

THE LOVE LETTER

Teleplay by

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Based on the story by

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FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

THE LOVE LETTER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 OMITTED 1 *

2 EXT. BOSTON STREET - LONG LENS - DAY 2 *

A funky, old section of town filled with antique shops, etc. SCOTTY CORRIGAN (31) and DEBRA (29), strolling TOWARD CAMERA, each enjoying an ice cream cone. There's a comfortable familiarity between them. Debra wears an engagement ring. *

She tastes Scotty's ice cream, then shakes her head, doesn't like it. Scotty takes a taste of her ice cream, then another -- obviously preferring it.

She playfully refuses to let him have any more.

3 EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY 3 *

As they approach, Debra stops, drawn by the window display.

4 HER POV - LACE ANTIQUE WEDDING GOWN 4

fitted over a dressmaker's wire frame.

5 BACK TO SCENE 5

DEBRA
Oh, Scotty -- it's perfect.

6 INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY 6 *

As they enter, Scotty follows Debra who squeezes through the crammed shop to view the wedding gown from the back. She reaches out to touch the lace.

JACOB CAMPBELL (O.S.)
She's a beauty, isn't she?

They turn to see JACOB CAMPBELL, a silver-haired proprietor in his 60s. He holds a box with a porcelain tea set.

DEBRA
Can I try it on?

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED:

6

JACOB CAMPBELL
I'm afraid it's not for sale.
Belonged to my grandmother.

Disappointed, Debra looks longingly at the dress.

JACOB CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
Good way to get folks into the
shop, though -- especially pretty
young ladies, dragging in their
fellas.

DEBRA
Very clever.

Debra crosses to a rack with other dresses.

FOLLOW Scotty as he crosses to a bookcase, begins to
page through an old volume of Civil War photographs when
he notices --

6A WORK AREA

6A *

At the back of the store. Scotty crosses over to look at
it. Jacob ENTERS SHOT.

SCOTTY
I do a little furniture restoring
myself. Mind if I look around?

JACOB
Help yourself.

Scotty examines some of Jacob's wood-working equipment,
then noticing some old pieces of furniture off to the
side, he walks over to look at them.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Just got those in the other day.

There's a bench, a few chairs, a table and another piece
covered by a paint-stained dropcloth.

Scotty lifts the cloth TO REVEAL an old, dusty, ANTIQUE
DESK. He runs his hand over the scarred surfaces.

SCOTTY
(to himself)
Beautiful.

Jacob ENTERS FRAME. Seeing the Civil War book in Scotty's
hand:

(CONTINUED)

6A

CONTINUED:

6A

JACOB

That desk belonged to a Union
general.

SCOTTY

Really? Do you know his name?

JACOB

Not offhand.

Scotty calls to Debra.

SCOTTY

Deb, look at this.

She crosses over.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

Great, isn't it?

DEBRA

It's falling apart.

SCOTTY

So it needs a little work. It
belonged to a Union general!

DEBRA

(straight)

That makes all the difference.

SCOTTY

You know I need a desk.

(to Jacob)

How much will you take for it?

JACOB

Well, I was plannin' on restorin'
it myself. But if you really want
it -- eight hundred.

DEBRA

Scotty, forget it. Let's go.

SCOTTY

How's six hundred?

JACOB

Nope. Eight hundred's the best
I can do.

Scotty studies him for a beat, knows he's out-negotiated.

(CONTINUED)

6A CONTINUED: (2)

6A

SCOTTY

I can't pay that.

JACOB

Then it looks like we can't
make a deal.

*

On Scotty's disappointed face...

7 OMITTED

7

8 EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY

8

The couple exit the antique shop and continue their walk.
Scotty looks distracted.

DEBRA

Maybe I can take a picture of the
dress and show it to a designer --

Suddenly Scotty stops, and heads back towards the shop.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Where you going?

SCOTTY

I have to have that desk.

*

DEBRA

It's too much money!

He enters the shop.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

(calling)

How are you going to get it home?

9 EXT. BOSTON - SOUTH SIDE - NIGHT

9

as Scotty drives his Explorer up the cobbled, tree-lined
street. The antique slant-top desk tied to the roof is
illuminated by the moonlight.He stops in front of an old semi-gentrified loft building.
He and Debra get out, begin to take the desk down.

10 INT. SCOTTY'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

10

Except for a mountain bike and a lot of high-tech
electronic equipment, Herman Melville would have been
perfectly comfortable here.

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED:

10

As Scotty and Debra carry the desk into the living area, we get a look at the place. Cluttered book shelves, old comfortable furniture, a scattering of antiques, a pine table which holds a regiment of lead Civil War soldiers.

DEBRA

This is the first time I've ever seen you do an impulse buy.

SCOTTY

(grin)

I thought you wanted me to be more spontaneous.

DEBRA

Well, next time be spontaneous over something lighter.

*

They put the desk down next to a makeshift desk comprised of a door balanced across two small file cabinets.

SCOTTY

You're pretty strong for a girl.

DEBRA

Must be from throwing all those manuscripts into the reject pile.

He looks at the desk, touches some of the scarred areas.

SCOTTY

Wait'll you see what this looks like when I just rub a little wax into it.

Debra smiles at him fondly.

DEBRA

I love you.

He smiles, takes her in his arms, kisses her. They kiss some more but then Debra breaks the embrace.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

I've got an eight o'clock breakfast meeting. I should go.

Reluctantly, he nods and walks her to the door.

SCOTT

I'll talk to you tomorrow.

Another kiss.

(CONTINUED)

10

CONTINUED: (2)

10

DEBRA

Sweet dreams.

She exits. He crosses to the desk, looks at it, then, as he starts for the stairs to his balcony bedroom...

DISSOLVE TO:

11

INT. SCOTTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

11

Softly billowing curtains at the open window. PAN TO Scotty in bed, his eyes wide open.

A beat, he glances at the bedside clock. It reads 2:10 AM. Looks like no sleep tonight. Finally he gives up, swings his feet to the floor.

- 12 INT. LIVING AREA - ACROSS DESK 12
- SCOTTY - FROM BELOW
- As he appears at the balcony, looks down.
- 12A HIS POV - DESK 12A
- Lit faintly from the reflection of a streetlamp outside.
- BACK TO SCOTTY
- As he stands there for a beat looking at it.
- 12B SCOTTY'S HAND - CLOSE 12B
- Rubbing wax into the desk with a soft cloth. Finishing, he steps back to admire his work.
- WIDER
- And indeed, he was right. The desk is beautiful. It glows with a magical patina. The scarred surfaces in no way detract from its charm.
- He begins to transfer items from his former desk to his new one, including his laptop and a desk calendar. *
- Then sitting -- he rubs his eyes and stretches. Begins to examine the desk, opening drawers. One interior drawer is shorter than the rest. Scotty tugs at it, but it won't budge. Something is holding it.
- He feels around underneath and discovers a locking mechanism concealed on the rear of an adjacent drawer.
- 13 OMITTED 13
- 14 ON DRAWER 14
- Scotty manipulates the device, and is able to remove the short drawer, revealing a secret compartment behind it.
- 15 ON SCOTTY 15
- As he bends to look, then sees something.
- 16 COMPARTMENT 16
- As he reaches in, withdraws a sheaf of yellowed, but perfectly preserved, stationery and envelopes, an old ink bottle and a nib pen.

- 17 BACK TO SCENE 17
- Scotty opens the ink bottle. The ink inside is dried.
- He looks at the stationery, then notices that one envelope is thicker than the rest, and sealed. He opens it to find a letter inside.
- 18 INSERT - LETTER 18
- The handwriting is beautifully clear, letters perfectly formed and very ornate. The ink, rust-black with age.
- The date at the top: April 16, 1863, and above the date, an embossed name: Elizabeth Whitcomb.
- 19 BACK TO SCOTTY 19
- who looks at the date on his desk calendar.
- 20 DESK CALENDAR 20
- It reads: April 15. *
- 21 SCOTTY 21
- glances at the clock: 2:25 AM. He tears off the calendar page. It now reads: April 16, same date as the letter, 134 years later.
- PAN UP TO Scotty, struck by the strange coincidence. He begins to read the letter.
- SLOWLY TIGHTEN TO HIM as we HEAR a soft WOMAN'S VOICE:
- WOMAN (V.O.)
Dearest, It is after midnight and
I am at last free to speak to you.
Mother, Father and Flossy have
grown accustomed to my late-night
scribbling and have bid me good
night.
- 22 EXT. LATE NIGHT SKY - NIGHT 22
- There's a crescent moon with a ghostly aura, and in the distance, the sound of a FOG HORN.
- As the Woman's VOICE continues, TILT DOWN TO the softly glowing street light and Scotty's building. *

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

WOMAN (V.O.)

In my twenty-nine years, I have been called upon by several gentlemen, but you are the one who occupies my thoughts. Even though you are not real, you are more dear to me than the man who has asked, just this night, for my hand in marriage.

23 INT. SCOTTY'S LIVING AREA - NIGHT

23 *

ACROSS LEAD SOLDIERS: Union and Confederate riflemen face each other, rifles leveled at an impasse. PAN TO Scotty hunched over the desk, rapt.

WOMAN (V.O.)

I do not love him. To please Father, I have tried, and sadly I know I have a duty to obey and must soon accept. But I ache for a love that burns like fire and moonlight.

PAN OFF Scotty and OVER the stationery, the ink bottle, the cubbyholes in the desk...

WOMAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I speak with you in my mind and heart. If only you existed outside of them. Good night, sweetheart; dream of me.

Scotty stares at the letter for another beat, smiles sadly, then begins to type into his computer, reading aloud.

SCOTTY

Dear Lady, I've just read the letter in the secret compartment of your desk...

*

24 OMITTED

24

&

&

25

25

26 ON COMPUTER

26

MOVE IN as the words streak across the screen.

SCOTTY (O.S.)

... and wish there was some way I could help you.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

PAN THE ROOM as Scotty speaks:

SCOTTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I know you feel an obligation to
your father, but you have to obey
your heart. It's a mistake to
marry someone you don't love.

PHOTOS above the fireplace -- him and Debra skiing,
vacationing etc., Scotty at a mountain biking race -- the
bookcase, with lots of computer books and books on the
Civil War -- and the Civil War soldiers.

SCOTTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Don't despair. The man of your
dreams may be out there in the mist
right now, just a heartbeat away.

Scotty looks over what he's written so far, thinks a
beat, then types quickly.

SCOTTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Who knows? Perhaps I'm the one
you seek.

(a 'beat)

But unfortunately, my dear, I have
already given my heart to Scarlett
O'Hara. Yours always, Rhett Butler.

*

He laughs to himself, then saves the document.

27 INT. SCOTTY'S OFFICE - CLOSE - DESKTOP COMPUTER SCREEN - 27 *
DAY

Animated Civil War soldiers deploy on opposite sides of a creek. A balloon appears over the Confederate Army.

28 ANOTHER ANGLE 28

Scotty at his desk, typing words that fill the balloon:
"You are General Lee. Do you A) Attack at dawn? B) Wait
for General Jackson's forces..."

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

And C) Are you ever going to
finish?

Scotty turns.

28A ANOTHER ANGLE 28A

TO INCLUDE standing in back of him LESTER WHINNEY (32),
an overweight Bill Gates and Scotty's boss. *

SCOTTY

Stop worrying, Lester. I'm
almost done.

LESTER

Signagame's going to kill us at
Christmas time. *

SCOTTY

It'll be ready.

LESTER

Better be. And in the meantime,
we'll whip them in the race.

Lester exits. Scotty thinks for a beat, then speed dials
the phone.

29 OMITTED 29

& &

30 30

31 INT. STAUNTON PRESS - DEBRA'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON 31
MANUSCRIPT

with red markings on it. PAN UP to include Debra in
reading glasses, with red pen poised over a page. A pile
of manuscripts sits neatly on her desk.

The phone RINGS and she answers it.

DEBRA

This is Debra.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Are you using your red pen?

INTERCUT Scotty in his office.

DEBRA

Oh, yeah. Making lots of slash marks.

SCOTTY

Hey, listen -- what's the name of the antique shop we went to?

DEBRA

"Jacob's" something. Restorations?
(remembering)
Jacob's Antique's and Restoration.

*

*

SCOTTY

That's right. Thanks, hon.

DEBRA

What do you need it for?

SCOTTY

(casual)

I wanna ask that guy something about the desk. So I'll see you later?

DEBRA

Yeah. I'll make us dinner.

SCOTTY

Great. Love you.

DEBRA

Love you, too.

He hangs up. Debra resumes her work.

32

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

32

Jacob inspects an old clock while speaking on the phone.

JACOB

I've done some checking, young fella, and I still can't find out who that general was.

INTERCUT Scotty in his office.

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

SCOTTY

(realizing)

There was no Civil War general,
was there? You just told me that
so I would buy the desk.

JACOB

Seemed to me you'd already bought
that desk before I even said a
word.

SCOTTY

Is there some way I can find out
the original owner?

JACOB

I've got the paperwork around here
somewhere.

SCOTTY

Can you find it?

JACOB

You sound a little urgent, young
fella.

SCOTTY

No, I'm not. I'm just... could
you try and find it -- please?

JACOB

(sighs)

Okay. It might take a minute.

Jacob puts down the phone, opens a few drawers, rummaging
through them, then finds what he's looking for.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Oh yeah -- here it is.

(takes out folder,
opens it)

Picked it up in Willoughby.

SCOTTY

Where's that?

JACOB

Half hour north of here. Up near
Salem.

(leafs through folder)

Let's see now -- address --
#3 Mill Plain Road -- a big old
place outside of town.

33

INT. SCOTTY'S LOFT APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

33

Scotty enters, home from work, and finds Debra standing by the desk, holding Elizabeth Whitcomb's letter.

DEBRA

Where did you get this?

SCOTTY

Why are you reading my mail?

DEBRA

Your mail? This is dated 1863.
It took a little time to get here.

He puts down his briefcase and loosens his tie.

SCOTTY

I found it in the desk. In a
secret compartment.

DEBRA

You're kidding. A secret
compartment? Where?

SCOTTY

(edgy)

Deb, I just walked in. I don't
feel like taking apart the whole
desk.

DEBRA

I just asked.

SCOTTY

(a beat)

I'm sorry.

He crosses to the desk, pulls out the drawer.

DEBRA

You were right. The desk is
beautiful. What did you do
to it?

SCOTTY

Just polished it.

He shows her the secret compartment. She looks at the
letter again.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

DEBRA

Poor thing -- pouring her heart
out to nobody, some fantasy guy.
And she's stuck having to marry
some loser her father picked out
for her.

SCOTTY

Maybe she didn't marry him.

He puts the drawer back.

DEBRA

Get real, Scotty. We're talking
about the 1860s. She married him.
(beat)
I'll check on dinner.

She hands him the letter, exits. Scotty looks at it,
thinks about what she just said. For some reason he
feels bad about this.

34

OMITTED

34

35

EXT. BERKSHIRE MOUNTAIN TRAIL - VARIOUS CUTS - DAY

35

Hard, fast action as Scotty and MIKE, an African-American
in his 30s, careen their mountain bikes down a steep,
rutted trail.

*

36

BOTTOM OF TRAIL

36

Lester sits in a canvas chair at a makeshift finish line,
a stopwatch in one hand, a cappuccino in another, a
biscotti perched on the chair's arm.

