

WE DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE

by
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Based on short stories by
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FINAL REVISED

ANYMORE

EXT. NORTHWEST TOWN - DAWN.

1

A train rolls slowly past an abandoned shoe factory.

EXT. A RIVER - DAWN

2

Fog hangs over a river that runs on the edge of the town.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAWN

3

The town is old and small, asleep. A typical mix of quaint, glass-fronted shops and new brick buildings. Nothing moves.

INT. HANK AND EDITH'S HOUSE- DAWN

4

HANK EVANS, mid thirties, stands in a bedroom doorway sipping coffee, staring blankly at something off screen.

MAN'S VOICE

In his youth he had the virtues of
madness: rage and passion and generosity.
Now he gets a damp sponge from the
kitchen and wipes dried ice cream from
his car seat.

A shadow passes over the sleeping face of his daughter
SHARON, 7. She opens her eyes: The doorway is empty.

INT. HANK AND EDITH'S HOUSE - DAWN

5

An empty bathroom. The kitchen. The living room. Each as
neat and ordered as the other.

Gray light spills into the bedroom. Onto his wife's blond
hair splayed across her pillow.

INT. HANK'S STUDY - DAWN

6

The room exhibits signs of a writer's squalor.

Hank brackets a manuscript he's reading with a red pencil -
LOSE THIS! He goes back to a previous page. It's marked LOSE
THIS! He frowns.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

7

In silence: Trees and leaves whip past. Hank is running hard,
effortlessly.

7 CONTINUED:

7

MAN'S VOICE

He longs for the company of loud and
ribald men...

His best friend JACK LINDEN, mid-thirties, catches up with
him. Puffing cheeks, running stride for stride.

MAN'S VOICE

He would like to drink bourbon and fight
in a bar...

3 INT. BAR AND GRILL - LATE AFTERNOON

8

Hank and Jack mid-argument, laughing and shouting. A girl
passes their table, drags the men's eyes away from each
other.

MAN'S VOICE

...steal a pretty young girl and love her
through the night.

Hank's gaze snaps back to Jack. Jack is still watching the
girl.

9 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S HOUSE - DAY

9

Hank and Jack enter quietly.

On Jack: following Hank as he tiptoes into the living room
and sneaks up behind Sharon watching cartoons. Jack smiles
and peers into the spotless kitchen.

EDITH EVANS, a 30 year old beauty, places food on the table,
oblivious to Jack watching her.

MAN'S VOICE

When someone says "wife" I see the
possessive and amused face of a woman in
her kitchen among bright curtains and the
smell of hot grease.

Edith washes at the sink. Jack creeps up slowly to scare her.

MAN'S VOICE

She offers her husband a kiss as he
returns from the day, on his way to some
nebulous goal that began as love, and
changed through marriage to respectable
survival. She is wearing a new dress.

Jack stares at the back of her head, her shiny blonde hair.
SOUND of Hank's growl and Sharon's shrieks off screen.

0 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN - DAY 10

TERRY LINDEN turns from the sink and smiles, elbow deep in last night's crusty pots. She is 35.

Jack stands in the middle of his modest, messy kitchen studying his wife's unkept clothes and hair. He notes her glass of wine on the counter.

His two children run in from outside; maul his legs with hugs and punches. Terry dries her hands and moves to kiss him.

MAN'S VOICE

From her scheming heart his balls hang
like a trophy taken in battle...

1 INT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE CLASSROOM--DAY 11

It's Jack we've been listening to, reading aloud from a book.

JACK

(reading)

...from a young hero long ago dead.

He stops. Stares at the text. His twenty bored students watch from their seats. One, AUDREY, comments.

AUDREY

(under her breath)

Does this guy hate women or what?

A titter of laughter dies into an uncomfortable silence. Somebody coughs. Jack snaps out of his reverie.

JACK

Who?

DARK SCREEN: SOUND of crackly, discordant jazz

2 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S LIVING RM - NIGHT 12

A small party seen in details and gestures: The glance of an EYE; a HAND brushing a neck; a laughing MOUTH whispering into an EAR, etc. Impossible to tell what belongs to who.

HANKS' VOICE

What the hell is this?

JACK'S VOICE

Listen and learn...

12 CONTINUED: 12

Dancing feet, giggles. TERRY LINDEN swaying drunkenly to music. HANK EVANS spins her. JACK LINDEN'S FACE, watching. From behind EDITH EVANS drifts toward him.

13 INT. KID'S BEDROOMS - NIGHT 13

Jack and Terry's kids, SEAN, 7 and NATASHA, 9, sleep through the music and voices drifting up from downstairs.

HANK'S VOICE
Ever heard of CD's Jack?

14 EXT. JACK AND TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 14

MUSIC emanates from within the small clapboard house. Jack and Terry's battered car sits in the driveway.

HANK'S VOICE
Sounds like a bowl of Rice Krispies.

15 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S LIVING RM - NIGHT 15

Hank laughing.

He passes Edith, runs his hand along her ass. Edith browses through Jack's extensive collection of old vinyl, swaying idly to the music, finding a rhythm.

Dancing less spectacularly, clutching a glass of wine in her hand, is Terry...eyes closed.

Jack watches Edith. Suddenly calls out:

JACK
Is there any more beer?

In the kitchen Hank peers into the refrigerator. Mainly empty. And dirty.

HANK
You're empty!

Jack's face.

JACK
I'll go into town and get some more.

6 EXT. JACK AND TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 16

We hear the friends' voices filtering from the house..

HANK'S VOICE
I'll go with you.

6 CONTINUED:

16

WOMAN'S VOICE

Oh let me. I need a drive. I'm burning up.

7 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S LIVING RM - NIGHT

17

Hank holds out some cash.

JACK

No, I have some.

He turns, addresses either Terry or Edith but we can't see which.

JACK (cont'd)

Don't you have some of that twenty left I gave you?

HANK

Here, come on. I got it.

8 EXT. JACK AND TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

18

Two figures difficult to identify get into the car.

OMITTED

19

0 OMITTED

20

1 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S LIVING RM - NIGHT

21

Hank is doing an outlandish spastic dance. Terry laughs.

2 EXT. SMALL STORE -NIGHT

22

Jack enters the small store.

3 INT. CAR - NIGHT

23

Edith's face: staring. She waits in the car watching Jack through the store window as he pays for beer at the counter. He turns in her direction. She smiles.

4 INT. CAR - NIGHT

24

Jack enters, tosses the beer in the back seat. The keys go in and are about to turn. Edith's hand gently reaches down to stop them. They embrace. First quietly, then savagely. Suddenly Edith pulls away. She guards her exhilarated face with her hand, hung up between gasping, laughing and crying.

24 CONTINUED:

EDITH
We'd better go.

Jack starts to turn the key, she stops his hand again. He looks at her, touches her eyes with his hand.

EDITH (cont'd)
It gets...y'know. With Terry so close by and all.

JACK
Do you wanna stop?

EDITH
No.

JACK
Good. I don't want to stop. I never want to stop.

EDITH
Good.

Jack puts the key in the ignition decisively and starts the car.

JACK
I'll bring my car to the Shell station at twelve.

5 OMITTED 25

6 EXT. JACK AND TERRY'S HOUSE - LATER 26

Jack and Terry, arm and arm, husband and wife, bid farewell to Hank and Edith. Hank slams his car door, waves cheerfully. Terry kisses Edith through the window. The car pulls away. Terry's face, sociable a moment before, darkens, takes on a venomous look.

TERRY
Come here.

Her hand pulls at his wrist.

JACK
Come where?

They are two forlorn figures on the lawn in front of the house. Terry drags him towards the house.

TERRY
Inside. I want to talk to you.

6 CONTINUED:

Her hand is pulling insistently on the wrist, he tries to jerk his arm away. She keeps pulling.

JACK

Would you let go of my wrist?

Jack pulls his hand away.

JACK (cont'd)

I said, let go.

7 OMITTED

27

8 OMITTED

28

9 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

29

Terry walks in a prowl, commanding space.

TERRY

No more of this crap.

Jack opens the fridge, turning his back on her.

TERRY (cont'd)

From now on we're going to act like married people. No flirting around. Do you understand that?

JACK

Of course I don't. Who could understand such bullshit?

10 OMITTED

30

11 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

31

TERRY

You're not really going to play dumb, are you?

JACK

Terry, would you please tell me what's on your mind, for god's sake?

Terry reaches past him, her hands go into the freezer. She brings ice out, she takes it to a glass and grabs a gin bottle.

JACK

Why don't you have wine instead?

11 CONTINUED:

31

TERRY

I don't want wine. I want gin. I'm having gin. I don't want wine.

JACK

You're drunk.

TERRY

Clever Jack.

She swallows part of her drink.

JACK

Why don't we talk in the morning? We'll fight now; you've got that look of yours.

TERRY

Never mind that look of mine.

Jack turns away in frustration. He looks at the dirty pots and plates from the dinner in the sink. His hand reaches for a sponge. He goes over to the kitchen table and sponges off some crumbs that are on the table. He leaves the sponge on the table. Terry eyes the sponge.

TERRY (cont'd)

You and Edith. All these trips you take. These goddamn errands. If someone runs out of something, wants goddamn egg rolls, off you go. You and Edith.

INTERCUT:

2 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

32

Hank leaving the bathroom. Edith entering, catches herself in the mirror.

INTERCUT:

TERRY

It's not right to leave me with Hank. To put me in that position.

Jack's eyes are fixed on the pots.

JACK

What position?

TERRY

Something's going on. Either it's going on or you want it to --

JACK

What a lot of horseshit. Why is it wrong for Edith and me to go get some goddamn beer? And what is it you're really worrying about? Being drunk and alone with Hank? I've seen you two. So you get horny for Hank. Am I supposed to feel guilty for that?

TERRY

Oh please. I get horny for my goddamn husband but he likes to be with Edith.

INTERCUT:

Edith brushes her hair in her bathroom mirror. Hank frowns.

INTERCUT:

JACK

Come on, Terry...we're not on our fucking honeymoon, for Christ's sake.

TERRY

Why aren't we?

They exchange some deadly looks.

TERRY (cont'd)

What are you saying, that you love me but we've been married so long that you need Edith, too, or maybe you're already having her. Is that it? Because if it is, maybe we should talk about how long this marriage is going to last. Because you can move out anytime you want to...

JACK

Terry...

TERRY

...and the kids will be all right. There's no reason for you to suffer if marriage is such a disappointment.

JACK

Terry, calm down.

Terry's hand fiddles with her glass. Clearly she is about to fall apart.

Jack's eyes stray over to the pots again.

12 CONTINUED: (2)

32

JACK

Terry, I have never wanted to leave you.
I am not suffering. I'm not tired of you,
and I don't need Edith or anyone else. I
like being with her like any friend.
Sometimes I like being alone with her.
You're the only wife I know who gets
pissed at her husband because he doesn't
cling to her constantly at parties.

TERRY

Other husbands touch their wives.
They don't seem to mind doing it.

JACK

Hank isn't fondling Edith every second.

TERRY

Because he doesn't love her.

She hesitates. She's said it with more certainty than she
should have - she knows more than she's telling.

TERRY (cont'd)

He said so tonight. While you two were
gone.

INTERCUT:

3 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

33

Hank is in bed reading. Edith gets into bed.

INTERCUT:

Jack is still trying to process the information he's just
heard.

JACK

He said that?

TERRY

Yes.

JACK

Why?

TERRY

I don't know. He just said it.

JACK

What were you doing?

33 CONTINUED:

33

TERRY

We were talking. How else do you tell people things?

JACK

When people talk like that, they're usually doing other things.

TERRY

I was blowing him on the front porch. What do you care?

JACK

I don't. As long as I know the truth.

TERRY

The truth? Ha! You won't even admit the truth about yourself. That you don't really love me.

JACK

Stop that, Terry. Do not say that shit. It's not true. It's never been true. But when you say it like that, it is. For a minute...do you understand?

Terry nods crazily but turns away from it in rage. She picks up her glass and hurls her drink at Jack. It hits him in the face. She storms out. Jack collapses in tears.

14 EXT. JACK AND TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

34

Jack is out the door, wiping tears and spilt drink off his face with his shirt. He walks madly, quickly, across the front lawn.

Behind him, the kitchen light goes out in his house.

Jack stops. He stares at his old bicycle.

JACK (V.O.)

If I drove to Edith's...if I waited long enough watching her window...

5 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S BEDROOM NIGHT

35

Edith in bed with Hank, both asleep.

JACK (V.O.)

She would know in her sleep...

6 EXT. HANK AND EDITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT 36

The house is dark.

JACK (V.O.)

She would wake up and look out the window. She would come downstairs and hold me.

7 EXT. JACK AND TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 37

Jack sits alone on his own lawn, smoking. Above him, awful, the moon.

8 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 38

Terry is asleep, snoring softly. Jack slides into bed, anxious not to wake her.

JACK (V.O.)

This is every day of my life. Lying. Terry in her coffin.

Jack turns over on his side, eyes the window.

