

"FIVE EASY PIECES"

(TENTATIVE TITLE)

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Prod.#8974

SHOOTING SCRIPT
FINAL DRAFT
OCTOBER 20, 1969

BAKERSFIELD:

BOBBY DUPEA
RAYETTE DISPESTO
ELTON
STONEY
BIG PARADE (B.P. and TWINKIE)
PGYMY (BETTY)
CONSTRUCTION DRIVER
WORKER #1
WORKER #2
WORKER #3
CONTRACTOR'S WIFE
CONTRACTOR
BOWLING ALLEY WAITRESS
DRILLER
3 OIL WORKERS
PLAINCLOTHESMAN #1
PLAINCLOTHESMAN #2
PLAINCLOTHESMAN #3
WAITRESS (Rayette's Coffee Shop)
CUSTOMERS
FREEWAY DRIVERS
BABY (Elton & Stoney's)

RECORDING STUDIO:

TITA DUPEA
ENGINEER #1
ENGINEER #2
COFFEE BOY

ON THE ROAD:

PALM
TERRY
ROADSIDE WAITRESS

ISLAND:

CARL DUPEA
CATHERINE VAN GOST
PAPA NICHOLAS DUPEA
SPICER
SAMIA GLAVIA
JOHN FINCHER
FERRY MAN
FISHERMAN
WHALE TRAINER
BARTENDER

FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD CONSTRUCTION OR EXCAVATION SITE - LATE DAY

1 A large-toothed bucket trenches into the earth, lifts up into the air, swings to the right and upends a load of earth into the rear of a truck. It moves back to the trench and goes through the same course of procedure.

MOVING BACK, we see the bucket is worked from a large yellow Backhoe, manipulated through a seemingly complex set of levers operated by BOBBY DUPEA. He wears a hard-hat, a tee shirt, levis and a heavy pair of gloves. He puts the equipment through the above ritual, and after a few more loads, whistles in the direction of the truck. The DRIVER, leaning on the shade side of the truck, gets into it and drives off.

As he waits for another truck to back onto its place, Bobby's attention is drawn to a convertible driving up and parking several yards off to his left, adjacent to some other parked cars. The front of the car is angled toward him, and through the windshield he can see a MAN and a WOMAN.

The man, in shirt sleeves and also wearing a hard-hat, gets out of the car, carrying a rolled blueprint or somesuch, and moves with it across the excavation site toward a prefabricated Foreman's shack.

Bobby's attention returns to the Woman in the car. Because of the positioning of the car, she has no place to look but generally back at him. To avoid him she would have to turn all the way around, to the direction taken by the Man, or up into the sky.

She occasionally does both, because Bobby does not for a moment let up on her. Pressured, she tries a defiant confrontation, stares hostilely back at him, but cannot maintain it. She drops her eyes to her lap and some pretended activity with her hand.

As he watches her, Bobby begins absently operating the lever which lifts the swing crane, raising it slowly in front of him. She looks back up at him.

2 HER POV:

A handsome minor god astride a yellow machine: the crane appendage is held at its highest hoist above him, and the bucket at its tip is gently swinging in the sky.

3 BOBBY:

He sends her over the forceful charm of a smile as innocent as his gesture is not.

A short BLAST from a horn coming from a truck which has moved into place behind the Backhoe breaks his concentration and nearly startles the rut out of him. He composes himself and turns his head around to the DRIVER leaning out of the window on the passenger side of the cab.

DRIVER

Let's get the hell goin'. You're hangin' up my last haul.

Bobby glances back over at the convertible. The Woman has gotten out and is walking across the excavation site more or less in the direction taken before by the Man. Bobby cuts the motor on the Backhoe, removes his gloves, jumps down to the ground and responds to the Driver:

BOBBY

(thick Arky accent)

If you just ken wait you know, you ken haul my piss, which is what I'm now goin' a take.

4

He MOVES AWAY, across site. On his way he walks directly past a pair of sanitation "biffys" and on toward some heavy pieces of equipment which include an immense orange Caterpillar.

In the shade of it a number of other WORKMEN sit or lounge, goldbricking some of the last hours of their workday with bullshit AD LIBS.

Bobby approaches to the periphery of them and to the sounds of their B.G. jive. He stops at a water dispenser and takes himself a drink, looking off toward where the Woman wanders.

She loiters aimlessly, trying to find something to interest her in the excavated landscape.

A WORKER, who sits leaning against the wheel of the Caterpillar, starts to talk with Bobby:

WORKER 1

Ey Bob, what'd you 'low to tearin' a piece off a the boss's ol puss?

Bobby shrugs, still looking at the Woman. He spits some of his water into the dirt, then glances over at the challenger:

BOBBY

(accent)

I ken ride.....

WORKER 1

(doubtful)

The sheeut...

Bobby moves over to group and the "sheeut" commences getting traded:

BOBBY

Ben up on most everything.

WORKER 2

(indicating woman)
I 'low that ere like to dirty butt it
round til you come up on her and then
she try an stingy-hole you...

WORKER 1

(pressing)
What'd you 'low? A weeks' pay?

BOBBY

I ken cover anything...

ELTON

Hooee...I'll bet with the Bob!

Bobby looks off again toward the Woman.

She leans down and picks up an uninteresting stone, and
correspondingly, looks at it with disinterest.

WORKER 3

If I had me Bob's ol' lady I swear I'd only
do it to Susie at Jew Margaret's once a year
an' on my kid's birthdays...

ELTON grins toothless at Worker 3:

ELTON

Sheeut, you got twelve kids...

WORKER 3

Thas' what I mean...A wife'll give out on
you eventual...Bob's got the idee, stay clear
a the vows and 'screw you dam ass off...

Bobby looks back to the Workers:

BOBBY

Thas' right...

WORKER 3

Hoo, that' right...

WORKER 1

(back to the point)
You goin a do it...?
(indicates Foreman's shack)
'Fore the Ol' man...

Bobby stalls:

BOBBY

Yeah...Couple weeks, last, I was up to the
Twin Yokes hustlin a 'pullet' and Elton
(indicates Elton)
tips to me she's this 'someone's wife' a

councilman, some damn thang, I don't know...
It was dark as hell in ere, and it don't make
no never mine who she is to Bob, know what I
mean, an I'm a hustlin her, and I get her to
lovin me up, to where she's dyin to go outside
to my car, and sheeet I'm about more'n ready
to go myself...So outside we go...an what do I
see, jus by the light a the sign but that she is
uglier an a hatful a ass-holes...

WORKER 2

What'd you do with her?

BOBBY

Well, I 'low it's poor breedin ever to welch
on the ladies less the's totin' the syph' an
is covered with flies, know what I mean...So
I drove off to the darkest place I could fine
an I injoyed myself, near as much as she did...

He looks off toward the Woman:

BOBBY

(pensively)

Oh. Yeah...

(pauses absently)

It always works out...to something...

PAUSE:

DRIVER

Hey what about my load?

WORKER 1

You goin try? Or you goin forfit?

ELTON

Don't worry 'bout him. I'll lead 'em.

WORKER 1

Well?

BOBBY

(as though the suggestion was ridiculous)

Hell...

He gives a pull up at the front of his pants.

BOBBY

A man's go to do what a man's got to do.

He turns and walks away from the workers toward the Woman.

Elton calls after him:

ELTON

Stay on her Bob!

5 Bobby walks up to the Woman. She is faced the other way, does not notice his approach until he addresses her. When he speaks now, it is in what we can assume to be his normal manner, without any trace of "south" in his pronunciations:

BOBBY

Pardon me...

She turns around, slightly startled:

WOMAN

Oh...

BOBBY

How do you do.

WOMAN

Hello.

BOBBY

Hi. I noticed you wandering around, and I thought if you wanted to be shown around I'd be happy to...

WOMAN

No, no...I'm just waiting.

BOBBY

Well, I guess you've seen your share of road construction anyway...