He clicks the stopwatch as Scotty and Mike flash past
neck and neck. As they dismount, gasping:

LESTER

Six-fifty-two doesn't cut it,
troops. Signagame has a six-fifty
flat.

*

SCOTTY

(panting)
I'm happy for them.

Lester shakes his head, jerks a thumb up the hill.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

MIKE

No way, man. I've had it.

LESTER

Hey, we have less than six weeks
till Memorial Day and everlasting
glory. Coach says one more time.

MIKE

Isn't this -- like -- harassment?

SCOTTY

Only if he threatens to fire us if
we don't. And he can't afford to
fire us.

Giving Lester evil looks, they mount up.

37

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

37

Scotty's Explorer moving along, the mountain bike on a
bike rack.

38

INT. EXPLORER - OVER SCOTTY'S SHOULDER - MOVING

38

THROUGH the windshield, up ahead, a sign indicating
Boston straight ahead, Willoughby to the left.

Scotty registers this. Willoughby. Hmm. He decides,
turns left.

39

OMITTED

39

40

EXT. MILL PLAIN ROAD - DAY

40

Scotty's Explorer drives along a country blacktop TOWARD
CAMERA, slows, looks at a road map, then turns onto the
long, tree-lined dirt road.

*

40A

INT. CAR - MOVING - HOOD MOUNT

40A

*

Scotty at the wheel, reacts to something ahead.

*

40B

EXT. MILL PLAIN ROAD - DAY

40B

PAN WITH the Explorer TO REVEAL it ENTERING a circular
drive that fronts a big, old, white frame house.

40C

THROUGH WINDSHIELD - MOVING

40C

As we draw closer we see the house is in bad disrepair;
dilapidated, paint peeling, lawns overgrown, etc.

40D

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

40D

As Scotty pulls up, stops, gets out of the car.

He stands for a beat, gazing at the house, amazed that it's still there. Slowly he starts up the steps of the veranda.

(CONTINUED)

40D

CONTINUED:

40D

O.S. we hear the front door open and an angry WOMAN'S VOICE.

*

MAE (O.S.)

This is private property. You're trespassing.

41

ANOTHER ANGLE

41

TO INCLUDE MAE MULLEN, a black woman in her mid-eighties, is in the open door wielding a broom.

SCOTTY

I'm sorry. I don't mean to intrude...

MAE

Offa my property -- now!

SCOTTY

Look, I'm just interested in somebody who used to live in this house.

MAE

I know exactly what you're interested in and we're not interested. Miss Clarice is not going to a nursing home, and you can tell that to the whole blasted cousins' club.

SCOTTY

Ma'am, I'm not...

She slams the door. Scotty contemplates trying again, but he glances at his watch, and realizes just how late it is.

42

EXT. BEATRICE CORRIGAN'S BACK YARD - DAY

42

BEATRICE CORRIGAN (55), dressed theatrically in a peasant blouse, full skirt, and bangles, sets table for an al fresco brunch.

Her small back yard is decorated like an Italian patio with a grape arbor and pieces of plaster statuary. A tape player plays an Italian language tape.

TAPE (V.O.)

Bella.

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

BEATRICE

Bella.

TAPE (V.O.)

Multa bella.

BEATRICE

Multa bella.

Scotty enters with a bottle of red wine and takes in the scene. The tape continues in the b.g.

SCOTTY

You've outdone yourself this time,
mama mia.

BEATRICE

Before a trip, one should immerse
oneself in the culture.

Scotty taps one of the grapes -- plastic -- with his
nail.

SCOTTY

You've certainly done that.

BEATRICE

And it's no more "Beatrice." I've
got everyone calling me
Bee-a-triche-ee.

SCOTTY

I'll stick with "Mom."

Beatrice stops the language tape.

BEATRICE

You know, with all the money going
into your wedding, you and Debra
could take a trip around the
world.

SCOTTY

I don't want to take a trip around
the world.

BEATRICE

You see? That's your problem.
You get too stuck, Scotty --
trapped in your own little
universe.

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED: (2)

42

SCOTTY

Hey, no fair. You happen to be looking at a man who answered a one-hundred-and-thirty-four-year-old love letter.

*

BEATRICE

Scuzi?

SCOTTY

I found it in this antique desk I bought. "I dream of you. I speak with you in my mind and heart. If only you existed outside them."

BEATRICE

You memorized it?

SCOTTY

There was something about it... so sorrowful, so wistful. It just touched me --

(laughing to himself)

-- so I wrote back.

They sit down at the table.

BEATRICE

And did you mail it?

SCOTTY

Sure, Mom. But I don't trust the post office, so I sent it pony express.

BEATRICE

Don't get smart. H.G. Wells believed in time travel -- and Einstein thought that time was just another dimension. Of course, some people believe that souls can travel through time...

SCOTTY

And the Corrigans believe that it's time to eat lunch.

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED: (3)

42

He digs into his arugula salad. Beatrice is thinking.

BEATRICE

Do you have an address?

SCOTTY

Mother -- you're getting carried away. I never should've told you.

He continues to eat. She watches him.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

Believe it or not, the house is still standing.

BEATRICE

How do you know?

SCOTTY

Because I went to see it.

He focuses on his food, feigning nonchalance.

BEATRICE

Oh. But I'm the one getting carried away.

43

INT. DEBRA'S FAMILY HOME (NEW BEDFORD, MASS.) - CLOSE
ON DINING ROOM TABLE - DAY

43 *

covered with wedding magazines, file folders and brochures from caterers and florists.

PAN UP to include Debra and Scotty perusing the material. In her reading glasses, she looks serious and focused; Scotty overwhelmed.

In the b.g., THROUGH a sliding glass door, ED, 55, Debra's father, in a chef's apron, is cooking at a barbecue. *

JOAN, Debra's well-dressed mother, 50, steps INTO FRAME. *

JOAN

Here's a tentative seating plan --

SCOTTY

We haven't even sent out the invitations yet --

(looking at plan)

Who are these people?

Ed enters.

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED: (A1)

43

ED

Dinner'll be ready in half a
shake...

He heads for the kitchen, glancing at the seating chart.

ED (CONT'D)

Just don't put me anywhere near my
Cousin Howard.

SCOTTY

(*sotto*, to Debra)

This is twice the number we talked
about!

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

Joan hands them another file.

JOAN

All these realtors come highly recommended.

SCOTTY

Realtors?

(to Debra)

Can I speak to you a minute -- alone?

Debra turns to her mother who nods and exits into the kitchen.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

I thought we talked about keeping the wedding small and intimate.

DEBRA

I know. But there's so many people --

SCOTTY

And what's this about realtors?

DEBRA

I'm just afraid your place will be too crowded for us --

SCOTTY

Can't we get through one major life change before we move on to the next?

DEBRA

Is that what the wedding is? A "life change" you want to "get through"?

SCOTTY

Hey, come on. I didn't say that. I just feel like you have all these big plans for us...

DEBRA

Well, what's wrong with that?

He looks at her, softening.

SCOTTY

Nothing, you're right. I guess it's a little overwhelming, that's all. Forget it. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

Debra nods. Scotty puts his arm around her and kisses her hair, but we can see that there's still some friction between them.

44 INT. SCOTTY'S LIVING AREA - DAY

44 *

Beatrice in ethnic chic, and under full sail, places items from a voluminous purse on Scotty's desk.

Scotty picks up a glassine envelope containing a one-cent Benjamin Franklin stamp.

SCOTTY

What is all this?

BEATRICE

First class postage from Boston to Willoughby in 1863 was one cent. Be careful with that. It wasn't cheap. A bottle of ink... Got the Waterman people to duplicate the formula they used back then...

SCOTTY

Whoa! Hold it!

BEATRICE

Got to be perfect, or we haven't a prayer of crossing the barrier. Of course, the critical thing is the stationery, so use it sparingly, Scotty -- compose on your computer if you have to.

SCOTTY

Mother...

(laughs; shakes
his head)

Let's say that I bought into this lunacy for a few milliseconds -- which, believe me, I don't -- Where would you suggest I mail this painstakingly authentic missive?

Beatrice produces a street map.

BEATRICE

Manhasset Postal Sub-Station on the North Side, built 1857 -- only pre-Civil War post office in existence.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
It's open 24 hours for deposit.
Go at night. I'm not sure why,
but it seems more appropriate.

Scotty regards her with ironic wonder.

SCOTTY
Mom -- halt! Just between the two
of us -- you don't really expect
this to work...

BEATRICE
Wouldn't it be awesome if it did?

Scotty gives her a big hug.

SCOTTY
Thank heavens. I was afraid you'd
finally gone round the bend.

BEATRICE
Oh, I wish I could. Might see
something new.

45 OMITTED 45
& &
46 46

47 INT. SCOTTY'S LOFT BEDROOM - NIGHT 47

DOLLYING AROUND the bed as Scotty sleeps, fitfully
tossing and turning. When we are in CLOSEUP, he suddenly
awakens, looks around, disoriented.

48 INT. SCOTTY'S LIVING AREA - DESK - NIGHT 48

ACROSS the items Beatrice left: the stamps, the ink, the
North End street map. In the b.g., Scotty is padding
down the stairs.

He glances at the items, dismisses the thought, exits
into the kitchen.

48A INT. SCOTTY'S KITCHEN - BLACK - NIGHT 48A

Then light goes on as the refrigerator door opens and
Scotty stares in. A beat. He closes it.

49 INT. LIVING AREA - NIGHT 49

As Scotty comes out of the kitchen, stands staring at the
items on the desk. RACK TO them.

*
*

50 CLOSE - GLOWING COMPUTER SCREEN 50

Scotty's finger hits a key and Elizabeth Whitcomb's letter appears.

51 CLOSE - INK BOTTLE 51

Scotty unscrews the top, dips in the nib of the pen.

52 CLOSE - OLD YELLOWED STATIONERY 52

He is using one of the pieces without Elizabeth's name on it. *

*

As Scotty finishes transcribing the letter in longhand, he glances at the computer screen.

53 OMITTED 53

54 BACK TO SCOTTY 54

as he smiles, begins to write again.

55 LONGHAND COPY 55

He leaves out the ending so that the letter closes with "Perhaps I'm the man that you seek."

He signs it simply, "A Friend," and waves it gingerly to dry the ink.

SCOTTY

Funny farm, here I come...

56 OMITTED 56

57 EXT. MANHASSET POSTAL SUB-STATION - NIGHT 57

At this time of night, dark, quiet and empty.

A beat, then Scotty's Explorer pulls up, stops in front of the old building.

A dim interior light announces that the sub-station is open.

58 CLOSE - SCOTTY 58

He sits for a long moment, staring at the building. Then getting out of the car, he starts up the broad steps towards the entrance.

59 INT. MANHASSET POSTAL SUB-STATION - NIGHT 59

THROUGH the glass door, we see Scotty pause, then push the door open and enter.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

He starts across the worn marble floor, FOOTSTEPS ECHOING in the high-ceilinged, darkened room.

As he approaches the far wall, we see three tarnished brass mail slots. LOCAL, MASSACHUSETTS, NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL.

Shaking his head at the lunacy of what he's about to do, Scotty hefts the letter.

60 CLOSE - LETTER

60

We can clearly read the name and address: MISS ELIZABETH WHITCOMB, 3 MILL PLAIN ROAD, WILLOUGHBY.

61 BACK TO SCOTTY

61

He takes a breath, then pushes it through the second slot. A beat. He stands there waiting, then shrugs. Done -- idiot! Turning, he exits.

SLOWLY MOVE IN TO the tarnished brass slot. HOLD and...

62 EXT. SKY ABOVE 3 MILL PLAIN ROAD - DAY

62

A sunny morning, BIRDS CHIRPING. PAN DOWN TO the house, but somehow different than the old dilapidated house we've already seen: The paint is in good shape, the grounds well-tended.

It's the house of a prosperous merchant -- in 1863.

A ONE-HORSE SHAY CLATTERS INTO SCENE and stops. A postman, POTTS (50), alights and carries a leather pouch up the broad steps to the big front door, uses the knocker.

The door opens, revealing MAGGIE (22), an Irish maid.

MAGGIE

Good day to you, Mr. Potts.

POTTS

And to you, Maggie.

He hands her some letters. Maggie goes back inside.

63 INT. PARLOR - DAY

63

Maggie deposits the mail on a library table behind a sofa and moves OUT OF SCENE. MOVE IN ON the mail.

THE LETTER ON THE TOP IS SCOTTY'S. HOLD, and:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

64 INT. WHITCOMB PARLOR - CLOSE ON LETTER - DUSK 64

It lies, still unopened, on the library table. O.S., the sound of a PIANO. TILT UP TO INCLUDE FLOSSY (27), a sweet, slightly plump young woman, playing the piano.

WARREN (O.S.)
(calling)
Elizabeth?... Elizabeth?

64A ACROSS FLOSSY 64A *

WARREN WHITCOMB (55) steps INTO FRAME, a Victorian autocrat in a quilted smoking jacket, alongside EVERETT MERRIT REAGLE (39), a tall, good-looking man with a moustache.

WARREN (CONT'D)
Flossy -- have you seen your sister?

FLOSSY
She's in the garden, Papa. *

65 EXT. WHITCOMB GARDEN - DUSK 65 *

Across ELIZABETH (LIZZIE) WHITCOMB (29), slender, composed, crouching in the garden to admire a white flower beginning to bloom. *

She cups the flower in her hands, inhaling its fragrance. Reagle approaches in the b.g. *

REAGLE
Miss Whitcomb?

Lizzie turns. *

LIZZIE
Mr. Reagle. Good evening.

REAGLE
I found myself in the vicinity and took the liberty of stopping by.

LIZZIE
(forced)
How nice.

Mr. Reagle extends a hand to help her up.

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

65

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

She brushes her hands on her dress.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

(pointing to the
flower)

Quite lovely, isn't it?

REAGLE

(looking at her,
not the flower)

Very lovely.

Lizzie pretends not to notice the compliment. They start walking back to the house.

LIZZIE

It will be in full bloom by
midnight -- and then by morning,
it will be gone.

(beat)

I've been working on a poem about
it.

REAGLE

I hope you'll read it to me once
it's completed. I find your
verses most... charming.

LIZZIE

Thank you.

65A EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - DUSK

65A *

As they approach the veranda.

*

REAGLE

I was wondering, Miss -- Lizzie...

LIZZIE

Yes, Mr. Reagle?

He takes her hand. Elizabeth tenses a bit.

REAGLE

I was wondering if you'd had an
opportunity to consider the...
suggestion I made to you during my
previous visit?

(CONTINUED)

65A CONTINUED: (A1)

65A

LIZZIE

I'm still... contemplating it.

REAGLE

I'm glad to hear that.

Undaunted, Reagle kisses her hand and bows.

REAGLE (CONT'D)

Good evening.

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED: (2)

65

She smiles and curtsies. He touches the silver tip of his walking stick to the brim of his hat, climbs into his shay, drives off. Lizzie's smile fades.

66

INT. WHITCOMB PARLOR - DUSK

66

As Lizzie enters the foyer, there is an air of conspiratorial expectancy in the parlor: Flossy stops playing the piano, Warren rises and LAVINIA WHITCOMB (49) puts down her needlework.