JACK (V.O.)

Edith...

Jack clenches his eyes, can't sleep.

9 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN 39

He goes downstairs, opens the refrigerator, opens a can of beer, starts to chug it down. Sticks it in the sink. He goes back upstairs.

0 INT. SEAN'S ROOM 40

He looks in on Sean, sleeping soundly. He walks down the hall, enters Natasha's room.

1 INT. NATASHA'S ROOM 41

He kneels, studies HER FACE.

2 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 42

Jack is now sitting at his desk in the bedroom, looking at Terry sleeping.

JACK (V.O.)

I am surrounded by painful marriages no one understands.

(MORE)

42 CONTINUED:

42

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd)
But Hank understands his, for him it has
never been painful; the pain was Edith's,
and she came to me with it in May.

FLASHBACK:

43 INT. HANK & EDITH'S LIVING RM - TWO MONTHS AGO

43

A small college faculty get-together. Groups of people are
having cocktails. Hank is entertaining a group of men and a
striking-looking beauty, JEANNE. He produces a cigarette for
her, lights it. She smiles.

Terry is talking to a DULL OLDER MAN. Edith approaches, tear-
stained.

TERRY
Honey, what's wrong?

EDITH
(stunned)
Nothing, where's Jack. I feel like
talking to Jack...

Jack exits the hall bathroom, zipping up. He exchanges a look
with Terry. Edith glides toward him. Jack shrugs to Terry,
who shrugs back. Edith grabs Jack and leads him out the front
door.

Terry turns back to her conversation just as Hank and Jeanne
stroll by. She casts a scornful eye. He ignores her.

14 EXT. HANK & EDITH'S FRONT YARD - NIGHT

44

Edith and Jack sit side by side on a stone wall.

EDITH
You and Terry and everybody else probably
know about it. About Hank and that phony
French bitch...

JACK
Jeanne...

EDITH
I forgot my purse inside. Give me a
cigarette, would you?

He produces one for her, provides a light.

EDITH (cont'd)
He comes home with hers now, I guess they
lay around in bed so long they smoke all
of his - I don't know what to do - shit!
(MORE)

4 CONTINUED:

44

EDITH (cont'd)

- I oughtta divorce him. But I don't really want to. But why shouldn't I, when he doesn't love me?

JACK

Come on Edith, this isn't about love.

EDITH

He makes me so fucking sick.

Jack gets up, looks in at the party. She turns around. She tries to laugh it all off. She is unwilling to say what she wants to say quite as provocatively as she'd like to.

EDITH (cont'd)

You're good to me.

JACK

Not much help really. A listening face.

She stares into his eyes a long moment. There is an undeniable provocation in this moment. He rises. Holds her. He strokes her hair. She leans on him. Then abruptly, she raises her face to be kissed and makes the kiss count. Jack gets into his part of the excitement. After a few seconds of this, they stop.

EDITH

Come see me.

JACK

Yes.

EDITH

Monday afternoon.

JACK

Are you sure?

EDITH

Yes. Yes, I want you to. Come at one.

5 EXT. HANK AND EDITH'S HOUSE - MONDAY AFTERNOON

45

Jack pulls up on his old bicycle. Goes to the door.

6 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

46

Edith's alert eyes shine as she opens the door. He steps awkwardly inside, as if he's never been there before.

EDITH

Hi...

16 CONTINUED:

46

JACK

Hello....

He looks around hesitantly, frowning, trying helplessly to acclimate himself. She shuts the door, pulls him toward her.

BACK TO PRESENT:

17 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN - MORNING AFTER FIGHT 47

Terry enters hungover, looks at the plates and empty beer bottles from the previous night. She places glasses in the sink. Picks up a Brillo pad to scrub with, puts it down. She pours herself coffee and sits.

18 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S BEDROOM - DAY 48

Hank waking up to the sound of an alarm clock.

19 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S KITCHEN - DAY 49

Edith, cooking breakfast.

20 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - DAY 50

Jack asleep.

21 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN - DAY 51

Terry sips coffee. She starts the washing machine. Enters the kitchen, considers cleaning the stove. She stares at the idle Brillo pad.

22 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S KITCHEN - DAY 52

Hank reads a book at the breakfast table. Sharon enters and stands by him silently. He pretends to ignore her.

HANK

Go to school.

She giggles.

SHARON

It's summer! I don't have to. You go to school.

HANK

It's Saturday. I don't have to.

He grabs her, picks her up and sits her on his lap. Looks at his watch.

2 CONTINUED:

52

SHARON

What will you do then today?

HANK

Make up stories.

SHARON

Why?

HANK

To make people laugh and cry.

SHARON

But why?

HANK

It's what daddy does. No reason. I like to.

3 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN - DAY

53

Terry starting toward the stove, hearing the SOUND of the clothes stopping. She goes to the washing machine, empties the wet clothes, drags them, dropping some, to the dryer and finds that the dryer still has clothes she's forgotten to put away. She curses and drops the wet clothes in a heap.

4 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S KITCHEN - DAY

54

Hank chastely kisses Edith on the cheek, exits. Edith neatly, effectively removes morning crumbs from her breakfast table.

5 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

55

Jack wakes.

6 INT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE - HANK'S OFFICE - DAY

56

Hank enters, closes the door to his office and sits before the computer. The blank screen appears.

7 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BATHROOM - DAY

57

Jack is drying himself off from cleaning. He peers at himself in the mirror. Terry peeks in through the door.

TERRY

Do you want lunch or breakfast?

JACK

I don't know, what do you have?

57 CONTINUED:

57

TERRY

Just cereal if you want breakfast. But if you want lunch I could get some lobsters, just for you and me. The kids don't like them anyway.

JACK

No, I have to hurry. I'm taking the car in.

He starts to shave.

58 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S LIVING RM - DAY

58

Edith, with delighted eyes, is watching a moment from some old movie on TV.

59 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

59

Terry remains outside the bathroom door, tentative, bargaining.

TERRY

I could have the lobsters done in half an hour.

JACK

I have to get the car there at twelve.

TERRY

You have to?

JACK

If I want the work done, yes.

TERRY

What's the work?

JACK

Oil and grease.

TERRY

That doesn't take long.

JACK

They're busy, Terry. They want it at twelve or not at all. They don't care how badly you want a lobster. But if you want one, get it now before I leave.

TERRY

I don't want one by myself.

9 CONTINUED:

59

JACK

Why...you mean it won't taste good?

TERRY

You know what I mean. Cheerios or
Grapenuts?

Jack is now brushing his teeth.

JACK

Grapenuts.

0 OMITTED

60

1 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S LIVING RM - DAY

61

Jack enters the living room. It is filled with piles of
clothes. Terry is seated on the couch drinking coffee. She
looks at her watch.

TERRY

Is it eleven already? I didn't know it
was that late.

He heads into the kitchen.

INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN- DAY

62

Jack stares at the burners in the kitchen. They're encrusted
with crud. There are dishes and bottles from last night all
over the place.

JACK

Jesus Christ.

Jack heads over to the fridge to capture the makings of his
breakfast.

He pours milk into his Grapenuts. His kids Natasha and Sean
run in from outside.

SEAN

You slept late.

He is patting his father's arm.

JACK

It's Saturday.

Natasha seats herself on the edge of the counter knowingly.

62 CONTINUED:

62

NATASHA

It's because you were up late. You guys were fighting. I heard you.

JACK

And just what did you hear?

NATASHA

Yelling and swear words. Then you left.

SEAN

(momentarily curious)
You left?

JACK

All grown-ups fight from time to time if they are married.

Upstairs Terry is desperately vacuuming.

SEAN

Where's Mommy?

Jack points to the ceiling where the vacuum SOUND comes from.

JACK

I'll fix you something. You hungry?

NATASHA

I could eat a horse.

FLASH TO:

53 EXT. JACK AND TERRY'S YARD - DAY

63

Jack's POV: Terry, younger, happier, takes a sandwich from Jack.

TERRY

I could eat a horse. (eats) If I promise not to get fat and if I get a job, can I keep our baby?

BACK TO:

53A INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN -DAY

63A

Jack presenting them with made sandwiches.

JACK

You want dessert too?

NATASHA
(surprised)
Do we have any?

SEAN
(sober)
We never have desserts.

Jack opens the freezer, the refrigerator. There is nothing for dessert.

JACK
I'm a stupid daddy. There's no dessert.
I'll get some when I'm out.

NATASHA
Where are you going?

JACK
To get the car worked on.

Jack watches them eating sandwiches.

JACK (V.O.)
In twelve minutes Edith will be waiting
at the Shell station. I want her to call
and say she can't make it.

SEAN
Can I go to get the car fixed?

NATASHA
Me, too.

JACK
No, from there I'll go running with Hank.

NATASHA
We don't mind. We'll watch you.

JACK
No, you won't.

He starts to tickle Natasha. Keeps repeating, 'no you won't'.
Tickles Sean. Terry comes in, wiping the hair out of her
eyes. Playfully Jack grabs her.

JACK (cont'd)
I want us to start having desserts.

TERRY
What?

53A CONTINUED: (2)

63A

The kids grin.

SEAN

Yay! Desserts!

NATASHA

(sober)

We never have desserts.

Terry smiles uncertainly. Jack pretends to be dancing with her.

JACK

We're depriving the kids of a basic childhood experience.

TERRY

What's that?

JACK

Mother's desserts.

TERRY

Jesus.

JACK

I'm off.

TERRY

Did you get enough to eat?

JACK

(quipping)

Sure enough. Not as good as lobster, but cheaper anyway.

He goes out the door. Terry watches the whole time. She looks back at the kids who are eating their lunches. She can't conceal how lonely she feels.

NATASHA

How come daddy likes desserts and you don't?

TERRY

Daddy's a daddy and mommy's a mommy.

NATASHA

Huh...but Ma...

TERRY

We're different. We're not the same person. We're different.

4 INT. COLLEGE - HANK'S OFFICE - DAY 64

Hank is reading some of his printed pages. He curses several times. SOUNDS of footsteps. He gets up.

5 INT. HANK'S OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY 65

He goes out the door of his office and stands in the hallway. A pretty girl named LAUREN is walking by, someone Hank knows a bit.

HANK

You signed up for summer classes?

LAUREN

Sure, why not?

HANK

If I were you I'd be at the beach every hour of every day this summer...

Lauren keeps it friendly.

LAUREN

Well. Gotta make up the credits.

HANK

No. Anyone who looks like you doesn't have to do anything.

He smiles. Lauren is a little uncomfortable.

LAUREN

See ya, Mr. Evans.

He waves.

HANK

Enjoy!

(under his breath)

It won't last forever.

Hank turns, goes back into his office, closes the door.

6 INT. HANK'S OFFICE - DAY 66

Hank sits at the computer. Punches a key.

7 OMITTED 67

58 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

68

Jack climbs out of his car, glances around. Edith sits in a car across the street watching him. Jack is talking to the MECHANIC.

JACK

I'll go run some errands with my wife over there. Then I'll come pick it up.

59 INT. EDITH'S CAR

69

The mechanic glances in the direction Jack is pointing. Edith studies this transaction. She shakes her head smiling.

EDITH

Men are so stupid...

Jack runs across the street, noticing shoppers, others loitering around the station. He jumps into Edith's car.

Edith points to a little boy walking by.

EDITH

Duck. I think he's onto you.

She starts the car. They smile exultantly at each other.

70 OMITTED

70

70A EXT. WOODS - DAY

70A

The car drives deeper into the woods, then stops.

1 EXT. CAR - DAY

71

Edith stands by the car stretching, yawns. Jack reaches into the back seat of the car. He pulls out some Japanese beer.

JACK

Exotic. She brings such presents.

EDITH

Cold presents from a cold woman. Light me one of those.

He lights her a cigarette. She takes his pack of cigarettes.

EDITH

Maybe I should start smoking.

JACK

Why not just ask him to baby-sit for us.

71 CONTINUED:

71

EDITH
He'd be glad to.

JACK
Well, she wouldn't.

They stand in silence smoking, taking in the scenery.

EDITH
I think he wants to make love with her.

JACK
Why?

EDITH
Why? Because she's pretty and he likes her and he hasn't had any strange pussy since Jeanne.

JACK
I mean why do you think he wants to?

EDITH
The way he looks at her. And the way he looked at us when we came back from getting beer.

JACK
How did he look?

EDITH
Sheepish. Does that bother you?

JACK
Not me.

EDITH
Good. We can all baby-sit for each other.

She smiles, her eyes bright.

JACK
She blooms, she blooms. And in May, so hurt.

EDITH
In May, I was alone.

2 EXT. WOODS - DAY

72

A gargantuan tree. A blanket is thrown down and spread out. Jack sprawls out on it and takes off his shoes;

72 CONTINUED:

72

pulls his shirt over his head. He looks up: Edith is standing stark naked, leaning against the tree. She reaches out.

SOON

Their FACES: As they fuck standing against the tree, violently, like scavengers feeding on each other. They pause to catch their breath, Jack still inside her.