WOMAN

No, no...only once or twice. I don't enjoy it that much. I wouldn't be here now but that my husband had a pick me up from the dentist...

BOBBY

Oh...

WOMAN

I don't drive.

BOBBY

What's your name?

WOMAN

Mrs. Antwine.

BOBBY

Oh...
Mine's Mr. Dupea.

She doesn't get it:

WOMAN
How do you do.

BOBBY
Bob.

WOMAN
Uhm hmm.

BOBBY
Well, too bad there isn't something I could entertain you with, you know what I mean...

WOMAN
No, no that's alright. I'll be going in a minute, my husband's just dropping something off.

BOBBY
Oh. That's too bad, too. I'd like to talk to you some more sometime...You're an interesting woman...

WOMAN
Oh...Uhm hmm.

BOBBY
Well, then. Maybe I'm making a false assumption. Maybe you aren't so interesting.

WOMAN
How do you mean?

BOBBY
Well like I say...it isn't always easy to know right off. Do you ever have time off for yourself?

WOMAN
(laughs)
In Bakersfield? What else has a woman got but time?

BOBBY
Well, now...see? Things are more interesting already. All we have to do is adjust our schedules.

WOMAN
Well you'd best adjust them right quick 'cause it looks like my husband's finished his business.

BOBBY
(backing away)
Right...
(LOUDER)
Anytime at all. Glad to accommodate you.

(SOFIA)
I'm usually at Curly's for a drink..on
Wednesdays after work.

(LOUDEST)
Nice chatting with you.

6 Bobby walks back to group of men as Contractor approaches his wife (without blueprints).

Bobby resumes "Arky talk."

BOBBY (cont)
Now then...this being payday, let's pay.

WORKER 1
Sheeet...I could carry myself out ere,
hustle my mouth a few time, and come back
grinnin' without it provin' a thing..

BOBBY
Well what you expect...I saddle her up
right out here? You got to increase the wager
for exhibitions.

Workers note the Contractor headed for Bobby: The "development" interests them enough to keep quiet about it, except for Elton.

WORKER 2
I don't like payin' up without proof.

BOBBY
Well are you the Bob or are you talking to the
Bob? I'm tellin' you...it's set for Saturday.

ELTON
(warning)
Hey...Bob...

BOBBY
Thas right...the ol 'plug an abandon.'

Bobby makes a descriptive gesture with his arm, as the contractor steps behind him:

CONTRACTOR
Dupea!

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

7 RAYETTE DISPESTO delivers her kind of affectionate address:

RAYETTE
You little pecker...

The name "Rayette" is printed on a plastic band pinned to the front of her blouse. She sets a cup of coffee down in

front of Bobby, who sits, in his work clothes, at the end of the counter nearest the cash register.

RAYETTE

(continuing)

How'd you go lose your job?

BOBBY

Well when it starts to become a question of what you've got to take off of a situation...

Over the above she glances toward the Register, where a pair of Customers are waiting to pay their bill. She interrupts Bobby:

RAYETTE

Guess I'm jus goin a have to support you an us both...Let you stay at the house an look at the Tee an Vee all day...

Bobby nods and looks off. There is a brief distaste in his face, a sudden sense of no fun at all.

RAYETTE

(continuing over above)

An when I come home, I'll lie down to relax an you can go to work:

She winks to emphasize her suggestion, but of course he does not see it. His gaze remains off:

BOBBY

Yeah...

RAYETTE

What's the matter, Hon'?

He looks back to her:

BOBBY

Nothing.

He rises and begins squeezing his hand into his Levi pocket for some money:

He puts some change on the counter:

RAYETTE

Will you stop tryin to be such a big deal... You don't pay for nothin in here an you know it.

She shoves the change back across the counter in front of him.

RAYETTE (cont)

Put it on a six pack an I'll be home in a hour.

He puts the money back in his pocket:

BOBBY

(Arky)

Rat now I'm on a stop on over at the
Fields, see if there's any Toolpushers
at are hire'in on...

RAYETTE

You get back...We'll get onta somethin'
that'll cheer you up...

He nods:

RAYETTE

You goin a be there now?

BOBBY

I will.

He begins walking away:

RAYETTE

You'll get my Eytalian blood up, if
you're not.

BOBBY

I won't...

He waves absently and walks out of coffee shop.

TITLE SEQUENCE - MUSIC (TAMMY WYNETTE) OVER - SUNSET.

- 8 Bobby's car drives through oil fields. The pumps and derricks can be seen through the window, their night-work lights already on:

EXT. FIELDS - SUNSET.

- 9 Bobby ambles over to one of the night crews, asks about hiring on. AD LIB Dialogue. He is assured there's work to be had.

EXT. FIELDS - SUNSET (MUSIC OVER)

- 10 He drives home.

EXT. TOWN GROCERY STORE - NIGHT.

- 11 Bobby exits carrying six-pack.

EXT. RAYETTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

- 12 Bobby drives up to house. Enters.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

- 13 Bobby enters, rips tab off beer can. He sits in a chair with Rayette on his lap. They make out in the old way, amongst the furnishings and objects of the worker class?

13 CONTINUED
to the sounds of a sentiment meaningful to only one of
them.

TITLE SEQUENCE ENDS.

So do the wining chords of the SONG. Rayette disengages
her arms and starts to get up.

RAYETTE
I'm goin a play it again.

Bobby prevents her:

BOBBY
No, you're not going to play it again.

RAYETTE
Well lemme play the other side, thin...

She tries again and he pulls her back once more:

RAYETTE
Quit Bobby. You're goin a help me pick
a song, you said.

BOBBY
You said.

RAYETTE
Well lemme try in sing one for you.

He shakes his head.

RAYETTE (cont)
Aren't you interested in my silections?

BOBBY
No.

RAYETTE
Oh, you Frick...You are too.

He drinks the last of the beer and tries to hand it
to her. She makes no move to take it, looking challengingly
at him.

RAYETTE
Listen! Do you love me, or not?

BOBBY
I'm too moved by your gentility to speak...

RAYETTE
(angry)
Listen...
(she pauses, and tries to become softer and more 'refined')
Sugar, you know how I feel about you...
Don't you? I'm trying to cheer you up.
(she looks at him meaningfully. he says nothing)

RAYETTE (cont)

There's isn't anythang I wouldn't do
for you...

(he says nothing)

Why, I started livin the day I foun' you, you
know that honey...?

(still teasing her)

BOBBY

You're playing the other side...

He tries to hand her the empty can again. She stands up
from his lap:

RAYETTE

I'm ona cut off your damn water, Bobby,
I swear!

He smiles at her, then holds the can up to her:

BOBBY

Serveza.

She makes a swipe at it, like she is going to knock
it out of his hand:

RAYETTE

Serveza yourself!

BOBBY

Now, now...

She looks at him silently, then:

RAYETTE

I wound easy.

BOBBY

But you heal fast, Moxie.

He laughs, and she looks genuinely hurt. He throws
her another change:

BOBBY

Why'nt you take at sign off your tit, an
let's go on out someplace.

She looks down at the plastic band pinned to her blouse,
then looks back to him.

RAYETTE

Someplace where?

BOBBY

I don't care...I'll holler up Elton an Stoney...

She thinks about it, then moves closer to him:

RAYETTE

You know, I'll go on out, or stay here,
or anything you like for me to do...if..

RAYETTE (cont)
you'll jus do one thing for me...

BOBBY
I'm not goin to listen to you sing at me.

RAYETTE
God dammit, are you tryin to break my confidence?

BOBBY
What confidence?

RAYETTE
(angrily)
No, wait a minute.....
(softer again)
I'm not goin a sing.

She climbs back onto him:

RAYETTE
I'll go out...if you tell me that...
you love me.

BOBBY
You can sing the song.

She climbs back off:

RAYETTE
You're never satisfied!

BOBBY
Thas' right.

She lets that sink in a moment. It makes her insecure.
She advances on him again.

RAYETTE
Oh, now Baby.....