Lizzie, expression pleasantly opaque, continues towards the stairs.

LIZZIE

I'm afraid I feel one of my
headaches coming on, so I'll say
good night. Father, Mother,
Floss...

67

INT. FOYER - TOP OF STAIRS

67

Lizzie climbs TOWARD CAMERA. Lavinia enters from the parlor.

LAVINIA

Oh, Lizzie, I forgot. There was a
letter for you.

She crosses to Lizzie, hands her Scotty's letter.

LIZZIE

Thank you, Mother.

LAVINIA

Do feel better, dear.

Lizzie continues up toward the second floor.

68

INT. LIZZIE'S BEDROOM - DUSK

68

Ruffles and chintz. The DESK, in pristine condition, is near one window, and there's a window seat beneath another window.

*

Lizzie enters, lights an oil lamp, takes the letter out of the envelope, but before she can read, there is a RAP at the door.

WARREN (O.S.)

Elizabeth...

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED:

68

Lizzie braces herself for the conversation to come.

LIZZIE

Yes, Father. Come in.

Warren enters. Lizzie continues to hold the letter.

WARREN

Your mother and I were wondering whether there was anything you wanted to tell us.

LIZZIE

No, Father.

Warren waits for her to say more. She doesn't.

WARREN

I -- ah -- had a conversation with Everett Reagle earlier, and he has given me to believe that you two had reached an understanding.

LIZZIE

I have only agreed to what you might call a... prelude to an understanding.

WARREN

I see. And will this "prelude" eventually lead to an actual understanding -- followed by an engagement and perhaps even a wedding?

LIZZIE

Father, I'm not...

WARREN

You're twenty-nine years old, Lizzie. Reagle is a solid man, a literary man who has assured me that he will be tolerant -- no, not tolerant -- welcoming -- of your little rhyming gift.

LIZZIE

Yes. He has assured me of the same thing. I had to sit to avoid being overcome with gratitude.

WARREN

Elizabeth --

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED: (2)

68

LIZZIE

I know you want the best for me,
Father, and I'm aware of my
duty --

WARREN

It's not just duty. It's common
sense.

Warren crosses to the window with the window seat and
looks out. As he speaks, Lizzie glances at the letter.
Her eyes widen.

WARREN (CONT'D)

A young woman in your position
cannot afford to be stubborn about
such matters.

FAST IN ON HER as she emits an astounded gasp.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Lizzie?

He turns to see her clutching her forehead -- in
disbelief.

WARREN (CONT'D)

One of your headaches?

*

LIZZIE

(covering the urgency)

Yes.

WARREN

Is there something I can do?

LIZZIE

No, thank you. I think I just
need to sleep.

He kisses her cheek and exits. Lizzie abruptly opens the
desk's secret drawer.

69

ON SECRET COMPARTMENT

69

And of course it is empty.

70

LIZZIE

70

steps back from it, very upset. She sinks on the bed,
stares at the letter in her hand.

LIZZIE

Who are you?

71 INT. SCOTTY'S LIVING AREA - NIGHT 71

CLOSE ON T.V. SCREEN -- A Celtics game in progress. PAN TO Scotty slumped on the sofa, a can of soda in his hand, eating chips. *

Suddenly he's distracted, his eyes turn toward the desk.

71A ACROSS DESK 71A

as Scotty sits on the sofa staring at it. He gets up, walks to the desk, stands looking at it.

Then slowly he reaches for the short drawer, manipulates the lock, opens it.

FAST IN ON him as he stares in amazement.

SCOTTY
This can't be happening.

72 ON SECRET COMPARTMENT 72

There's an envelope inside.

73 BACK TO SCOTTY 73

as he withdraws it, stares at it a beat, then quickly turns OFF the T.V.

74 AT DESK 74

As he sits holding the envelope. He reverently slits it open.

SLOWLY TIGHTEN TO HIM as we hear Lizzie's furious voice.

LIZZIE (V.O.)
Sir: I received your astonishing letter today and I am amazed by your audacity. Who are you, and how could you know there was something in my secret place to be stolen? *

Astonished, he rises, walks around the room.

LIZZIE (V.O.)
I wonder as I place this second letter in the same place as the first -- am I in the toils of some feverish dream -- or will you violate my privacy again? In mystification, Elizabeth Whitcomb.

Scotty puts down the letter. This is really happening.

(CONTINUED)

74

CONTINUED:

74

He sits back down at the desk for a long beat, then opens it, takes out the old, yellowed stationery, pen and ink.

Selecting one of the blank pieces, he takes a deep breath, begins to write.

*
*

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Dear Elizabeth, I'm sure you'll find
this as impossible to believe as
I do. My name is Scott Corrigan.

75

OMITTED

75

thru
77thru
77

78

INT. MANHASSET POSTAL SUB-STATION - NIGHT

78

Scotty approaches the mail slot.

SCOTTY (V.O.)

I live in Boston, but not the
Boston you know...

79

CLOSE - LETTER

79

Scotty pushes it through the brass slot. Slowly TIGHTEN
to the slot and...

*
*

DISSOLVE TO:

80

OMITTED

80

&

&

81

81

82

INT. LIZZIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

82

TIGHTENING TO Lizzie standing at the window, Scotty's
opened letter in her hand. Through the window, below,
Potts the mailman, is driving away in his shay.

*
*
*

SCOTTY (V.O.)

The only explanation I can come up
with is that for some reason the
connection between us is so strong
that we're able to talk to each
other across the chasm of time...

Eyes glued to the page, she sits at the desk. She
shivers slightly, runs her palm over its top.

(CONTINUED)

82

CONTINUED:

82

SCOTTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If I haven't utterly terrified
you, write again soon. Yours,
Scott Corrigan.

MOVE IN as Lizzie clasps the letter to her bosom, excited
and disturbed. Behind her, Flossy enters.

FLOSSY

Lizzie...

(as Lizzie jumps)

Good heavens, what's the matter?

Lizzie quickly hides Scotty's letter.

LIZZIE

Nothing. You startled me. I
was... in another place.

FLOSSY

Because of something in the
letter?

LIZZIE

What letter?

FLOSSY

The one that you've just hidden
from me.

LIZZIE

Oh, it's nothing -- just another
publisher who doesn't wish to
print my verses.

FLOSSY

(instantly softening)
Oh, Lizzie, I'm sorry. Your
verses are... transcendental.

LIZZIE

Well, I wish Mr. Ralph Waldo
Emerson of the New England
Literary Journal felt the same
way.

*
*
*
*
*

FLOSSY

I still don't understand why
you won't submit them to
Mr. Reagle for his magazine.

LIZZIE

(with an edge)
I've thought about it, but frankly,
I don't wish to be beholden.

Flossy gives her a sympathetic look, and touches her arm.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

FLOSSY

I'm sure someone will print your work. You just have to be patient.

Lizzie smiles gratefully and Flossy exits.

Lizzie closes the door behind her, then withdraws a polished, wooden box from inside the window seat, and stows the letter in the box.

83 OMITTED

83 *

&

&

83A

83A *

84 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - CHINA AND SILVERWARE AREA - NIGHT

84

Debra holds up two plates and Scotty points to one.

SCOTTY

I like that one.

DEBRA

Oh, good. Me, too.

She puts the plates down, picks up a clipboard and writes the name of the dishware on a form. In the b.g. we see another couple with a clipboard, engaged in a similar process.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

That was easy.

(beat)

Ready for flatware?

Scotty nods and sneaks a peek into his newspaper while Debra begins browsing.

ACROSS his SHOULDER we see Lizzie's letter tucked inside the paper.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (A1)

84

LIZZIE (V.O.)

You have the advantage over me in
that you know my deepest secrets
while I know none of yours. Tell
me who you are and how you live in
the year 1997.

DEBRA

How about this?

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

Debra shows him a very modern-looking fork. Scotty looks up from his paper and shakes his head no.

SCOTTY

Too sci-fi.

Debra looks at the fork, trying to figure out what he means, then looks at other flatware while Scotty keeps reading.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

Most important of all, tell me whether this conjunction between us -- which I confess, I feel as strongly as you -- means that you, too, yearn for a deep, passionate love.

Debra picks up another fork.

DEBRA

What about this one?

Scotty shakes his head no and looks back at the paper.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

Or is there already someone you love? Write soon, before the laws of nature reassert themselves.

DEBRA

Well, maybe we should just eat with our hands.

SCOTTY

What?

She gives him a look that says, "Close the newspaper."

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

He closes the paper and crosses to her.

85 OMITTED

85

86 INT. WHITCOMB KITCHEN - DAY

86

While reading Scotty's latest letter which is tucked in her recipe book, Lizzie prepares cake batter, attended by Maggie.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Dear Lizzie, You have asked some crucial questions.

LIZZIE

(murmurs)

Have I?

Maggie thinks Lizzie is talking to her.

MAGGIE

M'um?

LIZZIE

Just thinking out loud. Have I... added the nutmeg?

Lavinia passes through on her way to the parlor.

LAVINIA

Nutmeg in black cake? What a peculiar recipe.

LIZZIE

Cinnamon. I meant have I added the cinnamon.

Lizzie begins to stir batter.

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Do I yearn for love? Yes, of course. Am I in love now? I am engaged to be married, and yes, I believe I'm in love...

LIZZIE

"Believe"?

MAGGIE

What, M'um?

LIZZIE

Oh -- I believe this will be a delicious cake, don't you, Maggie?

Thoroughly bewildered, Maggie curtsies.

MAGGIE

If ye'll excuse me, M'um, I'll see to the dustin' now.

She hastily exits and Lizzie returns to the letter.

87

EXT. BOSTON COMMON - DAY

87

Scotty sits on a park bench, typing in his laptop.

SCOTTY (V.O.)

A friend once said that when
you're in love, you light up like
a Christmas tree when your lover
enters the room. I don't think
I've ever felt that way, at least
not until last night when I found
your third letter.

*

Scotty realizes what he's just typed and suddenly stands,
almost dropping the computer. MOVE IN ON his perplexed
face.

88

OMITTED

88

*

&

&

89

89

90

INT. REAGLE'S OFFICE - DAY

90

Reagle, editor and publisher of *The Bay State Review*,
stands behind his desk, Lizzie in front, holding out her
portfolio.

REAGLE

Your verses -- in the *Bay State*
Review?

LIZZIE

You have in the past, praised my
efforts -- and I know I am
presuming on our relat... our
acquaintanceship -- but I thought,
perhaps, you might consider one
or two --

Seeing his hesitation, her cheeks redden, and she
clutches the portfolio to her chest.

LIZZIE

Forgive me. This was a mistake.

But he reaches out for the folder.

REAGLE

No, no. I would be happy to
evaluate your verses... ah...
professionally.

*

LIZZIE

You would?

(CONTINUED)

90

CONTINUED:

90

REAGLE

Delighted -- flattered, in fact...

LIZZIE

In that case, I insist on absolute candor. Agreed?

REAGLE

Agreed.

LIZZIE

Then thank you, and good morning.

She shakes his hand and exits. He takes a deep breath and glances at her portfolio with foreboding.

91

INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - DAY

91

Beatrice is sitting on her couch, reading Lizzie's last letter. She's amazed. In the b.g., Scotty is carrying Beatrice's luggage to the front door.

BEATRICE

How many?

SCOTTY

Three, counting the first one.

(CONTINUED)

91

CONTINUED: (A1)

91

BEATRICE

And you're sure nobody is...

SCOTTY

Playing some kind of bizarre joke?
Impossible.

BEATRICE

(waves the letter)

No. This is impossible.

SCOTTY

Mother, you're the one who talked
me into this insanity!

BEATRICE

But I never dreamed... What in the
world does Debra think about all
this?

(CONTINUED)

SCOTTY

(a beat)

I haven't told her.

BEATRICE

(frowns)

You haven't told her...?

SCOTTY

(looking at the
letter)

It's incredible, isn't it?

BEATRICE

I'll tell you what's incredible.
My son -- who is engaged to be
married -- is having an affair
with a woman who's been dead for
over a hundred years.

SCOTTY

(laughs)

An affair?

BEATRICE

Trust me, Scotty -- this does not
have the potential for a healthy
relationship.

SCOTTY

Mother, we write letters.

BEATRICE

Love letters. That you keep
secret from your fiancée.

SCOTTY

She just wouldn't understand.

BEATRICE

Yeah -- I'll say. All right,
let's put Debra aside for a
minute -- Have you thought about
whether this is fair to Elizabeth?

SCOTTY

What are you talking about?

BEATRICE

Scotty. You don't have the right
to get mixed up in a life that's
already been lived!

(CONTINUED)

91

CONTINUED: (2)

91

SCOTTY

If she doesn't love the guy she
shouldn't marry him!

Beatrice looks at him. Flustered, Scotty glances at his
watch.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

We should go. Rome awaits you.

BEATRICE

I can't believe we're arguing
about this. This isn't even
possible!

SCOTTY

I know.

BEATRICE

Listen to me: Elizabeth Whitcomb
doesn't exist.

SCOTTY

(waves the letter)

Then who wrote this?

BEATRICE

In this world -- in the world you
and I live in -- she does not
exist.

SCOTTY

So why do I feel... the way I
feel?

BEATRICE

And what way is that?

Scotty looks at her, afraid to acknowledge the answer.

92

INT. SCOTTY'S LOFT APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

92 *

Scotty sits at the desk, unhappily contemplating the
laptop screen with his next letter to Lizzie.

He picks up a photo of him and Debra, studies it.

Then, looking back at the computer, he blocks off the
document, and hits the delete key. The letter
disappears.

93 EXT. WHITCOMB HOUSE - DAY

93

Potts is crossing away from the house towards his horse.
Behind him the door opens and Lizzie comes running out.

LIZZIE

Mr. Potts, could you look once
more?

POTTS

Sure, Miss Lizzie.

She waits anxiously as he roots through his pouch.

POTTS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. There's nothing.

He moves off. HOLD ON her disappointed face and --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

94 INT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT

94

A ballroom dance class is in progress. As a BOOM BOX PLAYS MUSIC, couples circle the room in a waltz, and a DANCE TEACHER circulates among them, correcting their form.

CAMERA FINDS Scotty dancing with Debra, leading her in a fancy turn.

DEBRA

Very impressive, Fred.

SCOTTY

Thanks, Ginger.

DEBRA

Especially since you seem to be sleepwalking through the lesson.

SCOTTY

What are you talking about?

DEBRA

I don't know. I just don't feel like you're here.

He leads her in another fancy turn.

SCOTTY

See? I'm here.

Debra looks unconvinced. They continue dancing.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

My dearest Scott, Why have you not written? I fear, from your silence, that the connection between us has been broken.

Scotty shuts his eyes as if to block out Lizzie's words.

95 OMITTED

95

96 INT. WHITCOMB DINING ROOM - NIGHT

96

A tense meal is in progress. Lavinia, Warren and Flossy watch Lizzie listlessly push her food around her plate.

LAVINIA

Lizzie, you've barely touched your supper.

*

(CONTINUED)

96

CONTINUED:

96

LIZZIE

I'm sorry, Mother. I'm not
hungry.

WARREN

You weren't hungry last night
either. Are you ill, Elizabeth?

LIZZIE

Perhaps I am, Father.
(rising)
Please excuse me.