EDITH

We're meat. We fuck too much. What'll we do in winter?

JACK

In the car, like kids.

EDITH

If we have a winter.

Locked in intercourse they face in opposite directions, their looks straying everywhere.

JACK

We'll do it in the car. We'll wear sweaters. And in spring, we'll be back here on this blanket on this hill.

EDITH

Promise me.

JACK

I promise. I love you.

She buries her head in his neck.

EDITH

Get on your back, I want to be on top.

He does as instructed. She climbs on top of him, and lets him slide inside of her.

EDITH

There. Hello.

LATER

They are lying side by side now. Jack studies her face. She looks down.

EDITH

Don't let it get sunburned. You'll get caught.

She moves tighter towards him.

EDITH
I'll keep the sun off.

JACK
(light embarrassment)
No, I can't.

EDITH
Yes, you can.

JACK
I'm an old man.

EDITH
Have you eaten - lunch, I mean.

JACK
Grapenuts. I slept late.

EDITH
You ought to live with me. I'd feed you
better than that.

JACK
It's what I wanted. She feeds me what I
want. I have a sublimely happy marriage.

EDITH
Stop.

She kisses him.

EDITH (cont'd)
Every bit of you tastes like me.

She kisses him again. Suddenly, with a touch of cruelty,
Edith grabs hold of Jack's face with both hands.

EDITH (cont'd)
Tell me if it was ever as good as this
with her. Tell the truth, okay? I can
take it.

JACK
It was never this good with her. If it
was I've forgotten. What about him...?

EDITH
Him...who...?

JACK
You know, your husband...him...

'2 CONTINUED: (3)

72

EDITH

I don't have a husband, I'm a virgin.

She lets go of his face. Checks her watch.

EDITH

Time for your run. You have to be strong taking care of two women.

LATER

Both dressed, packing up the car.

EDITH

I'd like to live with you. We should all rent one big house.

JACK

And who'd mop up all the blood?

EDITH

There wouldn't be any blood.

JACK

She'd cut my throat.

She turns away from him and stares at the tree.

EDITH

I wonder how we'll get caught.

JACK

He'll smell you when I undress at the gym.

There's a definite coolness in her voice now.

EDITH

I mean Terry. If Hank caught us I wouldn't care. I wouldn't stop unless you wanted to. You probably would...

JACK

I wouldn't.

EDITH

You would. If you got caught you'd throw me out, but I would never throw you out. You're what allows me to stay with Hank.

She depresses herself with this statement.

2 CONTINUED: (4)

72

JACK
(trying to joke)
Am I a "what?" I don't know if I like
being a "what."

She smiles.

EDITH
You're my lovely what.

3 INT. EDITH'S CAR - GAS STATION - DAY

73

They are parked in awkward silence. Jack stares at Edith. He notices a little bit of a hickey on her neck. He touches it.

JACK
What about that, won't he--

EDITH
If he notices - which would be a miracle -
I'll tell him they're souvenirs from this
afternoon. Along with my sore pussy.

Jack starts tossing stuff from their picnic into a garbage bag. Edith giggles.

JACK
What? You don't think he'd wonder what
you're doing drinking imported beer all
of a sudden?

EDITH
He doesn't deserve honesty, but a few
clues might be nice.

She glances over, catches his nervous look.

EDITH
Jack, you talk like he was Charlie Chan
or something...like he gives a shit.

He wants her to reply to his implied accusation that she wants Hank to find out. She doesn't. Jack looks at her expectantly.

JACK
Sometimes I think...

EDITH
(cool, direct)
Sometimes you think what?

73 CONTINUED:

73

JACK

Sometimes...I think I love you even more than I do. Which is a lot.

EDITH

Which is a lot? Impotent as you are? Well, you try hard I will say that. Light me a cigarette, my last one till...?

He produces one. He lights it and hands her the cigarette, lit.

JACK

I don't know. I'll call you.

74 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

74

Jack stands awkwardly by the parked car, glancing towards the garage. Edith starts the car.

EDITH

I'm going to keep the sitter another hour and take a nap.

JACK

Let me give you some money for her.

EDITH

Another time. Mother sent us some money.

Jack grabs the garbage bag from the back seat.

JACK

I'll get rid of this.

Edith smiles, drives off. Jack stands holding the bag, watching her go.

75 OMITTED

75

76 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S LIVING RM - DAY

76

Edith enters, smiling to herself. She talks quietly to the SITTER. Sharon is parked in front of the TV set watching a cartoon. Edith sits down next to her.

SHARON

(absently)

Hi Ma.

Edith watches as Sharon goes right back to watching the TV. She playfully taps Sharon on the ear.

6 CONTINUED:

76

They're playing a game together. Sharon rolls her eyes at her mother. Edith is delighted, taps a little harder.

SHARON (cont'd)

Mommy...

EDITH

What is this?

SHARON

It's a show.

EDITH

I know that, goofy. What show is it?

SHARON

Space.

EDITH

Do you want to go into space some day, sweetheart?

SHARON

(eyes on TV screen)

No, unless...I don't want to go to space unless Daddy goes and you too.

EDITH

Of course Daddy and I would go with you.

SHARON

Then, okay.

Edith shudders briefly, like she's going to break into tears, she kisses Sharon on the head and exits.

7 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S BEDROOM - DAY

77

Edith collapses on the bed, curls into a ball.

8 EXT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE PARKING SPOT - DAY

78

Jack closes the door of his car. He checks his reflection in the window and runs his hand through his hair. Smells his shirt.

9 INT. HANK'S OFFICE - DAY

79

Hank sitting utterly dejected, his face in his hands, staring at the computer monitor as if it were the meanest, toughest enemy in the world.

30 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN - DAY 80

Terry, staring at the stuff in the sink, leans for support against the refrigerator.

31 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S BEDROOM - DAY 81

Edith asleep on her bed. Snores quietly.

32 OMITTED 82

33 INT. HANK'S OFFICE - DAY 83

Hank stares at his screen in the same immobile posture. Jack comes in the door quietly, and stands in the back. Hank does not turn, is not surprised.

HANK

Hi...

Jack standing behind him. This is a ritual. They don't have to look at each other.

JACK

You can't write, you fucker. Let's go run.

HANK

One goddamn page.

JACK

In four hours?

HANK

Only three hours and forty-six minutes.
Tell me, would I waste an entire four
hours on one goddamn page?

He has now turned around in his chair completely. Jack smiles at the nitpicking, extends his arms, in a silent archetypal shrug.

HANK

Let's run.

4 EXT. BUILDING - DAY 84

They walk out of the building together wearing running gear.

Jack produces a stray cigarette he's been saving. He lights it. He takes about two drags, then stops dead in his tracks. He flicks the lit cigarette down on the pavement and stomps on it melodramatically; jumps up and down on it;

4 CONTINUED:

84

grinds it with his heel. He spits on the ground for further theatrical emphasis.

Hank watches this amused.

HANK
I take it you quit.

JACK
Goddamn right.

HANK
Which time?

JACK
The last time. They're pissing me off.
They want me dead.

HANK
Cigarettes don't have souls, Jack. They
don't mean you any harm.

Jack watches Hank stretch.

JACK
How many?

HANK
I oughta do ten. One fucking page...

JACK
A page a day's not bad.

HANK
I oughta blow my fucking brains out.

5 EXT. WOODS - DAY

85

They run in matching strides, talking. The path takes them into woods.

They are trailed by a dog for awhile. The dog speeds up, yapping at their heels. On cue they spin and drop into a crouch, barking wildly. The dog turns and runs.

They run deeper into the woods, stride for stride. They are going faster now.

Hank taps Jack on the arm and sprints. Suddenly they're out of sync.

16 EXT. BUILDING - DAY

86

Hank reaches the spot behind the gym where they started from.
Jack reaches the finish line a few seconds later.

JACK
Competitive bastard.

Hank smiles victoriously, Jack doesn't notice. They pace in circles catching their breath. Hank studies Jack.

HANK
You're a little screwed up this summer...

JACK
You can tell?

HANK
Yup.

JACK
Shoulda taught summer school.

HANK
Maybe, maybe not.

JACK
Need the money.

HANK
Need the work more.

JACK
It bothers me. A man ought to be able to live with himself, idly, without going nuts.

HANK
Try writing. Ha!

JACK
Tried. I'm a reader, not a writer.

HANK
A pussy not a fighter.

Jack, out of breath, he holds up an index finger.

JACK
One page. Four fucking hours.

37 INT HANK AND EDITH'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON 87

Edith cooking.

38 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S LIVING RM - AFTERNOON 88

Terry watching television, the kids running in.

TERRY

Get cleaned up. Daddy'll be home soon.

39 INT. BAR AND GRILL - AFTERNOON 89

Two frosty mugs of beer come down on a table. Hank and Jack are in a corner booth. No one but themselves, the BARTENDER and the WAITRESSES are in the place.

Jack pulls out a cigarette.

HANK

You're hopeless. I haven't touched one since...oops. Since Jeanne.

JACK

Ah. Penance.

HANK

Parliaments, man. She got me smoking Parliaments. Make anybody want to quit.

Jack puts the cigarette down.

JACK

Did you see her before she left?

Hank is leaning, almost lying stretched out, over half his part of the booth.

HANK

Yeah, I saw her.

JACK

To tell her goodbye.

HANK

Remember when I went to New York to see my agent?

JACK

You lie so well.

Hank shrugs, takes it as a compliment.

A beat-up looking MIDDLE-AGED MAN comes in with fish under his arm wrapped in paper. Hank and Jack both notice him idly.

FISH MAN

Beer...

The Fishman looks longingly at Jack and Hank, wishing he was drinking what he was drinking.

FISH MAN

(to Bartender)

That Heineken, that's German?

Jack and Hank find this old guy slightly hilarious. Jack tries to be a nice guy.

JACK

Yesiree it is.

Hank signals to the waitress as she comes by.

HANK

We'll have another round and give my friend on the end a Heineken.

FISH MAN

Well there, thanks much.

He looks back at Jack and raises his eyebrows. Jack shakes his head, fingers his cigarette nervously.

HANK

Jesus, just smoke it. You can't quit. Terry will smell like an ashtray to you.

JACK

Doesn't Edith to you?

HANK

Not everywhere.

Jack averts his eyes. Hank changes the subject.

HANK

It was really rather a superb show-stopping climax down in Portland that last time. Sad loving Bloody Mary's. Standing in the airport. Watching the plane. Airports are very romantic. I think about running into her in Paris in ten years.

9 CONTINUED: (2)

JACK
(a little awed)
You loved her, huh?

HANK
I was fucking her, wasn't I? I don't know
what it was...it was something.

JACK
Must've been tough breaking it off. Her
right down in Portland.

HANK
What made you think I had broken it off,
man? I saw her every weekend till she
left.

JACK
But Edith said you broke it off.

Hank is a bit exasperated at Jack's slowness.

HANK
'Course she did. That's what I told her.
Jack tries to manage a convivial smile.

JACK
Jesus...

HANK
What can I say? I'm dedicated. I refuse
to let anyone go unloved.

Hank downs his beer, signals the bartender for another round.

FISH MAN
Let me get this one for you, boys...and
I'll have one more, too, Betty. Then I'll
get home and put my fish in the oven.

Hank responds to the man.

HANK
Don't get it started. The wife'll come
home and start looking around, wanting to
know where the dinner is. Pretty soon
you'll have a fretful unhappy woman on
your hands.

The man at the bar barely understands Hank's remark.

FISH MAN

She works all day too, and I get home a little earlier, so I put the dinner on... if I'm going to fry it I can start later but when I'm baking it, I need a little more time...

Hank turns away from the man and slumps toward his beer.

HANK

Somebody should blow this guy's head off. Put him out of his misery. Jesus.

FISH MAN

Someday I'm going to come in here and get me one of those fish platters. I'll be about ready for one, one of these days.

HANK

Shit, I can't stand this. My heart is gonna break. Here...

He suddenly stands up and runs over to the guy.

HANK (cont'd)

Let me buy it for you...here, Miss. One of those platters for this gentleman...I insist. Please.

FISH MAN

Well, gee, that's real nice of you but I oughtta get back and get dinner started like I told my -

HANK

Go home and tell your wife you stopped in a bar and you ran into the good fish fairy.

FISH MAN

Okay I will. Mighty nice of you.

HANK

Forget it.

Hank sits down at the table.

JACK

Stop torturing him.

HANK

I can't help it. I'm a caring person.

Jack isn't too interested in the man.

JACK

Did you ever want to leave with her?
Jeanne I mean. Did you want to get on
that plane to Paris? Just go?

Hank is exasperated by the questions.

HANK

Why do that?

JACK

You loved her.

HANK

Jesus, Jack, this isn't...uh...the Middle
Ages. You've been faithful too long.

JACK

I know, I know. I always need to hear
this lecture. I never learn.

Hank leans conspiratorially over his beer.

HANK

Jack, man you actually think if you
fucked another girl it'd have to mean you
loved her and it would involve leaving
your wife or something...