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

14 Bobby's thumb and middle finger insert into a bowling ball.
He lifts it up from return rack..

He can, of course, do anything: he bowls a perfect strike,
then turns areund to his "companions" with some display
of triumph unhampered by any modesty.

At the banquet behind the scoring table, which is cluttered
with their beers, Elton, his wife STONEY, and Rayette,
variously positioned.

IMPROVISE SCENE, approximating the following:

15 Elton allows a sporting response to Bobby for his strike,
and then he moves to the rack.

Stoney, a full-faced woman with freckles and tiny eyes that disappear in constant laughs and loud delights, ex-Premier Kruschov in a red wig, thinks Bobby is a 'star', consistently shows him that.

Rayette sits on the banquet, unenthusiastically removing her plastic toeless, slingback spikes and putting on the red and white bowling rentals.

Bobby drinks a beer and watches Elton bowl a nice spare.

He encourages Rayette as she sets to bowl:

BOBBY

Strike Ray! Strike!

She bowls one pin on the first ball. The second moves straight down the right hand rut.

Elton writes the score.

Bobby gives a patient pointer to Rayette, as Stoney makes a spare and loves herself and Elton.

Bobby strikes and Elton strikes and everybody beers again.

Bobby begins a slight pressure on Rayette to improve her game. She bowls the right hand rut. He corrects her "spot" on the lane, moves her over a shade to the left. She bowls cleanly into the left hand rut, then turns around to Bobby, laughing:

RAYETTE

Look at that stupid cocky wobbly thang...

BOBBY

(not laughing)

Will you just do the hell what I tell you...

RAYETTE

I did. Didn't I, El...?

BOBBY

(Losing patience)

Just spot an follow through, spot an follow through...

RAYETTE

The balls too heavy for me, honey, it jus' goes cocky wob...

BOBBY

It's not the damn ball! Will you pay attention to me!

15 continued

He makes like to demonstrate, then returns to his seat. Stoney is at the lane. Elton sees Bobby is bothered, offers a change in subject.

ELTON

What outfit cha hire on at?

BOBBY

Bruce Norton's, looks like. They operate rigs for all the majors.

ELTON

Oh...uh-huh...

Stoney bowls a spare. Bobby reacts:

BOBBY

Oh she's a bowler, El.

ELTON

You didn't know I was a 'derrick man' once, on one a them fields down the Indian Nation, did you?

Bobby shakes his head: Stoney is returning to seat.

ELTON

An one a Stoney's brothers was a well-puller...
(over to Stoney)
Wadn't he honey?...The one with three fingers..?

STONEY

(nods)

My brother Crusier...an oh my, was it dirty work, as well as dangers...

RAYETTE

Bobby, you sure I shouldn't change balls?

STONEY

You're too good lookin' a fella to be pullin' wells...

RAYETTE

And too smart, too...

Bobby goes to the lane.

Elton writes the score, which is now several points ahead of Bobby and Rayette.

Bobby leans down to the rack, and lifts the ball up to his chin.

16

At the same moment, TWO GIRLS take possession of the lane adjacent. One of the girls is small as a bug. Her friend is twice as large, and proportioned like a war weapon.

Over the top of the ball, Bobby makes an inadvertent:

BOBBY

Oh my...

He bowls, and leaves the wide split. The second ball goes straight down the middle and leaves both pins.

Bobby and Elton exchange some remarks now and then, about the BIG PARADE.

Stoney at some point, wonders to Rayette:

STONEY

Is at bitty thang a dewarf, do you think?

She answers Stoney, but addresses it to Bobby:

RAYETTE

It's a pygmy, an the big things it's momma,
If you know what I mean....

Elton and Stoney continue to bowl steady. Bobby becomes less expansive towards their game, and his remarks edge a little into the hostile. Stoney turns around after her spare:

BOBBY

The red cruncher...

Rayette still favors the right and left grooves. Bobby's look begins to wither her hair.

RAYETTE

I don't see you're so great, neither.

Accordingly, his concentration split between his anger at Rayette, and the girls adjacent, Bobby's game declines, until he is a rude maniac.

During this:

ELTON

You ever done that kind a work before?

BOBBY

Once...bout a year ago, in Texas...

ELTON

I recall they pay good wages, the Southern fields anyways...

BOBBY

Why don't you come down with me tomorrow.

ELTON

Oh...I doubt that I'd hire to that type a work again if you give a million dollars.

Silence:

ELTON

They're hirin, tho, I guess...

BOBBY

Oh, yeah...

Elton thinks, takes a drink of beer, and tho no one is arguing with him, he says:

ELTON

No...you couldn't get me to...

Rayette accidentally strikes on the last ball of the game, and hopeful of having pleased, turns around:

STONEY

Whoopee!

ELTON

At's how to do it, Ray, good shootin.

She comes back to Bobby. He is removing his shoes angrily.

BOBBY

Great. You throw the Big Z's for 19 frames and get up and roll a strike on the last ball in the last frame of a losing game!!!

(pause)

Wonderful!

(to the girls just over the banquet)

Isn't she, ladies?

The Big One points at her chest:

BIG PARADE

Are you talkin to us?

Bobby smiles at her, and states:

BOBBY

Wonderful.

Rayette pulls off her shoes and throws them down:

16 CONTINUED

RAYETTE

Well I can't help it...I'm slow at learnin'.

STONEY

Come on, Ray...we'll let them settle up and breathe some fresh air.

17 They leave. Elton and Bobby remain.

ELTON

Follow you out in a minute.

Bobby is looking at girls.

ELTON (cont)

They do look interested, don't they?

BOBBY

Right.

ELTON

(sorry to leave)

Look, we got the neighbor sittin'. Sure hate to rush you.

BOBBY

Yeah...I'll pay the tab. Maybe you can just stall Ray a minute though, huh?

Elton Ad Libs a goodbye, takes a last look at PYGMY.

18 A WAITRESS approaches from the other side of him. Bobby stands up, pays her and turns back to the Girls.

The Pygmy is bowling on the lane. Bobby sits back down. Though he appears to be watching them, in truth he has gone into depression or revery or both.

19 The big one comes over to where he sits. She doesn't mind getting right into it:

B.P.

I 'seen your sweetie got a little P.O.'d there...

BOBBY

Don't worry about it.

B.P.

She's not your wife though, I know that.

BOBBY

That's right.

The Pygmy hovers in the B.G., and calls out:

19 CONTINUED

PYGMY

Did you ask him?

B.P.

(to Bobby)

Oh, yeah, we been wantin to ask you, you're on the T.V., aren't you?

BOBBY

Am I on the T.V.?

B.P. indicates the Pygmy, who sits down on banquet:

B.P.

She says you're the guy that sells all the cars on the T.V.

BOBBY

Oh, I sold a few cars once, but I can't claim to have sold them all. They still have some left, I believe.

B.P.

Uh huh...

(she turns around, suddenly delighted to inform the Pygmy:)

It's him!

Pygmy comes over to see the "celebrity":

PYGMY

I told you!

B.P.

(to Bobby)

What's your, I know what's your name...It's...

PYGMY

Donnie something...

B.P.

Are you 'Donnie!..?

BOBBY

What do you think...?
I leave it up to you.

B.P.

(delighted again)

God...I don't believe it!

PYGMY

I told you! My name's Shirley, but they call me Betty...and her name's Twinkie...

Bobby glances at Twinkie's breasts:

BOBBY

Twinkie?

PYGMY

(explaining)

Because she's so twinkie...

Bobby gets up:.

BOBBY

Well, Betty and Twinkie, it's been very nice talking to you, and...I'm just sorry I don't have more time...

PYGMY

(interrupting)

That's a wig you wear, isn't it?

Bobby touches his hair:

BOBBY

A wig?

PYGMY

Yeah...I told her it was you, but that you're wearin a wig, cause on the T.V. you're mostly all
(she touches the front of her own hair)
.bald up here...