She exits. Lavinia and Warren exchange looks.

97

OMITTED

97

*

&

&

98

98

*

99

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

99

PAN Scotty's Explorer BY CAMERA, the bike on the rack.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

Dearest, Another week gone by and
still no letter. Are you worried
that since you told me of your
engagement, I will think you a
scoundrel for professing tender
feelings for me?

100

INT. CAR - OVER SCOTTY'S SHOULDER - MOVING

100

SCOTTY

What worries me is having those
"tender feelings" in the first
place.

THROUGH the windshield we see the sign for Willoughby
again.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

LIZZIE (V.O.)

I am not so innocent as you might think, Mr. Corrigan. I have danced the waltz with many men, you know, and am an avid reader of the modern novel, so I am au courant on the subject of forbidden passion.

Scotty smiles sadly, turns ON the RADIO to a CLASSICAL station.

SCOTTY

I'm afraid this waltz is going to have to be mine and Debra's, Miss Whitcomb.

He notices the Willoughby sign, tries to ignore it.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

The hard truth is we are doomed to be chaste, to never touch each other, hear each other, see each other -- so what harm can there be to write to each other...?

We see the pain in his eyes. Finally, giving in to his emotions, he slows, makes the turn.

*

101 EXT. WHITCOMB HOUSE - DAY

101

The Explorer moves up the drive.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

If you are still there, write to me quickly -- and tell me what it means to light up like a Christmas tree.

The car stops at the house.

Scotty gets out, stands there for a beat, then starts up the walk to the veranda.

102 EXT. WHITCOMB HOUSE - VERANDA - DAY

102

Scotty knocks on the front door. It opens, revealing Mae.

MAE

You again.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTTY

Good morning. I'm really sorry to bother you, but I'm just trying to find out about the Whitcombs.

MAE

Why?

SCOTTY

I bought a desk that belonged to a Whitcomb who lived in this house -- and it got me curious about the family. I thought maybe I'd write a book about them.

MAE

A book? They were just regular folks.

Mae steps outside to pick up the morning paper. Scotty bends down and gets it for her. She takes it begrudgingly.

SCOTTY

You know who they were?

MAE

Clarice's grandma was a Whitcomb.

SCOTTY

Clarice?

MAE

Woman I take care of.

SCOTTY

You mean there's a Whitcomb living here right now?

MAE

That's right. I've had fifty years of her temper, and believe me -- it's worse than mine.

SCOTTY

I'd really love to talk to her.

MAE

She's asleep.

She starts to return to the house.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (2)

102

SCOTTY

Look, I know this is an intrusion,
but could I possibly just have a
peek inside?

MAE

Now why should I let you do that?

SCOTTY

I'll put your name in the book.
I'll thank you.

MAE

Is that all?

SCOTTY

(thinks, then)
I'll mow the lawn?

Mae half-smiles, then turns imposing again.

MAE

You turn out to be one of them
lawyers for Clarice's no good
cousins, I'm gonna take a rolling
pin to you.

*

She lets him enter.

103 INT. WHITCOMB HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

103

They enter a dark room from a bygone era. Shadowed in
the afternoon light, all the furnishings are antiques,
but the worn carpets, draperies and velvet chairs show
their age.

Scotty stands there, looking around. Mae warily watches
him, holding the door open.

MAE

Okay, mister. You've had your
'peek.'

SCOTTY

One more minute?

An old woman's voice calls from upstairs.

CLARICE (O.S.)

Mae! Who's that you're talking to
down there?

MAE

(to Scotty)
Now you done it.

104 TITL. CLARICE/LIZZIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

104

ACROSS CLARICE MAGNUSSEN (93), terribly fragile, only sporadically alert, propped up in Lizzie's big four-poster bed.

Mae enters, followed by Scotty. Clarice peers at him.

CLARICE

Who are you?

MAE

Clarice, this fella's writing a book about the Whitcombs. He wanted to meet you.

They cross to her bedside. We notice that the desk, of course, is no longer at the window.

SCOTTY

How do you do, Ma'am. My name's --

CLARICE

(snaps)

You're a fool, Mae. He's a lawyer.

SCOTTY

No, no, Ma'am, I'm not. I --

CLARICE

I told the whole lot of you. I'm not leaving this house until the good Lord takes me --

(to Mae)

And I'm not selling any more of my furniture either!

SCOTTY

But if I could just ask you about Lizzie --

CLARICE

(overlapping)

Bunch of liars. All o' ya. Get out.

MAE

(to Scotty)

I warned you.

Mae leads him to the door.

CLARICE (O.S.)

How do you know about Lizzie?

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

Scotty hurries back to the bed. Clarice is fully alert.

SCOTTY

I found a letter, in an old
desk... She wrote it.

Clarice's eyes fill up and she takes Scotty's hand.

CLARICE

Grandma Flossy told me stories
about my Aunt Elizabeth... She was
very beautiful... I never knew
her...

She starts to drift.

CLARICE (CONT'D)

I need to sleep now.

SCOTTY

Do you know if she ever married?

She doesn't answer, closes her eyes. HOLD for a beat as
her breathing becomes regular.

105 INT. WHITCOMB UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY

105

Mae starts down the stairs with Scotty behind her. MOVE
IN as he senses something, pauses and gazes down into the
dark entry hall.

106 INTERCUT - INT. WHITCOMB HOUSE - DAY (1863)

106

Lizzie ascends the stairs and approaches the spot where
Scotty was standing. She stops, cocks her head.

MOVE IN. She feels a presence, too, reaches out as if to
touch someone.

107 CLOSE - SCOTTY

107

He feels her touch. His hand goes to his cheek. He
gasps.

108 CLOSE - LIZZIE

108

Stock still. She feels it, too.

109 CLOSE - SCOTTY

109

He reaches out to "touch" her as well.

110 CLOSE - LIZZIE 110

On the stairs, savoring the feel of Scotty's hand on her cheek.

MAE (O.S.)

You coming?

111 ANOTHER ANGLE 111

To include Mae standing impatiently at the bottom of the stairs looking up at Scotty. And the spell is broken. He continues down the stairs.

112 INT. SCOTTY'S LOFT APARTMENT - DAY 112 *

The door bursts open and Scotty heads straight for the desk, withdraws the pen, ink and stationery.

113 INT. WHITCOMB HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - DAY 113

Lizzie opens the door to Mr. Potts before he can even knock.

POTTS

Morning, Miss Liz --

She snatches the mail out of his hands.

LIZZIE

Thank you!

She quickly thumbs through the packet, smiles in delight as she grabs one letter, and haphazardly throws the rest of the mail on a table.

She runs outside, past a puzzled Mr. Potts.

114 EXT. WHITCOMB PROPERTY - CLOSE ON PICTURE POSTCARD - DAY 114

showing the White House at Christmas time with the huge tree ablaze with lights.

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Dear Lizzie, Ben Franklin named it electricity, and we now use it to power machines, light our homes -- and our Christmas trees.

PAN UP TO Lizzie who is perched in a tree, settled comfortably in the arms of the branches. She regards the picture with wonder, continues reading the letter.

(CONTINUED)

114

CONTINUED:

114

SCOTTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
To "light up like a Christmas
tree" means to glow with pleasure,
and I am glowing right now.

Lizzie touches the photo, then reads on.

SCOTTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I went to your house on Mill
Plain Road. Yes, it is still
there. A very old woman, your
sister Flossy's granddaughter,
lives in it, and I actually
stood in your bedroom.

Lizzie gets tears in her eyes.

SCOTTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But what I will never forget is
how I suddenly felt your presence
on the stairs, almost as if you
touched my cheek.

A soft smile spreads over Lizzie's face.

SCOTTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's crazy, but I felt as if could
touch you, too.

Lizzie caresses her own cheek in the memory.

SCOTTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Lizzie, to ignore what has
happened would be to deny a
miracle. Forgive my silence. It
won't happen again -- I promise.
All my love, Scotty.

(NOTE: From this point on, whenever she uses his name,
it will be "Scotty.")

115

OMITTED

115

116

INT. SCOTTY'S LOFT APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

116

*

Scotty faces the steamed-up mirror and shaves.

LIZZIE (V.O.)
Darling, Scotty, I beg you, please
keep your promise. Never stop
writing again, or I fear I shall
stop breathing, as my breath stops
now at the thought of you in my
house -- in this very room!

117 INTERCUT - LIZZIE IN HER BEDROOM 117

looking at the postcard while getting dressed at her dressing table.

LIZZIE (V.O.)
Amazing as it seems, I felt it,
too, in the very same place, on
the stairs, a touch like a sweet
promise.

118 SCOTTY'S BEDROOM 118

Dressed for work, he stands in front of the mirror and puts on his tie.

LIZZIE (V.O.)
I know that we are tempting fate,
and in reality, there is your time
and my time. But we shall live --
and love -- across time.

SCOTTY
Deal.

119 OMITTED 119
& &
120 120

121 EXT. WHITCOMB BACK YARD - DAY 121

Lizzie sits in a swing hanging from a willow limb. She wears a soft, white scoop-necked dress, and her long hair is loose on her shoulders.

Maggie tucks up her hair while a PHOTOGRAPHER readies his gear. Flossy looks on nervously.

SCOTTY (V.O.)
I dream of you, but I can't see
your face. Please, send me a
picture.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Don't move, don't move.
(snaps)
There. Now one more.

SCOTTY (V.O.)
I want you to look as if you were
about to walk into my arms.

FLOSSY
(a warning)
Lizzie...

(CONTINUED)

121

CONTINUED:

121

Too late. An angry Warren strides over, followed by Lavinia.

WARREN

What is going on here?

LIZZIE

I'm having my picture taken, Father.

WARREN

I'm not blind, Elizabeth. I can see that this man is a photoist -- who has been hired without my knowledge or consent. The question is why.

LAVINIA

I'm sure she has a reason, Warren.

WARREN

Indeed? Perhaps you could enlighten us, Lizzie? Is this, perhaps, an engagement photo?

LIZZIE

No, Father, it's not.

WARREN

Well, then -- has some publication finally decided to print one of your little verses and asked for some likeness of the poetess?

LIZZIE

No, Father. I thought you might like a picture of me for your birthday -- to put on your desk at the office.

Bull's-eye. For a beat, he can only blink.

WARREN

A... birthday present?

LAVINIA

You see, Warren, I told you she had a reason...

Humbled, Warren walks away. Lizzie nods to the Photographer to continue. CLICK. FRAME FREEZES.

PULL BACK to REVEAL...

*

122 INT. SCOTTY'S LIVING AREA - NIGHT

122

Scotty at his desk, gazing at the photo, enraptured. *

DEBRA (O.S.)

Hello?

Scotty turns, jumps up as Debra enters from outside. They hug. She steps back, looks at him. He's still glowing.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Nice to see you smiling again,
what happened?

SCOTTY

Nothing. You're here.

Debra smiles, then notices the picture on the desk.

DEBRA

What's this?

SCOTTY

That's, uh -- that's Elizabeth
Whitcomb.

DEBRA

The one who wrote the letter?

Scotty nods. She picks it up.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Where'd you get it?

SCOTTY

Umm -- I actually got it from
someone who lives in her old
house.

DEBRA

You went to her house? Why?

SCOTTY

I was just curious.

Debra takes this in, considers commenting but doesn't.

DEBRA

How did you even find it?

SCOTTY

I got some info from that antique
guy, and then I was going right
past Willoughby on my way back from
practice.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

A beat. Debra looks at him, then back at the picture, then puts the picture down on the desk.

DEBRA
(with a slight edge)
Well, I guess I should be grateful
that "the other woman" is a dead
one.

Scotty comes up behind her and kisses her.

SCOTTY
(playfully)
Don't be ridiculous. There is no
other woman -- and there never
will be.

Debra smiles, but we sense that she's feeling concerned.

123 INT. WHITCOMB PARLOR - NIGHT

123

ACROSS Flossy at the piano, playing a waltz. In the
b.g., a few couples are dancing, including Lizzie and
Reagle. He is talking, but her mind is elsewhere.

SCOTTY (V.O.)
Dear Lizzie, I stare at your
picture and imagine myself as "one
of the men you've waltzed with."

124 ANGLE - WARREN AND LAVINIA

124

Acting as CHAPERONES, they watch Lizzie whirl by.

LAVINIA
It's so nice to see Lizzie happy
again. I think Mr. Reagle is a
wonderful influence on her.

WARREN
Well perhaps, my dear, you can
influence her to accept his
proposal.

LAVINIA
Be patient, Warren. It's just a
matter of time.

PAN TO Lizzie and Reagle. Everett is still talking.

MOVE IN ON Lizzie's wistful face.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Each time I turn on my computer to
compose my letters to you, I feel
as if I'm returning home.

125 INT. STAMP SHOP - CLOSE ON GLASSINE ENVELOPE - DAY

125

with a dozen Benjamin Franklin stamps inside.

SCOTTY (V.O.)

A computer, by the way, is like an
electronic typewriter, with a
glowing screen where the words
appear.

PAN UP TO Scotty as he pays for them.

126 INT. SCOTTY'S LIVING AREA - CLOSE ON SHEETS OF
(CONTEMPORARY) STAMPS ON TABLE - NIGHT

126 *

Debra and Scotty are putting stamps on stacks of wedding
invitations.

*

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Whoops -- I just looked it up.
They haven't invented the
typewriter yet. It's a machine
with lettered keys for writing,
and I bet someday you'll use it
for your poems.

127 INT. CAMBRIDGE POST OFFICE - DAY

127

Scotty and Debra stand at a window and hand a CLERK their
boxes of stamped wedding invitations.

DEBRA

(to Clerk)

We'd like these hand-cancelled,
please.

The Clerk looks at the stacks, then at the couple, and
smiles.

CLERK

Congratulations.

Debra smiles back, proudly. Scotty smiles, too, but his
expression is tinged with anxiety.

128 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

128

Lizzie sits next to Reagle as he pilots his two-horse shay.

LIZZIE

Mr. Reagle, I've been looking at the latest issue of the *Bay State Review*.

REAGLE

And did you find it engrossing?

LIZZIE

Most.

REAGLE

(pointing at some land)
This parcel is for sale. I know how much you love nature, Lizzie -- and I have that uppermost in my mind as I survey the region for a possible future home... together.

LIZZIE

I appreciate that. Back to your journal, Mr. Reagle. I was wondering if you've had the time to peruse the verses I gave you -- last month.

A beat.

REAGLE

Of course. I've read them...

LIZZIE

And...?

REAGLE

Very interesting, very... passionate. Perhaps not quite as attentive as they might be to the mechanics of the art...

LIZZIE

Mechanics?

REAGLE

The odd meters, the broken rhymes...

LIZZIE

(flares)
Well, had I known you were interested in mechanics, I should have composed on a typewriter!

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

REAGLE

I beg your pardon?

She catches herself.

REAGLE (CONT'D)

What, exactly, is a typewriter?

LIZZIE

What I meant to say is... that I
am not the type of writer whose
emphasis is on mechanics.

REAGLE

My dear, you asked for candor. I
took you at your word.

LIZZIE

(teeth clenched)

Yes, I did. Forgive me.

He pats her hand indulgently.

REAGLE

Miss Whitcomb -- Lizzie -- you are
not without... aptitude. But you
need guidance, and I hope in the
future you will allow me to
provide it -- in all things.