JACK

It has happened. Men have left their
wives for other women and been happy.

HANK

Until they start cheating on the new
wife...It's no use talking to you. You're
too nice a guy to fuck someone without
feeling love. Right?

JACK

Right.

HANK

So doing it with someone else with love
in the mix, you'd use as proof you didn't
love Terry?

JACK

Have you been talking to my mistress?

HANK

Oh shit, love every one you can...love your kids, love your wife, and just keep the peace. The old Munich of Marriage. And then once, just once, try fucking someone else just cause it feels good.

(pause)

Your wife, you know, may be living just exactly according to these principles. I could very well be expressing her very thoughts as we speak.

JACK

That's her business.

HANK

Brave words, brave words.

JACK

It's true.

HANK

Listen, Jack, women like you! Christ, I mean, Edith practically creams in her pants every time you come in the house. The other day Sharon said she wanted a Jack-in-the-Box...Edith practically died laughing. You could be getting a lot more out of your life if you'd just wake up and take a good look around.

JACK

(uncomfortably)

What brought all this on, anyway?

Hank realizes that he's gone as far as he can go.

HANK

Nothing, I guess. Just...I see you're not happy and I want you to be happy.

He brings his hand up and clasps the side of Jack's face.

90 INT. STORE - AFTERNOON

90.

Jack loads stuff onto the counter: Ice cream, chocolate sauce, a bottle of wine, a lobster.

JACK'S (V.O.)

I have a girl so Terry gets a lobster. We get a bottle of wine, so the kids get this junk.

10 CONTINUED:

Jack's hand reaches for his wallet. It is empty. Hank produces two twenties.

HANK
Go on, man, take it.

JACK
I'll pay you back next week.

1 EXT. HANK AND EDITH'S HOUSE - DAY 91

Jack is dropping Hank off.

HANK
Come in for a quick one.

JACK
I shouldn't. I'm late.

HANK
Come on.

2 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S KITCHEN - DAY 92

Edith is happily cooking away at the stove. She smiles with a different face than the one she wore in the afternoon.

HANK
I'm home with a present.

He points to Jack. Edith stays by the stove. Hank walks over and gives her a perfunctory kiss.

FADE TO BLACK

3 EXT. JACK AND TERRY'S HOUSE - DAY 93

Sean pitches to his father on the front lawn. Jack squats in the catcher's position. Natasha sits on the lawn watching, annoyed.

NATASHA
Daddy, when's it my turn?

SEAN
Never. You don't know how to pitch...

JACK
Just a little while longer, Natasha.

Terry comes out on the front steps.

3 CONTINUED:

93

TERRY

How 'bout we go bike-riding with the kids?

JACK

We're playing ball.

NATASHA

Yes! Yes! Can we please? Please!

JACK

It's late, Natasha.

TERRY

Oh Jack. It's not that late...

SEAN

Let's go to the river!

Jack's irritation shows on his face. He drops the mitt down.

JACK

Fine. Let's ride bikes.

NATASHA

Yaaay!

Terry watches Jack stomping towards the garage. Wishes she kept her mouth shut.

SEAN

C'mon, Mom!

TERRY

(weary)

No, you and Nat go with Daddy, honey.
I've got stuff to do here.

4 EXT. RIVER - DAY

94

The threesome ride in single file along the bank of the river. Natasha and Sean peddle furiously, happily. Jack rides in front with a smile on his face, feeling free, happy to be leading his tribe.

THE RIVER: surging, ominous.

5 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S LIVING RM - DAY

95

Sharon and two little girls doing a ballet recital.

5 CONTINUED:

95

Hank is riveted. Edith next to him, gazes at the floor lost in thought. She glances up - smiles at her daughter's movements.

6 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

96

Jack and Terry in bed with books. Jack is staring at the cigarette pack on the bedside table, daydreaming.

He goes back to reading his book.

TERRY

What's that...?

JACK

The Death of Ivan Ilyitch.
I'm going to teach it in the fall.

Terry puts her book down. She tentatively puts her hand on his.

TERRY

I was crazy the other night. I'm sorry.

For just a beat, Jack feels a moment of uncomplicated affection for his wife.

Jack smiles a simple smile.

JACK

Okay.

TERRY

I shouldn't have gotten drunk.

JACK

Forget it.

TERRY

I've got to grow up.

JACK

Grown-ups aren't violent?

TERRY

Not with their husbands.

JACK

Read the papers. Women murder their husbands all the time.

7 OMITTED

97

98 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

98

Hank lies in bed with a book. Edith is before the mirror.
Hank looks up from what he's reading - catches Edith studying
him, as if he were almost a stranger.

INTERCUT:

99 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

99

TERRY

Not people like us.

JACK

Sailor's wives, is that it? Construction
workers?

TERRY

I don't mean that.

Silence. Jack turns to her.

JACK

The other night. Did Hank make a pass?

TERRY

Yes. But. He was drinking.

JACK

What? You're pretty and he likes pretty
women.

INTERCUT:

Hank is very close to Edith, but not touching her. She is
continuing to do her hair and her face.

HANK

You know how much I love you.

EDITH

Yes.

HANK

It's not just that...It's...how much I
respect you. How far you've come. How
strong you've gotten, y'know?

EDITH

Yes.

INTERCUT:

Jack is staring at Terry, intent, fascinated, and a little amused.

JACK

Well?

TERRY

Well what?

JACK

What did he do?

INTERCUT:

Hank's capable hand sweeps over Edith's face and back. She responds, but more like a ballerina responding to a gesture in a dance. It's beautiful but cold. Her eyes close and just as promptly reopen.

INTERCUT:

Terry is starting to get nervous at being questioned.

TERRY

None of your business.

JACK

All right then, what did you do?

TERRY

Nothing.

JACK

(disdainful)

Come on.

TERRY

He tried to kiss me on the porch. So I went inside.

JACK

Where? Here?

TERRY

To the kitchen. To get a glass of wine.

JACK

And he followed you in and -

TERRY

Then he said he loved me and he kissed me and said he didn't love Edith....

(MORE)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

99

TERRY (cont'd)

Then I felt dirty and we went outside and sat on the front steps.

INTERCUT:

Hank's face and hands are playing down the surface of Edith's back. Her eyes opening and closing, the same mannequinnish sort of trance.

INTERCUT:

JACK

Dirty because of what he said about Edith or because--

TERRY

Yeah! Edith's sweet-- she's my friend-- and she doesn't deserve that bullshit, and I don't want any part of it. It was so awful.

JACK

But until he said that you felt all right... Their marriage is their marriage. I wanna know what you did...

TERRY

We can stop this now. Or do you want to know whether his nose was to the left or the right of mine when we kissed.

JACK

Do you remember?

TERRY

We were lying on the floor and he was on my right, so I'd say his nose was to the left of mine.

JACK

Lying on the floor, huh? Goodness gracious me.

TERRY

I'd squatted down to get a beer from -- oh, just shut up.

JACK

I was only teasing.

She looks at him for a heat.

9 CONTINUED: (3)

99

TERRY

No... no you're not. You're glad he
kissed me.

JACK

Let's say I'm not disturbed.

TERRY

Well I am...

She shoots a look of real uncomprehending horror at Jack
lying next to her. She leaps out of bed and paces for a
second, confused.

She climbs back into bed, curling up next to Jack.

He feels her hand pouring over him trying to be close.
Jack's mind is racing with thoughts of new opportunities for
him and Edith, so this warmth from Terry disconcerts him.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Jack... look at me.

FLASH TO:

00 EXT. JACK AND TERRY'S FRONT YARD - DAY

100

Jacks POV: Lying close to Terry. He strokes her face.

TERRY

Jack...

BACK TO PRESENT:

00A INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

100A

Jack turns, stares at Terry face as she touches him.

Seeing her wet eyes, he softens.

JACK

Terry, just don't worry about them okay?
We aren't anything like them.

INTERCUT:

100A CONTINUED:

100A

Edith, her eyes far away, flat on her stomach. Hank is on her, in her in some unspecified way. She is responding by rote physically, still a million miles away.

INTERCUT:

Jack now fully on top of Terry, pumping mechanically away. Not without sensual pleasure but also without involvement...

INTERCUT:

Edith passively going along.

INTERCUT:

Jack falls off Terry. He feels numb. He clenches his eyes shut. Terry is breathing hard, and shaking, from both pleasure and fear. There are tears.

INTERCUT:

Hank snoring peacefully.

Edith is at the window, everything seems unreal to her. She looks back at her husband but shakes her head in childish disbelief. Like the captured maiden in a fairy tale, her eyes are full of unsupportable hope.

FADE TO BLACK.

SLOW FADE IN:

.01 EXT. NORTHWEST TOWN - DAWN 101

As per the opening sequence: A train rolls past the abandoned shoe factory.

.02 EXT. A RIVER - DAWN 102

Fog hangs over a river.

.03 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAWN 103

The town is deathly quiet.

.04 INT. KID'S BEDROOMS - DAY 104

This time, it's Jack standing in a bedroom doorway sipping coffee, staring blankly at something off screen.

04 CONTINUED:

104

JACK'S VOICE

It occurred to him that what had seemed impossible before - that he had not spent his life as he should have - might after all be true.

His hand brushes the sleeping face of Natasha. She stirs awake. Sean opens his eyes. Jack gestures for him to get up.

05 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - DAWN

105

Terry snores in bed. An empty glass of wine on the bedside table.

06 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN - DAWN

106

Jack flips pancakes onto plates, shoves them in front of Sean and Natasha. He stuffs sandwiches into brown bags.

JACK'S VOICE

His professional duties and the whole arrangement of his life and of his family might all have been false.

Jack grabs the kids' backpacks and schoolbooks and hustles them out of the kitchen. They pass Terry in her robe descending the stairs.

Jack watches as the kids hug her goodbye.

JACK'S VOICE

He tried to defend all those things to himself and suddenly felt the weakness of what he was defending...

07 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

107

Jack reading aloud from a book.

JACK

(reading)

...there was nothing to defend.

His class sits there unimpressed. Jim, a bearded student, raises his hand. Frowning. Jack nods to him.

JACK

Jim...

JIM

So, everything in his life turns out to be false. what's the point?

07 CONTINUED:

107

Audrey chimes in.

AUDREY

He sure doesn't do much about it.?

Jack responds.

JACK

Doesn't do much, he finds God.

A third unimpressed student, Tina, puts her two cents in.

TINA

That tiny bit at the end, about seeing a light and there being no more pain? Is that it?

Jack's feeling attacked, he defends himself to the group.

JACK

The guy does one do one pretty huge thing.

JIM

What's that?

JACK

He dies. Maybe Tolstoy didn't have it in his head to tell some big upbeat story of how we're supposed to live our lives. Maybe he just wanted to show us what it's like to die.

08 INT. HANK'S WRITING GROUP - DAY

108

Hank: feet up on his desk, studying a paper, enjoying the rapt attention of a dozen students - mostly girls. As he reads, he plays with a pencil, pretending to comb an invisible mustache.

He finishes the paper, eyes the pretty student, Lauren.

HANK

This is traumatic. I'm sitting here reading my students' stuff...I see little things wrong here and there...easy to fix...And I'm noticing all of a sudden most of you can write just as well as me. It's very depressing.

The students laugh. Hank keeps his eyes on Lauren.

08 CONTINUED:

108

HANK

What happened? There's a first half of a story that really starts to work...then just...pfft. What? You gonna tell me you ran out of stuff to write about? I won't believe you.

He grins at her. She smiles sheepishly.

LAUREN

I know. I lost focus towards the end. My new boyfriend just moved in..and...

The other students laugh. Hank looks insulted.

HANK

Wait. You're telling me about your boyfriend?

LAUREN

NO...I just mean that--

Hank interrupts her.

HANK

I just want to talk about what's on the page.

09 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

109

Edith enters with the mail. Flipping through the stack she singles out her mother's stationary. She opens the envelope, reads the letter, finds a check. Her eyes light up and she kisses the letter.

10 INT. STORE - DAY

110

TERRY is waiting at the counter with groceries as the man runs her credit card.

Terry is eavesdropping on GIRLS talking. They whisper lasciviously about something involving a guy. Terry can vaguely hear some of the whispering. It's irritating.

Terry glances over her shoulder towards the voices, and glimpses BLOND HAIR behind the display. The GIRL appears.

The man returns and hands her card back, shaking his head.

TERRY

What?! Shit. Are you sure?

The man shrugs.

111 INT. HANK'S OFFICE - DAY

111

Hank reads yet another publisher's REJECTION LETTER. He tacks it to a wall with the others.

A girl we recognize from his class appears in his doorway, sucking a lollipop.

LOLLIPOP GIRL

Mr. Evans...I have a question about that story you suggested, 'Goodbye Columbus'? What's fellatio?

Hank stammers for an answer, embarrassed.

HANK

Um...y' know...oral sex...

LOLLIPOP GIRL

Okay, thanks.

