

Well.

He hands the glasses to Sillerton Jackson, who looks in the same direction. Newland watches Jackson, who takes the glasses away from his eyes after a moment and hands them back to Lefferts.

JACKSON

I didn't think the Mingotts would have tried it on.

The men in the box all stare, then turn away and look back at the stage: all but Newland. His GLANCE FIXES on the figure of the WOMAN in the box, who we still do not see clearly. The conversation of the men in his own box annoys him, but his face betrays a hint of something more than irritation. The sight of the WOMAN in the box distracts him. Affects him.

LEFFERTS

Parading her at the opera like that.
Sitting her next to May Welland.
It's all very odd.

JACKSON

Well, she's had such an odd life.

LEFFERTS

Will they even bring her to the Beauforts' ball, do you suppose?

JACKSON

If they do, the talk will be of little else.

ARCHER LOOKS at his COMPANIONS in the box with just a suggestion of impatience. Then he TURNS and leaves.

CUT TO:

2 INT. THEATER - NIGHT

2

A corridor, decorated with old prints hung from a red velvet wall and bright with candlelight.

Archer's POV as he moves quickly down the corridor, past doors leading to the boxes.

Archer stops at one of the doors and enters purposefully.

CUT TO:

3 INT. THEATER - NIGHT

3

The box which had so interested the men. We see first what Archer notices: a BOUQUET of lilies-of-the-valley.

TILT UP to the lovely young face of MAY WELLAND as she turns, smiling, to greet Archer. She is radiant. Archer smiles back at her, and at her MOTHER, seated beside her.

ARCHER

May. Mrs. Welland. Good evening.

MRS. WELLAND

Newland. You know my niece Countess Olenska.

We see the back of the COUNTESS's head, her curly brown hair held in place around her temples by a narrow band of diamonds. She turns into close-up: this is clearly the figure who drew the attention of Lefferts and Jackson. She wears a distinctive blue velvet gown. Her face is unconventional, but it is magic.

Archer bows with the suggestion of reserve. Countess Olenska replies with a nod.

Newland sits beside May and speaks softly.

ARCHER

I hope you've told Madame Olenska.

MAY

(teasing)

What?

ARCHER

That we're engaged. I want everybody to know. Let me announce it this evening at the ball.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

MAY

If you can persuade Mamma. But why should we change what is already settled?

He has no answer for this...no answer, anyway, that is appropriate for this time and place. May senses his frustration, and adds, smiling...

MAY

But you can tell my cousin yourself. She remembers you.

Countess Olenska turns.

ELLEN

(COUNTESS OLENSKA)

I remember we played together. Being here again makes me remember so much.

She gestures out, and we PAN with her across the regal gathering: this is the first wide view we have had of the theater.

ELLEN

I see everybody the same way, dressed in knickerbockers and pantalettes.

Archer moves to sit beside her.

ELLEN

You were horrid. You kissed me once behind a door. But it was your cousin Vandy, the one who never looked at me, I was in love with.

Archer is a little taken aback.

ARCHER

Yes, you have been away a very long time.

Camera starts to move in as she raises a large fan of eagle feathers.

ELLEN

Oh, centuries and centuries. So long I'm sure I'm dead and buried, and this dear old place is heaven.

FAST CUT TO:

4 MAIN TITLES 4

As they end, the voice of a WOMAN NARRATOR fades up and we...

CUT TO:

5 INT. THEATER - NIGHT 5

In another box, the handsome MRS. JULIUS BEAUFORT (REGINA) draws her opera cloak about her sculpted shoulders. As she does this, and leaves the box, we hear...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It invariably happened, as everything happened in those days, in the same way. As usual, Mrs. Julius Beaufort appeared just before the Jewel Song and, again as usual, rose at the end of the third act and disappeared. New York then knew that, a half-hour later, her annual opera ball would begin.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THEATER [14TH STREET]- NIGHT 6

A line of carriages drawn up in front of the Academy of Music. Mrs. Beaufort climbs in a carriage at the front of the line and drives away.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Carriages waited at the curb for the entire performance. It was widely known in New York, but never acknowledged, that Americans want to get away from amusement even more quickly than they want to get to it.

CUT TO:

7 INT. BALLROOM/BEAUFORT HOUSE - NIGHT 7

Dark and empty, as it is on every other night of the year. CAMERA pulls back from chandelier covered in a bag.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Beauforts' house was one of the few in New York that possessed a ballroom. Such a room, shuttered in darkness three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, was felt to compensate for whatever was regrettable in the Beaufort past. Regina Beaufort came from an old South Carolina family, but her husband Julius, who passed for an Englishman, was known to have dissipated

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

habits, a bitter tongue and mysterious antecedents. His marriage assured him a social position, but not necessarily respect.

Through a series of DISSOLVES, the room suddenly comes to life. Gilt chairs are set out. The chandelier blazes with candlelight. An orchestra plays. Dancers swoop by.

CAMERA tracks quickly along the carpet as people walk by, stopping at the front door. TILT UP from feet of an arriving guest: Newland Archer hands his opera cape to a servant and walks straight into large CLOSE-UP, which blacks out the camera.

CUT TO:

8 INT. HAIL - STAIRS AND DRAWING ROOMS/BEAUFORT HOUSE

8

Archer hands his cape and hat to a servant, greets another guest and accepts several pair of dancing gloves, which rest on a table, each set identified with its own handwritten name card. CAMERA stays with Archer as he climbs the stairs...

...greets Regina Beaufort, who stands at the top of the stairs beneath an ornately-framed portrait of herself...

...and through the first drawing room, which is SEA-GREEN.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The house had been boldly planned.
Instead of squeezing through a narrow
passage to get to the ballroom one
marched solemnly down a vista of
enfiladed drawing rooms...

CAMERA TRACKS with ARCHER, SNAKING AROUND to show him NOW in PROFILE, NOW AGAIN from the back, REVEALING details of the room and OTHER GUESTS moving through the opulent interior.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...seeing from afar the many-candled
lusters reflected in the polished
parquetry and beyond that the depths
of a conservatory...

CAMERA still TRACKS with ARCHER, MOVING all around him, as he ENTERS the SECOND DRAWING ROOM, which is CRIMSON.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...where camellias and tree ferns arched their costly foliage over seats of black and gold bamboo. But only by actually passing through the crimson drawing room could one see "Return of Spring," the much-discussed nude by Bouguereau, which Beaufort had had the audacity to hang in plain sight.

CAMERA PANS OFF Archer, onto the voluptuous Bouguereau canvas, then BACK to ARCHER as he slows his step to take it in while still proceeding to the door of...the THIRD DRAWING ROOM. He crosses the threshold and starts across the room toward the ballroom.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Archer had not gone back to his club after the Opera, as young men usually did, but had walked for some distance up Fifth Avenue before turning back in the direction of the Beauforts'. He was definitely afraid that the family might be going too far and would bring the Countess Olenska. He was more than ever determined to "see the thing through," but he felt less chivalrously inclined to defend the Countess after their brief talk at the opera.

As ARCHER enters the light and movement of the ballroom, we...

CUT TO:

9 INT. BALLROOM/BEAUFORT HOUSE

9

Start on ARCHER'S POV as he enters the party and merges with the guests. The first man he sees is Larry Lefferts, deep in conversation with an attractive young woman.

ANGLE on Lefferts. Action slows (double-framing).

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On the whole, Lawrence Lefferts was the foremost authority on "form" in New York. On the question of pumps versus patent-leather Oxfords, his authority had never been disputed.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

Double-framing ends. Resume normal action as Archer's POV continues through the party. Holding court and amusing a small group of older women is Sillerton Jackson.

ANGLE on Jackson. Action slows again (double-framing).

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Old Mr. Sillerton Jackson was as great an authority on "family" as Lawrence Lefferts was on "form." In addition to a forest of family trees, he carried a register of the scandals and mysteries that had smoldered under the unruffled surface of society for the last fifty years.

Double-framing ends. Resume normal action with Archer's POV moving through the party. JULIUS BEAUFORT, good-looking with a hint of flashiness, crosses in front of him, conversing with a guest.

GUEST

(in mid-discussion)

But I didn't see you there this evening. Madame Nilsson was in such splendid voice.

BEAUFORT

(snide)

The usual splendor, I'm sure.

ANGLE ON BEAUFORT. ACTION SLOWS (DOUBLE-FRAMING)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Julius Beaufort had speedily made a name for himself in the world of affairs. His secret, all were agreed, was the way he carried things off. His social obligations and the rumors that perpetually swirled around him, all were borne easily before him.

Double-framing ends. Resume normal action. CAMERA swings to another part of the room, concentrating now on May Welland surrounded by gleeful friends who are obviously reacting to her engagement announcement.

CAMERA moves into close-up of May. She looks up, smiles, extends her hand.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

Now we see her POV of Archer kissing her hand.

CUT TO:

10 INT. CONSERVATORY/BEAUFORT HOUSE - NIGHT

10

Another room. Behind a tall screen of tree ferns and camellias, Archer presses May's gloved HAND to his lips.

MAY

You see, I told all my friends. Just as you asked.

ARCHER

Yes, I couldn't wait. Only I wish it hadn't had to be at a ball.

MAY

Yes, I know. But after all, even here we're alone together, aren't we?

ARCHER

Always. The worst of it is...

He TAKES A QUICK LOOK around the room: no one's nearby.

ARCHER

...that I want to kiss you and I can't.

But he does. He steals a FURTIVE KISS, which pleases and surprises May. They walk to a sofa, which affords a bit of privacy, and SIT. In CLOSE-UP, Archer absently breaks off a piece of lily-of-the-valley from her bouquet.

MAY

Did you tell Ellen, as I asked you?

ARCHER

No. I didn't have the chance after all.

MAY

She's my cousin, if others know before she does...It's just that she's been away for so long that she's rather sensitive.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

ARCHER
Of course I'll tell her, dearest.
But I haven't seen her yet.

MAY
She decided not to come at the last
minute.

ARCHER
At the last minute?

MAY
She was afraid her dress wasn't smart
enough. We all thought it was so
lovely, but she asked my aunt to
take her home.

ARCHER
Oh well.

He smiles.

CUT TO:

11 INT. BALLROOM/BEAUFORT HOUSE - NIGHT

11

May smiling back. But now she is moving giddily around the
ballroom floor, swept up in the rhythm of a waltz. The
background behind her is a blur.

REVERSE shot of Archer, swirling along with her, returning
her smile.

Now they both join the flow of the other dancers, all partners
in a great social pageant.

HIGH OVERHEAD ANGLE, looking down: on the entire ballroom
below, dancers all turning together in a rhythmic tableaux.

CUT TO:

12 INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

12

Waltz music echoes out. We start on a CLOSE-UP of an
engagement ring: a large thick sapphire set in invisible
claws. We hear the hearty, admiring voice of Mrs. Manson
Mingott as we start to DISSOLVE.

MRS. MINGOTT
Very handsome. Very liberal. In my
time a cameo set in pearls was thought
to be sufficient.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

DISSOLVE ends on medium-shot of Mrs. Mingott. She is hugely fat, as vast and august as a natural phenomenon, but her eyes are vibrant, and miss nothing.

May Welland, Mrs. Welland and Archer sit close by Mrs. Mingott, whose girth is supported by a careful arrangement of silk pillows very near a window from which she can confidently watch society come to call.

MRS. WELLAND

It's the new setting. Of course it shows the stone beautifully, but it looks a little bare to old-fashioned eyes.

MRS. MINGOTT

I hope you don't mean mine, my dear. I like all the novelties. But it's the hand that sets off the ring, isn't it, my dear Mr. Archer? My hands were modeled in Paris by the great Roché. He should do May's.

She reaches out for May's hand.

MRS. MINGOTT

Her hand is tempered. It's these modern sports that spread the joints. But the skin is white.

(staring straight at Archer)

And when's the wedding to be?

MRS. WELLAND

(a little flustered)

Oh...

ARCHER

(jumping in)

As soon as ever it can. If only you'll back me up, Mrs. Mingott.

MRS. WELLAND

(recovering)

We must give them time to know each other a little better, mamma.

MRS. MINGOTT

Know each other?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MINGOTT (CONT'D)
Everybody in New York has always
known everybody. Don't wait till the
bubble's off the wine. Marry them
Before Lent. I may catch pneumonia
any winter now, and I want to give
the wedding breakfast.

As everyone reacts to Mrs. Mingott's statement with surprise
and (at least in Archer's case) pleasure, SOUND fades down
as they continue to talk and we hear the voice of the...

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Mrs. Manson Mingott was, of course,
the first to receive the required
betrothal visit. Much of New York
was already related to her, and she
knew the remainder by marriage or by
reputation. Though brownstone was
the norm, she lived magisterially
within a large house of controversial
pale cream-colored stone, in an
inaccessible wilderness near the
Central Park.

As narration continues, CAMERA moves freely around the Mingott
house, showing us rooms and giving an impression of secure
wealth and unquestioned power.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The burden of her flesh had long
since made it impossible for her to
go up and down stairs. So with
characteristic independence she had
established herself on the ground
floor of her house. From her sitting
room, there was an unexpected vista
of her bedroom.

CAMERA EXPLORES the unusual geometry of Mrs. Mingott's living
quarters as narration continues.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Her visitors were startled and
fascinated by the foreignness of
this arrangement, which recalled
scenes in French fiction. This was
how women with lovers lived in the
wicked old societies. But if Mrs.
Mingott had wanted a lover, the
intrepid woman would have had him
too.

CAMERA now MOVES up a long set of stairs, past a GALLERY of
ornately-framed PICTURES. We DISSOLVE from PAINTING to
PAINTING, and from EXTREME CLOSE-UPS of DETAILS in each, as
narration continues.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But she was content, at this moment
in her life, simply to sit in a window
of her sitting room, waiting calmly
for life and fashion to flow northward
to her solitary doors, for her
patience was equalled by her
confidence.

DISSOLVE FROM image in PAINTING to Archer, May and Mrs.
Welland, standing up to say their goodbyes. (Narration
concludes over farewells.)

As they finish speaking, a DOOR OPENS behind them and CAMERA
MOVES IN to show Ellen Olenska and Julius Beaufort entering,
just as the other guests are leaving.

MRS. MINGOTT

Beaufort! This is a rare favor.

She holds out her hand to Beaufort as the others greet each
other. Beaufort moves toward Mrs. Mingott.

BEAUFORT

Unnecessarily rare, I'd say. But I
met Countess Ellen in Madison Square,
and she was good enough to let me
walk home with her.

MRS. MINGOTT

This house will be merrier now that
she's here. Push up that tuffet. I
want a good gossip.

ARCHER and the WELLAND WOMEN drift out into the hall under
Ellen's guidance, as BEAUFORT remains behind, CONVERSING
with MRS. MINGOTT.

MAY and her MOTHER put on their furs.

ELLEN looks at ARCHER with a faintly questioning smile.

ARCHER

(laughing shyly)
Of course you already know. About
May and me. She scolded me for not
telling you at the opera.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (4)

12

ELLEN
Of course I know. And I'm so glad.
One doesn't tell such news first in
a crowd.

May and Mrs. Welland are at the door. Ellen holds her hand
out to Archer.

ELLEN
Good-bye. Come and see me some day.

Archer looks at her.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. MINGOTT HOUSE - DAY

13

As Archer follows May and her mother into their waiting
carriage.

MRS. WELLAND
It's a mistake for Ellen to be seen
parading up Fifth Avenue with Julius
Beaufort at the crowded hour. The
very day after her arrival...

The carriage pulls away from the curb.

CUT TO:

14 INT. DINING ROOM/ARCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

14

Newland Archer is having dinner with his mother ADELINE,
sister JANEY, and Sillerton Jackson.

Start CLOSE on a piece of meat being probed gently with a
knife and fork as if it were a lab specimen. TILT UP to see
Sillerton Jackson looking at his filet with skepticism and
resignation as we hear...

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Mrs. Archer and her daughter Janey
were both shy women and shrank from
society. But they liked to be well
informed of its doings.

CAMERA pans to Janey and Mrs. Archer as Jackson speaks.

JACKSON
(in midst of holding
forth)
Certain nuances escape Beaufort.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

MRS. ARCHER

Oh, necessarily. Beaufort is a vulgar man.

ARCHER

Nevertheless, no business nuances escape him. Most of New York trusts him with its affairs.

MRS. ARCHER

My grandfather Newland always used to say to mother, "Don't let that fellow Beaufort be introduced to the girls." But at least he's had the advantage of associating with gentlemen. Even in England, they say. It's all very mysterious.

As dinner conversation continues, SOUND fades down and we hear...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As far back as anyone could remember, New York had been divided into two great clans. Among the Mingotts you could dine on canvasback duck, terrapin and vintage wines. At the Archers, you could talk about Alpine scenery and "The Marble Faun" but receive tepid Veuve Clicquot without a year and warmed-up croquettes from Philadelphia.

JANEY

And the Countess Olenska...was she at the ball too?

MRS. ARCHER

I appreciate the Mingotts wanting to support her, and have her at the opera. I admire their esprit de corps. But why my son's engagement should be mixed up with that woman's comings and goings I don't see.

JACKSON

Well, in any case, she was not at the ball.

MRS. ARCHER

At least she had that decency.

A BUTLER offers mushroom sauce to Jackson, who sniffs

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

almost imperceptibly and motions the butler away. JACKSON GLANCES at the PORTRAITS of the Archer family antecedents on the wall, and FIXES on one of a well-fed, slightly flush older man. He LOOKS OVER at Archer, who is watching him with bemused understanding.