Bobby addresses B.P., referring to the Pygmy:

BOBBY

You're little friend's really sharp...
(touches his hair again)
Yeah...I don't wear it on the T.V., because with two and a half million people watching you, you better be sincere...I just like to wear it when I'm slippin around bowling alleys an like that...gives me a little more class, I think...

Pygmy moves closer and scrutinizes his head:

PYGMY

Yeah, I can see a little bitty of the net, that's what give it away...

19 CONTINUED

B.P.
It's so weird to see you down here, but that's
who she says you are...

PYGMY,
That's him!

Bobby smiles:

BOBBY
...You could say it's me...well...

He starts to leave again:

B.P.
Oh, would you sign me an autograph...
(to Betty)

Go an get a pencil...

Pygmy goes to Scoring Table for pencil and paper.

B.P.
(continuing)
We're both professionals, if you didn't guess...

BOBBY
Well, you seem very professional...

B.P.
Case if you're interested, I'm going
to give you my number...

BOBBY
That would be nice.

B.P.
And I always tell you the same thing
straight out...I got rolled and mugged up
pretty bad by a couple guys, recently...

In the B.G. the Pygmy approaches with pencil and paper:

B.P.
(continuing)
so since then it's two for one and I work
strictly in tandem with Betty...

Bobby looks at Pygmy, coming up to them.

BOBBY
Right...I can see how she'd come in handy.

19 CONTINUED

Twinkie writes a phone number. Bobby pockets it. Then he writes on a bowling score sheet:

"To Twinkie and Betty,

Best Regards,

your friend, Donnie"...

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

20 Bobby approaches car. He comes up the passenger side and bears down on her:

BOBBY

Hey, I thought you was goin' over with Elton.

She looks straight ahead.

RAYETTE

Well I didn't.

BOBBY

You just been sittin' here?

RAYETTE

Yes.

BOBBY

Well, that could be dangerous. Anyone coulda come along an hit on you.

RAYETTE

I wished they did.

BOBBY

Shove over.

She doesn't. A pause.

BOBBY

(continued)

Come on, Ray...we can still have a good time.

RAYETTE

You're the pathetic son of a bitch, not me.

BOBBY

Come on...we'll grab a drink and a dance at The Cowboy. That'll cheer you up.

RAYETTE

I'm not a piece of crap.

20 CONTINUED

BOBBY
I know you're not.

Rayette is about to cry.

RAYETTE
You treat me like I was...

BOBBY
I'm sorry.

RAYETTE
You go an slip aroun right before my face,
an in front a Elton an Stoney..what do you
'magine they think a someone you treat that
way?

She breaks down. He opens the door, pushes in beside her,
and tries to comfort:

BOBBY
Now, now...

He embraces her:

BOBBY (cont)
Now sweetheart...Elton an Stoney know how
I feel about you, an they're just goin a think
I'm not too nice a guy, which I'm not, and
they'll think you're a hell of a person to
put up with me, that's all...

RAYETTE
You'll jus kill me one time...

BOBBY
Sssssshhhhhh...

He kisses her:

BOBBY
Be a good girl...

RAYETTE
If you really want a get up an leave me,
you can read about it in the newsprint sometime.

BOBBY
I'm not goin to get up an leave you.

He kisses her again.

BOBBY

Now let's go an have a good time...move
your ass around the floor a little.

RAYETTE

Do you love me, Bobby?

In order to stop this moment and begin the next, he gives
her what she thinks is an answer:

BOBBY

Well now, what do you think?

She takes it how she wants to take it, and it propels her into
his embrace, after which she seems to feel a little better.

RAYETTE

You really get up my Eytalian blood, you know
that?

INT. THE COWBOY CARD ROOM - NIGHT

21 Bobby sits at an all-men's card game. Rayette, the only
woman observer, sits at a chair some distance away. Bobby
finishes a last hand, gets up, takes her onto the dance
floor.

BOBBY

(smiling)

See, there...made back the bowlin' costs.
Hey it's late--lets sneak one in 'fore closing.

He guides her to:

INT. COWBOY DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

22 Bobby dances with Rayette. She appears to be having a
good time. Music ends. The floor clears.

RAYETTE

My shirt's just soaked through.
I'm going to the girls' room.

She exits. Bobby stands alone at the table. People drift
by. He stares at the piano. After a moment, when the
place has entirely cleared, Bobby walks over to the band-
stand. He looks around a moment assuring himself he is
alone. Then he plays. At first just a few idle notes.
Then some strong chords. It's as if he were trying to
recall some old piece. He stops, smiles, tries again.

RAYETTE (O.S.)

Bobby! I'm all set!

INT. RAYETTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

23 Either about to, or having finished or in the act of, making love.

RAYETTE

One thing I don't understand--I mean you coming from a musical family and all--is how come you won't never help improve my singin'? You know I got talent.

BOBBY

(laughing)

You got talent all right, baby. No question about that. And where you got it--it don't need no improvin'.

EXT. OIL RIG - DAY

23A Elton, in a hard hat on the rig floor, open-mouthed and squinting up at the top of the derrick. Bobby also in hard hat and work clothes stands on the floor of the rig.

ELTON

(to Bobby)

Once I hung suspended ninety feet up on the 'tour', ere, like a damn circus artis'...

DRILLER

Shut your mouth Elton, 'fore a sucker rod drop into it, an I have to break in another bull shitter.

The DRILLER sits back and gives them directives. The prestigious DERRICKMAN, the 'star', lounges around until it is time to climb the rig for some operation.

It should be apparent from the way Bobby and Elton function that they have been on the job for some weeks. Though not fully expert, they are not total novices.

INT. ELTON'S MOBILE HOME - NIGHT

24 Elton and Stoney are sitting quietly watching T.V. The scene is quiet, anticlimactic to whatever fun the evening might have promised. Bobby sits with a beer in his hand, completely down. From O.S. we can hear a baby occasionally crying. Finally Rayette enters with a baby in her arms.

RAYETTE

(baby talk)

Bobby...

24 CONTINUED

He turns around. She is looking at infant with a transparency of intent that it is a mistake to show.

RAYETTE (cont)

...Look at this little bugger.

BOBBY

(Not interested)

Yeah...

(he turns back around)

Put it down and let's go...

Bobby stands up. Elton looks up at him.

ELTON

Hey Bob, you ought a get you one a them little thangs...

He grins a gap-toothed smile:

BOBBY'S VOICE

Yeah.....

25

KALIEDESCOPIC survey of general action and repartee of the Four Man Team, TO BE IMPROVISED, according to physical actualities of job, and on the breaks, when rig is pumping, or beer wagon comes, according to exchanges actual to the 'hands' so cast.

Sequences are punctuated by Paydays, and paydays are followed by love and fun among the 'Hands'.

INT. OR EXT? PAYDAY

26 First Payday sequence, afterwhich Bobby treats Elton to:

OMIT SCENES 27 THRU 32.

INT. TWINKIE'S APARTMENT NIGHT

33 Twinkie and Betty.

Bobby sits beside Twinkie on a couch, the ever-present beer in one hand. His other arm is around her shoulders and the hand to it is resting on her breast.

They look across the room to Elton. He sits in a chair and plays ride a cock horse with little Betty. She is laughing with the hysterical abandon of a child. Elton, in his own way, is beside himself. He looks over to Bobby:

ELTON

God, idn't she cute!

EXT. OIL RIG DAY

34 MUSIC OVER: 'Don't Touch Me' (Fanny Wynette)

A CLOSER MORE DETAILED ESSAY of the tasks and motions of their work, concentrated on Bobby and Elton:

Ostensibly, that it may pump and bring the goods up, they 'service' the well.

They handle tubes, and pull rods. They make and break joints on the floor of the rig, etcetera.

SONG

(over above)

Your hand is like a torch
each time you touch me. That
look in your eye pulls me apart.
Don't open the door to heaven
If I can't come in...Oh
Don't touch me, if you don't love me,
Sweetheart.