The girl stifles a smile and quickly leaves.

Hank goes to the door: sees her laughing about him with her friends. Realizes he's been had.

Hank closes the door.

112 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S LIVING RM - DAY

112

SOUND of phone being dialed. Edith's fingers dialing.

INTERCUT:

113 INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

113

Jack is looking off-screen to the other person who shares his office. He is holding a cigarette.

JACK

Throw...

He catches a pack of matches. The PHONE RINGS. Jack answers it.

JACK

Linden.

CUT BETWEEN:

EDITH: looking hopeful, a little girlish...

13 CONTINUED:

113

EDITH

Hello.

And JACK: pretending to be all hail-fellow-well-met.

JACK

Hello there...

EDITH'S VOICE

Just wanted to say it, and hear it.

JACK

Glad you did.

EDITH: pauses a second. Tries to read his tone.

EDITH

You haven't called for a few days.

Silence.

EDITH

My mother sent money. Wanna celebrate?

JACK'S VOICE

Yes. Uh. Soon.

Edith's smile fades.

JACK: can hear her disappointment in the silence.

JACK

Tomorrow.

He glances over his shoulder, catches his colleague watching him.

14 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S LIVING RM - MORNING

114

Jack puts on a jacket, picks up his briefcase. Terry comes through the living room carrying a basket of washing.

JACK

Off to the library. Be back around four...

TERRY

What? Since when?

JACK

Since I have work to do.

114 CONTINUED:

114

TERRY

What work?

JACK

Work!

TERRY

Then leave me twenty bucks, would you?

JACK

Why...?

TERRY

Fuck why! So I can fly to California! So I can pay the goddamned plumber if he comes.

JACK

You went through Monday's money?

TERRY

I can't believe this. Yes. My heroin habit is getting expensive.

Jack hands her the money, leaves

15 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S KITCHEN - MORNING

11

Hank on the telephone. Edith watches.

HANK

He wants to meet me and tell me how much he likes it but he doesn't want to publish it? Fuck that. Who needs it, Jerry. Tell him to publish the damn thing and I'll move into his fucking house. Who's depressed? I'm not depressed. I'm putting a shotgun in my mouth, but I'm not depressed.

He slams the phone down.

EDITH

Don't worry. Someone will say yes.

Hank simply ignores her effort to sympathize.

HANK

Where's Sharon?

EDITH

She's outside playing. I'm going shopping.

15 CONTINUED:

115

HANK
I was gonna write!

EDITH
So write. Sharon's outside playing.

He shakes his head.

16 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

116

Jack rides up on his old bicycle. Edith is in her car waiting.

17 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN - DAY

117

The PLUMBER, a grizzly-faced man of fifty, is working on the pipes under the sink. Terry comes in.

PLUMBER
Almost done.

TERRY
(eager for company)
You want some coffee?

18 INT. HANK'S STUDY - DAY

118

Hank looks down from his window at Sharon playing with her friends - three BOYS. Hank goes back to his desk, sits. Stares at his manuscript on the desk.

He leaps up, goes to the window.

HANK
(calls out)
Hey! You guys wanna see something?

19 EXT. HANK AND EDITH'S BACKYARD - DAY

119

Hank throws the manuscript on the barbecue and douses it with lighter fluid. He tosses a match in and the manuscript ignites in a ball of flames.

The three little boys looked confused. Sharon has no trouble explaining it to them.

SHARON
He says it's shit.

Hank turns around and heads back in the house past the kids, who are watching the fire.

119 CONTINUED:

119

HANK
Pretty cool, huh?

The boys shrug.

20 EXT. MOTEL - DAY

120

Edith exits the office dangling a key from her finger. Jack appears from around the corner and falls into step behind her. They walk wordlessly to the room.

JACK (V.O.)
I hate motels. But the woods are too cold. And Edith is paying.

21 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

121

As tacky and cheap as it gets: Cigarette burns dot the cheap carpet. The bedspread is stained. Crap-brown curtains are drawn tight to make it as dark as possible.

Edith and Jack smoke cigarettes in bed, watching lousy porn on the ancient television.

Jack looks depressed. Edith peers at the screen through her fingers.

JACK
I warned you.

Jack aims the remote, clicks off the T.V.

JACK (cont'd)
You know who that is up there?

Edith says nothing.

JACK (cont'd)
That's me and my wife fucking. In this shitty room.

He flops on his back and looks at the ceiling.

JACK (cont'd)
I hate her.

EDITH
No, you don't. She's your life...

JACK
You love Terry, don't you?

EDITH

I think she's fantastic.

JACK

She is. She just shouldn't be married to me, that's all.

EDITH

Stop.

She moves toward him...starts touching him. Jack's eyes focus on a stain on the ceiling.

Edith Watches him.

EDITH

Last year I went to the zoo with Sharon and we went to see the gorilla. I don't like zoos and I shouldn't have gone but...anyway, we went to see the gorilla and I looked into his eyes and he looked so human - you know? - as is he knew everything, how horribly and hopelessly trapped he was. It's not like watching a flamingo. He was standing there watching us watch him, all the mothers and jabbering children and he reached down and shit in his hand, then held it up and licked it. The other mothers hurried away, but I stayed - and he looked at me like he was smiling and licked it again and I started to cry. I was standing there squeezing Sharon's hand, crying on a sunny afternoon in front of a gorilla...

Jack is silent

EDITH (CONT'D)

Sometimes I look at you and I think of that trapped gorilla, standing in his cage, licking his own shit and I want to cry for you too.

Jack rolls away.

EDITH (CONT'D)

I wish you could have what we have, Hank and me, it's enough. It's sad watching you two.

22 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN - DAY

122

Terry stands opposite the plumber who continues to focus on his work.

TERRY
Are you married?

PLUMBER
Thirty years.

TERRY
Kids?

PLUMBER
Two. They're married now.

TERRY
Does your wife take an interest in your job? Does she know all about plumbing?

PLUMBER
No, not at all, nothing.

TERRY
What does she do?

PLUMBER
She likes to garden. It makes her happy.

Terry starts to weep. The plumber looks around, uncomfortable.

23 INT. HANK'S STUDY - DAY

123

Hank stares at the pages of a journal, scribbles a line.

HANK
(low, to himself)
The silence a wheel...turning against all choice...

24 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

124

Jack stares at the ceiling fan. Edith watches Jack.

25 INT. HANK'S STUDY - DAY

125

Hank writes.

HANK
A voice erupts from quietness...

25 CONTINUED:

125

SOUND: Sharon shrieking outside.

Hanks turns from the journal. The window. His face. The window.

26 EXT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

126

The window. The curtain opens, revealing Edith gazing out, smoking.

HANK (V.O.)

The interruption of your idea of the
"World Outside" and instead of the
idea...the world outside.

Edith closes the curtains.

27 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

127

Edith turns from the window wrapped in a sheet. She is distant, the heroine in the fairy tale.

EDITH

You make me a good wife. If I didn't love
you I'd have to love somebody else.

She sits on the bed.

EDITH

At least Terry loves you. Hank needs us,
but he can't really love anyone. Only his
work, and the rest is surface.

JACK

I don't believe that.

EDITH

I don't mean his friendship with you.
He'd give you a kidney if you needed one.

JACK

He'd give it to you, too.

EDITH

Of course he would. But he wouldn't go to
a marriage counselor.

Jack shakes his head disbelievingly.

JACK

You're a funny girl. After a long
carnivorous fuck, you talk about a
marriage counselor. Who are you?

She shrugs. Matter of fact, innocent and corrupt.

EDITH

My name is Edith Evans and I'm the leader of the band. I wanted to go to a marriage counselor so he'd talk. He just wanted to talk about what his screwing around meant. He said it was over and that was supposed to be that.

JACK

What more did you want?

EDITH

You know what I wanted. I wanted to know where we were. Now I know. You love the person you're having the affair with.

She starts to collect her clothes. Jack grabs his pants.

EDITH

He'll be busting out soon. He's been hibernating with that novel. Before long, he'll look around and blink and fuck the first thing that walks into his office.

Jack zips up his pants.

JACK

Jesus, I hope somebody goes in there before I do.

EDITH

Well, he screws his wife once in a while. So why not another man?

Jack continues the joking tone.

JACK

You? Frigid like you are?

EDITH

I try hard.

Jack buttons his shirt.

JACK

And your husband making passes at my wife...how do you feel about that?

27 CONTINUED: (2)

127

EDITH

Everybody deserves to be happy, right?

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

28 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S LIVING RM - DAY

128

Terry's face as she swallows wine in a tall glass, watching some old rerun on T.V. The SOUND of the door opening. Jack enters with groceries.

29 INT. HANK'S STUDY - DAY

129

Edith pokes her head in the door.

EDITH

How'd the work go?

Hank is leaning desultorily on the counter.

HANK

Burnt my novel. Wrote a shitty poem.

EDITH

Oh well.

Edith walks up to him, pecks him chastely on the cheek. Hank studies her closely as she turns to leave.

HANK

How the shopping go?

Edith smiles, shrugs 'fine.'

30 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

130

Terry gets up from her seat. Jack is in the kitchen putting a large pot of water on the stove.

TERRY

Get everything done at the library?

JACK

Yup...

Terry leans on the counter.

TERRY

Hank and Edith are coming over tonight to watch some old movie on cable.

Jack looks up alertly.

130 CONTINUED:

130

JACK

Oh. Did Hank call up?

TERRY

Yeah, he phoned...

Terry looks in the bags.

TERRY

Lobster? Wow.

Jack smiles guiltily.

131 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S LIVING RM - NIGHT

131

Hank and Terry are seated together on the couch. Edith and Jack sit in chairs on opposite sides of the room. Jack can't help but look at Edith.

SOUND of Chekhov on the television.

Jack turns to the SCREEN:

OLIVIER PLAYING DR. ASTROV:

"She is beautiful there's no denying that, but...You know she does nothing but eat, sleep, walk about, fascinate us all by her beauty - nothing more...And an idle life cannot be pure..."

Hank listens to the line and smiles knowingly at Edith.

Terry leans back and looks back at Jack, who is staring straight at her.

132 EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

132

Terry, holding a plastic bag with groceries, walks down the main street under a grey sky.

As she passes a coffee shop, she sees Hank sitting with Sharon inside. Hank stares out through the picture window. His spacey expression alarms her.

133 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

133

Terry approaches their table. Sharon looks up from a huge banana split, her face smeared with cream.

SHARON

We're celebrating!

TERRY

It sure looks that way!

Hank stares at the dessert. Terry is concerned.

TERRY

Hank?

Hank wakes from his trance, smiles at Terry weakly.

HANK

The New Yorker's going to publish one of my poems.

He shrugs.

TERRY

That's so great! Hank!

She leans down to hug him, and pecks him on the face.

TERRY

Have you told Edith?

HANK

Edith is...shopping.

Hank glances at her oddly. It slightly disturbs Terry.

TERRY

Well, you don't seem very excited.

SHARON

I am!

Hank turns to Sharon, gravely serious.

HANK

Let me ask you something Sharon. You've been at me for a Jumbo Split for years, right? Everyday we come here, same thing: 'I wanna a Jumbo Split'... 'Daddy I gotta have one!' And the more I say 'no' the more you just have to have it, am I right? It's the goddamn monkey on your back...

SHARON

What goddamn monkey?

TERRY

Hank...

HANK

Look at that ridiculous thing. Is it everything you begged and whined for Sharon? Is this really the dessert of your dreams?

SHARON

Yes.

HANK

What do you know?

TERRY

Don't listen to your daddy, Sharon, his head's up his butt.

Sharon giggles. Terry smiles at Hank.

TERRY

Jesus, Hank. People who know you like your work. You're going to be published. It doesn't really get a whole lot better than that, does it?

HANK

It's a poem Terry. It's really not that important.

TERRY

No! It isn't. You want important? Work in a cancer ward and help with people puking on chemo, or teach math to a kid born with brain damage from fetal alcohol syndrome. These are jobs that are important, Hank.

Hank ponders these options seriously.

HANK

No. Those people generally aren't that much fun to be around.

They break up laughing. Hank kisses her hand.

HANK

Thank you Mrs. Linden, for pulling my head out. In return for you're deed of goodness, may I offer you a spoonful of this scrumptious Jumbo Split?

Hank scoops up a blob of melting goo.

133 CONTINUED: (3)

133

TERRY

I'd rather eat vomit. Gotta fly.

HANK

Hey. Don't tell Jack my news. Allow me the joy of gloating.

TERRY

You'll see him before I will. You're running after he's finished in the library.

HANK

Are we?

TERRY

Aren't you?

Terry face flashes alarm. Hank covers quickly.

HANK

(smiles)

We are indeed.

Terry smiles and kisses him goodbye. She musses Sharon's hair and exits with her bags.

134 EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

134

Terry exits quickly with her bags, frightened, angry.

135 OMITTED

135

136 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S LIVING RM - DAY

136

Jack enters with his gym bag and groceries. Terry eyes the gym bag suspiciously.

TERRY

How was your run?