She attempts a sweet smile, but she's fuming.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

I have decided to cease writing
poetry.

*
*
*

129 OMITTED

129

130 INT. STAUNTON PRESS - LOBBY - DAY

130

Debra's employer, is holding a very chic literary cocktail
party.

ANGLE ACROSS a DISPLAY OF POETRY BOOKS arranged in a
pyramid -- "aliases," by Daniel Montana, with a cover
photo of a desolate highway.

131 ANOTHER ANGLE - OPEN BAR

131

Scotty is procuring drinks as Lizzie's voice continues.

(CONTINUED)

131

CONTINUED:

131

LIZZIE (V.O.)

I know his Reagle Highness is too conventional to take me seriously until my work has been validated by others, but the truth is, my darling, there are no others. I sing, but nobody listens. Except you -- so I offer you the last poem I shall ever write.

MOVING WITH Scotty, THROUGH the crowded room, drinks in hand to where Debra is chatting with DANIEL MONTANA, (40's), dressed in Southwestern style chic, with his graying hair in a ponytail.

*

Scotty hands them each a drink.

DEBRA

Thanks, Scotty. You remember Daniel Montana?

*

Scotty and Daniel shake hands.

SCOTTY

Congratulations on the book.

DANIEL

Thanks.

Another guest taps Debra on the shoulder and she moves off.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

(to Scotty)

So -- you and Deb are doin' the marriage thing, huh?

SCOTTY

Yep. Doin' the marriage thing. Umm, listen, Daniel -- could I ask you a favor?

*

He digs Lizzie's retyped poem out of his pocket.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

What do you think of this poem?

DANIEL

You want me to evaluate your poem -- here? Now?

SCOTTY

Not mine. A friend's. It's short.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

131

Daniel gives him a look, but takes the poem. He reads it quickly, then starts laughing. *

DANIEL

(in a mocking tone)

"Not on this earth, beloved, shall we meet/Not in this weary world of sighs and tears..."

(beat)

Tell him not to give up his day job.

SCOTTY

(bristles)

What's the matter with it?

DANIEL

Besides being old-fashioned, sentimental and derivative?

Scotty snatches back the paper.

SCOTTY

As opposed to the pretentious, pseudo-intellectual drivel that gets published these days?

DANIEL

Hey -- what's your problem?

Debra crosses to them. They're nose to nose.

DEBRA

What's going on?

DANIEL

I insulted his friend's poetry.

He walks off. Debra looks at Scotty, perplexed.

DEBRA

What's he talking about? What friend?

SCOTTY

Nobody.

DEBRA

It must be somebody if you almost came to blows over it.

SCOTTY

(after a beat)

It's Elizabeth Whitcomb's.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (3)

131

DEBRA

I beg your pardon.

SCOTTY

I -- uh -- found it yesterday. In another drawer. I thought maybe it had historical significance.

DEBRA

Well it seems to have significance, all right.

She walks off.

132 EXT. BUILDING TERRACE - DAY

132 *

Debra is standing by the rail, looking very unhappy. Scotty tentatively approaches.

*

SCOTTY

Deb?

DEBRA

(without turning around)

What's going on, Scotty?

SCOTTY

What do you mean? Nothing's going on.

DEBRA

(turning on him now)

Nothing? First you don't tell me about finding that letter, then you go tracking down Elizabeth Whitcomb's house -- and you don't tell me about that either -- or about getting her picture -- then you don't tell me about finding her poem --

SCOTTY

You're blowing this way out of proportion --

DEBRA

You're putting more energy into Elizabeth Whitcomb than into our wedding plans!

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

SCOTTY

That's not true.

DEBRA

No. Let me tell you how I feel.
I feel -- now don't laugh because
I'm really serious about this -- I
almost feel like you're cheating
on me...

SCOTTY

Cheating...?!

DEBRA

And I want to know why. Are you
that freaked out about getting
married? Is that what this is?

SCOTTY

I don't know what you're talking
about.

DEBRA

Because if you don't want to do
this, Scotty, just be honest and
tell me. We'll call it off.

SCOTTY

(moving to her)

No! I want to do this. Of course
I want to.

Debra starts to cry.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, honey. Please don't
cry. I'm just... I've been a
little scared, but I want to move
past it. Will you help me, honey
-- please?

She nods, tears abating, and he holds her tightly,
looking very torn. He kisses her and wipes her tears.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

You okay?

Debra nods, sniffing.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry, Deb -- I mean
it.

She nods. He strokes her hair.

(CONTINUED)

132

CONTINUED: (2)

132

DEBRA
So let's see the poem.

SCOTTY
What?

DEBRA
Elizabeth Whitcomb's poem. Let me
see it.

Scotty hesitates, then gives it to her. He anxiously
watches as she reads it. A smile lights on Debra's face.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
It's beautiful.

SCOTTY
Really?

DEBRA
Yeah. If she wrote it today, it
wouldn't get published, but as far
as Victorian poetry goes, it's
really quite lovely.

Scotty takes this in, covering how pleased he is to hear
this. Debra gives the poem to him and they head back to
the party.

133

INT. SCOTTY'S LIVING AREA - DAY

133 *

Scotty perches a camera atop a pile of books he's set up
on a table across from the desk.

SCOTTY (V.O.)
Dear Lizzie. Please don't stop
writing your poetry...

He presses the camera's self-timer and a blinking red
light begins to pulse.

SCOTTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
First of all, this Reagle guy
sounds like he wouldn't know a
good poem if it smacked him in the
face...

He runs back to the desk, leans against it facing the
camera, smiles. There's a FLASH.

134

INT. WHITCOMB HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - DAY

134

Maggie, broom in hand, accepts the mail from Potts. She
places the letters on a library table behind a sofa,
begins to sweep.

135 LETTERS 135

We can see Scotty's peeking out from underneath. Maggie accidentally jostles the table and his letter falls, unnoticed, behind a cushion.

136 INT. LIZZIE'S BEDROOM - DAY 136

Lizzie is packing a trunk. Flossy looks on with concern.

LIZZIE
There's nothing to worry about.

FLOSSY
Then why do you have to go all the way to Boston?

LIZZIE
The doctor thinks my headaches may have something to do with my eyes and there's a specialist there...

FLOSSY
I'm coming with you. Cousin Delia has plenty of room.

Lizzie closes the door and leans against it.

LIZZIE
I need you here.

She sits next to Flossy on the bed and takes her hand.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
Floss, I'm going to tell you something that will sound very strange -- even a little mad -- but I assure you, it's real. Now I want you to promise not to interrupt until I'm finished.

FLOSSY
Lizzie, you're scaring me...

LIZZIE
Promise.

Flossy nods.

137 INT. LIZZIE'S BEDROOM - CLOSE ON PHOTO OF WHITE HOUSE 137
CHRISTMAS TREE - DAY

HOLD, then TILT UP TO Flossy on the bed, staring wide-eyed at it. She swallows hard. Lizzie is by the desk.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

FLOSSY

(in shock)

What do you want me to do?

LIZZIE

Floss, I can't bear to be out of touch with him for a month, so I'll mail my letters to him here -- to you -- and you have only to place them in the desk -- here, in this compartment.

FLOSSY

I just put them in there -- close the drawer -- and they...?

Lizzie nods. A beat as Flossy tries to absorb this.

LIZZIE

And you must mail his letters to me care of Cousin Delia in Boston.
(moves to her)
Will you do it?

FLOSSY

I suppose I'm not to read them...

Lizzie hugs her tightly.

138 EXT. BIKE RACE STARTING LINE - DAY

138

A banner reads: THIRD ANNUAL MEMORIAL DAY TOUR DE BERKSHIRES.

Scotty and Mike, in full biking regalia and numbers, are lined up with the other contestants on the dirt road leading into the mountains.

Lester and Debra are among the spectators. The starter drops the flag. The racers surge forward.

*

139 INT. WHITCOMB HOUSE - STAIRWAY - DAY

139

Lavinia and Flossy descend with Lizzie who's dressed for travel, carrying a carpet bag. She heads for the small stack of mail on the library table, looks through it, disappointed, and exits.

140 EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - SERIES OF CUTS - DAY

140

Scotty and Mike careen down the race course, now crowded with other riders.

141 EXT. ROAD TO BOSTON - DAY 141

INTERCUT - Lizzie in carriage thinking of Scotty.

142 SCOTTY 142

rounding a nasty bend, snags a pedal, goes flying over the handlebars and slams, helmet first, into the base of a tree.

143 EXT. LIZZIE'S CARRIAGE - WHEELS 143

go over a large bump.

143A INT. CARRIAGE - LIZZIE 143A

reacts.

144 MIKE 144

jumps off his bike and runs over to Scotty, kneels down.

MIKE
Scotty... Scotty?

But he's out cold. MOVE IN ON his face and...

145 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CLOSE ON INTRAVENOUS SET-UP - DAY 145 *

PAN DOWN FROM the plastic glucose pack to reveal Scotty lying unconscious in an intensive care unit.

His head bandaged, he's hooked up to several monitors.

146 OUTSIDE HOSPITAL ROOM 146 *

Debra, Mike and Lester are talking to a DOCTOR.

DOCTOR
The EEG does indicate some brain swelling, but as soon as his vital signs are stable, we should be able to move him back to Boston...

DEBRA
When will he come out of it?

DOCTOR
Right now it's impossible to know.

Debra looks terrified. Lester puts his arm around her.

147 EXT. STREET (BOSTON) - DAY (1863) 147

A newsboy hawks papers with Civil War news. "LEE'S ARMY ON THE MOVE -- NORTHERN CITIES ALERTED." Among the pedestrians are men in uniform, a few on crutches. Lizzie alights from her carriage in front of a brick building.

*
*

148 INT. PHYSICIAN'S SURGERY - DAY 148

There is only one other patient in the doctor's waiting room, a Union Officer whose face is hidden behind a newspaper. The side of his head is bandaged, his left arm in a sling.

Lizzie proceeds to a counter to announce herself to a NURSE.

LIZZIE

Miss Elizabeth Whitcomb to see
Doctor Reed.

*

NURSE

Please take a seat, Miss Whitcomb.

149 ACROSS OFFICER'S SHOULDER 149

As Lizzie seats herself, the OFFICER, whose face we do not see, lowers his paper to murmur a polite greeting.

OFFICER

Good afternoon.

150 BACK TO SCENE 150

Lizzie glances over, blinks, as if she's not sure of what she's seeing. For some reason, she's viscerally moved.

151 HER POV - CLOSE - OFFICER 151

Except for the side whiskers, he is the MIRROR IMAGE OF SCOTTY. HOLD and:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

152 INT. PHYSICIAN'S SURGERY - DAY 152

Lizzie and the Officer sit perhaps six feet apart. She attempts to read *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, he attempts to read his newspaper.

They keep sneaking glances at each other, never letting their eyes meet. Dr. Reed enters.

DR. REED

We'll have an examination room for you shortly, Miss Whitcomb. Colonel Denby?

DENBY exits into the examining room, glancing back at Lizzie. HOLD ON Lizzie, staring after him.

153 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 153 *

ACROSS Scotty, unmoving. TILT UP to show Debra watching him alongside her parents. Ed has his arm around her.

154 INT. PHYSICIAN'S SURGERY - DAY (1863) 154

Lizzie is still reading her book when Dr. Reed emerges from the examining room with Colonel Denby.

DR. REED

Until Friday, Colonel. Miss Whitcomb...?

Denby is about to speak to Lizzie, and she is blushingly aware of it. As he takes one tentative step toward her:

DR. REED (CONT'D)

Follow me.

And with a downcast, rueful smile, she exits past Denby into the examining room. HOLD ON Denby, sighing.

155 INT. SHOP - DAY 155

Denby stands watching out the store window.

156 HIS POV - THROUGH WINDOW - LIZZIE 156

across the street coming out of the doctor's office, crossing TOWARD CAMERA.

157 BACK TO DENBY

157

He waits till Lizzie approaches, then quickly exits the store.

158 EXT. STREET - DAY

158 *

As he "coincidentally" almost bumps into her.

DENBY

Oh, I'm so sorry --
(feigning surprise)
Miss Whitcomb! I didn't
realize --

LIZZIE

Colonel Denby. What a
coincidence.

DENBY

Yes... please forgive my
clumsiness.

LIZZIE

That's all right, Colonel. You
appeared to be in a hurry.

DENBY

Uh -- yes.

LIZZIE

Well then, don't let me keep you.

She resumes her walk, smiling to herself. A beat, and
Denby follows her, walking alongside her.

DENBY

Might I accompany you, Miss
Whitcomb?

LIZZIE

I wouldn't want to interfere with
your plans, Colonel.

DENBY

No, you're not. Not at all.
(beat)
What is your destination?

LIZZIE

Actually, I'm not quite sure.

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

158

DENBY

'Then perhaps you'll allow me to suggest a charming tea shop just a few streets from here?

LIZZIE

(coquettish)

Yes, Colonel Denby. I'll allow that.

He offers his arm. A beat, and she takes it. They continue together up the street.

159 THE TEA SHOP - DAY

159

Denby is clearly taken with Lizzie, and pours milk into his already milky tea while gazing at her. Lizzie delicately sips her own tea and watches him.

LIZZIE

I believe, Colonel Denby, that you've already poured milk into your tea.

DENBY

(realizing)

Oh. So I have.

(beat)

Have you long been a patient of Dr. Reed's?

LIZZIE

This is my first visit.

DENBY

Oh. And are you at present... feeling poorly?

LIZZIE

At present, I feel quite well, Colonel.

A beat as Denby takes in the inference.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Dr. Reed believes that my ailment will be remedied with a pair of eyeglasses.

DENBY

I'm relieved to hear this isn't a matter of grave concern.

(CONTINUED)

159

CONTINUED:

159

LIZZIE

It is a matter of grave concern to
my vanity, however.

DENBY

You have nothing to fear, Miss
Whitcomb. I assure you.

Lizzie blushes from the compliment.

DENBY (CONT'D)

I hope you'll forgive my boldness,
but may I ask you a question?

LIZZIE

Yes, Colonel?

DENBY

How is it that I have the absolute
conviction that I know you?

LIZZIE

I don't know. But I, too, feel
that you are... someone I know.

They look at each other. HOLD and...

160

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

160 *

Scotty, still unconscious. Debra, looking weary, sits at
the foot of the bed, trying to work on a manuscript.

Beatrice rushes in. She covers her mouth in shock when
she sees her son.

She and Debra embrace.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

My dearest Scotty, This afternoon
I met a gentleman named Caleb
Denby, presently a Colonel
commanding the Nineteenth
Massachusetts Infantry.

*

161

EXT. BOSTON COMMON - DAY (1863)

161

Lizzie and Denby share a picnic under shade trees alongside
the pond.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: 161

LIZZIE (V.O.)
 Scotty, the moment I saw him, I
 was powerfully drawn to him, and
 he, it appears, seems to feel an
 attraction as well...

162 OMITTED 162 *

162A INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 162A *

LIZZIE (V.O.)
 Please do not fear, my darling,
 that I am in any way moving away
 from you -- for I feel, strange as
 it may seem, that being with Caleb
 brings me closer to you. *

163 OMITTED 163 *
 &
 164 164 *

165 EXT. BOSTON COMMON - DAY (1863) 165

Denby and Lizzie walking TOWARD CAMERA.