JACKSON

(can't resist)

Ah, how your grandfather appreciated a good meal, Newland.

JANEY

I wonder if she wears a round hat or a bonnet in the afternoon. The dress she wore to the opera was so plain and flat...

MRS. ARCHER

Yes, I'm sure it was in better taste not to go to the ball.

ARCHER

I don't think it was a question of taste, mother. May said the countess decided her dress wasn't smart enough.

MRS. ARCHER

Poor Ellen. We must always remember what an eccentric bringing-up Medora Manson gave her. What can you expect of a girl who was allowed to wear black satin at her coming-out ball?

JANEY

It's odd she should have kept such an ugly name as Ellen when she married the Count. I should have changed it to Elaine.

ARCHER

Why?

JANEY

I don't know. It sounds more...Polish.

MRS. ARCHER

It certainly sounds more conspicuous. And that can hardly be what she wishes.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

ARCHER
(argumentative)
Why not? Why shouldn't she be
conspicuous if she chooses? She made
an awful marriage, but should she
hide her head as if it were her fault?
Should she go slinking around as if
she'd disgraced herself? She's had
an unhappy life, but that doesn't
make her an outcast.

JACKSON
I'm sure that's the line the Mingotts
mean to take.

ARCHER
I don't have to wait for their cue,
if that's what you mean, sir.

MRS. ARCHER
(trying to cool things
out)
I'm told she's looking for a house.
She means to live here.

JANEY
I hear she means to get a divorce.

ARCHER
I hope she will.

CUT TO:

15 INT. STUDY/ARCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

15

CLOSE on a cigar being passed.

Jackson accepts the cigar from Archer and both men light up
after dinner.

JACKSON
There are the rumors, too.

ARCHER
I've heard them. About the secretary?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

JACKSON

He helped her get away from the husband. They say the Count kept her practically a prisoner.

(shrugs)

Certainly, the Count had his own way of life.

ARCHER

You knew him?

JACKSON

I heard of him at Nice. Handsome, they say, but eyes with a lot of lashes. When he wasn't with women he was collecting china. Paying any price for both, I understand.

ARCHER

Then where's the blame? Any one of us, under the same circumstances, would have helped the Countess, just as the secretary did.

JACKSON

He was still helping her a year later, then, because somebody met them living together at Lausanne.

ARCHER

(reddening slightly)

Living together? Well why not? Who has the right to make her life over if she hasn't? Why should we bury a woman alive if her husband prefers to live with whores?

JACKSON

Oh, it's hardly a question of entombment. The Countess is here, after all. Or do you believe that women should share the same freedoms as men?

ARCHER

(with some force)

I suppose I do. Yes, I do.

Jackson draws on his cigar.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

JACKSON

Well, apparently Count Olenski also takes a similarly modern view. I've never heard of him lifting a finger to get his wife back.

CUT TO:

16 MONTAGE

16

Of heavy vellum ENVELOPES, written in beautiful calligraphy, being passed from hand to hand and delivered on SILVER PLATES; of INVITATIONS being drawn from the envelopes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Three days later, the unthinkable happened. Mrs. Manson Mingott sent out invitations summoning everyone to a "formal dinner." Such an occasion demanded the most careful consideration. It required the appropriate plate...

WE SEE MRS. MINGOTT with members of her HOUSEKEEPING STAFF, selecting china and silver from FOLIOS: large leather binders filled with sketches of plates, glasses, bowls, dishes, serving utensils and silver.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It also called for three extra footmen, two dishes for each course and a Roman punch in the middle.

As these items are mentioned, we SEE THEM in the montage: the FOOTMEN; the fancy FOOD; the brimming bowl of PUNCH; KITCHEN STAFF busily preparing a feast.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The dinner, New York read on the invitation, was "to meet the Countess Olenska." And New York declined.

MONTAGE ends on image of the KITCHEN STAFF DISSOLVING away, leaving the kitchen empty.

CUT TO:

17 INT. DRAWING ROOM/ARCHER HOUSE - DAY

17

Mrs. Archer angrily detailing the slight to the family as Janey and Archer attend her.

MRS. ARCHER

"Regret." "Unable to accept." Without a single explanation or excuse. Even some of our own. No one even cares enough to conceal their feeling about the Countess. This is a disgrace. For our whole family. And an awful blow to Catherine Mingott.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Archer is seen now in CLOSE-UP as he watches his mother. Her voice fades down and we hear...

NARRATOR (V.O.)
They all lived in a kind of
hieroglyphic world.

As the narrator speaks, Archer imagines Ellen, seeing her quickly...

...looking through the cards of refusal. The words loom large: "Cannot." "Regret." "Must decline." But each of these rebuffs is sent on a different, luxurious piece of stationary, each written in a beautiful but strikingly different hand. She sorts through the invitations, which FLIP past FAST, like pages in an old flip book. ELLEN'S face loses its usual composure. Now she turns her head...

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The real thing was never said or done or even thought, but only represented by a set of arbitrary signs. These signs were not always subtle, and all the more significant for that. The refusals were more than a simple snubbing. They were an eradication.

... and Archer's image of Ellen fades on that last dreadful word: "eradication."

We are back in the drawing room. Mrs. Archer has reached a decision and has RISEN from her seat.

MRS. ARCHER
Don't tell me all this modern newspaper rubbish about a New York aristocracy. This city has always been a commercial community, and there are not more than three families in it who can claim an aristocratic origin in the real sense of the word. Even dear Mr. Welland made his money in enterprise. So.
(looking at them with resolution)
we will take up this matter with the van der Luydens.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

She starts for the door.

MRS. ARCHER
You should come with me, Newland.
Louisa van der Luyden is fond of
you, and of course it's on account
of May we're doing this.

ARCHER
Of course.

MRS. ARCHER
If we don't all stand together,
there'll be no such thing as society
left.

CUT TO:

18 INT. DRAWING ROOM/VAN DER LUYDEN HOUSE - DAY

18

Start on a tight-shot of the patrician Henry van der Luyden and his wife Louisa. They have the same pale blue eyes, with the same look of frozen gentleness. They look calmly at Archer and his mother before them.

HENRY
And all this, you think, was due to
some intentional interference by...

ARCHER
...Larry Lefferts, yes sir. I'm
certain of it.

LOUISA
But why?

We are in a high-ceilinged, white-walled room in the Madison Avenue house of the van der Luydens. A framed Gainsborough and a Huntington portrait of Louisa van der Luyden hang prominently.

ARCHER
Well. Excuse me, but...

LOUISA
Please, go on.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

ARCHER

Larry's been going it harder than usual lately. Some service person in their village or someone, and it's getting noticed. Whenever poor Gertrude Lefferts begins to suspect something about her husband, Larry starts making some great diversionary fuss to show how moral he is. He's simply using Countess Olenska as a lightning rod.

LOUISA

Extraordinary.

HENRY

Not at all, my dear, I'm afraid.

MRS. ARCHER

We all felt this slight on the Countess should not pass without consulting you.

HENRY

Well, it's the principle that I dislike. I mean to say, as long as a member of a well-known family is backed by that family, it should be considered final.

LOUISA

It seems so to me.

HENRY

So with Louisa's permission...and with Catherine Mingott's, of course...we are giving a little dinner for our cousin the Duke of St. Austrey, who arrives next week on the Russia. I'm sure Louisa will be as glad as I am if Countess Olenska will let us include her among our guests.

CUT TO:

19 INT. HALLWAY AND DRAWING ROOM/VAN DER LUYDEN HOUSE

19

START on ELLEN'S ungloved HAND as she fastens a bracelet around her wrist while she walks up the curving marble stairs toward the closed doors of the drawing room.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The occasion was a solemn one and the Countess Olenska arrived rather late. Yet she entered without any appearance of haste or embarrassment the drawing room in which New York's most chosen company was somewhat awfully assembled.

SERVANTS open the drawing room doors and ELLEN ENTERS unhurriedly, still securing her bracelet. Without embarrassment or self-consciousness, she looks back at the judgmental faces of New York's elite arrayed before her. Save for ARCHER, the GUESTS are all older than Ellen by a couple of decades, and the weight of their judgement hangs heavy in the air.

HENRY and LOUISA VAN DER LUYDEN come FORWARD simultaneously and bring ELLEN around the room, making introductions. As the COUNTESS meets each redoubtable guest, we...

CUT TO:

20 INT. DINING ROOM/VAN DER LUYDEN HOUSE - NIGHT

20

A formidable dinner party is in progress. Start with CLOSE UP of wine being POURED into glistening crystal decanters on a sideboard. CAMERA MOVES PAST the decanters to see what else is on the sideboard: heavy, elegant silver forks, knives, spoons and other even larger, more formidable pieces used for serving; delicate glassware; wine coolers of hand-engraved silver.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The van der Luydens stood above all the city's families. They dwelled in a kind of super-terrestrial twilight, and dining with them was at best no light matter. Dining there with a Duke who was their cousin was almost a religious solemnity.

DISSOLVE to elegant dinnerware on the sideboard, CAMERA STILL MOVING. As these items are mentioned in the narration, we see DETAILS OF PATTERNS on each, as they DISSOLVE from one to another while the CAMERA GLIDES past.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Trevenna George II plate was out. So was the van der Luyden Lowestoft, from the East India Company, and the Dagonet Crown Derby.

CUT to a plate of Maine oysters being consumed by a DINNER

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

GUEST from a delicate majolica plate.

CUT to FOOTMAN, carving fish at the side table.

CUT to a plate of fine du Lac Sevres being placed on the table in front of another GUEST.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When the van der Luydens chose, they
knew how to give a lesson.

CUT to the CENTERPIECE of the dinner table. We DOLLY IN ON an epergne laden with FLOWERS and CASCADING WATER.

On THE dolly in, MUSIC SWELLS and SOUNDS of DINNER CONVERSATION become more prominent.

CUT to EXTREME CLOSE-UP of an individual ICE HOLD on a guest's plate. (This signifies a change in the dinner course.)

CUT TO a direct OVERHEAD SHOT of the whole long table in the grand room.

CUT to a FOUR SHOT of MRS. VAN DER LUYDEN, ARCHER, HIS MOTHER, AND THE DUKE, a rather taciturn fellow with expansive whiskers, all conversing at the table. The DUKE is seated to his hostess' immediate right.

WHIP PAN down the table to ELLEN OLENSKA. She is radiant.

Archer looks down the table at her as we...

CUT TO:

21 INT. DRAWING ROOM/ VAN DER LUYDEN HOUSE - NIGHT

21

Crowded with guests, all enjoying themselves.

Archer, seated on a sofa, continues to look at Ellen Olenska, who is in easy conversation with the Duke across the room. She seems to have thawed out the visitor a good deal. As Archer watches, she gets up and starts across the room.

Archer keeps watching: will she come toward him?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was not the custom in New York
drawing rooms for a lady to get up
and walk away from one gentleman in
order to seek the company of another.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

As Archer watches her progress across the room, she does seem to be coming right toward him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But the Countess did not observe this rule.

She is next to Archer now, smiling as she sits beside him.

ELLEN

I want you to talk to me about May.

ARCHER

You knew the Duke before?

ELLEN

From Nice. We used to see him every winter. He's very fond of gambling and used to come to our house a great deal. I think he's the dumbest man I ever met.

Archer smiles, delighted at her outspokenness.

ELLEN

But he's admired here. I suppose he must seem the very image of traditional Europe. Can I tell you, though...

(mock conspiratorial)

...what most interests me about New York? It's that nothing has to be traditional here. All this blind obeying of tradition... somebody else's tradition...is thoroughly needless. It seems stupid to have discovered America only to make it a copy of another country. Do you suppose Christopher Columbus would have taken all that trouble just to go to the opera with Larry Lefferts?

ARCHER

(laughs)

I think if he knew Lefferts was here the Santa Maria would never have left port.

ELLEN

And May. Does she share these views?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

ARCHER

If she does, she'd never say so.

ELLEN

Are you very much in love with her?

ARCHER

As much as a man can be.

ELLEN

Do you think there's a limit?

ARCHER

If there is, I haven't found it.

ELLEN

Ah, it's really and truly a romance, then. Not in the least arranged.

ARCHER

Have you forgotten? In our country we don't allow marriages to be arranged.

ELLEN

Yes, I forgot, I'm sorry, I sometimes make these mistakes. I don't always remember that everything here is good that was...that was bad where I came from.

Her lips tremble. She looks down in her lap, at her FAN of eagle feathers.

ARCHER

I'm so sorry. But you are among friends here, you know.

ELLEN

Yes, I know. That's why I came home.

SHE GLANCES toward the door, where MAY, dressed in a gown of silver and white, is entering with her mother. Several men, including the Duke, come up to them. Introductions are made.

ELLEN

You'll want to be with May.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

ARCHER
(looking at the men
around May)
She's already surrounded. I have so
many rivals.

ELLEN
Then stay with me a little longer.

And she TOUCHES his knee lightly with her PLUMED FAN.

ARCHER
Yes.

But they are interrupted by Henry van der Luyden and a guest.

HENRY
Countess, if I may. Mr. Urban Dagonet.

Ellen smiles and Archer gets up to yield his place. Ellen
holds her hand out to him.

ELLEN
Tomorrow then. After five. I'll expect
you.

Archer manages to conceal his surprise.

ARCHER
Tomorrow.

And the Countess turns her attention to van der Luyden and
the guest. As Archer walks away from her, he sees Larry
Lefferts bringing his wife Gertrude over for an introduction.

Now Louisa van der Luyden falls into step beside Archer.

LOUISA
It was good of you to devote yourself
to Madame Olenska so unselfishly,
dear Newland. I told Henry he really
must rescue you.

She looks around with satisfaction at the glittering
gathering.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (4)

21

LOUISA

I think I've never seen May looking lovelier. The Duke thinks her the handsomest woman in the room.

He catches May's eye. She is indeed beautiful. They smile at each other.

CUT TO:

22 INT. DRAWING ROOM/ELLEN'S HOUSE - DAY

22

Start on a large painting, more daring and more modern than any art we have seen up to now.

Archer stares at it, a little uncertain, a little puzzled.

Another painting, by a different artist, but much like the first in its subject matter and the unsettling intensity of its mood.

Archer looks away from this second painting to some of the odd bits of furnishing in the room: small slender tables of dark wood, a stretch of red damask nailed on the discolored wallpaper, a delicate little Greek bronze.

He hears a noise in the hall. A Sicilian maid walks by the door. Archer looks at her. The maid speaks no English but understands his unspoken question.

MAID

Verra, verra.

"Soon, soon." Archer understands, but this does little to lessen his impatience.

He hears the sound of a horse moving down the street. He gets up, moves to the window and parts the curtains.

Looking out, he sees: a compact English BROUGHAM, drawn by a big roan, stopping at the curb. The carriage door opens and Julius Beaufort climbs down. He turns, and helps the Countess out.

As Archer watches, Beaufort, hat in hand, says something to Ellen. She shakes her head. They shake hands and part. Beaufort climbs back into the carriage. Ellen comes up her front steps.

Archer turns away from the window. Ellen comes into the room, taking off her hat and long cloak as she moves toward him.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

ELLEN

Do you like this odd little house?
To me it's like heaven.

ARCHER

(reaching for the
right compliment)
You've arranged it delightfully.

ELLEN

Yes. Some of the things I managed to
bring with me. Little pieces of
wreckage. At least it's less gloomy
than the van der Luydens', and not
so difficult to be alone.

ARCHER

(smiles)
I'm sure it's often thought the van
der Luydens' is gloomy, though I've
never heard it said before. But do
you really like to be alone?

ELLEN

As long as my friends keep me from
being lonely.

She sits near the fire and motions him to sit in an armchair
near where he is standing.

ELLEN

I see you've already chosen your
corner.

As he sits, she folds her arms behind her head and stares at
the fire.

ELLEN

This is the hour I like best, don't
you?

ARCHER

I was afraid you'd forgotten the
hour. I'm sure Beaufort can be very
intriguing.

ELLEN

He took me to see some houses. I'm
told I must move, even though this
street seems perfectly respectable.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

ARCHER

Yes, but it's not fashionable.

ELLEN

Is fashion such a serious consideration?

ARCHER

Among people who have nothing more serious to consider.

ELLEN

And how would these people consider my street?

ARCHER

(lightly, disparagingly)
Oh, well, fleetingly, I'm afraid.
Look at your neighbors. Dressmakers.
Bird stuffers. Cafe owners.

ELLEN

(smiling) I'll count on you to always
let me know about such important
things.

The maid enters with a tray of tea, which she sets in front of Ellen.

ARCHER

The van der Luydens do nothing by halves. All New York laid itself out for you last night.

ELLEN

It was so kind. Such a nice party.

She busies herself with serving the tea. Archer wants to impress on her the importance of the van der Luydens' gesture.

ARCHER

The van der Luydens are the most powerful influence in New York society. And they receive very seldom, because of cousin Louisa's health.

ELLEN

Perhaps that's the reason then.

(CONTINUED)

ARCHER

The reason?

ELLEN

For their influence. They make themselves so rare.

Her observation intrigues him. She watches him as she hands him tea. The FIRELIGHT makes her eyes gleam.

ELLEN

But of course you must tell me.

ARCHER

No, it's you telling me.

She detaches a small gold cigarette case from one of her bracelets, holds it out to him. He takes a cigarette and she removes one for herself before closing the case.

ELLEN

Then we can both help each other.
Just tell me what to do.