JACK

Good. (fumbles in the grocery bag) I bought some lobster.

He holds one up, smiling awkwardly. Terry glares at the squirming creature.

37 INT. STORE - NEXT DAY

137

Terry and Edith are in the checkout counter together.

.37 CONTINUED:

TERRY

So?

EDITH

So?

TERRY

So I checked his gym bag - his stuff was still folded and clean! He never went running, he fucking lied to me.

EDITH

So confront him.

TERRY

Can't you ask Hank?

EDITH

Do you want me to ask Hank?

TERRY

Yes! No. I don't know. I don't know if I want to know.

They stare off in separate directions.

TERRY

I wish we could figure out how to concern ourselves with something more important than who our husbands may or may not be fucking. Don't you think it's getting to be a bit degrading?

Edith nods, begins humming along to the Muzak.

.38 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

138

Terry manically straightening the bed...

.39 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN - DAY

139

Terry in the kitchen, wiping the table...

JACK (V.O.)

She said her life had reached a turning point. She said she would work. She would start right now by paying for being a slob.

.40 INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

14

Jack on the phone.

40 CONTINUED:

EDITH'S VOICE

Hi.

JACK

Hi. Terry's turning over leaves.

41 EXT. JACK AND TERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

141

The bathroom. The kitchen. The dining room. The bedroom. All neat and tidy.

JACK (V.O.)

For three days after that she made all the beds as soon as we got up in the morning. She folded the laundry by ten. She vacuumed by noon.

42 EXT. JACK AND TERRY'S YARD - DAY

142

Jack rakes the lawn with the kids.

JACK (VO)

She wrote lists of chores for the rest of us. Posted schedules.

43 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

143

Terry vacuuming, spots Jack's gym bag by the front door. She stares at it.

44 INT JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN - DAY

144

Terry sits at the messy breakfast table smoking, reading TV Guide. The dryer buzzes. She ignores it.

JACK (V.O.)

Then on the fourth day, her momentum suddenly stopped. Like a bicyclist going up a steep hill: she got off and walked the bike.

45 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S LIVING RM - NIGHT

145

Terry watches TV, sipping wine. A pile of unfolded clothes at her feet.

JACK (V.O.)

By the end of the week, everything was back to below normal.

Jack's at the dining room table grading papers, red pencilling the papers: Awkward, Awkward, Awkward.

46 INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

146

Jack enters carrying a drowsy Sean, lowers him into bed.

JACK

Okay, Sean. Under the covers...

Sean gets out of his father's hands reluctantly.

JACK

What...?

SEAN

(repugnance)

It's still wet.

47 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S LIVING RM - NIGHT

147

Jack storms down the stairs, ragged, frowning, pissed off. He walks towards Terry who is reading a magazine on the couch. Unfolded clothes surround her.

JACK

What else? Huh? What else?

Terry is terrified, like a trapped animal, trying to respond.

JACK

Who are you?

Terry mistakenly thinks he means the unfolded clothes.

TERRY

Relax! I'll do them as soon as I finish my -

JACK

It's not what you didn't do. It's why. I can list a dozen 'what's' every day, but I can't name one reason. Why do I live in the foulest house I know? Why is that you say you love me but you give me a shitty house? Why is it you say you love the children but they go unbathed for days? And right now, Sean is lying in last night's piss.

TERRY

I forgot.

JACK

Goddamnit. You stupid fucking CUNT!

147 CONTINUED: 147

Terry speeds out of the room up the stairs.

18 OMITTED 148

49 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S LIVING RM - NIGHT 149

Jack is at the bottom of the stairs listening to Terry expertly waking Sean up, comforting him, changing the sheet. He closes his eyes.

Terry comes down the stairs, holding the incriminating dirty sheet. She brushes past him wordlessly.

50 INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT 150

Terry furiously unloads wet clothes from the washer and puts them into the dryer. She starts both machines. Jack enters, watches her.

JACK (V.O.)
Fluffs of dust, soiled pajamas, apple cores, dirt, beach sand, crayons and pencils and pennies...

51 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 151

His eyes scan the disorder of the kitchen, the dishes.

JACK (V.O.)
I wanted to take her arm and pull, and push her face right into the midst of our failures.

52 OMITTED 152

53 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S DINING RM - NIGHT 153

Jack comes in the door and sits in the living room. He takes up a book, puts it down. Terry comes into the living room. She is composed, fierce, frightening.

JACK
I'll put the clothes in the dryer.

TERRY
Wait. I want to talk to you.

JACK
We can talk while the clothes are drying.

TERRY

No. Because I'm not ready to fold the others. And don't look at me like that. I'll fold them!

Jack looks away. He knows Terry is capable of hitting, and is sitting in a way that suggests he's working to evade the punch.

TERRY

I'm tired of being judged. Who are you to judge me? I did forget Sean wet his bed last night. If you got them up one morning out of every thousand, if you loved them as much as you say you do - oh, that was shitty Jack - accusing me of not loving my children. It's the way you always fight, like a catty, bitchy woman - lying innuendos - if you ever got them up you'd know he hadn't wet for four or five days before that, so I wasn't used to --

JACK

(disgusted)
Come on, Terry...

TERRY

What...?

JACK

It's been three days since the last time. I ask him every morning. I didn't today.

TERRY

So what. So it's three days, so what?

JACK

So you always get the facts wrong. WRONG. You never ever ever - EVER get things right. It's Sean's sheets, it's the laundry, it's the dishes, it's the bills. You always find a way to fuck it up. If it isn't this, then it's that...always...wrong...WRONG!

Terry's eyes redden with rage.

TERRY

Well, what do you want me to do?

JACK

There's something you can DO?

53 CONTINUED: (2)

153

That remark triggers Terry. She grabs the ashtray and hurls it at Jack, grazing the side of his face.

TERRY

You son of a bitch...

He leaps out of the chair. She throws her glass at him, it shatters against the wall. She throws books; a toy. Jack escapes out the front door.

TERRY

Come back, goddamnit!

54 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S LIVING RM -- NIGHT

154

Terry sits alone, staring at the thrown things.

55 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S DINING - NIGHT

155

It's a number of nights later.

Hank receives, into his hand, fifty dollars from Jack.

JACK (V.O.)

It was the day after payday and I gave Hank fifty dollars I had owed him. He'd come over for a nightcap. He also made a big deal about how he didn't need the money. I went to sleep.

Terry is smiling and talking to Hank. Jack is watching.

JACK (V.O.)

Then. Later that night...

56 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

156

Inside a car: Hank and Terry are kissing hungrily, their clothes in disarray.

JACK (V.O.)

...Hank made love to my wife. They did it in his car.

57 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

157

Jack awake in bed, reading.

58 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

158

Jack watching the front yard from the window.

158 CONTINUED:

158

JACK (V.O.)
I wish I could say I was not thrilled by
it all; that I was simply indignant...

SOUND: Muffled voices from outside. A car drives away.

Jack runs into bed. There is something ludicrous about the
running, like something out of a French Farce.

He switches off the light. Terry comes inside downstairs.
Jack listens for each sound.

159 OMIT

159

160 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

160

Hank comes into the bedroom. Stares at Edith's sleeping form.
He glances at a pack of cigarettes on her night table. He
delicately, sensitively lays back the covers of the bed, so
as not to wake her. Consideration or fear of discovery?

He gets into bed and shuts his eyes. Edith's eyes: open.

161 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

161

Jack rolls over from his pretend sleep. He turns the light
on.

JACK
Where have you been?

She pulls off her clothes.

TERRY
I woke up and couldn't get back to sleep
so I went for a walk.

JACK
Terry.

TERRY
What?

JACK
You don't have to tell me that. I woke up
at one-thirty.

She looks at him. She's not really surprised. She stays by
the window.

TERRY
You're such a bastard. Did you ever go to
sleep?

JACK

Yeah.

TERRY

Sure ya did.

JACK

I was tired.

TERRY

Why didn't you bring me to bed?

JACK

You could've come with me.

TERRY

(cold-eyed rage)

Look. I need to be made love to, and you don't make love with me anymore. You fuck me. I sat on the steps with Hank and he held my hand, and he listened to me while I talked about my shitty marriage. And he said he felt close to me and I was happy when he said that. And I was happy when I was fu... making love with him.

Jack listens. Fascinated. Hating. But lashed to every second of the description.

TERRY

I was so goddamn happy for a minute. Then I thought of you and hated you for bringing me to this. I wanted to come home and seal up the split between us, bring us back to the way we used to be. When we were happy and when I never would have made love with someone else. I had to hurry back and be here with you, here in this bed in this house with my husband and children where I belong.

JACK

A really admirable sentiment.

TERRY

Right now I love you Jack, maybe more than I have for years but I'm fucking angry!

(MORE)

TERRY (cont'd)

You set this up in all kinds of ways and now it's happened and I don't know what else will happen.

JACK

Are you seeing him again?

TERRY

I don't know. No.

JACK

Then it's over.

TERRY

What's wrong with you? Do you think making love is like smoking? It's a ... it's...

JACK

It's what?

TERRY

Promises.

Jack looks at Terry.

JACK

You promised to see him again?

TERRY

We didn't discuss it. Opening my legs is a promise.

JACK

But he must have said something.

The legalistic questioning sends Terry through the roof.

TERRY

I so wish you could hear your voice right now. I wish I had it taped so I could play it for some shrink. Maybe he could explain why you sound so goddamned oily.

JACK

I'm not the one who needs a shrink.

TERRY

You like this. You like it. Want more details? Fine. We drove around for a while. He kept his hand on my tit the whole time and he was practically getting me off just by touching me.

(MORE)

161 CONTINUED: (3)

161

TERRY (cont'd)

Then we parked and we fucked like mad with most of our clothes on. I came before he did. The second time I was on top and it was slower, I told him I loved him. And you! Look at you right now.

JACK

Will you stop?

TERRY

You ought to be knocking my teeth out now. But not you. You want to watch us. Is that it Jack, is that what you want?

Jack jumps up, grabs Terry and shakes her. Starts to make a fist, but stops. He taps her forehead with his index finger, a jab.

JACK

Terry, you fuck who you want but do not give me your half-assed insights into the soul of a man you've never understood. Your insights suck.

Terry has a moment of scornful disbelieving laughter.

TERRY

Oh God! Half-assed insights into the -- what? The soul of a man I've never understood? You poor baby. You say I can fuck whoever I want. You talk and talk and you think you know yourself. And it all comes down to something really simple. You're a pervert Jack.

He moves as far away as he can from her and the bed. Terry gets into the bed.

TERRY

I have to sleep because the kids'll be up soon, and you're not known for getting them breakfast.

His bitterness is intensifying.

JACK

I'll do it. Forget it. I'll do it.

61 CONTINUED: (4)

161

TERRY

Fine. That's one way you can help. Unfortunately, you can't help me with my other problem. Y'see, I don't know if I can very well say tomorrow, "Gee, Hank, that was last night, but this is now, and gee, I just don't want to fuck anymore." You have to admit Jack, even adultery has a morality to it. So I have to figure things out.

JACK

Do what you can.

Jack heads for the door.

TERRY

That's good. You sound like some existentialist fortune cookie. It's what all my self-absorbed friends say when they're too busy to listen to my problems. Just do what you can. Well I will, Jack. I will.

62 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

162

Jack opens the refrigerator - stares.

63 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

163

Upstairs, Terry lies rigid and awake. She curses, hits the pillow, turns over to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

64 EXT. JACK AND TERRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

164

The empty front lawn.

DISSOLVE TO:

65 EXT. HANK AND EDITH'S HOUSE - MORNING

165

The empty front lawn.

66 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S BEDROOM - DAY

166

Hank's sleeping face. Edith buttoning her shirt, staring at her husband. She is watching him with a fascinated look as though he were a bug that's crawled into her bed. She comes closer to where he is sleeping, her eyes drift around the room at various object to stab him with: A pen? A pair of scissors? A needle?

67 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S LIVING RM - DAY 167

Edith sits near the window, staring into space. The PHONE RINGS.

JACK (V.O.)
They did it last night.

EDITH
(low, rapid)
Come on over...

68 OMITTED 168

69 EXT. HANK AND EDITH'S HOUSE - DAY 169

Jack hops off his bicycle, looks around nervously. He comes from around the side of the house to the front.

70 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY 170

A look of excitement and thrill on Edith's face. Without timidity or hesitation, she opens the door. She hugs Jack and pulls him inside, kissing him feverishly.

JACK
What if he wakes up.

EDITH
We'd hear him go to the bathroom. He always goes to the bathroom first.

JACK
Sharon?

EDITH
Ssh, don't talk.

71 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY 171

They are fucking with most of their clothes on, standing up against the counter. Edith has her hand clasped over her mouth the whole time. This is banging for the sake of banging.

72 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S BEDROOM - DAY 172

Hank asleep. The window of the room.

73 EXT. HANK AND EDITH'S HOUSE - DAY 173

Jack, beginning his hasty departure, tries to straighten himself up.