EXT. BEER WAGON BREAK DAY

35 Bobby, Elton and other Roughnecks on the beer wagon break, eating and drinking and telling lies:

SONG

(over above)

Your kiss is like a drink when I'm
thirsty, ---Oh an I'm thirsty for you
with all my heart. But don't lock me
then act as tho we've never kissed, Oh
don't touch me if you don't love me,
Sweetheart.

INT. COFFEE SHOP EVENING

36 Bobby, in his work clothes, sits in the place he sat before, looking at Rayette, trying for her attention:

She will not wait on him. Another WAITRESS has to bring him a bowl of chili and a coffee.

36 CONTINUED

He watches her while she eats. She waits on some other CUSTOMERS, then stations herself somewhere down the counter from him.

From this aloof vantage, Rayette stares back at him with a hurtfilled face, unyielding and accusative:

SONG

(over above)

Now don't give me something that you
might take away. To have you then lose
you, Oh wouldn't be smart on my part...
If I can't come in...

Bobby rises, throws some change down on the counter, and walks away toward the exit.

Rayette remains as she is, watching him:

SONG

(over the above)

Oh don't touch me, if you don't love me,
Sweetheart.

EXT. REAR OF COFFEE SHOP EVENING

37 Bobby leans against Rayette's car, waiting for her.

She comes out the rear door of coffee shop, hesitates when she sees him, then moves over, more to her car than to him:

BOBBY

Hi...

Rayette says nothing, maintains the hurt of suffered injustice:

BOBBY

I was with Elton last night...

Rayette says nothing. A PAUSE. Then Bobby raises his right hand:

BOBBY

I swear

She reaches past him to the car door.

He puts his hand atop hers on the door handle:

She tries to open the door. He reaches up and runs his hand down the back of her hair to her neck, soothing her:

BOBBY
Rayette...

She gives up, drops her hand from the car door and looks down to the ground!

RAYETTE
(softly)
You son of a bitch...

INT. DOGHOUSE DAY

38 Bobby smiles. He lays a winning poker hand face up on a table, then rakes over the pile of bills and change in the center, to in front of himself. The poker game continues: participants include Bobby, Elton and three other 'HANDS'. In. B.C. and around, since the essential purpose of the Doghouse is this, OTHER HANDS change clothes, etc. The talk-around is very rank.

The above is an impromptu card game, taking place on a lunch break. Throughout it, Bobby and Elton, who have been passed hard liquor, get quite drunk. Nevertheless, Bobby manages to maintain the winning hands, and is ahead when a whistle BLOWS the game.

EXT. OIL FIELD DAY

39 Bobby and Elton make their way unsteadily across the field in direction of the rig. Elton is moved to sing a little song as colored as anything that went round the Doghouse.

They are intercepted in their waverings by the Driller, who 'informs' them that they are 'unfit' to work the rig. He 'impolitely' eighty-sixes them for the rest of the day.

EXT. FREEWAY LATE DAY

40 Bobby's car can be seen amidst a long line of cars, ahead and behind, and surrounded on all sides by a freeway jam.

INT. BOBBY'S CAR LATE DAY

41 Bobby is impatient. He drinks a beer; passes it to Elton, who continues his song.

THRU THE WINDSHIELD: Several cars ahead and in the left hand lane, an open Van might be discerned, toting as upright Piano in the rear bed.

Bobby slanders the traffic, and futilely honks the horn once or twice:

41 CONTINUED

ELTON
Give em the horn, Bob!

BOBBY
Look at these ass-holes! Where the hell
are they going?!

EXT. FREEWAY JAM - LATE DAY

42 The assholes are going nowhere. The traffic is barely moving.

INT. BOBBY'S CAR LATE DAY

43 Bobby throws the car into neutral:

BOBBY
I can't take this shit anymore.

He opens the door and gets out.

EXT. FREEWAY JAM LATE DAY

44 Bobby begins walking down the freeway between the cars.
Elton slides over the driver's seat and leans out the window, calling at him:

ELTON
Where the hell you goin'!?

44A Bobby continues walking. Then he suddenly cuts to his left between two cars and approaches to the rear of the Van. He climbs up into it. (perhaps to get a better vantage point of traffic ahead)

44B FROM ELTON'S VANTAGE; He watches Bobby untying a rope which secures the bench beneath the piano. He pulls the bench out, sits down on it and begins to play the piano:

ELTON
What's he doin'?

44C CLOSER ON BOBBY: He plays some CLASSIC ROMANTIC piece, that is barely audible in the traffic. (As he does the hair beneath his hard-hat blows in the breeze).

He seems oblivious to the reactions from the car occupants around him. He continues to play, even as the Van begins moving slowly forward.

INT. BOBBY'S CAR LATE DAY

45 As traffic begins to move, Elton puts car into gear and moves along with it, keeping his attention on Bobby up ahead.

EXT. FREEWAY LATE DAY

46 FROM THE REAR, as Bobby plays, we see a left hand turn indicator activate on the Van, and it begins to edge further to the left, where up ahead, there is an off ramp visible.

INT. BOBBY'S CAR LATE DAY

47 Elton sees the Van heading for the off-ramp. He begins honking the horn and flailing his arm out the window, trying to move car over to the left lanes. The traffic closes tighter rank on his left and prevent him from following.

EXT. FOLLOWING VAN LATE DAY

48 Bobby plays the piano. The Van pulls off the Freeway and proceeds into the city.

EXT. FOLLOWING VAN CITY STREETS LATE DAY

49 Bobby executes the Finale to whatever it is he plays. He rides the Van for awhile. When it stops at a signal, he jumps down off the back and moves to the sidewalk.

EXT. SIDEWALK LATE DAY

50 .

Still stupid from booze, he wanders aimlessly for awhile, a displaced person in one of the more unsavory sections of Los Angeles.

Though not seeming to be looking for one, he comes upon a sidewalk phonebooth. He pauses at it, then goes inside.

INT. PHONE BOOTH SUNSET

50A He puts a dime in, and dials the Operator:

BOBBY

Hi...How are you?

I'm very well, thank you, an I'd like to make a call, person to person...to Miss Elisabeth Dupea...on Roche Island, State of Washington.. from Cornel Wilde.

50A CONTINUED

I don't recall it off hand...It's listed under
Nicholas Dupea...

Excuse me? Oh...Cornell W-I-L-D-E
A - as in Artur..R-u-b-e-n- Stein...,make it...

You're welcome...

EXT. PHONE BOOTH SUNSET

51 Thru the glass: Bobby digs into his pockets, pulling out
great amounts of his 'silver winnings', and placing them
on counter in booth. He methodically begins the long de-
positing, amounting to about two dollars and fifty cents.

INT. PHONE BOOTH SUNSET

52 He waits. He hears his sister's voice, then the Operator's
spiel to her, which he interrupts:

BOBBY

Hi, Tita...It's me...

The Operator interrupts back. She has to get it all out:

BOBBY

Excuse me.

When he hears the Operator announce the source of the call
he breaks in again:

BOBBY

It's Bobby...

**

Yeah, it's me...

**

Well I didn't want to talk to anyone else...
How're you doing?

**

I'm fine...

**

Now don't get carried away, Tita...

**

Down in California...Around L.A....

**

Oh...this an that...

52 CONTINUED

**

Tha what?... ..No, that was in Lousiana. About eight months ago...The belt factory, was that when I talked to you?

**

Yeah...I'm sorry. I lose track...

**

Well, I'm sorry. How is everyone?

**

Great...

**

Great...

**

Terrific...

**

That's Terrific...

He listens a while:

BOBBY

Just living Tita, that's all...

**

I sound funny? Yeah...I'm a little funny...

**

I don't know...I don't give it that much thought...

He has to listen again, and it begins to disturb him:

BOBBY

Tita...Don't do that...Now don't do that...I just wanted to say hello...

EXT. BOOTH SUNSET

53 Bobby's face, thru the glass. He listens to whatever emotio: Tita expresses. What cannot be heard in his voice, replying thru the barrier of the booth, can be seen in the expression on his face.