A flame darts from the logs in the fireplace. She bends over the fire. As Archer watches, she stretches her hand so close to the flame that it seems a faint halo of light shines around her fingernails. The firelight turns the dark hair escaping from her braids to russet and makes her pale skin even paler.

ARCHER

There are so many people already to tell you what to do.

ELLEN

They're all a little angry with me, I think. For setting up for myself.

ARCHER

Still, your family can advise you...show you the way.

ELLEN

Is New York such a labyrinth? I thought it was so straight up and down, like Fifth Avenue, with all the cross-streets numbered and big honest labels on everything.

(CONTINUED)

ARCHER

Everything is labeled. But everybody is not.

ELLEN

There are only two people here who make me think they can help and understand. You and Mr. Beaufort.

ARCHER

(reacts to mention of Beaufort)

I understand. Just don't let go of your old friends' hands so quickly.

ELLEN

Then I must count on you for warnings, too.

ARCHER

All the older women like and admire you. They want to help.

ELLEN

Oh, I know, I know. But only if they don't hear anything unpleasant. Does no one here want to know the truth, Mr. Archer? The real loneliness is living among all these kind people who only ask you to pretend.

She puts her hands to her face and SOBS. Her shoulders shake. Archer goes to her quickly, bending over her.

ARCHER

No, no, you musn't. Madame Olenska.

He takes her hands.

ARCHER

Ellen.

This is the first time he's called her by her first name, and it makes him a little self-conscious. He holds her HAND and rubs it back and forth, like a child's.

After a moment she draws her hand away and starts to compose herself.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (5)

22

ELLEN
No one cries here, either? I suppose
there's no need to.

CUT TO:

23 EXT./INT. STREET AND FLORIST - EVENING

23

Walking home from Ellen's along Fifth Avenue, Archer passes
a flower shop. He gets only a few steps beyond it, then turns
and goes back.

Inside the shop, the florist greets him instantly.

FLORIST
Oh Mr. Archer, good evening. We didn't
see you this morning, and weren't
sure whether to send Miss Welland
the usual...

ARCHER
The lilies-of-the-valley, yes. We'd
better make it a standing order.

He notices a cluster of YELLOW ROSES almost fiery in their
beauty.

ARCHER
And those roses. I'll give you another
address.

He draws out a CARD and places it inside an envelope, on
which he starts to write Ellen's name and address. But he
stops. He removes his card and hands the clerk the EMPTY
ENVELOPE with only the name and address on it.

ARCHER
They'll go at once?

In extreme CLOSE-UP, Archer folds his calling card in two
and places it safely in his pocket.

CUT TO:

24 MONTAGE

24

A series of rapidly DISSOLVING images: of the maid's hands
on the yellow roses as they are delivered; of Ellen's more
delicate hands arranging the roses in a vase; of Ellen's
face, looking at roses, turning toward CAMERA.

CUT TO:

25 INT. AVIARY - DAY

25

The WINGS of a BIRD FLY past the CAMERA as Archer and May walk among the cages.

MAY

It's wonderful to wake every morning
with lilies-of-the-valley in my room.
It's like being with you.

ARCHER

They came late yesterday, I know.
Somehow the time got away from me.

MAY

Still, you always remember.

ARCHER

I sent some roses to your cousin
Ellen, too. Was that right?

MAY

Very right. She didn't mention it at
lunch today, though. She said she'd
gotten wonderful orchids from Mr.
Beaufort and a whole hamper of
carnations from Cousin Henry van der
Luyden. She was so very delighted.
Don't people send flowers in Europe?

He seems mildly annoyed at this. Suddenly the glorious TAIL
of a PEACOCK spreads across the frame as we...

CUT TO:

26 INT. AVIARY - DAY

26

As ARCHER and MAY sit on bench among the imposing cages.

MAY

Well, I know you do consider it a
long time.

ARCHER

Very long.

MAY

But the Chivers were engaged for a
year and a half. Larry Lefferts and
Gertrude were engaged for two. I'm
sure Mama expects something customary.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

ARCHER

Ever since you were little your parents let you have your way. You're almost twenty-two. Just tell your mother what you want.

MAY

But that's why it would be so difficult. I couldn't refuse her the very last thing she'd ever ask of me as a little girl.

ARCHER

Can't you and I just strike out for ourselves, May?

MAY

(laughing lightly)
Shall we elope?

ARCHER

If you would.

She TOUCHES his arm.

MAY

You do love me, Newland. I'm so happy.

ARCHER

Why not be happier?

MAY

I couldn't be happier, dearest. Did I tell you I showed Ellen the ring you chose? She thinks it's the most beautiful setting she ever saw. She said there was nothing like it in the rue de la Paix.

She hugs his arm.

MAY

I do love you, Newland. Everything you do is so special.

CUT TO:

27 INT. DINING ROOM/HOUSE - NIGHT

27

The congenial, slightly florid face of Mr. Letterblair looks straight into CAMERA.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

LETTERBLAIR

Countess Olenska wants to sue her husband for divorce. It's been suggested that she means to marry again, although she denies it.

Angle on Archer, most uncomfortable.

ARCHER

I beg your pardon, sir. But because of my engagement, perhaps one of the other members of our firm could consider the matter.

LETTERBLAIR

But precisely because of your prospective alliance...and considering that several members of the family have already asked for you...I'd like you to consider the case.

ARCHER

It's a family matter. Perhaps it's best settled by the family.

LETTERBLAIR

Oh their position is clear. They are entirely, and rightly, against a divorce. But Countess Olenska still insists on a legal opinion.

CUT TO:

28 INT. DINING ROOM/LETTERBLAIR HOUSE - NIGHT

28

CAMERA follows a bowl of oyster soup as it is being served.

LETTERBLAIR (V.O.)

(But really, what's the use of a divorce? She's here, he's there and the whole Atlantic's between them.

FAST DISSOLVE to next course being served: shad and cucumbers.

LETTERBLAIR (V.O.)

As things go, Olenski's acted generously. He's already returned some of her money without being asked.

Another FAST DISSOLVE to next course: young broiled turkey with corn fritters.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

LETTERBLAIR (V.O.)
She'll never get a dollar more than
that. Although I understand she
attaches no importance to the money,
other than the support it provides
for Medora Manson.

Another FAST DISSOLVE to the final course: canvasback duck
with currant jelly and a celery mayonnaise.

LETTERBLAIR (V.O.)
Considering all that, the wisest
thing really is to do as the family
says. Just let well enough alone.

Fast PAN up to Archer.

ARCHER
I think that's for her to decide.

CUT TO:

29 INT. LIBRARY/LETTERBLAIR HOUSE

29

START on EXTREME CLOSE-UP of an exceptionally fine pair of
small GOLD SCISSORS neatly CLIPPING the end of a cigar.

CUT TO CLOSE-UP of the edge of the cigar being LIT.

CUT TO CLOSE-UP of LETTERBLAIR puffing on the cigar.

LETTERBLAIR
Have you considered the consequences
if the Countess decides for divorce?

CUT TO TWO-SHOT of LETTERBLAIR and ARCHER seated comfortably
in the library, where a fire is lit.

ARCHER
Consequences for the Countess?

LETTERBLAIR
For everyone.

ARCHER
I don't think the Count's accusations
amount to anything more than vague
charges.

LETTERBLAIR
It will make for some talk.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

ARCHER

Well I have heard talk about the Countess and her secretary. I heard it even before I read the legal papers.

LETTERBLAIR

It's certain to be unpleasant.

ARCHER

Unpleasant!

Letterblair looks at him enquiringly and gives him a moment to calm down.

LETTERBLAIR

Divorce is always unpleasant. Don't you agree?

ARCHER

Naturally.

LETTERBLAIR

Then I can count on you. The family can count on you. You'll use your influence against the divorce?

ARCHER

I can't promise that. Not until I see the Countess.

LETTERBLAIR

I don't understand you, Mr. Archer.

Archer reaches into his pocket and pulls out one of his cards, along with a gold pencil. He starts to write a brief MESSAGE on the back.

LETTERBLAIR

Do you want to marry into a family with a scandalous divorce suit hanging over it?

ARCHER

I don't think that has anything to do with the case.

He finishes the note.

ARCHER

Can someone take this for me, please. To the Countess.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

CAMERA in close on note, of which we see, in extreme CLOSE-UP, a few crucial words: "important"; "see"; "soonest."

CUT TO:

30 INT. FOYER/ELLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

30

The maid opens the front door to admit Archer. He enters and takes off his hat and coat, walking into tight CLOSE-UP. He spots something in the foyer.

We see, as he does: on a bench, in the hallway, a sable-lined overcoat and a folded opera hat. We move closer in a very fast series of DISSOLVES until we see: the dull silk LINING of the hat, and the initials J.B. sewn in gold.

Archer reacts to this, and to voices behind him. He turns, and sees Ellen coming from the drawing room accompanied by Julius Beaufort.

BEAUFORT

Three days at Skuytercliff with the van der Luydens! You'd better take your fur and a hot water bottle.

ELLEN

Is the house that cold?

She holds her hand out to Archer in greeting as she speaks.

BEAUFORT

No, but Louisa is.

He nods carelessly at Archer.

BEAUFORT

Join me at Delmonicos Sunday instead. I'm having a nice oyster supper, in your honor.

The maid helps him on with his coat.

BEAUFORT

Private room, congenial company. Artists and so on.

ELLEN

That's very tempting. I haven't met a single artist since I've been here.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

ARCHER

I know one or two painters I could bring to see you, if you'd allow me.

BEAUFORT

Painters? Are there any painters in New York?

ELLEN

(smiling) Thank you. But I was really thinking of singers, actors, musicians. Dramatic artists. There were always so many in my husband's house.

(to Beaufort)

Can I write tomorrow and let you know? It's too late to decide this evening.

BEAUFORT

Is this late?

ELLEN

Yes, because I still have to talk business with Mr. Archer.

BEAUFORT

Oh.

He starts to leave, but turns.

BEAUFORT

Of course, Newland, if you can persuade the Countess to change her mind about Sunday, you can join us too.

He leaves and the maid closes the door firmly behind him.

CUT TO:

31 INT. DRAWING ROOM/ELLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

31

Archer sits close, across from her, in an armchair.

ELLEN

You know painters, then? You live in their milieu?

ARCHER

Oh, not exactly.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

ELLEN

But you care for such things?

ARCHER

Immensely. When I'm in Paris or London I never miss an exhibition. I try to keep up.

ELLEN

I used to care immensely too. My life was full of such things. But now I want to cast off all my old life... to become a complete American and try to be like everybody else.

ARCHER

You'll never be like everybody else.

ELLEN

Don't say that to me, please. I just want to put all the old things behind me.

ARCHER

I know. Mr. Letterblair told me.

ELLEN

Mr. Letterblair?

ARCHER

Yes. I've come because he asked me to. I'm in the firm.

ELLEN

You mean it's you who'll manage everything for me? I can talk to you? That's so much easier.

ARCHER

Yes ... I'm here to talk about it. I've read all the legal papers, and the letter from the Count.

ELLEN

It was vile.

He NOTICES her hands, sees she's wearing THREE RINGS on her third and fourth fingers. But there is no wedding ring. He says, as he's noticing...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

ARCHER (V.O.)
But if he chooses to fight the case,
he can say things that might be
unpleas...

His glance comes back up to her face.

ARCHER
...might be disagreeable to you. Say
them publicly, so that they could be
damaging even if...

ELLEN
If?

ARCHER
Even if they were unfounded.

ELLEN
What harm could accusations like
that do me here?

ARCHER
Perhaps more harm than anywhere else.
Our legislation favors divorce. But
our social customs don't.

A small travel clock TICKS on the table beside her.

ELLEN
Yes. So my family tells me. Our
family. You'll be my cousin soon.
And you agree with them?

ARCHER
If what your husband hints is true,
or you have no way of disproving
it...yes. What could you possibly
gain that would make up for the
scandal?

ELLEN
My freedom. Is that nothing?

ARCHER
But aren't you free already?

She looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

ARCHER

It's my business to help you see these things just the way the people who are fondest of you see them, all your friends and relations. If I didn't show you honestly how they judge such questions, it wouldn't be fair of me, would it?

ELLEN

No. It wouldn't be fair.

She looks at the fire. A log breaks in two and sends up a shower of sparks.

ELLEN

Very well. I'll do as you wish.

He is a little surprised by her sudden agreement. He grabs her two hands in his.

ARCHER

I do...I do want to help you.

ELLEN

You do help me.

Archer stands up.

ELLEN

Goodnight, cousin.

ARCHER bends to her and KISSES her hands. She draws them away.

CUT TO:

32 INT. THEATER - NIGHT

32

A production of a vintage play called The Shaughraun. We see the heavily made-up face of an ACTRESS, at the peak of a very theatrical moment, resting her arms on a mantle and bowing her face in her hands. We don't know at first that we are on stage.

CAMERA pulls out to show actor behind her. He too is very sad. This is obviously a scene of intense parting.

He moves to a door, then pauses, comes back. While the actress still has her face averted, he lifts the end of a velvet ribbon tied around her neck and kisses it.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Then he leaves and the curtain falls.

Now in CLOSE-UP: Newland Archer, watching the play. He is very moved.

As lights come up he looks around the theater. The first person he sees is Ellen Olenska, in a box with some familiar faces: Larry Lefferts and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Beaufort, Sillerton Jackson.

CAMERA moves in on Mrs. Beaufort noticing Archer and making a languid gesture of invitation.

He rises a little reluctantly from his seat and moves out of frame.

CUT TO:

33 INT. BEAUFORT BOX/THEATER - NIGHT

33

Everyone is chatting as ARCHER enters in the background.

LEFFERTS

It's fascinating. Every season the same play, the same scene, the same effect on the audience.

Archer is making his greetings in the box. Lefferts turns to him.

LEFFERTS

Remarkable, isn't it, Newland?

ARCHER

These actors certainly are. They're even better than the cast in London.

BEAUFORT

You see this play even when you travel? I'd travel to get away from it.

ARCHER seats himself just behind ELLEN while SILLERTON JACKSON continues to regale REGINA BEAUFORT with details of the latest social news.

JACKSON

It was a reception at Mrs. Struthers Held on the Lord's day, but with champagne and singing from the tabletops. People say there was dancing.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

REGINA
(a bit intrigued)
A real French Sunday, then.

ELLEN turns to ARCHER and, inclining her head towards the stage, says in a low voice...

ELLEN
Do you think her lover will send her
a box of yellow roses tomorrow
morning?

ARCHER
(surprised)
I was...I was thinking about that,
too. The farewell scene...

ELLEN
Yes, I know. It touches me as well.

ARCHER
Usually I leave after that scene. To
take the picture away with me.

She looks down at the mother-of-pearl opera glasses in her lap.

ELLEN
I had a letter from May. From St.
Augustine.

ARCHER
They always winter there. Her mother's
bronchitis.

ELLEN
And what do you do while May is away?

ARCHER
(a little defensive)
I do my work.

The LIGHTS start to go down as the audience settles in for the next act of the play. Ellen looks straight at him, WHISPERING now.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

ELLEN

I do want you to know. What you
advised me was right. Things can be
so difficult sometimes...

(beat)

And I'm so grateful.

The curtain is up as ELLEN TURNS QUICKLY from Archer toward
the stage, raising her OPERA GLASSES to her eyes.

As the new act begins on stage, Archer rises slowly and leaves
the box.

CUT TO:

34 MONTAGE

34

Series of quickly DISSOLVING scenes as we hear...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(V.O.) The next day, Newland Archer
searched the city in vain for yellow
roses.

Director's note: camera will move always from left to right
in this sequence, with images dissolving into one another,
creating a circular effect.

Shot of Archer in florist shop DISSOLVES to shot of Archer,
in his office at the law firm, writing a note to Ellen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(From his office he sent a note to
Madame Olenska asking to call that
afternoon and requesting a reply by
messenger.

CAMERA tracks across note and the words "see you as soon
as..."

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There was no reply that day. Or the
next.

Scene DISSOLVES to street outside florist shop. Archer walks
by. There are yellow roses in the window.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(And when yellow roses were again
available, Archer passed them by. It
was only on the third day that he
heard from her, by post, from the
van der Luydens' country home.

FAST CUT TO:

35 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 35

A lovely wintery scene. Ellen Olenska, bundled in warm fur, sits in a sleigh.

CAMERA moves in as she speaks straight to it.

ELLEN

"I ran away the day after I saw you
at the play, and these kind friends
have taken me in. I wanted to be
quiet and think things over. I feel
so safe here. I wish..."

FAST CUT TO:

36 INSERT 36

These words, in longhand, as they are in the letter. They fill the screen as she says them: "...that you were with us."

ELLEN (V.O.)

(simultaneously)

"...that you were with us."

FAST CUT TO:

37 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 37

Ellen, still to CAMERA.

ELLEN

"Yours sincerely..."

FAST CUT TO:

38 INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY 38

Archer, with Ellen's letter in front of him, scribbling a note at the desk. CAMERA moves in on him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He had a still outstanding invitation
from the Lefferts for a weekend on
the Hudson and he hoped it was not
too late to reply. Their house was
not far from the van der Luydens.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 39

A snowy landscape under bright sun. A single tree on a rise near a winding country road. In the distance, we can just make out A FIGURE IN A RED CLOAK.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Archer moves into frame in CLOSE-UP. Sees the figure far down the road. He goes out of frame and we DISSOLVE to...

...Ellen, in the red cloak, with her back to us. Archer enters frame, and she turns.