DENBY
 We were almost to the Rapahannock
 when Old Stony attacked. It was
 my first time leading my men into
 battle, and it was not a dignified
 debut, I assure you.

Lizzie gently touches Denby's bandaged forehead.

LIZZIE
 Does it give you much pain?

DENBY
 Only the pain over having deserted
 my men.

LIZZIE
 But you didn't desert them. You
 were wounded.

DENBY
 Even so...

He drifts off, then rallies, changing the subject.

(CONTINUED)

165

CONTINUED:

165

DENBY (CONT'D)

I noticed you reading the works of
Miss Browning. Are you an admirer
of poetry?

*

LIZZIE

Yes. I've written some verses
myself.

DENBY

Perhaps, one day soon, you would
give me the honor of hearing your
work...

LIZZIE

I'm afraid you'll be disappointed.

DENBY

Nonsense. If the words came from
you, I'm sure they're exquisite.

HOLD as she takes this in and looks at him with
appreciation.

166

EXT. WHITCOMB HOUSE - DAY

166

Potts delivers the mail to Flossy who quickly thumbs
through it and finds Lizzie's letter.

167

OMITTED

167

168

INT. LIZZIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

168

Flossy rushes in, tearing open the letter which contains
a note and another envelope. We hear Lizzie's voice.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

Dear Floss, A letter for the
family will follow, but for the
nonce, place the enclosed envelope
where I showed you. The rest will
occur automatically.

Flossy opens the secret compartment in the desk, deposits
the letter and shuts the drawer just as the bedroom door
opens.

Flossy whirls. It's only Maggie holding a pile of clean
linen.

(CONTINUED)

168

CONTINUED:

168

MAGGIE

Oh... Sorry, Miss Floss. Didn't
know anyone was in here. I'll
come back.

She exits. Flossy turns back to check on the letter,
gasps, and staggers back a few steps, her hand over her
bosom.

169

HER POV

169

THE COMPARTMENT IS EMPTY.

170

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

170 *

Scotty is still in a coma, hooked up to all the
equipment.

Beatrice and Debra watch as a young FEMALE DOCTOR studies
the monitors, making notations in his chart.

BEATRICE

What do you mean, there's nothing
more you can do?

FEMALE DOCTOR

I know it's difficult, Mrs.
Corrigan -- but with your son
still unconscious, waiting is our
only choice.

BEATRICE

Now look -- I'm the last person
you'd call "ageist," but isn't
there a more experienced doctor I
can talk to?

The EEG graph suddenly produces rapid little squiggles.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

170

DEBRA

What is it?

FEMALE DOCTOR

Rapid eye movements. Suggests
dream activity. It's a good sign.

She gives Beatrice a look, and exits.

Debra and Beatrice both peer closely at Scotty as we MOVE
IN ON his face and...

SUPER OVER:

171 OMITTED

171

172 EXT. CHARLES RIVER - ROW BOAT - LONG LENS - DAY

172

DREAMLIKE. Moving slowly up the river. Caleb, sitting
next to Lizzie, using his good right arm, is helping her
row.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

Darling Scotty. Why have you not
written? I hope you are not angry
with me for desiring the affection
of my new friend.

*

173 EXT. BOAT - CLOSER - DAY

173

Caleb and Lizzie are laughing and talking.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

Please don't be. I have the
uncanny feeling that what is
happening was meant to happen, and
that you and my Colonel are
somehow connected. Write to me:
You promised.

*

DENBY

You promised to read to me...

LIZZIE

(hesitates, then)
Yes, I know, but...

He rests his oar, looks at her.

DENBY

Please?

A beat. She rests her oar, takes out her journal, looks
at him, smiles, and opens it.

174 INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 174 *

Scotty's eyes are closed, his face unmoving, but as we PAN TO the EEG monitor, we see a great deal of brain activity.

175 OMITTED 175

176 INT. HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT 176

A blurred jumble of color solidifies into a glittering ballroom filled with whirling couples. We hear Lizzie's voice.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

Dearest Scotty, I despair of ever hearing from you again.

CAMERA ROAMS OVER the dancers, the guests, PAUSES AT a photographer taking posed pictures and MOVES ON.

LIZZIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Flossy assures me that my letters to you continue to miraculously vanish from the secret compartment.

FIND Lizzie sitting alone with her elderly cousin, DELIA COURTLAND, who, though forbidding, is having difficulty staying awake.

LIZZIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So I pray that you are still connected to me, reading this by one of your electrical lights, and understanding...

*

A would-be partner presents himself to Lizzie for a dance. Delia wakes and glares at him. Lizzie smiles, but refuses.

The MUSIC STOPS, and we hear a DRUM ROLL.

177 ORCHESTRA AND PODIUM 177

An OFFICIAL asks for silence.

OFFICIAL

Gracious ladies and kind gentlemen, thank you for coming. Allow me to introduce our guest of honor who will tell you how much your attendance and generous donations mean to the wounded soldiers of our great state.

178

LIZZIE

178

only half-listening to the speech.

OFFICIAL

This brave officer was grievously injured at Chancellorsville, but he is returning to his regiment this very week. I give you Colonel Caleb Denby of the Nineteenth Massachusetts.

APPLAUSE as Denby, minus the head bandage and sling but with his arm and hand still wrapped, strides forward.

179

ANGLE - LIZZIE

179

She stands abruptly in mingled pleasure and shock.

180

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

180 *

Scotty's EEG monitor spikes.

181

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

181

MOVING WITH Lizzie in Caleb's arms, as they waltz round and round on the crowded dance floor. The new scar on his temple makes him even more dashing.

LIZZIE

Why didn't you tell me you would be here tonight?

DENBY

I wanted to surprise you.

LIZZIE

You have -- and shocked me as well. Caleb, you can't even think of going back...

DENBY

I must, Lizzie. I cannot avoid my duty. Lee and Meade are massing troops in Southern Pennsylvania. There could be a decisive battle...

*
*

LIZZIE

When? How much time do we have?

DENBY

I leave in two days.

(CONTINUED)

181

CONTINUED:

181

Lizzie looks devastated. TIGHTEN as Caleb pulls her close and whispers.

DENBY (CONT'D)

Lizzie, I must see you alone.
Will you meet me later at our
special place on the Common?

LIZZIE

How can I? My cousin...

DENBY

Wait till she's asleep. She can
barely keep her eyes open now.

Lizzie glances at Delia, then looks back to Caleb,
smiles.

182

EXT. BOSTON COMMON - NIGHT

182

Caleb stands waiting in the moonlight. He checks his
pocket watch, looks anxiously around. Suddenly he
smiles.

183

ANOTHER ANGLE

183

Lizzie is running toward him along the path. He moves
toward her. They go into each other's arms.

CAMERA begins to CIRCLE them. They kiss passionately.
HOLD for a long beat, and...

184

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CLOSE ON SCOTTY - NIGHT

184 *

Still comatose. Suddenly his eyes blink open.

TIGHTEN TO him as he slowly focuses on his surroundings,
and then one whispered word escapes his lips:

SCOTTY

Lizzie...

185

ANOTHER ANGLE

185

Where Debra sits beside the bed. She reacts to Scotty's
first word.

FADE OUT.

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

186 INT. SCOTTY'S LOFT APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - DUSK 186 *

Scotty looks at neat stacks of mail on top of the desk.
Debra moves INTO FRAME.

DEBRA

I got it all organized for you --

SCOTTY

Thanks.

He starts to flip through the mail, but his eye is on the desk drawer with the secret compartment. He's dying to open it.

DEBRA

Maybe you should sit down.

SCOTTY

I'm fine.

DEBRA

Please?

He relents, taking a stack of mail over to the couch.
Debra hovers nervously around as he sits.

SCOTTY

I'm okay -- see?

To prove his point, he stands back up, sits back down,
stands back up -- and sure enough becomes dizzy.

DEBRA

That settles it -- I'm cancelling
my meeting.

SCOTTY

Deb, it's normal. The doctor said
so.

She's about to object.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

Look -- you know Mom's coming over
with dinner. I'll be fine.
Sooner or later I have to get my
life back, right?

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

DEBRA
(hesitates, then)
Promise you'll call if you need
me?

SCOTTY
Promise.

As Debra reaches the door, she turns to him.

DEBRA
Scotty, when you came out of the
coma...

She stumbles, not sure what to say.

SCOTTY
Yes?

DEBRA
It's nothing. I'm just glad
you're back.

SCOTTY
Me, too.

She gives him a peck on the cheek, exits. Scotty waits a
beat then quickly crosses to the desk, opens the secret
compartment and reacts to the sight of a large stack of
letters.

187 OMITTED

187 *

188 INT. SCOTTY'S LIVING AREA - NIGHT

188 *

Scotty has the letters in chronological order on the
floor, and he reads one:

LIZZIE (V.O.)
... I am powerfully drawn to him,
and he, it appears, seems to feel
an attraction as well...

A rueful smile. He picks up another letter.

LIZZIE (V.O.)
... very soon he will be returning
to his regiment. He says there
are rumors of a decisive battle
somewhere in southern
Pennsylvania. Darling, I am so
frightened...

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

188

SCOTTY
Southern Pennsylvania...

He checks the date on the letter.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)
June 28, 1863...
(click)
Gettysburg!

He jumps up, gets dizzy for a moment, then turns on his laptop.

189 CLOSE - COMPUTER SCREEN

189

We see a rapid succession of screens: KEY WORD - CIVIL WAR - GETTYSBURG - CASUALTIES - BY STATE - BY REGIMENT.

PULL BACK as Scotty's finger traces the dense list on the screen.

SCOTTY
Massachusetts Nineteenth... oh no!
Fifty percent...

He punches keys. MOVE IN as we see CASUALTY LISTS.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)
(reading)
Dabney, Darlington, Dealy, DeFord,
Delaney, Denby... Colonel Caleb,
killed in action, July 3rd.

He glances at his desk calendar: July 1st.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)
Two days... She's got two days.

Scotty pulls the paper and ink out of his desk.

190 INT. SCOTTY'S LOFT APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

190 *

Scotty, letter and car keys in hand, heads for his front door.

SCOTTY (V.O.)
Dearest Lizzie, Do not let Colonel
Denby return to his regiment.

He opens the door just as Beatrice, arms full of groceries, is about to knock.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

190

BEATRICE

Where are you going?

SCOTTY

Manhasset Substation.

BEATRICE

You just got out of the hospital!

SCOTTY

I have to get this to Lizzie.

Beatrice puts down the groceries on the entryway table. *

BEATRICE

Scotty, you cannot drive there.

SCOTTY

Yes, I can, Mother.

Scotty races out the door heading for his Explorer, and
Beatrice follows quickly as she shouts: *

BEATRICE

I'll drive. *

191 INT. SCOTTY'S EXPLORER - MOVING - NIGHT

191

Beatrice deftly negotiates the Explorer through traffic,
Scotty beside her, holding the letter.

SCOTTY

Can't you go any faster?

BEATRICE

Without killing us? No.

Scotty sighs impatiently.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

If this is meant to be, Scotty,
you can't stop it.

SCOTTY

I have to.

192 EXT. STREET (BOSTON) - NIGHT

192

As the Explorer drives BY CAMERA. PAN WITH it.

(CONTINUED)

192

CONTINUED: (A1)

192

SCOTTY (V.O.)

If he's already left, get him back. He must not get anywhere near the village of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. You have until July 3rd to stop him. Explanations later. I pray this reaches you in time. I love you. Scotty.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

192

A FIRE ENGINE, SIRENS BLARING, ROARS by them.

The GLOW OF A LARGE FIRE can now be seen over the rooftops.

193 EXT. MANHASSET POSTAL SUBSTATION - NIGHT

193

The post office and the building next to it are ablaze. A number of FIRE ENGINES and POLICE CRUISERS are on the scene.

The area's been cordoned off, and there's a growing knot of spectators.

Scotty's EXPLORER SCREECHES to a halt. He leaps out. Beatrice follows. GO WITH them as Scotty runs for the perimeter. A COP stops him.

*

SCOTTY

I have to get in there!

COP

(pointing)

Stand over there behind that line...

SCOTTY

You don't understand...

COP

Please, sir. Over there -- now!

*

It's hopeless. Beatrice watches as he suddenly turns, runs back through the crowd, disappears among the spectators.

194 EXT. REAR OF POSTAL SUBSTATION - NIGHT

194

Much SMOKE AND FLAMES. Scotty runs INTO FRAME. A beat as he stands there, letter in hand, looking desperately at the burning building.

195 INT. POSTAL SUBSTATION - NIGHT

195

An inferno. A beat and then Scotty appears, entering through a smashed out window.

He covers his mouth and nose with a handkerchief, tries to see through the dense smoke and fire.

196 HIS POV 196

The wall with the mail slots is virtually a sheet of flame.

197 BACK TO SCOTTY 197

Coughing violently, he inches his way forward. The letter catches fire, he beats it out on his jeans. We hear an ominous CREAKING and GROANING. The ROOF is about to collapse.

Gasping for air, Scotty reaches the mail slot and pushes the letter through. Then turning, he dashes back the way he came, flaming BEAMS and RAFTERS CRASHING down behind him.

198 EXT. REAR OF POSTAL SUBSTATION - NIGHT 198

Scotty leaps out of the inferno, rolls on the ground, beating out cinders. Behind him the post office is a conflagration.

TIGHTEN TO him as he sits on the ground, coughing, staring at the flames.

199 EXT. TRAIN STATION (BOSTON) - DAY (JULY 2ND) 199

MOVING WITH a NEWSPAPER BOY as he walks along the crowded platform, hawking his papers. "HUGE BATTLE AT GETTYSBURG. TERRIBLE LOSSES BOTH SIDES. OUTCOME UNCERTAIN -- WASHINGTON ON ALERT."

*
*
*

A TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS. Lizzie and Caleb embrace at the entrance to his car.

CONDUCTOR #1

All aboard! All aboard!

DENBY

When I return, I shall ask you to be my wife.

LIZZIE

And I shall say yes.

They look lovingly into each other's eyes, then kiss.

CONDUCTOR #1

All aboard!

Denby reluctantly breaks the embrace and steps aboard as steam engine billowing, the train slowly begins to pull away.

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED:

199

Lizzie runs alongside, waving good-bye.

Then, as the train picks up speed, she stops, stands there staring after it, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

200 INT. WHITCOMB HOUSE - LIZZIE'S BEDROOM - DAY (JULY 2ND) 200

Flossy helps Lizzie unpack her trunk. Lizzie's very agitated.

LIZZIE
Are you sure, Flossy?

FLOSSY
I checked each day.

LIZZIE
And my letters to him?

FLOSSY
They vanished, just as you said.

LIZZIE
(sighs, then)
He promised.

Lavinia enters and addresses Lizzie.

LAVINIA
Mr. Reagle has arrived, dear -- to welcome you home.

LIZZIE
Oh, Mother -- I just can't right now.

LAVINIA
Your father's already told him you'd be right down.
(fixing Lizzie's hair)
Just freshen up a bit -- I'm sure seeing him will lift your spirits.

201 INT. PARLOR - DAY

201

Reagle beams at Lizzie as she enters. Warren is beside him.

REAGLE
Welcome home, Miss Whitcomb. You were missed by all.