INT. BOOTH SUNSET

54

54 CONTINUED

The Operator interrupts to inform that the three minutes are up.

Bobby continues to listen to his sister. His hand plays the generous amount of change still atop the counter:

BOBBY

Tita...Excuse me, but I don't have any more change to pay for this...

Tita evidently interrupts him with a solution to that.

Bobby glances out behind him, to the empty street in front of the booth:

BOBBY

Right...But also there are a couple people that are waiting for the booth here...I should...
**

Yeah...? Would I see you when...?

**

Oh...

**

That's what, about two weeks from now?

**

Yeah...Of course I would

**

Wait Tita I don't have a pencil here... and I'm a little funny. Tell me the name of the place where you're recording and I can call them on the 10th...

**

Yeah...I got it...

**

Okay...I got it...

**

Okay...

**

I will...

**

I won't...

**

Okay...

**

Say hello to everyone...

**

Goodbye Tita...

He hangs up.

EXT. MECHANICAL BASEBALL DAY

55 Bobby is at the "plate" --waiting for the pitch. Ad libs from Stoney, Elton, their baby and Rayette.

EXT. PICNIC GROUNDS DAY

56 Elton and Stoney lie on their blanket, asleep. The baby is playing off a ways.

Bobby and Rayette, on another blanket next to them: He lies on his back, his eyes closed.

Rayette is on her stomach, propped upon her elbows. She is laying 'mouthies' on his face, his neck, his ear, into which she murmurs an occassional, but unintelligible, intimacy. It goes on:

Bobby suddenly sitsup, addresses her with a rage which seems inordinate to the loving up:

BOBBY

You want to know what I'd say? I'd say 'goodbye Ray'! An you'd be just another pathetically stupid waitress with a bastard kid to haul cause I wouldn't do a damn thing agout it! Not one damn thing!

He lies back down and closes his eyes. Rayette stares at him like a dumb animal.

Beyond her, Elton's head raises up:

56 CONTINUED

ELTON
(torpidly)
What's goin on?

EXT. RIG-DAY

57 Bobby sits on the edge of the rig floor eating a sandwich. His legs are dangling over the side in an absent-minded rythm, as they did in Scene 2 of opening sequence.

Elton, drinking a soda pop, stands above and a bit to the side of where Bobby sits:

ELTON
What if she was, Bob?...I can't see nothin
so bad in that...

Bobby has nothing to say. Elton takes a drink, gives consideration to what he wants to say, then:

ELTON
Well...
What if I was to let on to the little fact
that she is...?

Bobby stops eating and looks up around at Elton:

ELTON
Thas' right...
She tol' me...

Bobby stares hostilely at Elton:

ELTON
She's all tore up about it, which I hate
a see...

Bobby continues staring at him:

ELTON
Well hell. Idn't it jus somthin to face
up to? I'll tell you, somewheres along
the line you even get to likin the whole
idee...I recall when Stoney first give the
news to me, I could a shit...

Bobby suddenly throws his sandwich at Elton. It hits on his leg and drops on the rig floor near his boot. Elton looks down at the mayonaise on his trousers, then:

57 CONTINUED

ELTON

Well idn't that nice...

But he does nothing about it. He looks at Bobby. Bobby looks over at the remnant of his sandwich. The slices have come apart:

BOBBY

It's ridiculous, I'm sitting here listening to some ass-hole cracker from the trailer park comparing his life to mine...

He reaches over and puts the sandwich back together:

BOBBY

(over above)

Give me some more advice on the good life Elton...

(he thrusts the remainder of sandwich in his mouth)
'cause it makes me puke...

Elton leans down and wipes the mayonaise off his trousers. Then:

ELTON

If you're sayin you think you're somethin better then what I am, thas one thing, but I can't say much a someone could run off an leave this kind a situation on a woman, an feel easy about it...That's all I got a say...

BOBBY

I'm glad that's all you got to say Elton, cause I'm just as tired of your mouth as I am working this stinkin rig...

He jumps down off the rig and begins walking across the field:

ELTON

(calls after him)

Where you goin?

Bobby doesn't answer. He keeps walking in the direction of the field parking lot.

57A

Some distance ahead and a little off course of his destination, the Driller stands, talking with THREE MEN in 'mufti'.

Bobby modifies his course, not to directly approach them, but to pass closer by them.

57 A CONTINUED

As he comes by, the Two Men are faced away, and the Driller, thru their shoulders faced toward him. He pauses and calls over to the Driller:

BOBBY

Hey Longcipher, I'm quitting.

The Driller's attention remains with the Two Men. Bobby continues his way for a few steps, but is not satisfied. He stops again:

BOBBY

I quit, I said!

The Driller indicates back toward the rig where Elton is. The Two Men begin to move in that direction.

Bobby moves a few steps back to Driller:

BOBBY

Did you hear me...I said I'm quitting.

DRILLER

I don't give a damn what you do. Good riddance to both a you, as far as I'm concern.

The Driller turns away and heads for the corrugated field office' building. Bobby has a final work to deliver, but it is without much volume or conviction, and to the wrong man, so it falls mainly on his own ears:

BOBBY

I got some pay comin'...

He starts off again for the parking lot. Somewhere in his progress he happens to glance around back toward the rig.

57 B POV: One of the two men is motioning at Elton to come down off the platform, which Elton is not doing. On the ground, several Roughnecks are gathering.

Bob makes an automatic move toward the rig, hesitates, and watches as the Two Men begin to move up onto the rig floor.

57 C POV: Elton Breaks toward the rig 'tour' and starts to climb it. One of the men reaches him and appears to have a hold of his leg.

Bobby cuts out for the rig:

57 D CLOSE ON: -Elton, as he is yanked roughly off the tour, down to the floor, from where he puts up a struggle with both of the Men.

(IMPROVISE action and dialogue somewhat according to following:)

As Bobby leaps onto the rig, the Men are trying to drag Elton up onto his feet.

Bobby grabs the nearest one by the back of his jacket collar, pulls him off Elton and jams him one in the face, sending him falling back against the pump.

Over that action, Elton, still being 'handled' by the 2nd Man, starts yelling at Bobby:

ELTON

Don't do that Bob! They got the right!

Bobby makes for the 2nd Man. Simultaneously, the Man tries to free one of his hands to reach into a pocket, presumably for his 'official' identity card, or perhaps a gun:

ELTON

(struggling)
They got the right!

Bobby has already laid hands on the 2nd Man.

ELTON

It's the law! Don't mix in!

Elton sees the 1st Man approaching Bobby from the rear.

ELTON

Behind you, Bob!

Bobby turns, prepares to throw another punch. It is deftly avoided by the 1st Man, who follows with a neat chop that puts Bobby away. He falls face forward onto the rig floor.

EXT. RIG - DAY

58. Elton, on his feet and handcuffed, standing beside the 2nd Man.

The 1st Man stands up from having turned Bobby over. Bobby is in a state of dazed consciousness, lying with his back propped against the hydraulic pump. The 1st Man takes out his pair of handcuffs, preparatory to putting them on Bobby.

58 CONTINUED

ELTON

(Over the above)

Aw, don't you think you could jus
leave him...?

(to the 2nd Man)

Sure as hell he wouldn' a done that if
he'd a know: who you was...Would you, Bob?

The 1st Man squats down beside Bobby with the cuffs:

BOBBY

(To 1st Man)

What's goin on here?

2ND MAN

Alright. Forget him.

The 1st Man stands up, pockets the cuffs:

BOBBY

(To Elton)

What's goin on?

ELTON

Oh I got 'ccused a robbin a fillin
station down the Indian Nation, didn't
I tell you?

The 2nd Man puts his hand on Elton's arm:

2nd MAN

Okay.

ELTON

Got wild, an jumpt my bail...

The 1st Man takes Elton's other arm. And they begin to
move off the platform.

ELTON

(As he goes)

An here they come a runnin at me year later...