ARCHER

I came to see what you were running away from.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

40

Archer and Ellen walking.

ELLEN

I knew you'd come.

ARCHER

That shows you wanted me to.

ELLEN

Cousin May wrote she asked you to take care of me.

ARCHER

I didn't need to be asked.

ELLEN

Why? Does that mean I'm so helpless and defenseless? Or that women here are so blessed they never feel need?

ARCHER

What sort of need?

ELLEN

Please don't ask me. I don't speak your language.

They are walking past an old house with squat walls and small square windows.

ELLEN

Henry left the old Patroon house open for me. I wanted to see it.

Ellen has already started up the front stairs of the house.

CUT TO:

41 INT. PATROON HOUSE - DAY

41

A big bed of EMBERS gleams in the kitchen chimney under a hanging iron pot. Archer throws a log on the embers, looks over to Ellen.

She sits in a rush-bottomed armchair just across the tile hearth. Her cloak is loose over her shoulders. She SMILES at him.

ARCHER

When you wrote me, you were unhappy.

ELLEN

Yes. But I can't feel unhappy when you're here.

Archer stands near a window, looking out, not quite able to look at her.

ARCHER

I can't be here long.

ELLEN

I know. But I'm a little impulsive.
I live in the moment when I'm happy.

ARCHER

Ellen. If you really wanted me to come...if I'm really to help you...you must tell me what you're running from.

She does not answer. He keeps looking out the window.

Then he feels her, coming up behind him. Her arms are around his neck, HUGGING him.

He turns...and sees her as she really is, still in the chair. He looks back out the window. And now he sees...

The FIGURE of a man in a long coat with a heavy fur collar coming along the path to the house: Julius Beaufort.

ARCHER

Ah!

He laughs. Ellen moves quickly to his side.

Extreme CLOSE-UP: she slips her hand into his.

Then she looks out the window and sees Beaufort. She steps back, startled.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

ARCHER

Is he what you were running from? Or
what you expected?

ELLEN

I didn't know he was here.

Archer pulls his hand from hers and walks to the front door,
throwing it open. Bright SUNLIGHT rushes into the room,
silhouetting Archer and Ellen, who is a few steps behind
him.

ARCHER

Hello, Beaufort! This way! Madame
Olenska was expecting you.

Beaufort enters with assurance, addressing his remarks to
Ellen.

BEAUFORT

Well, you certainly led me a bit of
a chase, making me come all this way
just to tell you I'd found the perfect
little house. It's not on the market
yet, so you must take it at once.

There is a beat of silence, of some fleeting discomfort.
Beaufort finally takes notice of Archer.

BEAUFORT

Well, Archer. Rusticating?

Archer stares back at him without answering. And Ellen looks
at them both. Of the three, only Beaufort seems untroubled.

CUT TO:

42 INT. STUDY/ARCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

42

Later. Archer is alone in his study, surrounded by books
he's unpacking from a carton.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

That night he did not take the
customary comfort in his monthly
shipment of books from London. The
taste of the usual was like cinders
in his mouth, and there were moments
when he felt as if he were being
buried alive under his future.

CUT TO:

43 INT. BEDROOM/ELLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 43

Ellen, at a writing table in the bedroom.

CAMERA moves in on her as she writes hastily.

ELLEN (V.O.)

"Newland. Come late tomorrow. I must
explain to you."

CUT TO:

44 INT. STUDY/ARCHER HOUSE - NIGHT 44

CAMERA moves in on Archer, reading Ellen's note.

He holds it in his lap, on top of an open book.

CAMERA shoots CLOSE from the side as he CRUMPLES the note
and CLOSES the book, allowing a glimpse of the title: a volume
of poetry by Rossetti.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. GARDEN/ST. AUGUSTINE - DAY 45

A small FIGURE IN A WHITE DRESS in the distance, surrounded
by greenery.

Archer moves into the frame in CLOSE-UP. He sees the figure
across the open lawn in front of him. He goes out of frame
and we DISSOLVE TO...

May, in the white dress. Archer enters the frame.

(This scene should match Archer's meeting Ellen previously.)

May looks at him, surprised.

MAY

Newland! Has anything happened?

ARCHER

Yes. I found I had to see you.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. GARDEN/ST. AUGUSTINE - DAY 46

CAMERA moves into tight CLOSE-UP as Archer and May sit on a
garden bench. He takes her face in his hands gently and starts
to KISS her.

His gentleness turns more insistent. She responds at first,
but then draws back, a little startled.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

ARCHER
What is it?

MAY
Nothing.

They are both a little embarrassed. She lets her hand slip out of his.

ARCHER
Tell me what you do all day.

MAY
(brightening)
Well, there are a few very pleasant people from Philadelphia and Baltimore who were picnicking at the inn. The Merrys are planning to lay out a lawn tennis court...

CAMERA moves in very close on Archer. May's voice fades and MUSIC comes up as he stares ahead, not listening to her litany of daily routine.

MUSIC fades and, quietly, he interrupts her.

ARCHER
But I thought...I came here because I thought I could persuade you to break away from all that. To advance our engagement.

He reaches for her hand.

ARCHER
Don't you understand how much I want to marry you? Why should we dream away another year?

MAY
I'm not sure I do understand. Is it because you're not certain of still feeling the same way about me?

Archer is on his feet.

ARCHER
God, I...maybe...I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

MAY

Is there someone else?

ARCHER

Someone else? Between you and me?

MAY

Let's talk frankly, Newland. Sometimes I've felt a difference in you, especially since our engagement.

He starts to protest. She hurries on.

MAY

If it's untrue, then it won't hurt to talk about it. And if it's true...why shouldn't we talk about it now? You might have made a mistake.

Archer stares at the path. There is a pattern of sunny leaves beneath his feet.

ARCHER

If I'd made some sort of mistake, would I be down here asking you to hurry our marriage?

MAY

I don't know. You might. It would be one way to settle the question.

He sees: under the brim of her straw hat, her face TREMBLING.

MAY

At Newport, two years ago, before we were...promised...everyone said there was...someone else for you. I even saw you sitting together with her once, I think. On a verandah, at a dance. When she came back into the house, her face was sad, and I felt sorry for her. Even after, when we were engaged, I could see how she looked.

He looks up quickly. There is a look of relief on his face which he manages to conceal at once.

(CONTINUED)

ARCHER

Is that what you've been concerned about? That's long past.

MAY

Then is there something else?

ARCHER

Of course not.

MAY

(rushing on)

Whatever it may have been, Newland, I couldn't have my happiness made out of a wrong to somebody else. We couldn't build a life on a foundation like that. If promises were made...or pledges...if you said something to the...the person we've spoken of...if you feel in some way pledged to her...and there's any way you can fulfill your pledge...even by her getting a divorce...Newland, don't give her up because of me!

Archer is beside her, holding her.

ARCHER

There are no pledges. There are no promises that matter.

May looks as if a great weight had been taken from her.

ARCHER

That is all I've been trying to say. There is no one between us, May. There is nothing between us. That is precisely my argument for marrying quickly.

She puts her arms around him. He HOLDS her close.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He could feel her dropping back to inexpressive girlishness. Her conscience had been eased of its burden. It was wonderful, he thought, how such depths of feeling could co-exist with such an absence of imagination.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (4)

46

He kisses her again. But more politely.

CUT TO:

47 INT. DRAWING ROOM/MRS MINGOTT'S HOUSE - DAY

47

ARCHER and MRS. MINGOTT are having tea and talking.

MRS. MINGOTT

And did you succeed?

ARCHER

No. But I'd still like to be married
in April. With your help.

MRS. MINGOTT

Well, you're seeing the Mingott way.
When I built this house the family
reacted as if I was moving to
California. Now you're challenging
everyone.

ARCHER

Is this really so difficult?

MRS. MINGOTT

The entire family is difficult. Not
one of them wants to be different.
And when they are different they end
up like Ellen's parents. Nomads.
Continental wanderers. Or like dear
Medora, dragging Ellen about after
they died, lavishing her with an
expensive but incoherent education.
Out of all of them, I don't believe
there's one that takes after me but
my little Ellen.

(smiling)

You've got a quick eye. Why in the
world didn't you marry her?

Archer's taken aback momentarily. Then...

ARCHER

(laughs)

For one thing, she wasn't there to
be married.

MRS. MINGOTT

No, to be sure. And she's still not.
The Count, you know. He's sent a
letter.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

ARCHER

No, I didn't know.

MRS. MINGOTT

Mr. Letterblair says the Count wants Ellen back. On her own terms.

ARCHER

I don't believe it.

MRS. MINGOTT

The Count certainly does not defend himself. I will say that. And Ellen would be giving up a great deal to stay here. There's her old life. Gardens at Nice with terraces of roses. Jewels, of course. Music and conversation. She says she goes unnoticed in Europe, but I know that her portrait has been painted nine times. All that, and the remorse of a guilty husband. Ellen says she cares for none of it, but still. These are things that must be weighed.

ARCHER

I would rather see her dead.

MRS. MINGOTT

(shrewdly)

Would you? Would you really? We should remember marriage is marriage. And Ellen is still a wife.

Behind Mrs. Mingott, doors open and Ellen enters, still wearing hat and cloak, her face vivid and happy. She stoops to kiss her grandmother and holds her hand out to Archer.

MRS. MINGOTT

Ellen, see who's here.

ELLEN

Yes, I know.

(to Archer)

I went to see your mother to ask where you'd gone. Since you never answered my note.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

MRS. MINGOTT

Because he was in such a rush to get married, I'm sure. Fresh off the train and straight here. He wants me to use all my influence, just to marry his sweetheart sooner.

ELLEN

Well surely, Granny, between us we can persuade the Wellands to do as he wishes.

MRS. MINGOTT

There, Newland, you see. Right to the quick of the problem. Like me.
(to Ellen)
I told him he should have married you.

ELLEN

And what did he say?

MRS. MINGOTT

Oh, my darling, I leave you to find that out.

Archer, who has done his best to abide this teasing, now rises to go. As he gets to his feet, his hand TOUCHES Ellen's.

CUT TO:

48 INT. MINGOTT HOUSE/DOORWAY - DAY

48

Ellen and Archer at the front door.

We see: extreme CLOSE-UP of their two faces close together, his mouth near her ear.

ARCHER

(quietly)
When can I see you?

CUT TO:

49 INT. HALLWAY ELLEN'S HOUSE - EVENING

49

The SICILIAN MAID opens the door and takes ARCHER'S coat. She hangs it quickly, then PICKS UP a large bouquet of crimson roses, with purple pansies at their base, and starts to carry them toward the drawing room.

CAMERA PANS with the MAID and the lavish bouquet as we hear...

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

ELLEN (O.S.)
Natasia, take those to that nice
family down the street.

Archer turns his attention from the ostentatious flowers to
ELLEN, who's coming down the hall toward him.

ELLEN
And come right back. The Struthers'
are sending a carriage for me at
seven.

She holds out her hand to Archer.

ELLEN
Who's ridiculous enough to send me a
bouquet? I'm not going to a ball.
And I'm not engaged.

CUT TO:

50 INT. DRAWING ROOM/ELLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

50

Start on CLOSE-UP of Ellen's hand, reaching into a box for a
cigarette and lighting it.

ELLEN
I'm sure Granny must have told you
everything about me.

ARCHER
She did say you were used to all
kinds of splendors we can't give you
here.

ELLEN is standing by the mantle. ARCHER APPROACHES her. We
see his face in the MIRROR, betraying some tangible
apprehension. Behind him, on a table, is a vase full of
orchids.

ELLEN
Well, I'll tell you. In almost
everything she says there's something
true, and something untrue. Why?
What has she been telling you?

ARCHER
I think she believes you might go
back to your husband.

He is standing close to her. Ellen shakes her head.

ARCHER
I think she believes you might at
least consider it.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

A lot of things have been believed of me. But if she thinks I would consider it, that also means she would consider it for me. As Granny is weighing your idea of advancing the marriage.

ARCHER

(under pressure)

May and I had a frank talk in Florida. Probably our first. She wants a long engagement to give me time...

ELLEN

Time to give her up for another woman?

ARCHER

If I want to.

ELLEN

That's very noble.

ARCHER

Yes. But it's ridiculous.

ELLEN

Why? Because there is no other woman?

ARCHER

No. Because I don't mean to marry anyone else.

ELLEN

This other woman...does she love you, too?

ARCHER

There is no other woman. I mean, the person May was thinking of...was never...

He sees: her hands, holding her fan.

ARCHER

(slowly)

...she guessed the truth. There is another woman. But not the one she thinks.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

He sits down beside her. He takes her hands, UNCLASPING them, so her fan falls to the floor.

She gets up and moves away from him.

ELLEN

Don't make love to me. Too many people have done that.

ARCHER

I've never made love to you. But you are the woman I would have married if it had been possible for either of us.

ELLEN

Possible? You can say that when you're the one who's made it impossible.

ARCHER

I've made it...

ELLEN

Isn't it you who made me give up divorcing? Didn't you talk to me, here in this room, about sacrifice and sparing scandal because my family was going to be your family? And I did what you asked me. For May's sake. And for yours.

She sinks down on the sofa. He stays near the mantle.

ARCHER

But there were things in your husband's letter...

ELLEN

I had nothing to fear from that letter. Absolutely nothing. You were just afraid of scandal for yourself, and for May.

He puts his face in his hands. After a moment, he goes to her. She is CRYING like a child.

ARCHER

Ellen. No. Nothing's done that can't be undone. I'm still free. You can be, too.

Now he's holding her. Her face is so close to his...He kisses her.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (3)

50

And she kisses him back, PASSIONATELY.

Then she breaks away.

They stare at each other. Then she shakes her head.

ARCHER

No! Everything is different. Do you see me marrying May now?

ELLEN

Would you ask her that question?
Would you?

ARCHER

I have to ask her. It's too late to do anything else.

ELLEN

You say that because it's easy, not because it's true.

ARCHER

This has changed everything.

ELLEN

No. The good things can't change. All that you've done for me, Newland, that I never knew. Going to the van der Luydens because people refused to meet me. Announcing your engagement at the ball so there would be two families standing behind me instead of one. I never understood how dreadful people thought I was.

She SEES him looking at her questioningly.

ELLEN

Granny blurted it out one day. I was stupid, I never thought. New York seemed so kind and glad to see me. But there was no one as kind as you. They never knew what it meant to be tempted. But you did. You understood. You hated happiness brought by disloyalty and cruelty and indifference. I'd never known that before, and it's better than anything I've known.

She speaks in a very low voice. Suddenly he KNEELS. The TIP of her SATIN SHOE shows under her dress. He KISSES it.

She bends over him.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (4)

50

ELLEN

Newland. You couldn't be happy if it meant being cruel. If we act any other way I'll be making you act against what I love in you most. And I can't go back to that way of thinking. Don't you see? I can't love you unless I give you up.

Archer SPRINGS to his feet.

ARCHER

And Beaufort, with his orchids? Can you love him?
(furious)
May is ready to give me up!

With a SWEEP of his arm he sends the orchids flying into the mirror, SPILLING flowers and water everywhere. Ellen is motionless.

ELLEN

(quietly)
Three days after you pleaded with her to advance your engagement she will give you up?

ARCHER

She refused! That gives me the right...

ELLEN

The right? The same kind of ugly right as my husband claims in his letters?

ARCHER

No, of course not! But if we do this now...afterward, it will only be worse for everyone if we...

ELLEN

(almost screaming)
No, no, no!

They look at each other for a moment more. Then Ellen picks up a bell and rings for the maid.

CAMERA tilts up from spilled flowers on the floor to the face of the maid as she enters. She carries Ellen's cloak and hat, and a telegram.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (5)

50

ELLEN
I won't be going out tonight after
all.

ARCHER
(sarcastic)
Please don't sacrifice. I have no
right to keep you from your friends.

MAID
(in Italian)
This was delivered.

She hands the WIRE to Ellen, who opens the yellow envelope,
looks quickly at the message, then hands it to Archer.

As he takes it, we...

CUT TO:

51 EXT. GARDEN/ST. AUGUSTINE - DAY

51

May, smiling joyously, speaks in profile as CAMERA MOVES IN
FROM MEDIUM TO EXTREME CLOSE UP. The light behind and around
her is INTENSE.

MAY
"Granny's telegram was successful.
Papa and Mama agreed to marriage
after Easter. Only a month!"

End on EXTREME CLOSE UP of her LIPS as she recites those
last three words and...

...CUT TO MAY, full-face now in MEDIUM CLOSE UP, speaking
directly to CAMERA as it MOVES QUICKLY in on her.

MAY
"I will telegraph Newland. I'm too
happy for words and love you dearly.
Your grateful cousin May."

CAMERA MOVES into her EYES, so CLOSE that, as she starts to
speak her name, the SCREEN WHITES OUT as we...

CUT TO:

52 INT. DRAWING ROOM/ELLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

52

Extreme CLOSE-UP of May's telegram in Newland's hand. He
crumples it as if that single gesture would annihilate the
news it contains.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

DISSOLVE to CLOSE-UP of his face, desolate, as another images
SUPERS IN OF...

CUT TO:

53 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO

53

...MAY's FACE, upside down, smiling formally.

Scene widens as Archer's face dissolves to show MAY, posing
in wedding dress, as seen upside down in the VIEWING GLASS
of an old camera.

DISSOLVE TO MAY, still posing, as REFLECTED in the
brassencased LENS of the camera.

DISSOLVE TO the PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHER, working under the
black hood of the camera.