(CONTINUED)

201

CONTINUED:

201

He takes her hand and kisses it.

LIZZIE

Thank you, Mr. Reagle. But if you'll forgive me, I'm feeling rather fatigued from the long journey, and wonder if we might postpone our visit?

Warren gives her a disapproving look.

O.S. the DOORBELL CHIMES. Maggie comes out of the dining room, starts for the door. *

WARREN

I've invited Mr. Reagle to join us for lunch, Lizzie.

Maggie opens the door, takes the mail from Potts.

LIZZIE

Anything for me, Maggie?

In the b.g., Lavinia and Flossy descend the staircase into enter the hallway. Maggie looks at one of the envelopes, puzzled.

MAGGIE

It's hard to say, M'um. I think this is your name...

Lizzie takes a smoke-smudged, singed envelope from her.

LIZZIE

How strange...

Lizzie rips it open. Flossy watches.

WARREN (O.S.)

Lizzie -- you're being rather rude to our guest.

LIZZIE

I'll be there in a moment --

PAN UP as she reads quickly with a look of horror.

FLOSSY

Lizzie -- what is it?

LIZZIE

Get my bag, Flossy -- hurry!

(CONTINUED)

201

CONTINUED: (2)

201

Flossy rushes back upstairs and Lizzie turns to her father.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Father, I need to get to the train station right away.

WARREN

The train station? You've just come from the station! What is in that letter?

LIZZIE

Mr. Reagle, would you please give me a ride in your shay?

REAGLE

Dear lady, I would do anything to please you, but against the wishes of your father...

LIZZIE

Then I shall walk.

Flossy comes down the stairs with Lizzie's carpet bag. Lizzie takes it and heads for the door, but Warren blocks her.

WARREN

I forbid it.

LIZZIE

I'm not a child, Father. You can't stop me.

Her eyes filling with tears of frustration, Lizzie storms past Warren, who glares after her.

*

WARREN

This is what comes of letting her go to Boston!

(to Flossy)

What did she tell you? What's in that letter?

Suddenly Flossy's jaw drops, Warren whirls.

*

202
thru
204

OMITTED

202
thru
204

205

THEIR POV - THROUGH OPEN DOOR

205 *

Lizzie swings herself up into the driver's seat of Reagle's shay.

*

206 EXT. WHITCOMB HOUSE - VERANDA - DAY

206

Warren, Reagle, Flossy, Lavinia and Maggie emerge from the front door as Lizzie gallops away.

207 INT. SCOTTY'S OFFICE - DAY (JULY 2ND)

207

Scotty is hunched over his computer, looking at the Battle of Gettysburg when Lester sticks his head in.

LESTER

By the way -- while you were out,
they found Amelia Earhart, and the
Dodgers moved back to Brooklyn.

SCOTTY

(smiles, then)
It's good to see you, Les.

LESTER

Glad to have you back. You doing
okay?

SCOTTY

Great. And listen, I'm sorry
about the race.

LESTER

Hey, forget about it. What's
important is that you're okay --
(only half-joking)
-- and that you're gonna catch up
really quickly.

SCOTTY

I will. Don't worry.

LESTER

(glancing at screen)
'Thought you finished Gettysburg
months ago.

SCOTTY

Just reviewing.

LESTER

(only half-kidding)
Phew. I was afraid maybe you were
having a little amnesia or
something.

Les exits and Scotty bears down on the computer.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

207

SCOTTY
 Okay, where's the Nineteenth
 Massachusetts? Where did Meade
 put you?

He hits a few more keys, leans forward, dismayed.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)
 Oh, no -- Cemetery Ridge...

He punches more keys.

208 COMPUTER SCREEN

208

The overall map of the battle appears. Divisions,
 brigades, attack arrows, etc.

We watch as the graphics ZOOM IN on Cemetery Ridge and --
 Second Corps -- Nineteenth Mass.

SCOTTY (O.S.)
 (mumbles)
 Great. Dead center of the Union
 line.

Where all the rebel attack arrows are pointing.

209 EXT. WILLOUGHBY TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY (JULY 2ND)

209

The TRAIN is just pulling in as Lizzie RATTLES up, pulls
 the horses to a stop, crosses quickly to the ticket
 office.

LIZZIE
 Excuse me, will that train take me
 anywhere near Gettysburg?

TICKET AGENT
 Closest you can get, Ma'am, is
 Harrisburg -- if the Rebs ain't
 cut the line yet. You'll have to
 take a carriage from there.

Passengers begin to board the train. She throws some
 bills on the counter. He punches out a ticket.

LIZZIE
 Please tie up my rig. Someone
 will call for it straightaway.

She runs for the train, jumps aboard just as it's pulling
 out.

210 INT. SCOTTY'S LIVING AREA - NIGHT (JULY 2ND)

210 *

As an agitated Scotty enters, quickly crosses to the desk, checks the secret compartment -- it's empty. Suddenly O.S. the sound of Debra's voice.

DEBRA (O.S.)

Look what I got.

Scotty closes the drawer, turns as Debra comes in from the kitchen holding a box of RSVP envelopes.

She puts it on the desk.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Lots of yesses.

SCOTTY

(thumbing through
them)

People wrote back already?

DEBRA

The wedding's four weeks away.
Don't forget -- you lost a month.

Scotty looks anxious.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Honey, if you think we should
postpone it -- I mean, it wouldn't
be easy, but we could do it if we
had to.

SCOTTY

Uh, no -- we don't need to do
that.

The PHONE RINGS, and Scotty answers it.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

Hello?

BEATRICE (V.O.)

Any word?

SCOTTY

No, not yet.

BEATRICE (V.O.)

I wonder if she even got the
letter.

SCOTTY

Yeah, I'm wondering, too.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED:

210

He glances at Debra regarding him curiously.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)
Listen, Debra's here --

BEATRICE (V.O.)
Uh-oh. Sorry. Well, send her my
love -- and call me if you hear
anything, okay?

SCOTTY
Okay.

Scotty hangs up.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)
Mom sends her love.

DEBRA
What was that all about?

SCOTTY
Oh, she's just worrying about me,
that's all.

DEBRA
That makes two of us.

SCOTTY
(snapping)
I'm fine! Why doesn't anyone
believe me?

DEBRA
Sorry.

Scotty realizes what a louse he's being and kisses her.

SCOTTY
No. I'm sorry.

211 EXT. PASSENGER TRAIN - NIGHT (JULY 2ND)

211

PAN WITH it as it CHUGS south.

*

211A INT. TRAIN - MOVING - NIGHT

211A *

Half full with soldiers and civilians. CAMERA DOLLIES
INTO Lizzie sitting by a window, staring out at the
night. HOLD a beat and...

*

*

*

212 EXT. SCOTTY'S LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT (JULY 2ND) 212

As Debra comes out, crosses to her car, turns to wave up at Scotty watching out the window. *

212A INT. SCOTTY'S LIVING AREA 212A *

Scotty waves back, then races for the desk, checks the compartment again. Nothing.

SCOTTY

Get a move on, Lizzie. It starts at dawn.

213 OMITTED 213

214 EXT. FRONT OF TRAIN STATION (HARRISBURG) - CLOSE ON CARRIAGE DRIVER - NIGHT 214

as he talks BY CAMERA.

CARRIAGE DRIVER

Gettysburg? Heaviest fightin' of the war's goin' on up there!

215 ANOTHER ANGLE 215

To include Lizzie, carpet bag in hand, standing in front of the DRIVER trying to convince him.

LIZZIE

(highly agitated)

I have to get there! There's no other way!

On the street in the b.g. rank after rank of Union Troops are marching through.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

Please! I'll pay whatever you ask.

CARRIAGE DRIVER

It ain't the money, ma'am.

LIZZIE

(angrily)

Never mind! I'll find someone else!

She spins on her heel, starts toward another carriage. A beat as the Driver watches her go. Then, feeling sorry for her, he goes after her.

216 OMITTED 216

- 217 EXT. ROAD TO GETTYSBURG - NIGHT 217
- Lizzie's CARRIAGE THUNDERS along the dark, treacherous road.
- 217A INT. CARRIAGE - MOVING 217A
- An exhausted Lizzie, staring tensely ahead. *
- 218 INT. SCOTTY'S LIVING AREA - DAWN 218
- A streak of light falls on the carpet. Scotty, asleep on the sofa, opens his eyes, stumbles to the desk and opens the compartment. Nothing.
- He tears off the page on the calendar. It now reads:
JULY 3RD.
- He sits at the computer, hits a few keys. Once again the Gettysburg battle map appears on the screen.
- Scotty stares at it morosely.
- 219 EXT. CEMETERY RIDGE - DAY 219
- CRANING DOWN THROUGH the trees to reveal the Nineteenth Massachusetts dug in behind stone walls, boulders, breastworks, etc.
- 220 CALEB 220
- MOVING WITH him, as he walks along the line of entrenched troops, giving a word of encouragement here, tightening a strap there.
- Suddenly, O.S. the sound of DISTANT REBEL ARTILLERY beginning to OPEN UP. A beat, then EXPLOSIONS begin to ERUPT along the line.
- DENBY
(shouts OVER DIN)
Keep down, men -- they'll be coming at us soon.
- As SHELLS continue to EXPLODE...
- 221 EXT. DIRT ROAD TO GETTYSBURG - LIZZIE'S CARRIAGE - DAY 221
- It RATTLES by at full gallop, passing Union troops on the way to the battle. In the distance, smoke can be seen rising over the treetops.

222 EXT. CEMETERY RIDGE - SERIES OF SHOTS - BATTLE - DAY 222

STYLIZED TIGHT CUTS in STRONG BACKLIGHT, HEAVY SMOKE and SILHOUETTES. Union and Rebel troops clashing -- bayoneting -- horses' hooves -- EXPLOSIONS -- MUSKETS FIRING -- men going down.

223 EXT. DIRT ROAD - CARRIAGE - DAY 223

As Lizzie leans out the window, shouts up at the Driver.

LIZZIE

Driver, can't you go any faster?

CARRIAGE DRIVER

The horses are going as fast as they can, Ma'am.

He CRACKS the WHIP again. The horses surge forward.

224 EXT. CEMETERY RIDGE - BATTLE (SLOW MOTION) - DAY 224

As Caleb, sabre in hand, looms INTO FRAME. Suddenly a GIANT EXPLOSION blows him off his feet TOWARD CAMERA.

225 LIZZIE - SLOW MOTION 225

MOVE IN ON her. Suddenly her eyes go wide. It's as if she senses it.

226 CALEB (SLOW MOTION) 226

He falls, rolls in the dust among the dying and wounded, his chest a mass of blood.

As the noise of the BATTLE FADES, MOVE IN ON him.

DENBY

(in a whisper)

Lizzie...

227 EXT. VILLAGE - MAIN SQUARE - DAY 227 *

Choked with Reserves, supply wagons, dust, smoke and everywhere, the wounded. O.S. the sounds of BATTLE RAGE.

228 SERIES OF CUTS 228

As Lizzie's CARRIAGE comes THUNDERING in, pulls to a halt. She jumps out, gives the Driver some bills, begins to frantically move through the horrifying pandemonium.

She looks desperately around, then approaches a young SOLDIER with a bloody bandage on his head.

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED:

228

LIZZIE

I'm looking for the Nineteenth
Massachusetts. Do you know...?

SOLDIER

There ain't no more Nineteenth
Massachusetts, Ma'am...

LIZZIE

(alarmed)

What do you mean?

SOLDIER

The Rebs done 'em. They done 'em
good. What's left is over there...

He points towards a tented area, and Lizzie rushes towards
it. *

229 INT. TENTED AREA - DAY

229 *

A field hospital, the ground covered with wounded, comatose
and dying soldiers. *

A few blood-stained DOCTORS are performing mostly triage
procedures.

STAY WITH Lizzie as she moves slowly among the men,
searching each face. And then she sees him. She gasps.

230 CALEB

230

lying there, bandaged and bloody, his face ashen, close
to death. She kneels to him.

LIZZIE

Caleb -- my darling...

She takes him in her arms, her eyes brimming. He opens
his eyes, his voice barely a whisper.

DENBY

Lizzie...

LIZZIE

Yes, my love. It's me. I'm here.

He squeezes her hand.

DENBY

I promised... I promised to marry
you.

(CONTINUED)

230 CONTINUED:

230

LIZZIE

Ssshhh.

DENBY

I'll row... you read.

LIZZIE

What, darling?

DENBY

Your poems -- like on the river...

(a painful pause)

Read to me... You know the one I want...

She does. She nods, and struggles to speak through her tears.

LIZZIE

Not on this earth, beloved, shall
we meet/Not in this weary world of
sighs and tears/Where life is
meted out by days and years/But we
have had a union of the soul/That
neither time nor fate can rend
apart...

Caleb dies in her arms. The tears flow as she holds him close.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

... And you will live forever in
my heart.

231 INT. SCOTTY'S LIVING AREA - DAY

231 *

Scotty with his head on the desk, his shoulders heave.
He's sobbing. He knows. HOLD, and...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

232 EXT. WHITCOMB HOUSE - DAY

232

Disheveled, dress torn and wrinkled, Lizzie emerges from a hansom cab and trudges wearily toward the front door where Warren, Lavinia and Flossy are waiting.

Every minute of what she's experienced shows in her face and her gait.

LAVINIA

Are you all right, dear?

LIZZIE

No, Mother, I'm not.

WARREN

(sternly)

Elizabeth...

LIZZIE

Not now, Father.

She exits past them into the house.

233 INT. LIZZIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

233

Lizzie enters, mechanically sits at the desk and takes out pen and paper. A soft RAP and Flossy enters. The two sisters embrace and hold tight.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

Dearest Scotty, I received your warning, but it was too late.

234 OMITTED

234

&

&

235

235

236 EXT. MANHASSET POSTAL SUBSTATION - DAY

236

As Scotty's Explorer drives TOWARD CAMERA, CRANE DOWN to reveal him stoping in front of the burned out rubble of the post office. TIGHTEN TO him as he stares at the desolation.

*

LIZZIE (V.O.)

Oh, my darling, my Colonel is gone, and with him went that part of you I never thought to hold. So write to me, for you are all of him that remains...

Scotty's bleak expression says it all. Write to her? How?

237
thru
240

OMITTED

237
thru
240

241 EXT. BEATRICE CORRIGAN'S BACK YARD - DAY

241

Beatrice finishes reading Lizzie's letter. Scotty sits across from her, looking despondent.

BEATRICE

I'm sorry. You must really hurt.

Scotty gets up and crosses to Beatrice's grape arbor.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

I know you don't want to hear this
-- but it's for the best.

SCOTTY

For the best? Caleb is dead,
Lizzie's heart is broken -- and I
can't even reach her.

BEATRICE

An incredible miracle happened,
Scotty -- and you'll never forget
it -- but it's over. It's time to
be in the present with the woman
you're about to marry.

(beat)

You do still want to marry her,
don't you?

HOLD ON Scotty as he looks at her.

242 INT. SCOTTY'S LIVING AREA - DUSK

242 *

Scotty, a solemn look on his face, is sitting on the sofa.
Debra enters. *

DEBRA

Hi.

(off his expression)
What's wrong?

SCOTTY

(stands)
We need to talk.