73 CONTINUED:

173

He looks back at the house, has a desperate moment of fear. He senses he might be on the verge of losing this thing he needs so much.

74 EXT. JACK AND TERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

174

Jack pulls up on his bike carrying a bag. He gently lays the bike down.

75 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN - DAY

175

He enters with a carton of milk and the newspaper. Listens. SOUND of Terry humming something upstairs.

Jack moves quietly to the fridge - sees a handmade invitation stuck to the door featuring a picture of Hank.

Edith's writing reads: PUBLISHED!(FINALLY) HELP HANK, EDITH AND SHARON CELEBRATE!

Jack sits at the table. Stares into space.

76 EXT. JACK AND TERRY'S FRONT PORCH - DAY

176

Jack sits on the front steps reading the paper.

Terry comes outside in her robe, her hair uncombed. She sits on the stairs, stares at him.

TERRY

Hi.

JACK

Hi.

He tries to read the paper.

TERRY

I was scared when I woke up and you weren't there. I was sure you'd left.

JACK

I did. To get milk and a paper.

TERRY

What took so long?

JACK

New morning. Can't hurry it.

TERRY

You're beard's beautiful in the sun. It has some blonde and red in it.

JACK

I got that from you and the kids.

TERRY

I thought you'd left me.

JACK

Why should I?

TERRY

What I said.

JACK

That's night talk.

TERRY

I was scared and when I'm scared I get vicious. I can't help it. I can't help myself. It isn't even me.

JACK

Why were you scared?

TERRY

Cause I have a lover, I guess.

JACK

Is that what you've decided?

TERRY

I made love with Hank so I have a lover, no matter what I do about it. You really don't care? I couldn't let you do what I'm doing.

Jack's eyes are now glued on the paper. It's like he's talking to himself.

JACK

You went out with Hank 'cause you wanted to and I think you came home expecting to see him again. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow you figured, but when you found out I knew about it it got too sticky. To in one night leave monogamy and then deal with your husband knowing about it, staying with the kids while you --

Terry's heart is breaking. For a moment Jack is merciless.

TERRY

Oh stop... shhh stop.

JACK
(not looking away from the
paper)
I have it right, don't I?

TERRY
I like Hank. I love him, I guess, in a
way. But this thing with him is just
friendly lust, that's all.
(her voice grows small)
But Jack...it might not be marriage,
living like this.

JACK
We're married. You and I are married.
So it has to be marriage.

TERRY
If I kept on with Hank, you'd want a
girl. You'd feel justified then. Maybe
even with Edith, and wouldn't that be
ahorror.

JACK
Seems strange to me that while you're
deciding whether or not to make love with
a man you call your lover, you're
bothering about what I'm gonna do.

TERRY
That's not strange. You're my husband.

JACK
This is between you and Hank, not me.

Terry does not want to go along with this but she knows she
can't get anywhere in the discussion.

TERRY
We can't go tonight, can we?

JACK
Of course we can. We have to. Hank's my
friend.

TERRY
But everyone'll be there - and Hank will
want to...

JACK
He talked about getting together tonight
at the party? You two are a couple of
wild ones.

76 CONTINUED: (3)

176

Terry's face is shaded. Jack persists with quiet, merciless sarcasm.

JACK (cont'd)
Just do what you feel like doing.

77 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S LIVING RM - NIGHT

177

Sean and Natasha watching TV.

78 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

178

Jack and Terry are dressing for a party. Jack zips up the back of Terry's dress. She looks beautiful. Inexplicably, he kisses her on the back of the neck. A smile of familiarity passes over his face.

79 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S LIVING RM - NIGHT

179

The sitter, LINDA, wears headphones, listening to loud music while she watches TV and eats popcorn.

Jack stands close by watching the TV with Sean and Natasha, but now it's time to go. He addresses Linda:

JACK
We should be back around midnight. Don't talk to boys.

He kisses the kids. They are fixed on a Western.

JACK
He's gonna hit that guy soon.

NATASHA
(curious)
Which guy?

JACK
The fat, mean one.

NATASHA
How do you know?

JACK
Because if he doesn't hit him, he won't feel good about himself.

80 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S LIVING RM - NIGHT

180

Hank and Edith have hung some banners with mocking proclamations about Hank's new found fame.

Hank kisses a newly arriving female guest. Edith embraces her husband.

EDITH

Just throw your coats in the back.

There are perhaps thirty guests there.

Jack is in a corner and notices Hank and Edith doing their hosting. Terry is with another woman. She watches Jack watching. Jack drifts over to where a handsome fellow teacher is standing, JOE RITCHIE, 45.

JOE

Hank looks like he's in good shape these days.

JACK

He's always in good shape. All days.

Edith finds her way to Terry.

Jack heads toward Hank. Hank is being complimented by a guest. Slightly nervously shrugging it off.

HANK

The New Yorker, huh? Who ever would have thought, huh?

The guy shakes Hank's hand and moves on. Another guest flashes a thumbs up. Hank returns the gesture. Jack laughs.

JACK

Smooth.

HANK

Jesus. I can't cope with this.

JACK

Be careful what you want, you just might get it.

Edith and Terry walking arm and arm.

EDITH

Every year they hire new faculty and they're always so dull and unattractive. It must be a policy.

TERRY

What about him...

They laugh, point to another and grimace. Terry points...

TERRY

Who's that?

EDITH

Joe Ritchie. He's an ex-priest.

TERRY

A little overly tortured for my taste.

Edith and Jack kiss chastely. Hank and Terry kiss chastely. Each of the four circulating around the room, each engaged with another person. Each laughing, smiling. Each taking a swig from a glass. Edith starting to light a cigarette. Jack taking a puff of one. Hank refusing one. Terry and Hank deep in conversation. Edith and Jack watching.

Edith, drink in hand, drifts over to the corner where Joe Ritchie is.

EDITH

You're Joe, right?

JOE

Mrs. Evans.

EDITH

Mrs. Evans? Who's she, Hank's mother?
Edith.

JOE

You must be pleased for him.

EDITH

Sure.

Hank walks over to Edith. He puts a light hand on her shoulder.

HANK

Terry's tired, I said I'd run her home.
I'll be back soon. Can I have the keys?

She produces them.

EDITH

Have fun.

HANK

Fun? I'm just going to drive her home.
See ya soon.

She watches Terry conversing with Jack.

EDITH

Better to marry than to burn. I'm doing both.

JOE

I'm sorry.

EDITH

So am I.

Edith drifts away, finds Jack in a corner.

JACK

"Ivan Ilyitch's life had been most simple and most ordinary and therefore most terrible."

EDITH

Who's Ivan Ilyitch?

JACK

A dead Russian. Our lives aren't so simple and ordinary, are they?

EDITH

He's giving her a lift home.

JACK

Among other things. Will you tell him now?

Edith's face reflects growing pain.

EDITH

I don't know. I don't know.

Jack watches Hank with Terry as she says quick goodbyes. They are getting closer to being physically demonstrative.

Jack touches Edith's shoulder. She recoils.

JACK

What?

EDITH

Just don't.

JACK

Why not?

EDITH

I want to concentrate on hating his guts.

LATER

Edith pushes through to the liquor table and pouring herself a drink. Joe Ritchie places a hand on her shoulder. She shrinks. He pulls her into a corner, speaks directly.

JOE

Do you want to know what they used to say in the theological literature that really interested me on the subject of marriage?

EDITH

No. I don't.

DISSOLVE TO:

81 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S LIVING RM - NIGHT

181

Jack at the dining room table. SOUND of the door opening. Terry comes in. Exhausted. Dejected. A terrible, awful clarity in her face. She studies Jack, who says nothing.

TERRY

Not this way, not after ten fucking years...

She throws her purse on the table. Jack looks at it. There is a cold sharpness of finality in her voice.

TERRY

I've spent the last three hours at Joe's. You know that bar the bag ladies drink wine in? Drinking alone in a bar for the first time in my life. Alone in a bar.

Terry goes into the kitchen, pours herself a drink. Jack watches her forlorn movements. Studies the purse. Terry sits down with the drink, angles her back to Jack.

JACK

(neutral)

What happened?

TERRY

Never mind what happened. I want to tell you these things in my heart, but I don't want to see your face. Your cold, guilty face.

JACK

All right then I'll move.

Terry turns a bit in her chair but still does not look at him.

TERRY

(as if it's a prepared speech
at first)

Don't worry. You will get rid of me some day but not like this. Do you know, of course you know, it's one of your strikes against me: I drink more than any woman we know. I'm the only woman who keeps up with the men at the parties. I drink in the afternoon. So you will get rid of me that way. I'll become a statistic. Because I don't keep a goddamn Hilton Hotel and because I drink a lot, everyone, I mean, everyone, will see it from your point of view. I drink a lot, especially on nights like this when my husband sends me off to fuck his friend.

She pours herself another shot. She downs it in a gulp. Then pours again, sips.

JACK

Don't you want to stop that?

TERRY

(weirdly on top of it)

Give me a reason, Jack. Anyway, there are these studies about women - 'housewives' is the type of woman who we are referring to here - and strangely enough, these women seem to have in their number a disproportionately high rate of alcoholism and suicide... But I saw some of those studies and I say fuck it. All sorts of men I know are basically knocking themselves off in all sorts of quiet ways. I see 'em in line in the bank. These guys are desperately praying that God won't catch them dying without a fight. So I say fuck the studies. They don't apply. What applies? To me ... Terry Linden... So I'm sitting there and I start thinking about my father. I know... I know... I've gone through this one before but I started thinking about his way of summing me up. I was his quote unquote little hothead girl unquote...

(MORE)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

TERRY (cont'd)

so, that was me...little hothead. And I thought about one day when my father took me fishing, and I learned how to cast and I thought, "I'm lucky. I'm learning how to cast pretty good and my father will love me." Because I could fish! That gets us to now. I figure I have to be able to fuck fairly well and I figure I have to cook fairly well. I mean those are valid demands on me. I figure I do those things but still for some reason, well... you do hate me for this house of mine... because it's dirty sometimes --

Up until now there's been a kind of weird calm to her manner...

JACK

I don't hate you Terry...

TERRY

(louder suddenly, provoked by the break in her rhythm)

How would you know if you hate me? You don't even know who I am!

She shoots a glance at him.

JACK

(dejected)

I know who you are.

TERRY

You say stuff like "you are what you do," but who believes that shit. Does that mean I'm a cook, an errand runner, a fucker, a bed maker, a goddamned cleaning woman for Christ's sake? If you - you, you bastard - lost all discipline, just folded up and turned drunk and was fired I'd love you, and I'd get a job and support us. Maybe no one else would love you. You'd be a different man to them but not to me. I'd love you. I'd love you if you went about at night poisoning dogs. But if you love me for what I do instead of for what I am -- there is a goddamned difference. I know there is -- then what are you loving when I fuck Hank? What is it that lets you...allows you...to let me do that? It's just a trick I do for you...You don't love me. You love all the tricks. Is that true?

(MORE)

81 CONTINUED: (3)

181

TERRY (cont'd)

My stupid spaghetti sauce, the beer mug I
keep in the freezer just for you? The way
I look and walk and fuck?

JACK

I love Edith.

Terry flinches. She blinks large blinks. She starts shaking
her head, fiercely, mechanically.

JACK

Terry, Terry, yes. I love her. I don't
love you. I haven't for a long time. I
don't know why. I can't help it - I...

Terry runs at him from the chair.

TERRY

(shrieking absolutely top
voice)

NOOOOOO - No, Jack...no, Jack...

She hits him, pounds against his chest with her fists, pushes
him. He reacts passively for a second, then takes her arms in
his hands and throws her on the floor. He stands rigidly
above her.

JACK

(grim, clenched teeth, set)

Come on. Take it.

She looks at him through the haze of alcohol and pain,
scrunches up her face to study what she should do next. She
can't move.

TERRY

No. No, you're right. I've hit you too
much. You're right to push me. I've hit
you too much.

Slowly, laboriously, she gets up and goes to the kitchen. She
stands over the sink, runs the cold water over her arms. She
dabs at her face, her eyes, her mouth with the water. She
goes to the freezer, brings out more ice.

TERRY (cont'd)

All right. I won't cry and I won't hit
you. Edith. So Edith then, all right,
Jesus.

She throws the ice on the floor.

TERRY (cont'd)

That fucking whore Edith. My fucking friend. I should have known. I did know. I knew all along. I just wouldn't let myself know that I knew. How long have you been fucking her?

JACK

Since May.

Jack closes his eyes. Terry enters the room.

TERRY

Yeah. I thought so, tonight. Screwing with Hank in the car, I thought of you looking at her... the way you haven't looked at me in years. That's when I had to get up and go to the bar... I...

(she's getting vaguer, more tentative)

Did you...did you love me until you fell in love with Edith?

JACK

No. I guess that's why I can love -

TERRY

I don't have to keep hearing that, don't SAY IT.

She goes inside the living room, comes back. She starts twisting at her wedding ring, not removing it, but playing with it. She paces.