DISSOLVE TO MAY, POSING in the deliberately artificial setting
of the photo studio. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the photo
studio, then the camera, then the photographer working behind
it, and, finally, Archer, waiting at the back of the studio,
watching.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There had been wild rumors, right up
to the wedding day, that Mrs. Mingott
would actually attend the ceremony.
It was known that she had sent a
carpenter to measure the front pew
in case it might be altered to
accommodate her. But this idea, like
the great lady herself, proved to be
unwieldy, and she settled for giving
the wedding breakfast.

CUT TO:

54 INSERT

54

CAMERA moving down a lavish array of wedding gifts: silver
bowls and exquisite china and heavy place settings.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Countess Olenska sent her regrets--
she was traveling with an aunt--but
gave the bride and groom an exquisite
piece of old lace. Two elderly aunts
in Rhinebeck offered a honeymoon
cottage, and, since it was thought
"very English" to have a country-
house on loan, their offer was
accepted. When the house proved
suddenly uninhabitable, however,
Henry van der Luyden stepped in to
offer an old cottage on his property
nearby.

CUT TO:

55 INSERT

55

CAMERA moves in on picture of the Patroon house, where Ellen and Archer had spoken.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

May accepted the offer as a surprise for her husband. She had never seen the house, but her cousin Ellen had mentioned it once. She had said it was the only house in America where she could imagine being perfectly happy.

From picture of the house. ...

DISSOLVE TO:

56 INSERT

56

...old postcards of London: 19th century streets filled with carriages; regal figures in high hats and long dresses enjoying Sunday in Hyde Park; Bond Street crowded with shoppers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They traveled to the expected places, which May had never seen. In London, Archer ordered his clothes, and they went to the National Gallery, and sometimes to the theater.

CUT TO:

57 INT. CARRIAGE/STREET - NIGHT

57

May is close to Archer on the seat, holding his arm. She has a new attitude of easy intimacy with him.

MAY

I hope I don't look ridiculous. I've never dined out in London.

ARCHER

Englishwomen dress just like everybody else in the evening, don't they?

MAY

How can you even ask that, when they're always at the theater in old ball-dresses and bare heads.

ARCHER

Well perhaps they save their new dresses for home.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

MAY
Then I shouldn't have worn this?

ARCHER
No. You look very fine.
(meaning it)
Quite beautiful.

She smiles...and surprises him with a kiss. He is DELIGHTED.
She pulls away and hugs his arm.

CUT TO:

58 INSERT

58

Old postcards of Paris: Rue Rivoli and the rue de la Paix,
glittering like jewels strung across a city; the Place de la
Concorde, busy with traffic and regal even at midday.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
In Paris, she ordered her clothes.
There were trunks of dresses from
Worth. They visited the Tuileries.

CUT TO:

59 INT. SCULPTOR'S STUDIO - DAY

59

ARCHER watches as the SCULPTOR ROCHÉ models May's folded
hands in marble. May looks up at her husband and smiles.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Roché modeled May's hands in marble.
And occasionally they dined out.

CUT TO:

60 INT. DINING ROOM/PARIS HOUSE - NIGHT

60

A small formal dinner. May holding her own nicely, charming
everyone.

CAMERA moves in fast on Archer. He is in conversation with a
fine-boned man whose face is distinguished by a carefully
nurtured mustache.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Archer had gradually reverted to his
old inherited ideas about marriage.
It was less trouble to conform with
tradition.

Archer glances away from his dinner companion to look across
the table at the animated May.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There was no use trying to emancipate
a wife who hadn't the dimmest notion
that she was not free.

CUT TO:

61 INT. CARRIAGE/STREET - NIGHT

61

Archer and May riding home from the dinner.

ARCHER

We had an awfully good talk.
Interesting fellow. He talked about
books and things. I asked him to
dinner.

MAY

The Frenchman? I didn't have much
chance to talk to him, but wasn't he
a little common?

ARCHER

Common? I thought he was clever.

MAY

I suppose I shouldn't have known if
he was clever.

ARCHER

(quietly, resigned)
Then I won't ask him to dine.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

With a chill he knew that, in future,
many problems would be solved for
him in this same way.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. STREET/PARIS - NIGHT

62

As their carriage moves away down a boulevard of flickering
lamps.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The first six months of marriage
were usually said to be the hardest,
and after that, he thought, they
would have pretty nearly finished
polishing down all the rough edges.
But May's pressure was already wearing
down the very roughness he most wanted
to keep.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. STREET/PARIS - NIGHT

63

DISSOLVE into the same street, later. It is still and empty, near dawn. The streetlamps flicker off in the light of the new day.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As for the madness with Madame Olenska, Archer trained himself to remember it as the last of his discarded experiments. She remained in his memory simply as the most plaintive...

The last flame goes out.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

...and poignant of a line of ghosts.

On the word "ghosts," we...

CUT TO:

64 EXT. BEAUFORT LAWN/NEWPORT DAY

64

...a close burst of blazing WHITE.

White of summer dresses and crisp suits, punctuating the GREEN of rolling lawns by the seaside under a bright afternoon sun.

Newport, Rhode Island, a year and a half later. The spacious lawn of the Beaufort summer "cottage."

CAMERA tracks parallel to a row of men and women standing against a tent, looking out at something we can't yet see. Their summer clothes are splendid.

CAMERA continues tracking until it comes to a break in the row: the raised flap of a tent. May walks INTO FRAME, wearing a white dress with a pale green ribbon around her tiny waist and a wreath of ivy on her hat. As she walks past the row of people, she comes toward CAMERA into big CLOSE-UP and we DISSOLVE to...

May, slowly raising a bow and arrow, taking careful aim, letting go. Her movements have a classic grace.

The crowd applauds appreciatively at her shot, and at her form. We see a banner announcing "Newport Archery Club/August meeting," and, in the distance, more spectators on the verandah of the Beaufort cottage. A small white DOG dashes across the lawn, pulling its owner by a leash.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

Two of the spectators are Larry Lefferts and Julius Beaufort, who watch May admiringly. Beaufort has his customary orchid fixed to the lapel of his jacket.

LEFFERTS
She's very deft.

BEAUFORT
Yes. But that's the only kind of
target she'll ever hit.

Now we see: Archer, a little in front of them. He REACTS angrily to Beaufort's remark, but says nothing.

Across the lawn, May makes her final bull's-eye. Archer starts across to join her.

May, flushed and calm, is receiving a winner's PIN from a club official as a photographer snaps her picture.

She looks up as Archer approaches. They smile at each other.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
No one could ever be jealous of May's
triumphs. She managed to give the
feeling that she would have been
just as serene without them.

May takes Archer's arm and they walk across the lawn together. They come toward CAMERA in possible SLOW MOTION.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But what if all her calm, her
niceness, were just a negation, a
curtain dropped in front of an
emptiness? Archer felt he had never
yet lifted that curtain.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. NARRAGANSETT AVENUE/NEWPORT - DAY

65

May and Archer in an open carriage. May handles the reins of the ponies expertly.

MAY
Has Regina Beaufort been here at all
this summer?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

ARCHER

I don't know. There's a great deal of gossip. I expect Beaufort will bring Annie Ring here any day.

MAY

Not even he would dare that!

ARCHER

He's reckless in everything. Even his railway speculations are turning bad. But he just answers every rumor with a fresh extravagance.

MAY

I heard he gave Regina pearls worth half a million.

ARCHER

He had no choice.

CUT TO:

66 INT. MINGOTT HOUSE/NEWPORT - DAY

66

CAMERA close on the pin May won in the archery contest: an arrow with a diamond tip, pinned to the front of her linen blouse.

A stout hand runs fingers along the contour of the arrow and we hear the voice of...

MRS. MINGOTT

Quite stunning. It's Julius Beaufort who donates the club's prizes, isn't it. This looks like him. Of course. And it will make quite an heirloom, my dear. You should leave it to your eldest daughter.

May blushes and Mrs. Mingott pinches her arm teasingly. We are in the sun-dappled drawing room of the Mingott Newport cottage. There is a tea service on a table in front of Mrs. Mingott; the summer heat is not treating her kindly. She fans herself continuously.

MRS. MINGOTT

What's the matter, aren't there going to be any daughters? Only boys? What, can't I say that either? Look at her, blushing!

Archer laughs. Mrs. Mingott smiles and calls out...

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

MRS. MINGOTT
Ellen! Ellen, are you upstairs?

CAMERA close now on Archer, startled at the name.

MRS. MINGOTT
She's over from Portsmouth, spending
the day with me. It's such a nuisance.
She just won't stay in Newport,
insists on putting up with
those...what's their name...Blenkers.
But I gave up arguing with young
people about fifty years ago...Ellen!

A maid appears.

MAID
I'm sorry, ma'am, Miss Ellen's not
in the house.

MRS. MINGOTT
She's left?

MAID
I saw her going down the shore path.

Mrs. Mingott turns to Archer.

MRS. MINGOTT
Run down and fetch her, like a good
grandson. May can tell me all the
gossip about Julius Beaufort.

CAMERA close on Archer.

MRS. MINGOTT
Go ahead. I know she'll want to see
you both.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. SHORE PATH/NEWPORT - DAY

67

The path descends from the bank where the Mingott house is
perched to a walk above the water. Weeping willows are planted
on both sides of the walk. Through their branches the Lime
Rock LIGHTHOUSE is visible.

Archer walks slowly down the path, as if moving toward a
fate he thought was past him.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He had heard her name often enough during the year and a half since they had last met. He was even familiar with the main incidents of her life. But he heard all these accounts with detachment, as if listening to reminiscences of someone long dead.

The willow-lined walk curves toward the sea, where there is a small wooden pier ending in a pagoda-like summer house.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But the past had come again into the present, as in those newly discovered caverns in Tuscany, where children had lit bunches of straw and seen old images staring from the wall.

BRIGHT sunset. The sun splinters in a thousand pieces. Archer rounds the corner of the path, and sees the pier and house in front of him. Then he sees: a WOMAN, back to the shore, leaning against a rail. He stops, unable to go on. It's ELLEN.

She looks out to sea, at the bay furrowed with yachts and sailboats and fishing craft.

He does not move. Ellen does not turn.

A sailboat glides through the channel between Lime Rock lighthouse and the shore.

Still she has not turned.

Archer looks from Ellen to the sailboat, and back again.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He gave himself a single chance. She must turn before the sailboat crosses the Lime Rock light. Then he would go to her.

He looks to the boat. It glides out on the receding tide between the lighthouse and the shore.

He looks at Ellen: she seems to be drawn into the sunset.

Back to the boat: it PASSES the lighthouse. Water SPARKLES between its stern and the last reef of the island.

Back to Ellen. She has not turned.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

Archer walks away.

As he goes, we can still see Ellen's figure in the distance.
She does not turn.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. MINGOTT HOUSE/ NEWPORT - DUSK

68

Archer and May leave the house and walk toward their waiting carriage.

MAY

I'm sorry you didn't find her. But
I've heard she's so changed.

ARCHER

Changed?

MAY

So indifferent to her old friends.
Summering in Portsmouth, moving to
Washington. Sometimes I think we've
always bored her. I wonder if she
wouldn't be happier with her husband
after all.

ARCHER

(laughs)

I don't think I've ever heard you be
cruel before.

Archer helps her into the carriage.

MAY

Cruel?

ARCHER

Even demons don't think people are
happier in hell.

MAY

(placidly)

Then she shouldn't have married
abroad.

She starts to take the reins of the carriage. Archer lifts
them from her.

ARCHER

Let me.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

He reaches over and, in SLIGHT SLOW MOTION, takes the REINS from her hands as they start away from the house.

69 INT. WELLAND HOUSE/NEWPORT - MORNING

69

The dining room: the family is having breakfast. Mrs. Archer and Janey are at the table, as is Mrs. Welland. May presides over the gathering with practiced ease. The morning breeze gently lofts the long curtains. CAMERA makes CIRCULAR TRACK around table as it PANS with the conversation.

MRS. WELLAND

The Blenkers. A party for the Blenkers?

JANEY

Who are they?

MAY

The Portsmouth people, I think. The ones Countess Olenska is staying with.

MRS. ARCHER

"Professor and Mrs. Emerson Sillerton request the pleasure...Wednesday afternoon club...at 3 o'clock punctually. To meet Mrs. and the Misses Blenker. Red Gables, Catherine Street."

She looks around the table.

MRS. ARCHER

I don't think we can decline.

JANEY

I don't see why, really. He's an archaeologist and he lives here even in winter. He's always taking his poor wife to tombs in the Yucatan instead of to Paris. He's got a house full of long-haired men and short-haired women, and...

MRS. ARCHER

And he is Sillerton Jackson's cousin.

JANEY

(chastened)
Of course.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

MRS. WELLAND
Some of us will have to go.

MAY
I'll go over. And, Janey, why don't
you come with me. I'm sure Cousin
Ellen will be there. It will give
you a chance to see her.
(to Archer)
Newland, you can find some way to
spend the afternoon, can't you?

ARCHER
Oh I think for a change I'll just
save it instead of spending it.

He takes the last bite of griddle cakes left on his plate.

ARCHER
Maybe drive to the farm to see about
a new horse for the brougham.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/NEWPORT - DAY

70

Archer at the reins of the carriage. The day is clear, the
sky a brilliant ultramarine.

He leans a little way out of the carriage to check a name
posted at the front of the lane, then turns the horses in.

We see the name on the post: Blenker.

CUT TO:

71 EXT. DRIVE/BLENKER HOUSE/NEWPORT - DAY

71

In the near distance, an ill-kept house with peeling white
paint.

Closer: a shed for horses. Archer stops and ties up his team.

Empty and quiet. The click of locusts in the still air. Archer
looks toward the house, sees...

...to its left, a ghostly summer house of trellis-work that
had once been white.

He walks toward the summer house.

As he gets closer, he sees a box garden, and something pink
just beyond it.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

DISSOLVE to tight shot: a pink PARASOL, inside the summer house.

DISSOLVE to Archer's face, staring at it, almost hypnotized. He walks toward the CAMERA. As he blocks it we...

...DISSOLVE again to the parasol. Close on it as Archer's hand enters the frame to pick it up. CAMERA moves in on his face as he lifts the handle close to him. It is carved of rare wood. He smells its scent.

And lifts the handle closer...slowly...to his lips.

SOUND: of soft skirts behind him. We see: Archer's eyes, in huge CLOSE-UP, closing in anticipation.

CAMERA pulls out as he waits for Ellen's touch. But he hears only a voice behind him...

KATIE BLENKER

Hello?

His eyes open. He turns and sees...

...Katie Blenker, an adolescent girl with open, friendly curiosity. She looks, for an instant, familiar: Archer thinks that he has been surprised by May.

KATIE BLENKER

I'm sorry, did you ring, I've been asleep in the hammock...

ARCHER

I didn't mean to disturb you. Are you Miss Blenker? I'm Newland Archer.

KATIE

I've heard so much about you.

ARCHER

I came up the island to see about a new horse, and I thought I'd call. But the house seemed empty...

KATIE

It is empty. They're all at the party. The one the Sillertons are giving for us. Didn't you know?

He keeps looking at her, not knowing what to say.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

KATIE
Everyone's there but me, with my
fever, and Countess Olenska...oh,
you found my parasol!

She takes it from his hand.

KATIE
It's my best one. It's from the
Cameroons.

ARCHER
(trying to be casual)
The Countess was called away?

KATIE
A telegram came from Boston. She
said she might be gone for two days.
I do love the way she does her hair,
don't you? It reminds me of Sir Walter
Scott.

CAMERA moves close on Archer. He is struggling with himself.

ARCHER
(interrupting her)
You don't know...I'm sorry...I've
got to be in Boston tomorrow. You
wouldn't know where she was staying?

CUT TO:

72 EXT. BOSTON COMMON - DAY

72

A sweltering summer day.

CAMERA close on an oil PAINTING of the park scene. It nicely
captures the trees and flowers under shimmering heat, the
summer colors of suits and dresses...and the figure of a
woman, seated mid-perspective, on a bench, reading a volume
of poetry.

DISSOLVE to an even tighter shot of the woman in the painting.
A BRUSH works on her features.

DISSOLVE to Archer, watching the painter. He turns, squinting
into the glare of the morning sun at the woman seated a little
way in front of him on the bench.

FAST PAN over to her. It is Ellen.

CUT TO:

73 EXT. BOSTON COMMON - DAY

73

Ellen looks up. Archer is beside her.

ELLEN
(startled)
Oh.
(now smiling)
Oh.

Without rising, she makes room for him on the bench. He sits beside her and tries making casual conversation.

ARCHER
I'm here on business. Just got here,
actually.

He stares at her. Being casual is too difficult.

ARCHER
You're doing your hair differently.

ELLEN
Only because the maid's not with me.
She stayed back in Portsmouth. I'm
only here for two days, it didn't
seem worth...

ARCHER
You're traveling alone?

ELLEN
(sly)
Yes. Why, do you think it's a little
dangerous?

ARCHER
(smiling)
Well, it's unconventional.

ELLEN
I suppose it is. I hadn't thought of
it. I've just done something so much
more unconventional. I've refused to
take back money that belonged to me.

ARCHER
Someone came with an offer?

She nods.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

ARCHER
What were the conditions?

ELLEN
(simply)
I refused.

ARCHER
(pressing)
Tell me the conditions.

ELLEN
Nothing unbearable, really. Just to
sit at the head of his table now and
then.

Archer chooses his words carefully.

ARCHER
And he wants you back, at any price?