(Back over his shoulder to

Bobby)

Ain't that somethin....?

They walk him down off the platform to the ground. He
calls out to Bobby without being able to turn around:

ELTON

Bye now.

58 CONTINUED

As the three move through the HANDS on the ground, one of them steps up and pats Elton sympathetically on the back.

Bobby remains as he is, watching after:

IN THE DISTANCE: Elton, being walked between the Two Men toward the field parking lot.

They put him in the back seat of an unmarked car.

The car drives off.

Bobby watches it until it disappears from sight.

His head falls forward. His chin rests upon his chest and he...stares at his crotch.

59 EXTREME CLOSE UP: TWINKIE'S FACE

She grieves. She opens her mouth, splits the air with wild skirls and metric cat wails, complaining for deliverance. Her face beads and journeys through expressions indistinguishable from anguish and strife, with a few parenthetical moments of brief abate to reinforce. Then off again on the frenzied reach to half way meet the advent of the hoped-for guest.

It takes her by surprise.

Her 'gratitude' is given, verbal or otherwise, to one she identifies as 'Donnie'.

EXT. - FREEWAY - DAY

60 Bobby drives to Los Angeles, his constant companion, the beer can, in one hand.

EXT. - RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

60 A Bobby enters.

INT. - RECORDING BUILDING - DAY

61 BACH PARTITA: Barely audible.

Bobby walks a network of halls with highly polished floors. He takes a turn down one, proceeds to the end of it, where there is a door designated by the letter B.

61 CONTINUED

He hesitates outside, clears his throat as though he were going to be forced to make an address from a platform, then he pushes it open.
The Partita augments loudly.

INT. - RECORDING BOOTH - DAY

62 BACH PARTITA OVER:

Bobby enters the booth. The ENGINEERS, in the act of recording, note him casually and without interest.

He looks to his right through the glass partition:

POV: Into Sound Studio: TITA DUPEA, seated profile at the piano, her eyes closed, intensely into the Bach. She wears a white blouse and a dark suit, presently minus the jacket, and her hair is severely done, with no attempt at style, simply pinned up or back, to keep it out of the way. A pair of glasses rest somewhere atop the piano.

Bobby moves to a chair or couch, and sits down to watch her.

The Engineers keep to their functions and engage in technical small talk, until, in some more passionate or moving sequence of her performance, Tita begins to vocalize an accompaniment under her dexterity. It is totally out of key and discordant with what she is playing:

1ST ENGINEER

There she goes again...

Bobby glances over at him. The Engineer shakes his head, but lets it go on a while.

Bobby looks back to Tita:

POV: She is flailing the keys, humming and mumbling.

He stays with her, while monitoring the technicians continuing remarks, on the order of:

2ND ENGINEER

My one year old can carry a tune better than that.

And so forth. As the comments progress into the more personal, lacking in respect to such austere music in general, and to Tita's performance in particular, Bobby keeps darting hostile looks toward the Engineers. At their worst, he stands up suddenly, to offensively object, just

62

CONTINUED .

as the 1st Engineer decides to break in on Tita through the microphone:

1ST ENGINEER

Miss Dupea.

It takes a second and louder address to stop her:

1ST ENGINEER

Miss Dupea!

Tita stops sounding, turns toward booth, in trance:

TITA

Yes...

1ST ENGINEER

(Politely)

I'd like to remind you again that this is not an opera or a musical comedy...

TITA

Oh...

I'm sorry. Was I singing again?

1ST ENGINEER

If you want to call it that...

TITA

(A little annoyed)

Well. You have simply to tell me, that's all.

1ST ENGINEER

That's exactly what I'm doing, again...

TITA

Must you let me get three quarters of the way through the movement before you tell me! This is tiring me.

She glances briefly at Bobby, apparently does not recognize him. He lifts a hand to her in a half wave. She has already turned her gaze back to the Engineer.

TITA

It's not difficult just to stop me immediately, and let me start again fresh, is it?

62 CONTINUED

1ST ENGINEER

I have another suggestion: why don't
you just not...

(he cannot call it 'sing')
make those sounds...

TITA

Oh for pity's sake...

She puts her elbow on top of the piano and drops her head
into her hand.

2ND ENGINEER

Oh, oh...Is she going to cry again?

1st Engineer looks harrassed and impatient, nevertheless,
he addresses Tita through the microphone gently:

1ST ENGINEER

Why don't we take a break, Miss Dupea.

Tita, as she is, her head in her hands:

TITA

(Mumbling)

I don't want to take a break.

The technicians begin giving coffee orders to an ERRAND BOY,
or some such lower functionary:

1ST ENGINEER

(Into mike)

What would you like in your coffee, Miss
Dupea?

Tita, as she is, her head in her hands:

TITA

Tea...

Bobby stands up and taps on the window at Tita. Not
necessarily hearing it, she nevertheless looks up and
straight at him, without acknowledgement of any kind.
He taps again, and waves.

She drops her attention to the keys and plays an arpeggio
with one hand.

Bobby, to 1st Engineer:

BOBBY

Would you tell her 'Bobby' is here...

62 CONTINUED

He responds, delivering message into microphone precisely as given:

1ST ENGINEER

Bobby is here.

Tita looks toward the glass and squints, generally at Bobby. She grabs her glasses from the piano and puts them on. They bring her brother into focus for her. She stands up smiling happily, and because the mike is now off, addresses his name soundlessly. Then she opens her arms:

INT. - SOUND STUDIO - DAY

63 Bobby and Tita embrace:

BOBBY

Hi, Tita...

TITA

Oh my goodness...

They break from it and regard one another. Tita covers her mouth with her hand, and is certainly about to cry:

TITA (Con'd)

Robert Eroica...

BOBBY

Now, Tita...

She immediately drops her hand, tries to exercise some control:

TITA

No, I'm not...
(She breathes deeply, exhales,
then says with assurance)
I'm not.

BOBBY

That's good.

Tita cries. She sits on the piano bench, her face buried in her arms which are resting atop the piano. Bobby hovers helplessly behind her, softly patting her on the back, and glancing with some embarrassment toward the booth:

TITA

(Muffled)
I just can't look at you...

BOBBY

Am I that bad?

Tita raises her head up:

TITA

Oh Robert it's not you. It's me...
You look wonderful. Very handsome,
as always, and so healthy...I'm so...

(She starts to break down
again)

I just can't seem to look at you right
now...

Bobby gently pushes her head back down onto her arms:

BOBBY

Don't then...

Behind him, the Errand Boy enters the studio with two paper cups and approaches:

TITA

(Muffled)

You always do this to me.

BOBBY

I don't mean to...

The boy hands him the cups and leaves:

BOBBY

(To him)

Thanks.

(To Tita)

Tita, here's your tea.

TITA

(Muffled)

Thank you.

Bobby sets her cup down on the edge of the piano.

Tita's eyes raise from hiding. She sees the cup and immediately shapes up:

TITA

Oh, don't put it on there...

She quickly picks it up, and wipes beneath it with her hand:

BOBBY

Sorry.

Apparently recovered, she begins running one of her hands over the surface of the piano:

TITA

Do you know, this is a very old CD. 312...

BOBBY

No kidding.

TITA

It has absolutely no objectionable idiosyncrasies...

Bobby reaches down and plays some brief flourish. Tita watches him with devoted fascination. Bobby stops, shakes his hand out, from its immediate cramping:

BOBBY

Very nice.

TITA

Now Robert...I have to talk seriously with you...

BOBBY

(Interrupts)

Everybody's still living up on the island...

TITA

Well Herbert is mostly on the mainland because of the orchestra. So at the moment, there's really just Daddy, Carl and myself...
(An afterthought)
and Van Oost...

BOBBY

Who's Van Oost?

Tita is not that fond of this subject, though the manifestations of that are subtle:

TITA

Catherine...She's studying with Carl. Piano.

BOBBY

Carl's a fiddler...What's he doing as a piano coach?