DEBRA

What is it? You're scaring me.

Scotty crosses to his desk, takes out Lizzie's letters and
hands them to her. *

(CONTINUED)

242

CONTINUED:

242

SCOTTY

Read them.

DEBRA

What are they?

SCOTTY

Just read.

243

OMITTED

243

244

INT. WHITCOMB HOUSE - DUSK

244

Lizzie opens the front door, revealing Everett Reagle.

LIZZIE

Mr. Reagle...

REAGLE

Miss Whitcomb...

LIZZIE

You haven't been by in a while.

REAGLE

I took a business trip... to
Boston.

Lizzie tenses.

REAGLE (CONT'D)

Might we... have a few words?

245

EXT. VERANDA - DUSK

245

Lizzie and Reagle seat themselves. Reagle is clearly in
some difficulty about how to begin. Finally...

REAGLE

Miss Whitcomb, when I was in
Boston --

LIZZIE

(overlapping)

Mr. Reagle, let me spare you some
discomfort...

REAGLE

-- I was the unwilling recipient
of some -- gossip -- bearing on your
own visit... *

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED:

245

LIZZIE

There is really no need...

REAGLE

(no stopping him)

Rumors of your... indiscretions
with a certain officer...

LIZZIE

(rises)

Please, Mr. Reagle. I know why
you're here.

REAGLE

(agitated)

Miss Whitcomb, I'm afraid...

LIZZIE

I release you from any further
obligation. And I apologize for
any embarrassment my improprieties
may have caused you.

She heads for the house. Reagle is on his feet.

REAGLE

Lizzie! That is not what I came
to say.

She looks at him, puzzled.

REAGLE (CONT'D)

I came here to say that I forgive
you... and that I wish to marry
you despite what people are
saying...

LIZZIE

Indeed?

REAGLE

... and that I am prepared to
treat the fact of your
indiscretions -- for I perceive
that you admit them to be true --
as if they never happened.

She regards him for a long beat, then approaches him, her
manner much softer.

LIZZIE

That's very generous of you,
Everett. Your decision must have
cost you some sleepless nights.

(CONTINUED)

245 CONTINUED: (2)

245

He shrugs modestly. She touches his hand.

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

You are a kind and decent man, and
I will always think fondly of you.
But the events you are willing to
forget did happen -- and I can't
forget them.

A small curtsy, and she exits into the house. HOLD ON
Reagle.

246 OMITTED

246 *

247 INT. LIZZIE'S BEDROOM - CLOSE ON LIZZIE'S JOURNAL -
NIGHT

247

where she has written: "FOR CALEB, IN MEMORIAM."

PAN UP to include Lizzie sitting at the desk which is
covered with half-written attempts at the poem. Now,
angrily, she tears this page out, crumples it.

GO WITH her as she CROSSES TO the window seat and pulls
out the box with her other journals and poems. She scans
another poem. Awful.

She carries the box TO the fireplace, starts a fire.

248 INT. PARLOR - NIGHT

248

One of the sofa cushions is on the floor. If Maggie
would just look, she would find Scotty's letter, a corner
of which is protruding from beneath another cushion.

But she's dusting.

249 INT. LIZZIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

249

Lizzie is stoking the fire with a look of resignation.

250 INT. PARLOR - NIGHT

250

Maggie is putting the cushion back. She's going to miss
the letter.

251 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 251

Lizzie is about to throw her journal into the flames -- when there is a KNOCK at the door. Maggie pokes her head in.

MAGGIE
Miss Lizzie...

She holds up the letter. Lizzie's eyes widen.

252 INT. SCOTTY'S LIVING AREA - NIGHT 252 *

Debra is halfway through the stack of letters, rapt. Scotty paces, nervously watching her.

253 INT. LIZZIE'S BEDROOM - WIDE - NIGHT 253

Lizzie sits across the room in her window seat, reading the letter.

SCOTTY (V.O.)
Darling -- don't stop writing.
First of all, this guy Reagle...

DISSOLVE TO:

253A CLOSE ON LIZZIE 253A
continuing to read.

LIZZIE
You say you sing, but nobody
listens. Maybe that's true for
now, but what about in ten years,
in a hundred years? You once said
we were doomed never to touch each
other. But you did touch me, with
your words. Keep singing, my
love. I'll always be here to
listen...

She puts the letter in the envelope, feels something else inside, and finds...

254 COLOR PHOTO 254

of Scotty. MOVE IN ON his face.

255 LIZZIE 255

And TIGHTENING TO her EXTREME CLOSEUP as the realization sweeps over her.

(CONTINUED)

255

CONTINUED:

255

LIZZIE

Of course... of course...

HOLD, and...

256

INT. SCOTTY'S LIVING AREA - NIGHT

256

Scotty watches as Debra finishes the last of the letters.
She looks at him for a long beat. He just waits.

DEBRA

Scotty, what are these?

SCOTTY

Elizabeth Whitcomb wrote them.

Debra stares at him.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

She's been writing to me...
Her letters just appear -- in that
secret compartment in the desk --
and then... and then I write back
to her.

*
*

A beat.

DEBRA

What you're telling me... what
you're telling me is crazy. It's
insane. What is this? What are
you doing?

SCOTTY

I'm trying to show you... I'm
trying to tell you.

DEBRA

Tell me what?

SCOTTY

I fell in love with her.

A beat.

DEBRA

Elizabeth Whitcomb.

SCOTTY

I know it sounds crazy --

(CONTINUED)

256 CONTINUED:

256

DEBRA

I'm not sure what that accident
did to you, but this is really
frightening. I think we should
call the doctor.

*
*

SCOTTY

I don't need a doctor.

DEBRA

I don't think you know what you
need right now!

SCOTTY

Debra, listen to me --

Suddenly, he turns towards the desk. Scotty rushes to it
and opens the secret compartment.

Debra follows him and sees a letter inside. He removes
it, hands it to her.

256A INSERT -LETTER

256A

The letter is once again addressed to S. Corrigan, Esq.,
but now it is sealed with a red wax crest.

SCOTTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Open it.

BACK TO SCENE

She opens it, begins to read. He moves alongside of her.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

Dearest, Caleb is dead, and so, my
future love, are you. It must be
so, for you were one and the same.
I know that now...

CAMERA is SLOWLY DOLLYING AROUND their TIGHT profiles.

LIZZIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But almost as if from the grave,
you have returned to me something.
I thought I had lost -- my voice.
Although you may never hear it,
I'm enclosing a song for you...

257 DEBRA

257

stops reading, not knowing what to think.

DEBRA

This is crazy.

She throws the letter onto the desk and a pasteboard oval falls out of the envelope. Scotty picks it up.

258 INSERT - PHOTO

258

It is a locket-shaped silvertone of Lizzie and Caleb at the ball, and Caleb is unquestionably, undeniably Scotty in a Civil War officer's uniform.

259 BACK TO SCENE

259

Scotty and Debra gaze at the photo, incredulous.

DEBRA

It can't be... How can this be real?

SCOTTY

I don't know... but it is.

She moves away from him.

DEBRA

This isn't happening. It's not possible.

SCOTTY

(gently)

Maybe it's not. But what *is* real is the passion I felt for her -- feel for her... I want to feel the same way about you, Debra --

DEBRA

But you don't.

SCOTTY

I'm sorry.

DEBRA

That poem you showed me -- that love poem... She wrote it for you.

Scotty nods, looks at her sadly and moves to her.

SCOTTY

Deb, you deserve this kind of love, too -- don't you see? We both deserve to spend our lives with people who... set our hearts on fire.

She looks at him.

DEBRA

Scotty, I won't even pretend to understand what's happening here. But I do know this. If you don't feel that way about me... then you're right -- we shouldn't be together.

*

(CONTINUED)

259

CONTINUED:

259

SCOTTY
(beat, quietly)
I know...

With a gentle kiss on his cheek, she exits, closes the door behind her.

HOLD as Scotty stares at the picture in his hand, then picks up the letter. We hear Lizzie's voice.

LIZZIE (V.O.)
I will never forget how the winds
of time...

260

INT. EXPLORER - MOVING - DAY

260

Scotty drives.

*

LIZZIE (V.O.)
... Blew back and forth for me/I
will never forget how my heart lit
up like a glowing Christmas
tree...

Tears fill Scotty's eyes.

LIZZIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Though I wander in hell or
heaven/My slate wiped clean by
death/You, my love, my dream of
love/I'll never ever forget.

261

EXT. WHITCOMB HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT)

261

There is a black wreath on the front door. Scotty knocks and the door opens, revealing Mae in a black dress.

SCOTTY
When?

MAE
Tuesday.

SCOTTY
I'm sorry.

She nods.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)
Can I come in?

She shows him in.

262 INT. WHITCOMB HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT)

262

Scotty and Mae stand in the foyer.

SCOTTY
What will you do now?

MAE
She left me the house. Guess I'll
stay awhile, see how it feels.

Scotty nods.

SCOTTY
Would you mind... could I just see
her room one last time?

A beat as she looks at him, then shrugs.

MAE
Suit yourself.

He starts up the staircase.

263 INT. CHARICE'S BEDROOM - DAY

263

Scotty stands in the doorway. He looks at the empty bed,
then enters the room, trying to sense Lizzie's presence.

SCOTTY
(whispering)
Lizzie... Lizzie, are you here...?

He hears the bed, then walks to where the desk had been.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)
Lizzie?

He crosses to the dressing table, then stops, sensing
something. He caresses the air, feeling a presence.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)
It's me, Lizzie. I'm here.

264 INT. LIZZIE'S BEDROOM - DAY (1863)

264

Lizzie, dressed in a flowing white nightgown, is at her
dressing table, brushing her hair. Suddenly she feels
the touch of Scotty's hands on her shoulders.

She touches her shoulder as if touching the hand that
caresses it. Tears fill her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED:

264

LIZZIE

Oh, Scotty... I miss you.

MAE (O.S.)

You okay, Mister?

265 SCOTTY

265

turns to see Mae standing there with a wooden box --
Lizzie's wooden box. He nods.

MAE

Clarice wanted you to have this.

(hands him box)

She found it in the attic when she
was a little girl. It's just a
batch of papers and letters and
diaries. And poems, lots of
poems...

TIGHTEN as Scotty opens the box, which is stuffed full.

MAE (CONT'D)

It's funny -- Clarice could swear
there never were any poems in it
when she was a kid. But she was
getting real forgetful there at
the end.

*
*

Scotty takes this in, then picks up a packet of letters
and reads the top one.

SCOTTY

"Dear Miss Whitcomb, You were my
favorite teacher at the Willoughby
School for Girls." She became a
teacher! That's so great.

Scotty thumbs through the packet.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

Look at all these. Her students
loved her... Hmmm. They're all
addressed to "Miss Whitcomb." I
guess she didn't marry his Reagle
Highness.

MAE

Who?

SCOTTY

Not important.

(CONTINUED)

265 CONTINUED: 265

He looks through the poems, appreciating how many there are, and smiles to see that some are handwritten, and the LATER ONES ARE TYPED.

Then, he swallows hard as he pulls out:

266 PACKET OF LETTERS 266

-- his letters, now yellow with age, wrapped in a blue ribbon.

PAN UP as he opens one, reads a few lines. Blinking back tears, he reaches into the box and pulls out...

267 SILVERTONES 267

of Lizzie and her family.

268 BACK TO SCENE 268

Scotty smiles wistfully as he looks at them. He takes an extra moment to gaze at Lizzie's picture, then stares in amazement at the next photo:

269 INSERT - PHOTO 269

Scotty leaning against the desk.

270 BACK TO SCOTTY 270

Mae is beside him, gaping at the yellowed snapshot.

MAE

It's you! How did this get in here?!

Mae looks as if her universe suddenly doesn't make sense. Scotty touches her shoulder, but she shrinks back, frightened.

SCOTTY

I'll try to explain... but you're never going to believe it...

271 EXT. WHITCOMB HOUSE - DAY 271

The front door opens and Scotty and Mae emerge. *

Scotty extends his hand, but Mae enfolds him in a hug. He kisses her cheek.

272 OMITTED 272 *
 & &
 272A OMITTED 272A

273 EXT. OLD WILLOUGHBY CEMETERY - DAY 273

Scotty wanders among the headstones, many of them old and untended. He stops to read several markers, moves on.

Then he finds what he's looking for.

274 HEADSTONE 274

Weathered by the years, surrounded by weeds, the worn inscription reads "ELIZABETH WHITCOMB 1834-1888."

275 SCOTTY 275

gazes at it for a long beat, then slowly kneels down to touch her name on the headstone. He pulls out some weeds growing in front of it and reveals:

276 EPITAPH 276

It reads: "I NEVER FORGOT."

277 BACK TO SCOTTY 277

who stares at it, tears filling his eyes. HOLD for a long beat.

Scotty stands, takes another look at the headstone. Suddenly a GOLDEN RETRIEVER runs INTO FRAME and jumps onto Scotty, startling him out of his reverie. A leash hangs from the dog's collar.

SCOTTY

Hey!

The dog continues to jump -- in a friendly but overbearing manner -- and Scotty awkwardly tries to pet it and push it away.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Rosie! You get back here!

SCOTTY

(overlapping, to dog)

Come on -- get down.

The woman's voice gets closer.

(CONTINUED)

277 CONTINUED:

277

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Rosie! Come here!

The woman, wearing a hooded jacket, runs up to the dog and takes her by the collar. We don't see the woman's face.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Bad girl!

(to Scotty)

I am so sorry. She won't hurt you but she can be a little overwhelming --

SCOTTY

That's O.K. --

278 ON SCOTTY

278

He stares in astonishment.

279 ANOTHER ANGLE

279

It's a young, pretty woman and THE FACE -- is LIZZIE'S.

WOMAN

She saw the green grass and figured it was a park -- she just went flying away from me --

Their eyes meet. There is an instant feeling of connection between them.

SCOTTY

It's all right... really.

Suddenly, she is as disoriented as he is.

WOMAN

Well, I'm sorry we intruded.

SCOTTY

It's O.K. I was about to leave anyway.

280 The woman nods, takes the dog by the leash, and the three of them begin to walk towards the gates.

280

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

Do you live around here?

WOMAN

Not far.

(CONTINUED)

280

CONTINUED:

280

SCOTTY

Any place nearby for a good cup of
coffee?

WOMAN

Yeah, actually. I can give you
directions.

SCOTTY

Great. Unless... would you like
to join me?

She looks at him.

WOMAN

Only if you let me treat. It's
the least I can do.

SCOTTY

Sure.

(beat)

I'm Scott Corrigan, by the way.
My friends call me Scotty.

WOMAN

Beth.

281 Another beat as they look at each other, then continue 281
walking and chatting, the golden retriever ambling along-
side of them. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, their voices fade,
and we watch Scotty and Beth walk off into their future.

282 OMITTED

282

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT SIX

TAG

FADE IN: END CREDIT SEQUENCE

283 EXT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

283

CAMERA SLOWLY MOVING TOWARD a prominent display of books
in the big storefront window.

As we HOVE IN CLOSER, we are able to recognize the
beautiful Victorian photograph of Elizabeth and read the
title:

THE POEMS OF ELIZABETH WHITCOMB
EDITED BY
SCOTT CORRIGAN

A beat, then...

ROLL CREDITS.

FADE OUT.

THE END