ELLEN
Well, it's a considerable price. At
least it's considerable for me.

ARCHER
So you came to meet him.

She stares, then laughs suddenly.

ELLEN
My husband? Here? No, of course not.
He sent someone.

ARCHER
(very careful now)
His secretary?

ELLEN
Yes. He's still here, in fact. He
insisted on waiting. In case I changed
my mind.

He is trying to absorb all this.

ELLEN
They told you at the hotel I was
here?

He nods, but still says nothing. After a moment...

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2)

73

ELLEN

You haven't changed, Newland.

Now he looks straight into her eyes.

ARCHER

(intense)

I had changed, till I saw you again.

ELLEN

Please don't.

ARCHER

Just give me the day. I'll say
anything you like. Or nothing. I
won't speak unless you tell me to.
All I want is some time with you.
All I want is to listen to you.

He is so intense Ellen has to look away from him. She takes
out a small gold-faced watch on an enamel chain.

ARCHER

I want to get you away from that
man. Was he coming to the hotel?

ELLEN

At eleven. Just in case...

ARCHER

Then we must leave now. It's been a
hundred years since we've met.

ELLEN

Where will we go?

ARCHER

Where?

He's stumped: emotion has gotten in the way of foresight. He
seems addled for a moment. She smiles at him.

ELLEN

Somewhere cool, at any rate.

ARCHER

We'll take the steamboat down to
Point Arley. There's an inn.

ELLEN

I'll have to leave a note at the
hotel.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (3)

73

He pulls a note-case from his pocket, fumbling a little.

ARCHER

Write it here. I have the paper...you
see how everything's
predestined?...and this...have you
seen these...the new stylographic
pen...

He hands her the case and pulls out a fountain pen.

ARCHER

Just steady the case on your knee,
and I'll get the pen going in a
second...

He bangs the hand holding the pen against the back of the
bench.

ARCHER

It's like jerking down the mercury
in a thermometer. Now try.

He hands her the pen and she starts to write a name on an
envelope. EXTREME CLOSE UP, from in front: of her HAND, with
the pen, beginning to write a name, "Riv..."

MATCH CUT TO:

74 EXT. PARKER HOUSE HOTEL/BOSTON - DAY

74

The envelope, sealed now, with a name we can't read.

ARCHER

Shall I take it in?

ELLEN

I'll only be a moment.

She disappears through the glazed doors of the hotel.

An Irish woman walks by, selling peaches. Archer declines.

The door of the hotel opens. He turns. A group of men comes
onto the sidewalk and walks away. Archer watches them with
mild interest.

He hears the doors again and looks over. A MAN, dressed in a
distinctly European fashion and looking a little worried,
appears on the sidewalk. He looks around, but does not seem
to notice Archer.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

Archer sees him, however. Something about his face is familiar, but Archer can't quite place it...

...and the man is off, down the street.

SOUND of the hotel doors again. He turns, and Ellen is at his side.

CUT TO:

75 INT. /EXT. INN - DAY

75

(POSSIBLE start on MATTE SHOT of white clapboard inn situated on a bluff overlooking the Atlantic, with a ferry boat coming toward it.)

We see out the window of the inn: the BILLOWING WHITE SAIL of a small boat. CAMERA pulls back to reveal...

...a long wooden verandah overlooking a gentle lawn and the Atlantic. ARCHER and ELLEN sit at a table covered with a checkered cloth held down from the ocean breezes by a bottle of pickles at one end and a blueberry pie under a clear dish at the other. SOUNDS of a party in the large dining room of the inn occasionally interrupt the stillness.

Ellen looks at the distant sailboat, then turns to Archer.

ELLEN

Why didn't you come down to the beach to get me the day I was at Granny's?

ARCHER

Because you didn't turn around. You didn't know I was there. I swore I wouldn't call you unless you looked around.

ELLEN

But I didn't look around on purpose.

ARCHER

You knew?

ELLEN

I recognized the carriage when you drove in. So I went to the beach.

ARCHER

To get as far away from me as you could.

ELLEN

As I could. Yes.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

ARCHER

Well you see, then. It's no use.
It's better to face each other.

ELLEN

I only want to be honest with you.

ARCHER

Honest? Isn't that why you always
admired Julius Beaufort? He was more
honest than the rest of us, wasn't
he? We've got no character, no color,
no variety. I wonder why you just
don't go back to Europe.

ELLEN

I believe it's because of you.

ARCHER

Me? I'm the man who married one woman
because another one told him to.

ELLEN

You promised not to say those things
today.

ARCHER

I can't keep that promise.

ELLEN

And what about May? What does May
feel? That's the thing we've always
got to think of, by your own showing.

ARCHER

My showing?

ELLEN

Yes, yours. Otherwise everything you
taught me would be a sham.

ARCHER

If you're using my marriage as some
victory of ours, then there's no
reason on earth why you shouldn't go
back.

(looking right at her)

You gave me my first glimpse of a
real life. Then you asked me to go
on with the false one. No one can
endure that.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

ELLEN
I'm enduring it.

He looks at her.

ARCHER
You too? All this time, you too?

She does not reply.

ARCHER
What's the use? We can't be like
this. When will you go back?

ELLEN
I won't. Not yet. Not as long as we
both can stand it.

ARCHER
This is not a life for you.

ELLEN
It is. As long as it's part of yours.

ARCHER
And the way I live...my life...how
can it be part of yours?

She looks away. He reaches for her hands, holds them.

ELLEN
Don't...don't be unhappy.

ARCHER
You won't go back? You won't go back?

ELLEN
I won't go back.

She lets go of his hands, turns and STANDS.

DISSOLVE TO ELLEN, moments later, leaving the room. ARCHER
remains seated.

DISSOLVE TO ARCHER, standing and following her out.

DISSOLVE TO THE EMPTY ROOM.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. STREET/NEW YORK AUTUMN - DAY

76

EXTREME LONG LENS SHOT of BROADWAY. SCREEN is FILLED with MEN, ARCHER among them, all coming toward us on their way to work, and all wearing the same derby.

CUT TO sidewalk just outside Archer's law offices. The day is stifling, and a HOT WIND BLOWS from both rivers. MEN CLUTCH their derbies to their heads.

ARCHER TURNS into the entrance of his office building as a MAN STEPS toward him. He is the SAME MAN Archer glimpsed outside the Parker House in Boston.

RIVIERE
(French accent)
It's Mr. Archer, I think?

ARCHER
Yes?

In the BACKGROUND, as the men speak, several WOMEN walk by, holding their skirts down and their hats close.

RIVIERE
My name is Riviere. We dined together
in Paris last year.

ARCHER
Oh yes. I'm sorry I didn't quite
recall....

And we should remember, as Archer does now, the face of the man with the fine mustache we first encountered during the Paris montage.

People mill around them like rushing water as they stand talking.

RIVIERE
Quite alright. I had the advantage.
I saw you yesterday in Boston.

Archer is taken aback by this.

CUT TO:

77 INT. ARCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

77

The window is closed because of the hot autumn wind, and heat has settled on the room like a curse. Occasional street NOISE, of pedestrians and carriage traffic, underscores the conversation. Riviere seems slightly uncomfortable, but handles himself impeccably. Both men perspire.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

ARCHER

I still do not understand why we're speaking.

RIVIERE

I came here on Count Olenski's behalf because I believed...in all good faith...that it would be best for the Countess to return to him. I met her in Boston and told her all the Count had said. She did me the kindness of listening carefully. But she's changed, Monsieur.

ARCHER

(a tinge of jealous suspicion)

You knew her before?

RIVIERE

I used to see her in her husband's house. The Count would never have trusted my mission to a stranger.

ARCHER

This change...

RIVIERE

It may only have been my seeing her for the first time as she is. As an American. And if you're an American of her kind...of your kind...

CAMERA starts to move in on Archer.

RIVIERE

...things that are accepted in certain other societies, or at least put up with for the sake of...convenience...these things become intolerable. She made her marriage in good faith. It was a faith that the Count could not share, and could not understand. So her faith was shattered. And it was only coming back here...coming home...that restored it. Returning to Europe would mean a life of some comfort. And considerable sacrifice. And also, I would think, no hope.

Archer looks at his presidential calendar hanging on the wall, then down at the papers scattered on his mahogany desk.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2)

77

He hears a SOUND -- of a chair moving back, of Riviere getting to his feet -- and he looks up. Riviere is standing in front of the desk.

RIVIERE

I will fulfill my obligation to the Count and meet with the family. I will tell them what he wishes and suggests for the Countess. But I ask you, Monsieur, to use your own influence with them. I...I beg you...with all the force I'm capable of...not to let her go back.

Archer looks at him with astonishment. Riviere's eyes fix momentarily on Archer, then look around the room. Archer extends his hand.

ARCHER

Thank you.

CUT TO:

78 INT. DINING ROOM/MRS. ARCHER'S HOUSE EVENING

78

A traditional Thanksgiving affair attended by Janey and Mrs. Archer, Newland and May, Mrs. Welland and Sillerton Jackson.

START ON MEDIUM CLOSE UP of turkey being carved on the sideboard.

MRS. ARCHER (O.S.)

Well, Boston is more conservative than New York. But I always think it's a safe rule for a lady to lay aside her French dresses for one season.

DISSOLVE TO MEDIUM CLOSE UP of sliced turkey being served.

MRS. ARCHER (O.S.)

When Old Mrs. Baxter Pennilow died, they found her standing order -- forty-eight Worth dresses -- still wrapped in tissue paper.

DISSOLVE TO MEDIUM CLOSE UP of cranberry sauce in a crystal serving dish.

MRS. ARCHER (O.S.)

When her daughters left off their mourning they wore the first lot to the Symphony without looking in advance of the fashion.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

DISSOLVE TO CAMERA TRACKING DOWN TABLE beside a SERVANT.
MRS. ARCHER continues talking as CAMERA moves away.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He had written to her once in
Washington. Just a few lines, asking
when they were to meet again. And
she wrote back: "Not yet."

CAMERA, MOVING SLIGHTLY CLOSER, STOPS on ARCHER'S distracted
face just on those last two words. He barely notices the
SERVANT offering cranberry sauce.

JANEY

I think it was Julius Beaufort who
started the new fashion by making
his wife clap her new clothes on her
back as soon as they arrived. I must
say, it takes all Regina's distinction
not to look like...

JACKSON

(helpfully)
Her rivals?

JANEY

...like that Annie Ring.

MRS. ARCHER

Careful, dear.

JANEY

Well, everybody knows.

JACKSON

Indeed. Beaufort always put his
business around. And now that his
business is gone there are bound to
be disclosures.

MAY

Gone? Is it that bad?

JACKSON

As bad as anything I've ever heard
of. Most everybody we know will be
hit, one way or another.

CAMERA DOLLIES IN on JACKSON, ending in a MEDIUM CLOSE UP as
he speaks the last words.

CUT TO:

79 INT. LIBRARY/ARCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

79

Archer and Jackson stand in front of a painting in the Gothic library. Archer helps Jackson light a cigar.

JACKSON

(walking away to sit
down)

Very difficult for Regina, of course.
And it's a pity...it's certainly a
pity...that Countess Olenska refused
her husband's offer.

ARCHER

Why, for God's sake?

JACKSON

Well...to put it on the lowest
ground.... what's she going to live
on now?

ARCHER

Now...?

ARCHER moves to sit down next to JACKSON.

JACKSON

Well, I mean now that Beaufort...

ARCHER

What the hell does that mean, sir?

JACKSON

(continuing tranquilly)

Most of her money's invested with
Beaufort, and the allowance she's
been getting from the family is so
cut back...

ARCHER

She has something, I'm sure.

JACKSON

Oh I would think a little. Whatever
remains after sustaining Medora. But
I know the family paid close attention
to Monsieur Riviere and considered
the Count's offer very closely.
Everyone hopes the Countess herself
might simply see that living here,
on such a small margin...

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

ARCHER
 If everyone would rather she be
 Beaufort's mistress than some decent
 fellow's wife, you've all gone about
 it perfectly.

ARCHER bangs his BRANDY SNIFTER on the table and remains
 standing. Jackson looks at him attentively.

ARCHER
 She won't go back.

JACKSON
 That's your opinion, eh? Well no
 doubt you know. I suppose she might
 still soften Catherine Mingott, who
 could give her any allowance she
 chooses. But the rest of the family
 has no particular interest in keeping
 Madame Olenska here. They'll simply
 let her find her own level.

Archer sees: a cone of ASH dropping from Jackson's cigar
 into a brass tray at his elbow.

ARCHER
 (pause)
 Shall we go up and join my mother?

CUT TO:

80 INT. ARCHER HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

80

As May and Archer arrive home from Thanksgiving. Servants
 take their coats.

CUT TO:

81 INT. ARCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

81

Archer and May climb the staircase to the second floor of
 their house. The LAMP May holds throws deep long SHADOWS on
 the wall.

ARCHER
 The lamp is smoking again. The
 servants should see to it.

MAY
 I'm sorry.

He stops at the door of his study. She stops and bends over
 to lower the wick. The light shines on her shoulders and the
 curve of her face.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

ARCHER

I may have to go to Washington for a few days.

MAY

When?

ARCHER

Tomorrow. I'm sorry, I should have said something before.

MAY

On business?

ARCHER

On business, of course. There's a patent case coming up before the Supreme Court. I just got the papers from Letterblair. It seems...

MAY

Never mind. I'm sure it's too complicated. I have enough trouble managing this lamp.

He helps her with the wick.

MAY

But the change will do you good.

The flame is stronger now.

MAY

And you must be sure to go and see Ellen.

He looks at her in the newly bright lamp light. Does she know? He thinks she might.

CUT TO:

82 INT. ARCHER HOUSE NIGHT

82

CAMERA close on a note being carried quickly on a silver tray through the hall.

WIDER to show: a MAID, carrying the note to Archer and May.

ARCHER MAID

Excuse me, ma'am. But this came while you were out.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

May reaches for the note.

ARCHER
(indicating lamp)
Do something about this, will you,
Agnes?

He indicates the lamp, which still smokes slightly. The maid nods, gives him her old lamp and takes the faulty one away.

May looks up from the note.

MAY
Granny's had a stroke.

CUT TO:

83 INT. BEDROOM - HALL - AND DRAWING ROOM/MINGOTT HOUSE -
MORNING

83

Start on low angle of servants' FEET, walking slowly and with difficulty...as if supporting some great weight. Mrs. Mingott's elegantly slippered feet occupy the center of the frame.

MRS. MINGOTT
A stroke! I told them all it was
just an excess of Thanksgiving.

CAMERA PULLS OUT and TILTS UP from low angle to reveal MRS. MINGOTT being carried by several SERVANTS in a heavy CHAIR out of her bedroom as if she were some potentate from the subcontinent. They move through the hall and into the drawing room. Aside from breathing a bit more heavily, the old woman seems little the worse for wear, although her speech is a trifle slurred. May and Archer walk beside her.

MRS. MINGOTT
Dr. Bencomb acted most concerned and insisted on notifying everyone as if it were the reading of my last testament. But I won't be treated like a corpse when I'm hardly an invalid.

The SERVANTS are having some difficulty managing the chair at the entrance to the drawing room. ARCHER STEPS IN to help out and prevent Mrs. Mingott from tipping out onto the floor.

MRS. MINGOTT
You're very dear to come. But perhaps you only wanted to see what I'd left you.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

MAY
Granny, that's shocking!

ARCHER and the SERVANTS set MRS. MINGOTT down as CAMERA MOVES in for EXTREME CLOSE UP. She is in the drawing room, in her accustomed spot.

MRS. MINGOTT
It was shock that did this to me.
It's all due to Regina Beaufort. She
came here last night, and she asked
me...

As she talks, we SEE what Archer IMAGINES...

CUT TO:

84 EXT. MINGOTT HOUSE - NIGHT

84

The door opens and CAMERA moves in on the face of Regina Beaufort. She wears a thick veil, and looks, for a moment, like a figure from a Gothic novel.

MRS. MINGOTT (V.O.)
...she had the effrontery to ask
me...to back Julius. Not to desert
him, she said. To stand behind our
common lineage in the Townsend family.

CUT TO:

85 INT. DRAWING ROOM/MINGOTT HOUSE - NIGHT

85

The regal Regina Beaufort, dressed in black as if for mourning, speaking animatedly to an intractable Mrs. Mingott.

MRS. MINGOTT (V.O.)
I said to her, "Honor's always been
honor, and honesty's always been
honesty, in Manson Mingott's house,
and will be 'till I'm carried out
feet first." And then...if you can
believe it...she said to me...

CAMERA close on the tearful face of Regina Beaufort.

MRS. MINGOTT (V.O.)
..."But my name, Auntie. My name's
Regina Townsend." And I said, "Your
name was Beaufort when he covered
you with jewels, and it's got to
stay Beaufort now that he's covered
you with shame."

CUT TO:

86 INT. DRAWING ROOM/MINGOTT HOUSE - DAY

86

Mrs. Mingott finishes her story.

MRS. MINGOTT

So I gave out. Simply gave out. Now family will be arriving from all over expecting a funeral and they'll have to be entertained. I don't know how many notes Bencomb sent out.

ARCHER

If there's any way we can help...

MRS. MINGOTT

Well my Ellen is coming. I expressly asked for her. She arrives this afternoon on the train. If you could fetch her...

ARCHER

Of course. If May will send the brougham, I can take the ferry.

MAY

(the slightest pause)

There, you see, Granny. Everyone will be settled.