TERRY (cont'd)

We must have a lotta people fooled. Maybe not. I'm thirty-five...I've lost my figure.

JACK

No, you haven't.

TERRY

Don't, Jack. I'm not young anymore. I don't even want to be young anymore. I've become...just about what I'll become.

Jack can't listen. He goes to the refrigerator, gets a can of beer and returns to the room.

TERRY (cont'd)

And now you say you don't love me, you love Edith...

(sudden mad rage)

...I won't cry, you bastard. You won't make me cry. I've given you my life! I knew it all the time, I've been wasting my life, I was going to make the best of it... I was going to keep on being a "girl in love." All right then. You're having an affair with Edith and you love her and you don't love me. All right. I won't cry and I won't hit you. When are you leaving?

JACK

I don't know.

TERRY

You might as well go today.

JACK

I guess so.

TERRY

Is Edith leaving?

JACK

We've never talked about it.

TERRY

Oh, you must have.

JACK

No. It doesn't really matter. I wouldn't take her from Hank if he wants her.

TERRY

So you may end up getting it right between the eyes. Too bad.

She smiles at him, fatigue and sympathy. She shakes her head.

TERRY (cont'd)

It isn't her. It's me. I've been telling myself you don't love me but I never really meant it when I said it. What was it Jack?

JACK

I don't know.

11 CONTINUED: (6)

181

TERRY

I guess you can't know anymore than I can know why I still love you. Jack?

JACK

What?

TERRY

Don't you love me even a little?

JACK

No, Terry, I don't.

He stares at her a second, then he walks out of the room.

12 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

182

Jack enters, turns on the light next to the bed, lays down. Downstairs, Terry starts cleaning up the kitchen. Jack tosses in bed listening the SOUND of Terry doing various cleaning things: Stomping back and forth, wiping the table, wiping the stove, washing the dishes, knocking a pot against the inside of the garbage can. Jack gets up in bed, no chance of falling asleep. He sits on the edge of the bed.

INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

183

Jack enters the kitchen. Terry is mopping the floor. Crazy, determined effort. Jack's eyes follow the progress of the mop, splashing, spilling.

JACK

(quiet, anguish)

Come to bed.

Terry doesn't stop.

TERRY

I want to clean my house. I've been a pig and I've beaten you and thrown things at you. Maybe I can at least be good for my babies. Maybe you'll miss them and want to come back, and the house...I want a clean house.

She stops.

TERRY

Couldn't you just stay and keep screwing Edith? Could you be happy then?

.83 CONTINUED:

183

JACK

You don't want that.

Terry goes back to mopping. She's insistently, intensely going at it.

TERRY

No, I guess not. I don't know. Maybe I could change. Go to bed, love. I want to clean my house.

She continues mopping.

.84 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

184

Jack is trying to settle himself in bed, thrusting his head tensely against a pillow.

.85 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

185

The room is bright. Natasha is standing in the doorway. Jack sits up in bed. Natasha comes closer.

NATASHA

You should see the house.

JACK

What's she doing?

NATASHA

She's doing everything.

Sean can be heard just outside the doorway.

SEAN

Is that Daddy you're talking to?

NATASHA

Is it true you don't love Mom?

JACK

Who told you that?

NATASHA

I heard Mom last night. I couldn't hear you, just Mom.

SEAN

Are you getting divorced? Natasha said you were leaving.

JACK

Where would I go?

185 CONTINUED:

185

Jack attempts a smile.

SEAN

I want to live with you.

NATASHA

I'm not going to choose.

JACK

You shouldn't listen to us fight.

NATASHA

(plain, clear, neutral)

Mom said you were leaving and you love Edith and you screwed her.

JACK

Do you know what that means?

NATASHA

Yes.

SEAN

What... what "what" means?

JACK

Nothing. Just grown-up foolishness.

Jack sees their concerned faces; hears the sounds of Terry cleaning downstairs.

JACK

Let's get on our bikes.

186 EXT. WOODS - DAY

186

It's a cold morning. Natasha and Sean ride along the path through the woods, wind whipping their hair, chill and sweat on their faces.

Jack lags behind, distracted and deeply troubled.

187 EXT. RIVER - DAY

187

They stop by the river. The kids leap from their bikes and run to the top of a huge rock at river's edge.

Jack follows slowly. He stands behind them, staring at the surging river. Its power is hypnotic.

FLASH TO:

188 EXT. JACK AND TERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

188

Silence. Jack, Terry and the kids race in a circle, holding hands, laughing. Faster, and more out of control...

BACK TO:

Jack watching the river. He puts his hand over his eyes.

CUT TO:

BLACK. Under the LOUD ROAR of rushing water A VOICE...
Edith's?

BACK TO:

Jack, as he chokes back a sob. He takes his hand away from his eyes:

SEAN is kneeling on the bank, running his fingers in the water. NATASHA stands over her brother, talking nonsense.

Jack's eyes are fixed on the back of their heads. The pain and futility he feels at this moment is almost unendurable.

Natasha turns, catching her father's odd expression. Jack notices her.

JACK

Mother's very good. So's Edith.

NATASHA

And so are you.

Jack steps away. He stares at the water, turns back, and with sudden extreme violence, he grabs Natasha. Then picks up Sean.

189 INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - DAY

189

Terry is packing Jack's clothes into a suitcase.

190 EXT. TOWN - DAY

190

A train rolls past the old shoe factory.

191 EXT. RIVER - DAY

191

The surging water.

191A EXT. MAIN STREET--DAY

191A

The quiet town.

92 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S HOUSE - DAY 192

The kitchen. The living room. A bathroom. All spotless.

93 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S BEDROOM - DAY 193

Terry sits on the bed next to the suitcase. For a long silent moment she waits, staring into space.

Jack watches her from the doorway. He steps inside. Terry looks up.

TERRY

Was it awful?

JACK

Was what awful?

SOUND of Sean and Natasha barging into the house downstairs, talking loudly.

Jack eyes the suitcase.

JACK

What are you doing?

TERRY

I thought that's where you went. To tell the kids.

Jack is totally unable to deal with her all too transparent helpfulness. He pushes the suitcase off the bed without looking at her.

JACK

Unpack it.

TERRY

Why? Couldn't you tell them?

JACK

I don't want to.

TERRY

I'll call them in and we'll both tell them.

Jack is nauseated. Terry is drawing it out of him: The reassurance he's terrified he will offer.

JACK

I mean...I don't want to leave.

He looks at her grimly. She takes a step towards him. By reflex, he shakes his head.

TERRY
You really don't?

JACK
No.

TERRY
I know it's the kids, but is it just the kids? You could see them. Whenever you wanted. If it's just telling them, we can do it and get it over with...these things are always hard, but we can do it.

JACK
(looking down at the floor)
It's not that...

He pauses, every positive phrase is torture.

JACK (cont'd)
...Unpack the suitcase.

Terry now has room for initiative. She sits next to him, and in the tenderest way, places a hand on his cheek.

TERRY
Hey, look at me.

Jack stares straight at her.

TERRY (cont'd)
It'll be all right. You'll see. It'll be all right again.

Jack, frozen, looks at her.

THE TABLEAU

of the two of them seated a slight but unbridgeable distance apart...

LATER

Jack is still seated on the bed. Terry is dialing the phone. Then her expression changes when she makes a connection.

TERRY
Hey. Jack and I have talked. Let's you and me have lunch. Sure.

93 CONTINUED: (2)

193

She hangs up the phone.

JACK
Do you have to?

TERRY
I've loved her...as a friend. I want to
keep loving her.

94 INT. JACK AND TERRY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

194

Jack scrapes food off dinner plates. The kids are in another room, glued to the TV set. Terry appears through the back door.

She comes inside, puts her purse down. Sits at the table. She's happy, excited with good news.

TERRY
It's going to snow. Isn't it incredible?
Edith wants you to go see her tonight.
She's going to tell Hank. She's probably
told him by now. She said he won't mind.

JACK
(defeated)
I know.

TERRY
I told her about Hank and me soon as I
told her about you two. It's all alright.
Really. I told her that me and Hank was
like her with you. She said she wasn't
trying to steal you or anything. It was
to save herself she said.

Jack stares at the dishes.

JACK
I don't really want to hear it.

TERRY
You don't?

JACK
No. I just don't...I'm sorry. I'm sure it
was a fine afternoon.

TERRY
It was. It was wonderful.

Jack limply leaves the room.

95 EXT. HANK AND EDITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

195

Jack's face as he stands staring at the house.

96 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

196

Hank reading at the kitchen table. Edith, her head in her hand, saying nothing. Jack taps on the door.

JACK

Hello.

Hank puts down what he's reading, smiles at Jack. Edith looks at him, totally impassive, no sign of one feeling or another. Hank stands up. Everyone is on edge.

HANK

Have some coffee.

Jack's legs can't support him. He sits in the chair that Hank has vacated. He stares around the spotless kitchen.

HANK (cont'd)

A drink?

JACK

(grateful)

Aye. Scotch.

Hank pulls a bottle off the shelf. Pours it. He puts his hands together in the most parodic emcee-spokesman manner...lightly...he moves towards the door.

HANK

Well...the atmosphere in the kitchen is a bit, shall we say...intense. I think it's a terrific time for me to take in a movie.

JACK

There's no need...Hank...

Hank waves brightly, is out the door. Jack bolts from the table and follows him out.

97 EXT. HANK AND EDITH'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

197

JACK

You knew all the time...

97 CONTINUED:

197

HANK
I'm not real slow...

Jack looks.

HANK
You okay?

JACK
I'm okay. I'm working on a philosophy of
laughter: when drowning in shit, buoyancy
is the only answer.

HANK
Listen. I ought to dedicate my new novel
to you. I wrote three new chapters this
week. It's much easier living with a
woman who feels loved.

Hank gives him a reassuring, superficial pat on the shoulder.
He gets in the car and drives away. Jack watches the car go
away. He turns toward the kitchen, enters.

98 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

198

Edith almost pours the scotch into Jack. Their faces close
together, her arm holding him, as if he were an invalid and
she his nurse.

EDITH
He said he was happy for us and now he's
sad for us. He was happy you were taking
care of me and now he's sorry you can't.

She leads him wordlessly to the living room.

99 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S LIVING RM - NIGHT

199

Their movements as they take off their clothes are as
stealthy and as frozen as the movements of two terrified
elderly virgins might be. Naked, they shiver, but when they
lie down together on the couch, it's no better. They're
paralyzed. Edith clenches her eyes. Holds her head with her
hand. Jack looks at her forlornly.

JACK
I can't make love. I'm just too sad, I -

Wordless, tearless, Edith, eyes closed, nods her head. Jack
steps off the couch. He puts his clothes back on.

Jack stares out the window.

99 CONTINUED:

199

JACK (cont'd)
It's started to snow.

Edith says nothing.

JACK (cont'd)
What's the name for this?

He stares at her. Leaves. She sits, pulls a blanket around her. She goes to the window. She watches.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

00 EXT. NORTHWEST TOWN - DAY 200

The train rolls passes by the abandoned shoe factory.

01 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 201

He comes downstairs in jeans and a work shirt, sees that there's a neatly set table. A single place setting at the head of the table.

A little puzzled he gazes into the living room.

02 INT. HANK AND EDITH'S LIVING RM - NIGHT 202

Edith is seated in a comfortable long winter coat, and holding one of her pieces of luggage as if for balance.

HANK
What's going on? Where's Sharon?

EDITH
Sharon's waiting for me. I'm taking her to my mother's for awhile.

Edith stands and goes to the door. Hank hurries toward her.

HANK
Why? What for? What the fuck is going on?

EDITH
Do you remember one night, a few months ago, we were in bed and you told me you loved me and then you complimented me...the wording was quite specific, do you remember?

HANK
What...what is this all about?

02 CONTINUED:

EDITH

You said you were proud of me, of how far
I'd come...how far I'd come and how
strong I've gotten.

HANK

Yeah, so?

He can barely control his fear.

EDITH

You were right. And this is it. This is
how far I've gotten.

She gets up with her piece of luggage and heads for the door.
He races toward the door to stop her from leaving.

He puts a hand on her arm.

HANK

Please, Edith. Stop...I'll stop.

EDITH

I'm not leaving because you were
unfaithful Hank. I'm leaving because I
was.

HANK

But none of that matters anymore. That's
over! Isn't it?

Edith is silent. Hank grips her shoulders tenderly, looks her
in the eye.

HANK

Isn't it? Edith?

EDITH

It's over Hank.

HANK

Then why leave now?

She considers the kindest choice of words.

EDITH

Because I can.

Then she gently pulls away, and heads out of the house.

OMITTED

04 INT. EDITH'S CAR - NIGHT

204

Edith POV through fogged windshield at red light. In the backseat, Sharon, oblivious, draws on the fogged window with her finger.

Edith waits - peers through the windshield cautiously. She catches Sharon's face in the rear view mirror. Edith turns and smiles at her daughter. Sharon smiles back.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END