CUT TO:

87 INT./EXT. CARRIAGE - DAY

87

CAMERA STARTS high overhead and MOVES IN as ARCHER and MAY leave Mrs. Mingott's house and enter their carriage.

MAY

I didn't want to worry Granny. But how can you meet Ellen and bring her back here if you have to go to Washington yourself this afternoon.

ARCHER

I'm not going. The case is off. Postponed. I heard from Letterblair this morning.

MAY

Postponed? How odd. Mama had a note from him this morning as well. He was concerned about Granny but he had to be away. He was arguing a big patent case before the Supreme Court. You said it was a patent case, didn't you?

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

ARCHER

Well, that's it. The whole office
can't go. Letterblair decided to go
this morning.

CAMERA now holds them both in VERY TIGHT TWO SHOT.

MAY

Then it's not postponed?

The blood rises in Archer's face.

ARCHER

No. But my going is.

May looks away from him. CARRIAGE MOVES FORWARD and brings
ARCHER into a SINGLE TIGHT CLOSE UP before carrying him out
of frame.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

88

Close DISSOLVE onto a swarm of PASSENGERS disembarking in
EXTREME SLOW MOTION from a steam train that we can only see
in outline. The PASSENGERS walk toward the camera like ghosts
from the past.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He knew it was two hours by ferry
and carriage from the Pennsylvania
terminus in Jersey City back to Mrs.
Mingott's.

We see: Archer's face, searching the crowd for Ellen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

All of two hours. And maybe a little
more.

DISSOLVE to CLOSE UPS of PASSENGERS as they walk through the
steam, still in EXTREME SLOW MOTION and INTERCUT with CLOSE
UPS of FEET disembarking down the train's steel steps.

DISSOLVE from a final face to ELLEN'S FACE, in the crowd.

As CAMERA MOVES BACK, and ARCHER is already at her side. He
MOTIONS for the PORTER carrying her bags to follow them,
then draws her arm through his.

ARCHER

You didn't expect me today?

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

ELLEN

No.

ARCHER

It was Granny Mingott who sent me.
She's much better. I nearly went to
Washington to see you. We would have
missed each other.

They are at the carriage. CAMERA PULLS BACK NOW to show OTHER TRAVELERS all around them: the faces of the recently wealthy, the poor and the newly emerging middle class. This is the only time that we glimpse a suggestion of a world outside the rigid borders of society. As all these TRAVELERS swarm around them, ARCHER helps ELLEN into the carriage.

CUT TO:

89 INT. CARRIAGE - DAY

89

DISSOLVE quickly into Ellen seated in the carriage, Archer sitting close beside her.

ARCHER

Did you know...I hardly remembered
you.

ELLEN

Hardly remembered?

ARCHER

I mean...I mean it's always the same.
Each time I see you. You happen to
me all over again.

ELLEN

Oh yes. I know, I know. For me too.

She puts her hand in his. The carriage starts to move.

Quick series of close DISSOLVES: he bends over. He UNBUTTONS her tight brown glove. He KISSES the palm of her hand. She turns her hand over and CARESSES his cheek.

CUT TO:

90 INT. CARRIAGE - DUSK

90

Later on in the journey to Mrs. Mingott's. Ellen and Archer sit very close in the cab. A WIND blows outside.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

ARCHER

Your husband's secretary came to see me. The day after we met in Boston.

She seems surprised.

ARCHER

You didn't know?

ELLEN

No. But he told me he had met you. In Paris, I think.

ARCHER

Ellen...I have to ask you. Just one thing.

ELLEN

Yes?

ARCHER

Was it Riviere who helped you get away after you left your husband?

ELLEN

Yes. I owe him a great debt.

ARCHER

(quietly)

I think you're the most honest woman I ever met.

ELLEN

(slight smile)

No. But probably one of the least fussy.

ARCHER

Ellen, we can't stay like this. It can't last.

ELLEN

What?

ARCHER

Our being together and not being together. It's impossible.

ELLEN

You shouldn't have come today.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

90

Suddenly she turns to him and flings her arms around him, pressing him CLOSE, kissing him passionately. He returns all her feeling.

The LIGHT from a gas lamp on the street flashes in through the window and makes her draw away, suddenly silent and motionless, to the corner of the carriage.

ARCHER

Don't be afraid. Look, I'm not even trying to touch your sleeve. Being like this isn't what I want. I need you with me. I can even just sit still, like this, and look at you.

ELLEN

I think we should look at reality, not dreams.

ARCHER

(desperate)

I just want us to be together.

ELLEN

I can't be your wife, Newland. Is it your idea I should live with you as your mistress?

ARCHER

I want...somehow I want to get away with you. Find a world where words like that won't exist.

ELLEN

Oh my dear...where is that country? Have you ever been there? Is there anywhere we can be happy behind the backs of people who trust us?

ARCHER

I'm beyond caring about that.

ELLEN

No you're not! You've never been beyond that. I have. I know what it looks like. A lie in every silence. It's no place for us.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (3)

90

He looks at her, dazed. Then he reaches for the small cab bell that signals orders to the coachman.

The coach pulls up. Archer starts out.

ELLEN

Why are we stopping? This isn't
Granny's.

ARCHER

No. I'll get out here.

He steps down to the street.

ARCHER

You were right. I shouldn't have
come today.

He closes the door.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. STREET - DUSK

91

Archer signals and the coach pulls away.

The wind blows stronger. Archer HOLDS his HAT and TOUCHES
his eyes. There are TEARS.

He turns and walks away down the street.

CUT TO:

92 INT. LIBRARY/ARCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

92

Start on CLOSE UP of Japanese print. CUT TO Archer, LOOKING
at the print in a beautiful leather-bound book, which is now
in lower left of frame.

May is embroidering a sofa cushion. Firelight casts a strong
glow in the room.

Archer looks up from his book, SEES: May's arms, as she works
the needle. The sleeves of her dress have slipped back. Her
sapphire betrothal ring shines on her left hand above her
wedding band.

May sees him looking at her, smiles.

MAY

What are you reading?

ARCHER

Oh, a history. About Japan.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

MAY

Why?

ARCHER

I don't know. Because it's a different country.

MAY

You used to read poetry. It was so nice when you read it to me.

He gets to his feet.

ARCHER

I need some air.

He goes to the window, opens it, leans out into the cold.

MAY

Newland! You'll catch your death.

ARCHER

Catch my death. Of course.

He turns, shuts the window, looks at May, who has gone back to her embroidery.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But then he realized, I am dead.
I've been dead for months and months.

CAMERA moves closer on him, watching May.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Then it occurred to him that she might die. People did. Young people, healthy people, did. She might die, and set him free.

May sees him looking at her.

MAY

Newland?

He walks to her and touches her head.

ARCHER

Poor May.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

92

MAY
Poor? Why poor?

ARCHER
Because I'll never be able to open a
window without worrying you.

MAY
I'll never worry if you're happy.

ARCHER
And I'll never be happy unless I can
open the windows.

MAY
In this weather?

CUT TO:

93 EXT. STREET/ELLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

93

Light SNOW. Ellen comes down the front steps of her house
toward a carriage that waits for her at the curb.

As she approaches the carriage door, Archer steps out of the
shadows.

ARCHER
I have to see you. I didn't know
when you were leaving again.

ELLEN
I'm due at Regina Beaufort's. Granny
lent me her carriage.

ARCHER
With all that's happened, you're
still going to see Regina Beaufort?

ELLEN
I know. Granny says Julius Beaufort
is a scoundrel. But so is my husband,
and the family still wants me to go
back to him.

Two FIGURES, illuminated by the glowing street lamps but
still a little indistinct in the blowing snow, are walking
down the street toward Ellen and Archer.

ARCHER
But you won't go back?

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

ELLEN

No. Granny's asked me to stay and help care for her. But I think it's me she means to help. She said I've lived too long locked up in a cage. She's even seen to my allowance.

The two figures draw nearer, then discretely cross to the other side of the street. As they pass under the streetlight we recognize one of the two men: LARRY LEFFERTS.

Archer and Ellen see them and draw a little closer to the sheltering shadow of the carriage.

ARCHER

You won't need my help if you have Granny's.

ELLEN

I will still need your help. If I stay, we will have to help each other.

ARCHER

I have to see you. Somewhere we can be alone.

ELLEN

(smiles)
In New York?

ARCHER

Alone. Somewhere we can be alone. There's the art museum in the park. Half past two tomorrow. I'll be at the door.

She nods and takes his arm. He helps her quickly into the carriage.

We SEE: her gloved HAND GLIDING off his.

CUT TO:

94 INT. ART MUSEUM - DAY

94

An obscure gallery in the brand new Metropolitan Museum.

CAMERA starts close on ELLEN's EYES, behind the mesh of a veil.

DISSOLVE TO a case full of beautiful pre-Roman antiquities with REFLECTIONS of sarcophagi or larger sculpture in the glass. The ancient objects are in the foreground; in the

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

background, clearly visible, are the faces of ARCHER and ELLEN, studying the objects.

DISSOLVE TO a small, delicate piece of sculpture with a legend underneath on a handwritten museum card: "Use Unknown."

DISSOLVE to Archer and Ellen, sitting on a divan near a heating system in the center of the room. Through the far door is a diminishing perspective of other galleries.

Even though they are alone in the room, they both speak softly. Their WHISPERS are sibilant in these marble walls.

ARCHER

You came to New York because you were afraid.

ELLEN

Afraid?

ARCHER

Of my coming to Washington.

ELLEN

I promised Granny to stay in her house because I thought I would be safer.

ARCHER

Safer from me?

She bends her head.

ARCHER

Safer from loving me?

EXTREME CLOSE-UP. What Archer sees: a tear, hanging in the mesh of her veil.

ELLEN

(pause) Shall I come to you once, and then go home?

He doesn't answer. She gets up and starts out. He CATCHES HER by the arm.

ARCHER

Come to me once, then.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (2)

94

They look at each other almost like enemies.

ARCHER
(pressing)
When? Tomorrow?

ELLEN
(hesitating)
The day after.

She moves away down the long gallery. He follows her.

ELLEN
No. Don't come any farther than this.

She hurries to the gallery door, turns, then leaves.

DISSOLVE from her, small in the distance, framed in the gallery door, to...

CUT TO:

95 INT. LIBRARY/ARCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

95

Archer is at his desk. An envelope addressed to Ellen is near him; his pen is poised over a piece of vellum on which he is writing an address for their rendezvous. A KEY, to go with the address, is ready to be sealed in the envelope as he looks up, slightly startled...

...as May enters, a little agitated.

MAY
I'm sorry I'm late. You weren't worried, were you?

He SWEEPS the key, envelope and address into his desk drawer before she is near enough to notice.

ARCHER
Is it late?

She removes her velvet hat as she speaks, drawing the long hatpins from her glistening hair.

MAY
Past seven. I stayed at Granny's because Cousin Ellen came in.

Archer reacts to the mention of Ellen's name. May doesn't seem to notice.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

MAY

We had a wonderful talk. She was so dear. Just like the old Ellen, And Granny's so charmed by her.

He listens to this, still beguiled by her apparent kindness.

MAY

You do see, though, why sometimes the family has been annoyed? Going to see Regina Beaufort in Granny's carriage...

Now he gets up, annoyed at the same old prattle.

ARCHER

Aren't we dining out?

He starts past her, and she moves forward, almost impulsively. She throws her arms around him and presses her cheek to his.

MAY

You haven't kissed me today.

She is trembling.

CUT TO:

96 INT. THEATER - NIGHT

96

CAMERA looks down on May from above. She is sitting serenely in a theater box. She wears a beautiful dress of blue-white satin and old lace.

CAMERA moves in slowly to her as we hear...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was the custom, in old New York, for brides to appear in their wedding dress during the first year or too of marriage. But May, since returning from Europe, had not worn her bridal satin until this evening.

On those last words, we quickly see...

CAMERA close on a bright bunch of DAISIES; petals being sprinkled on the ground.

MUSIC up: it is the yearly performance of Faust. A woman starts to sing an aria.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

In a reprise of the opening scene, we DISSOLVE to the face of Newland Archer, who is surveying the audience from the back of the club box. CAMERA PANS (his POV) as he looks across the row of boxes, sees: MAY, in her wedding dress.

Then he looks over to the Mingott box, where he first saw Ellen Olenska. It is empty.

CUT TO:

97 INT. THEATER - NIGHT

97

As in the opening scene: Archer's POV as he walks quickly down the theater corridor, past its red velvet walls.

CUT TO:

98 INT. THEATER - NIGHT

98

CAMERA on Archer, tight, as he enters box and leans over to May.

ARCHER

My head's bursting. Don't tell anyone,
but please come home with me.

May looks at him, then whispers to her mother. Mrs. Welland whispers an excuse to her companion, Mrs. van der Luyden, as May rises and leaves with her husband.

As she goes, she puts her hand on his.

CUT TO:

99 INT. LIBRARY/ARCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

99

Starting with CAMERA close on Archer's hand as he opens a silver box and takes out a cigarette.

CAMERA pans with cigarette, as we hear...

MAY

Shouldn't you rest?

Archer walks to the fireplace, May near him.

ARCHER

My head's not as bad as that. And
there's something important I have
to tell you right away.

May sits down in an armchair, looking at him expectantly. Archer's library is newly decorated with dark embossed paper, Eastlake bookcases and writing table.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

ARCHER

May...There's something I've got to
tell you....about myself....

May sits still. Her face is tranquil, but very pale.

ARCHER

Madame Olenska...

MAY

(interrupting)

Oh, why should we talk about Ellen
tonight?

ARCHER

Because I should have spoken before.

MAY

Is it really worthwhile, dear? I
know I've been unfair to her at times.
Perhaps we all have. You've understood
her better than any of us, I suppose.
But does it matter, now that it's
all over?

ARCHER

Over? How do you mean, over?

MAY

Why, since she's going back to Europe
so soon.

Archer's hand grips the corner of the mantelpiece.

MAY

Granny approves and understands.
She's disappointed, of course, but
she's arranged to make Ellen
financially independent of the Count.
I thought you would have heard today
at your offices.

He stares, not really seeing her. She lowers her eyes.

Silence.

A lump of coal falls forward in the grate. May gets up to
push it back and Archer turns to face her.

ARCHER

It's impossible.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2)

99

MAY

Impossible? Certainly she could have stayed here, with Granny's extra money. But I guess she's given us up after all.

ARCHER

How do you know that?

MAY

From Ellen. I told you I saw her at Granny's yesterday.

ARCHER

And she told you yesterday?

MAY

No. She sent me a note this afternoon. Do you want to see it?

May moves to the desk and pulls the note from a small pile of mail on the desk.

MAY

I thought you knew.

She holds out a note. He moves to her and takes it.

As CAMERA MOVES IN very close on Archer now, the LIGHTING in the room seems to FADE. There are SHADOWS like slanted bands across his face.

ELLEN (V.O.)

"May dear, I have at last made Granny understand that my visit to her could be no more than a visit, and she has been as kind and generous as ever. She sees now that if I return to Europe I must live by myself. I am hurrying back to Washington to pack up, and I sail next week. You must be very good to Granny when I'm gone...as good as you've always been to me."

We see Archer's head now in CLOSE UP. His EYES, reading the note, are ILLUMINATED by a single strip of LIGHT.

ELLEN (V.O.)

"If any of my friends wish to urge me to change my mind, please tell them it would be utterly useless."

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (3)

99

LIGHT in the room COMES UP as Archer looks away from the note to May.

ARCHER
Why did she if write this?

MAY
I suppose because we talked things
over yesterday.

ARCHER
What things?

MAY
I told her I was afraid I hadn't
been fair to her. I hadn't always
understood how hard it must have
been here.

Archer is struggling hard to keep himself together.

MAY
I knew you'd be the one friend she
could always count on. And I wanted
her to know that you and I were the
same. In all our feelings.
(more slowly)
She understood why I wanted to tell
her this. I think she understands
everything.

She takes one of his cold hands and presses it quickly to
her cheek.

MAY
My head aches, too. Good night, dear.

She turns and walks toward the door. Her wedding dress makes
a soft SOUND in the still room.

CUT TO:

100 INT. DINING ROOM/ARCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

100

CAMERA moves down the long dining room table, seeing: open-
work silver baskets, containing Maillard bonbons, placed
between candelabra; a lavish centerpiece of Jacqueminot roses
and maidenhair; the finest china and silver; handwritten
dinner menus edged in gold.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was, as Mrs. Archer said to Mrs. Welland, a great event for a young couple to give their first dinner, and it was not to be undertaken lightly. There was a hired chef, two borrowed footmen, roses from Henderson's, Roman punch and menus on gilt-edged cards. It was considered a particular triumph that the van der Luydens, at May's request, stayed in the city to be present at her farewell dinner for the Countess Olenska.

Big CLOSE-UP of Archer. He goes through the motions of eating, but he has the face of a man in suspended animation.

CAMERA MOVES slowly out from him. First we see who's seated on Archer's left: ELLEN, wearing several rows of amber beads around her neck.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Archer saw all the harmless-looking people at the table as a band of quiet conspirators, with himself, and Ellen, the center of their conspiracy.

Gradually shot widens to include the room: there is a piano in a corner with a large basket of flowers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He guessed himself to have been, for months, the center of countless silently observing eyes and patiently listening ears. He understood that, somehow, the separation between himself and the partner of his guilt had been achieved. And he knew that now the whole tribe had rallied around his wife.

CAMERA (crane) ends on overhead shot of room: about twenty GUESTS -- including Mrs. Welland and Mrs. Archer, Janey and the van der Luydens and the Lefferts and the Jacksons -- are enjoying the dinner and making easy conversation.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He was a prisoner in the center of an armed camp.

Now we see: CLOSE-UP of Archer's dazed and troubled face. Table chatter continues. We hear, over...

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

100

JANEY

Regina's not well at all, but that
doesn't stop Beaufort from devoting
as much time to Annie Ring...

As conversation drones on, CAMERA tilts down toward Archer's
coat pocket, and we DISSOLVE...

...through his coat...

...inside his pocket...

...to a sealed envelope, with his name and address on the
outside...

...through this envelope...

...to a SECOND ENVELOPE, the one which Archer addressed to
Ellen...

...through this envelope to the vellum, with their rendezvous
address...

...and the key, lying beside the address in the folded note.

Now CUT back to CLOSE-UP of Archer. PULL OUT to TWO SHOT
with Ellen sitting next to him. In an act of will, he turns
to her.

ARCHER

Was the trip from Washington very
tiring?

ELLEN

The heat in the train was dreadful.
But all travel has its hardships.

ARCHER

Whatever they may be, they're worth
it. Just to get away.

She can't reply.

ARCHER

I mean to do a lot of traveling myself
soon.

Ellen's face trembles. To rescue the moment, he leans toward
a man sitting across from him.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (3)

100

ARCHER

Philip, what about you? A little adventure? A long trip? Are you interested? Athens and Smyrna and maybe Constantinople. Then as far East as we can go.

PHILIP

Possibly, possibly.

MRS. VAN DER LUYDEN

But not Naples. Dr. Bencomb says there's a fever.

ARCHER

There's India, too.

PHILIP

You must have three weeks to do India properly.

CUT TO:

101 INT. LIBRARY/ARCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

101

After dinner. The men are gathered in several groups, all smoking cigars. Archer still seems to be disengaged from everything happening around him, even though he manages to maintain appearances.

CAMERA starts close on group of several men near Archer.

LEFFERTS

Beaufort may not receive invitations anymore, but it's clear he still maintains a certain position.

PHILIP

Horizontal, from all I've heard.

CAMERA moves out to include others in group: Larry Lefferts, van der Luyden, Sillerton Jackson.

LEFFERTS

(indignant)

If things go on like this, we'll be seeing our children fighting for invitations to swindlers' houses and marrying Beaufort's bastards.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

JACKSON

Has he got any?

Laughter from the group.

GUEST

Careful, there, gentlemen. Draw it
mild, draw it mild.Archer manages a small smile, but is still distracted. He
starts to walk straight toward the CAMERA.CAMERA pans with him as he goes. Van der Luyden comes to his
side (from left side of frame) and gently takes his elbow.
We see, in TWO-SHOT: van der Luyden, in profile, as he speaks
to Archer. Archer's back is turned.

VAN DER LUYDEN

Have you ever noticed? It's the
people who have the worst cooks who
are always yelling about being
poisoned when they dine out. Lefferts
used to be a little more adept, I
thought. But then, grace is not always
required. As long as one knows the
steps.As van der Luyden speaks, the dialogue FADES and CAMERA moves
in on Archer, back still turned to us, lost in his own
thoughts. We end on tight CLOSE-UP of the back of Archer's
head. Behind him, the wall SHIFTS COLOR (to a deep lavender
or dark red) as we...

CUT TO:

102 INT. HALLWAY/ARCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

102

CAMERA in tight CLOSE-UP of Archer's face. PULL BACK to see:
Archer, standing in the doorway of the drawing room. Over
his shoulder, we see other men coming down from the library
to join the ladies.PAN from Archer slowly across room. We see MAY, sitting on a
gilt sofa next to Countess Olenska. MAY looks over, sees
Archer. Her eyes are shining as she gets up.As soon as she's on her feet, Mrs. van der Luyden beckons
ELLEN to join her across the room.Mrs. van der Luyden is standing next to a tall period PORTRAIT
displayed on an easel. Having the painting situated in the
room this way makes the subject of the portrait, a woman in
formal dress, seem almost to be living, another party guest.
ELLEN comes slowly toward Mrs. van der Luyden, and ANOTHER
WOMAN joins them.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

CAMERA pans with all this careful social choreography. ARCHER watches the ritual as if it were an elaborate rehearsal for a firing squad. We hear...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The silent organization which held this whole small world together was determined to put itself on record. It had never for a moment questioned the propriety of Madame Olenska's conduct. It had never questioned Archer's fidelity. And it had never heard of, suspected, or even conceived possible, anything at all to the contrary.

CAMERA pans across the roomful of guests chatting with languid animation.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

From the seamless performance of this ritual, Archer knew that New York believed him to be Madame Olenska's lover.

CAMERA now on May.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And he understood, for the first time, that his wife shared the belief.

May looks at him and smiles.

CUT TO:

103 INT. FRONT HALL/ARCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

103

CAMERA (Archer's POV) swoops down on Ellen's bare shoulders in a great desperate rush.

Archer is helping her on with her cloak. Other GUESTS are leaving. A sharp wind comes through the open door, making the candlelight in the hallway flicker.

ARCHER

Shall I see you to your carriage?

She turns to him as Mrs. van der Luyden, swathed in sable, steps forward.

MRS. VAN DER LUYDEN

(casual)

We are driving dear Ellen home.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

Ellen, grasping her fan of eagle feathers and holding her cloak closed, offers her hand to Archer.

ELLEN

Good-bye.

ARCHER

Good-bye. But I'll see you soon in Paris.

ELLEN

Oh...if you and May could come...

Mr. van der Luyden comes forward to offer his arm. She takes it, and walks down the steps of the house.

Archer watches from the doorway. He sees:

Ellen, stepping into the carriage. For a moment, as she gets herself settled, he can see her FACE in the dim streetlight.

Then she sits back, and she is LOST in shadow.

CUT TO:

104 INT. UPPER HALLWAY/ARCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

104

May, holding a lamp, climbs the stairs of the now silent house. Archer is a few steps behind her.

He stops, and goes toward the open door of the library.

May keeps going.

CUT TO:

105 INT. LIBRARY/ARCHER HOUSE - NIGHT

105

Archer looks lost in the room. May, pale but still full of energy after the long night, now appears in the doorway.

MAY

It did go off beautifully, didn't it?

ARCHER

Oh. Yes.

MAY

May I come in and talk it over?

ARCHER

Of course. But you must be very sleepy.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

MAY

No. I'm not. I'd like to be with you
a little.

ARCHER

Fine.

They sit in separate chairs near the fire.

ARCHER

(pause)

Since you're not tired and want to
talk, there's something I have to
tell you. I tried the other night.

MAY

Oh yes, dear. Something about
yourself?

ARCHER

About myself, yes. You say you're
not tired. But I am. I'm tired of
everything. I want to make a break...

MAY

You mean give up the law?

ARCHER

Well, maybe. To get away, at any
rate. Right away. On a long trip. Go
somewhere that's so far...

MAY

How far?

ARCHER

I don't know. I thought of India. Or
Japan.

She stands up and walks toward him.

MAY

As far as that? But I'm afraid you
can't, dear...

(unsteady voice)

...not unless you take me with you.
That is, if the doctors will let me
go...but I'm afraid they won't.

He stares at her, his eyes nearly wild.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (2)

105

MAY
I've been sure of something since
this morning and I've been longing
to tell you...

She sinks down in front of him, puts her face against his
knee.

ARCHER
Oh.

He strokes her hair with his cold hand.

MAY
You didn't guess?

ARCHER
No. Of course, I mean, I hoped, but...

He looks away from her.

ARCHER
(quietly)
Have you told anyone else?

MAY
Only Mama, and your mother.
(a beat)
And Ellen. You know I told you we'd
had a long talk one afternoon...and
how wonderful she was to me.

ARCHER
Ah.

MAY
Did you mind my telling her, Newland?

ARCHER
Mind? Why should I? But that was two
weeks ago, wasn't it? I thought you
said you weren't sure till today.

MAY
(face flushed)
No. I wasn't sure then. But I told
her I was. And you see...

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (3)

105

She looks up at him, moving closer.

MAY

I was right.

She is very close to him now, expecting to be kissed. Her eyes are wet with VICTORY.

CAMERA close on Newland. He's speechless. He averts his eyes.

CAMERA follows his desperate gaze around the room. It starts to PAN slowly. After several moments we hear...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was the room in which most of the real things of his life had happened.

CAMERA continues to PAN slowly around the room, from left to right.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Their eldest boy, Theodore, too delicate to be taken to church in midwinter, had been christened there.

DISSOLVE to another PAN, moving in the same direction: a baby being christened by an Episcopal bishop. May, Archer and the rest of the family standing by, proud and pleased.

DISSOLVE to PAN continuing slowly across room. We begin to notice gradual changes: in the furniture; in the furnishings; in the lighting.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was here that Ted took his first steps. And it was here that Archer and his wife always discussed the future of all their children. Bill's interest in archeology. Mary's passion for sport and philanthropy. Ted's inclinations toward "art" that led to a job with an architect, as well as some considerable redecoration.

CAMERA pans slowly past a Chippendale cabinet and some English mezzotints.

DISSOLVE to PAN in same direction, tighter than the one before: of Mary, a stalwart young girl, being embraced by a happy, older May.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (4)

105

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was in this room that Mary had announced her engagement to the dullest and most reliable of Larry Lefferts' many sons. And it was in this room, too, that her father had kissed her through her wedding veil before they motored to Grace Church.

DISSOLVE to PAN in same direction, very tight: of Archer kissing his daughter through the veil.

DISSOLVE to continuing PAN of the library.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He was a dutiful, loving father, and a faithful husband. When May died of infectious pneumonia after nursing Bill safely through, he had honestly mourned her. The world of her youth had fallen into pieces and rebuilt itself without her ever noticing.

CAMERA has completed pan of room, and now moves slowly in on a silver-framed picture of the young May, dressed in her Newport archery costume.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This hard bright blindness, her incapacity to recognize change, made her children conceal their views from her, just as Archer concealed his. She died thinking the world a good place, full of loving and harmonious households like her own.

CAMERA is close on the picture, which rests on Archer's Eastlake writing-table. Near it: a shaded electric lamp. And the marble model of May's folded hands that was done in Paris during their honeymoon.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Newland Archer, in his fifty-seventh year, mourned his past and honored it.

We hear, for the first time: a SOUND that is both startling and familiar...the RINGING of a telephone.

CAMERA PANS to phone, and to Archer's hand picking up the receiver.

CAMERA follows the phone and reveals his face: at 57, he shows the evidence of a full life behind him.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (5)

105

ARCHER
Yes? Hello?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Chicago wants you.

TED (V.O.)
Dad?

ARCHER
Ted?

TED (V.O.)
I'm just about finished out here,
but my client wants me to look at
some gardens before I start designing.

ARCHER
Fine. Where?

TED (V.O.)
Europe. I'll have to sail next
Wednesday, on the Mauretania.

ARCHER
And miss the wedding?

TED (V.O.)
Annie will wait for me. I'll be back
on the first and our wedding's not
'till the fifth.

CAMERA starts to PAN around the room again. We hear the rest
of this conversation while seeing the other side of the
changed room.

ARCHER
(affectionate)
I'm surprised you remember the date.

TED (V.O.)
Well, I was hoping you'd join me.
I'll need you to remind me of what's
important. What do you say? It will
be our last father and son trip.

ARCHER
I appreciate the invitation, but...

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (6)

105

TED (V.O.)
Wonderful. Can you call the Cunard
office first thing tomorrow?

CAMERA has come to rest on the window. Through the softly
blowing curtains we see: a sunny street on a fine New York
spring day.

And we...

DISSOLVE TO:

106 INT. BRISTOL HOTEL ROOM/PARIS - DAY

106

Another window. Now the city is Paris, the street outside
the Faubourg St. Honore. The spring day is equally fine.

CAMERA pans around room, left-to-right. The luxurious
furnishings make a distinct contrast to Archer's darker,
subtler library. END on Archer, sitting on a divan near the
window, looking out.

A hand comes in and touches his shoulder. He turns: it's
Ted. He has his mother's bearing. But he has Archer's eyes.

TED
I'm going out to Versailles with
Tourneur. Will you join us?

ARCHER
I thought I'd go to the Louvre.

TED
I'll meet you there later, then.
Countess Olenska is expecting us at
half-past five.

ARCHER
(stunned)
What?

TED
Oh, didn't I tell you. Annie made me
swear to do three things in Paris.
Get her the score of the last Debussy
songs. Go to the Grand Guignol. And
see Madame Olenska. You know she was
awfully good to Annie when Mr.
Beaufort sent her over to the
Sorbonne.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

CAMERA moves close on Archer as his son talks, until only Archer is in the frame. We see, in his face, signs of memories flooding back.

TED

Wasn't the Countess friendly with Mr. Beaufort's first wife or something? I think Mrs. Beaufort said that she was. In any case, I called the Countess this morning and introduced myself as her cousin and...

ARCHER

You told her I was here?

TED

Of course. Why not? She sounds lovely. Was she?

ARCHER

Lovely? I don't know. She was different.

CUT TO:

107 INSERT

107

A series of paintings of the Italian Renaissance, DISSOLVING quickly from one to another.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Whenever he thought of Ellen Olenska, it had been abstractly, serenely, like an imaginary loved one in a book or picture. She had become the complete vision of all that he had missed.

Last painting of the short series is a Titian of almost palpable sensuality.

HOLD on this as we hear...

ARCHER (V.O.)

(whispering) But I'm only fifty-seven.

And we...

DISSOLVE TO:

108 INT. LOUVRE/PARIS - DAY

108

Archer's face, melancholy and uncertain now, studying the Titian.

Dazzles of afternoon light flood the gallery. He turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. TUILERIES/PARIS - AFTERNOON

109

Ted and Archer, deep in conversation, walk through the great gardens on their way to Madame Olenska's.

TED

Did Mr. Beaufort really have such a bad time of it, when he wanted to remarry? No one wanted to give him an inch.

ARCHER

Perhaps because he had already taken so much.

TED

As if anyone remembers any more. Or cares.

ARCHER

Well, he and Annie Ring did have a lovely daughter. You're very lucky.

TED

We're very lucky, you mean.

ARCHER

Yes, that's what I mean.

TED

So considering how that all turned out...and considering all the time that's gone by...I don't see how you can resist.

ARCHER

Well, I did have some resistance at first to your marriage, I've told you that...

TED

No, I mean resist seeing the woman you almost threw everything over for. Only you didn't.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

ARCHER
(cautious)
I didn't.

TED
No. But mother said...

ARCHER
Your mother?

TED
Yes. The day before she died. She asked to see me alone, remember? She said she knew we were safe with you, and always would be. Because once, when she asked you to, you gave up the thing you wanted most.

Archer walks on in silence for a few moments.

ARCHER
She never asked me.

CUT TO:

110 EXT. RUE DU BAC/PARIS - DAY

110

A quiet quarter off a busy boulevard. Archer stands in a little square, looking up at a contemporary building with balconies running up its cream-colored front.

CAMERA (Archer's POV) MOVES across the surface of the building.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
After a little while he did not regret Ted's indiscretion. It seemed to take an iron band from his heart to know that, after all, someone had guessed and pitied...And that it should have been his wife moved him inexpressibly.

Ted crosses the square to his father.

TED
The porter says it's the fifth floor.
He casually slips his arm through his father's.

TED
It must be the one with the awnings.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

They both look toward an upper balcony, just above the horse-chestnut trees in the square. The day is fading into a soft sun-shot haze. The sun makes reflections on the window.

Ted turns to his father.

TED
It's nearly six.

Archer sees an empty bench under a tree.

ARCHER
I think I'll sit a moment.

TED
Do you mean you won't come?

Archer shrugs.

TED
You really won't come at all?

ARCHER
I don't know.

TED
She won't understand.

ARCHER
Go on, son. Maybe I'll follow you.

He walks toward the bench, Ted following him.

TED
But what will I tell her?

ARCHER
(as he sits)
Don't you always have something to say?

TED
I'll tell her you're old-fashioned and you insist on walking up five flights instead of taking the elevator.

ARCHER
(pause)
Just say I'm old-fashioned. That should be enough.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

110

Ted gives his father a look of affectionate exasperation, then crosses the square and goes into the building.

Archer sits on the bench, watching him go.

Then he LOOKS UP at the windows on the fifth floor.

The setting SUN makes dazzling REFLECTIONS on the glass.

A CURTAIN moves, briefly, then falls back into place.

The sun suddenly makes a bright FLARE on the pane, stinging Archer's eyes. He moves his head slightly and we...

CUT TO:

111 EXT. SUMMER HOUSE/NEWPORT - DUSK

111

Another sunset, almost thirty years before.

A SAILBOAT starts to sail between the shore and a LIGHTHOUSE.

ELLEN, in the summer house, watches it. Her back is to us.

The SAILBOAT glides between the shore and the LIGHTHOUSE.
The SUN dances on the water.

ELLEN stands in the last brilliant burst of the setting sun.
She starts to move.

She TURNS AROUND.

And looks full at us, CAMERA close.

And SHE SMILES.

DISSOLVE TO:

112 EXT. RUE DU BAC/PARIS - DAY

112

DISSOLVE onto balcony window. A servant starts to roll up the awning.

WIDE SHOT of Archer, still on the bench, watching the awning being secured. The servant finishes, goes back inside.

Archer remains on the bench, alone in the twilight.

FADE OUT:

THE END