TITA

Oh see, Robert, how many things have happened that you don't know anything about. You have to stop disappearing from the face of the earth like this, not getting in touch for months and months.

BOBBY

(Interrupts)

What about Carl?

TITA

I'm not talking about Carl. Carl's alright. It's just that eleven months ago he got on his bicycle to go down to the Post Office in the village and on the way he crashed straight into a jeep coming up the road and strained his neck...

Bobby laughs:

BOBBY

Strained his neck?

Tita laughs:

TITA

It's not funny. He permanently sprained his neck, and since then it's been extremely painful for him --

(She demonstrates, turning her neck and lowering her chin on an imaginary violin)
to tuck the violin.

BOBBY

Crashes into a jeep and totals his neck.

TITA

He was despondent. Despondent. Until Daddy persuaded him to coach. I want to talk to you about something, Robert, can't you sit down?

BOBBY

(Not sitting)

Yeah. What?

TITA

I want you to come up there, come home with me, will you?

BOBBY

What for?

TITA

Because I think you should...Because
Daddy is very ill...

BOBBY

Oh, what's...what...?

TITA

He's had two strokes.

For some reason, Bobby immediately begins looking for a
place to set the paper cup down:

BOBBY

(Over again)

Oh...

Instead, he sits down on a chair next to the piano bench.

BOBBY

(Over above)

Well...How is he?

TITA

He's not...They feel maybe he might
not recover from it...They said he'll
either fade slowly, or he might have
another...

BOBBY

(Interrupting)

Don't tell me about it.

Bobby drops his head into his hand. She watches him a
moment.

TITA

How do you think I feel? It's been
very hard on me.

Bobby says nothing:

TITA (con'd)

I'm breaking down constantly...Carl's
really not that helpful.

BOBBY

I wouldn't be either.

TITA
But don't you think it's right that
you should see him, at least once...

The 1st Engineer breaks in on the microphone:

1ST ENGINEER
Miss Dupea. We're ready if you are.

TITA
(To booth)
Just a minute, please...

She looks back to Bobby, repeats:

TITA
Don't you think it's right that you
should see him Robert?

BOBBY
Yeah, I guess I should...

TITA
I'm going back up tonight. Will you
come with me?

Bobby stands up:

BOBBY
No. I think I'd like to drive up...Maybe
take a look through Canada, after...
(He emphasizes to her)
I'm not going to stay up there that long,
Tita, maybe a week...

TITA
I know.

Bobby glances at Booth:

BOBBY
Well...?

TITA
What's wrong with you Robert, I wish I
knew.

BOBBY
Nothing's wrong with me.

TITA
Then is it us?

BOBBY

No...

I'd better let you get on with it.

TITA

I mean, what's wrong that you can't stay any place very long...

BOBBY

There's nothing wrong in that, Tita.

TITA

It's unusual, though, isn't it?

BOBBY

Well, in that, I am unusual...

He smiles at her, leans down and kisses her cheek.

TITA

Can't I walk you out?

BOBBY

Sure.

Tita grabs her jacket from a chair, and puts it on as she addresses Booth:

TITA

I'll be right back, in two minutes...

1ST ENGINEER (O.S.)

It's been a half hour already, Miss Dupea...

She smiles at Bobby, adjusting her jacket. (NOTE: Possible EXT. scene here)

TITA

(Low)

They hate me, I feel.

BOBBY

I think maybe you better stay, then.

TITA

Oh I want to talk with you about so many things Robert.

BOBBY

Well I'll be seeing you in a couple of days won't I?

I'm so glad... TITA

Me too... BOBBY

They embrace once more, and then Bobby pulls away:

Bye now... BOBBY

He walks to the studio door and goes out.

EXT. - STREET IN FRONT OF RAYETTE'S HOUSE - DAY

64 Bobby's car pulls up in front of Rayette's house.

INT. - BOBBY'S CAR - DAY

65 He cuts the engine. Then stares through the windshield at Rayette's car parked ahead of him. Evidently not expecting it to be there at this hour, or hoping that it would not be.

He gets out, walks up to door and goes inside.

INT. - RAYETTE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

66 'D-i-v-o-r-c-e' is playing, medium volume on the record player. (It plays itself over again once or twice throughout the scene)

Bobby stands looking at the room. There is a pillow in a pillow case on the couch, a can of beer on the coffee table, and on the floor beside the couch, a recently lighted cigarette is burning in an ashtray.

INT.- BEDROOM - DAY

67 Bobby comes into the bedroom. Rayette is lying on the bed.

Hi. BOBBY

She looks at him, saying nothing:

You have the day off? BOBBY

Nothing:

67 CONTINUED

BOBBY

Are you sick?

Nothing:

BOBBY

You heard about Elton, I guess.

Nothing:

He stares back at her a moment, then:

BOBBY

Okay. I got your point...

He moves to the closet and opens the door. As he goes:

BOBBY

Hope you didn't pull a muscle getting
in here and into your pose, before I
hit the front door...He reaches down to floor of closet and lifts a suitcase.
He takes it over and puts it on the edge of the bed
opposite her side, and opens it.

Rayette moves over on her side, leaving her back to Bobby.

BOBBY

I have to go home...
My father's sick...Rayette makes an utterance which bears some resemblance
to laughter:

BOBBY

Yeah, it's very funny.

He begins making trips to bureau drawers, the closet,
etcetera, and bringing clothes and other items to suitcase
and packing them in.

At some point:

BOBBY

I'll be gone about three or four weeks...

Again, the sound resembling laughter comes from her,
followed by:

RAYETTE

You'll be gone, period.

67 CONTINUED

BOBBY

Okay.

He goes through the rest of the packing in silence. When it is completed, he closes the suitcase, and looks over at her back.

BOBBY

I'll try an call you from up there...

Her back begins to tremble and shake in spasms related to crying, but there is absolutely no accompanying sound to them.

Bobby looks away, down at the floor:

BOBBY

Come on, Ray...

(Pause)

I never let you think it would work out to anything,...did I?

He looks back up at her. She continues the dry shakes:

BOBBY

I can send you money from wherever I am. That's about all I can do...

Pause:

He picks the suitcase up from the bed:

BOBBY

I'll try an call you when I get up there...

Pause:

BOBBY

Bye Ray...

FOLLOWING: He turns and walks quickly out of the bedroom, through the living room, where D-i-v-o-r-c-e continues to play, out the front door, and down the walk to the car. He throws the suitcase into the rear seat, moves around to the driver side and gets in. He immediately starts the motor, and puts both hands on the wheel.

INT. - RAYETTE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

68

Bobby's hand slashes at the record player, turning it off.

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68 CONTINUED

The sounds of Rayette crying, now audibly, comes from the bedroom.

FOLLOWING: Bobby walks to the bedroom and stops at the door, blocking our sight. We hear the sounds of Rayette, watch the back of Bobby, at some cost, forcing himself to ask:

BOBBY

Do you want to go with me?

OMIT 69

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

70 Instrumental; (country and western)

Bobby's car moving along the highway on one of the older inland routes to the north.

INTERIOR CAR - DAY

71 MUSIC OVER:

OUT THRU WINDOW: The Southern California 'pastoral' moves on by.

72 Bobby and Rayette: She looks over at him, wanting her presence to be receptively acknowledged. It is not.

She reaches a hand over and lays it on the back of his neck above his shirt collar. The gesture is only passively endured.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SUNSET

73 MUSIC OVER:

Bobby's car drives on, while the sun goes down.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

74 MUSIC CONCLUDES:

The car pulls into a Motel and stops.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

75 Bobby and Rayette lying in bed. He is looking at the T.V., stationed at the foot of the bed. The picture upon it rolls more than it holds.
Rayette is watching him watch the T.V.

RAYETTE

Are you depressed about your Daddy, honey?

BOBBY

(looking at T.V.)

No.

She looks at T.V.:

RAYETTE

I 'magine it's me then, idn't it?

BOBBY

Is what you?

75 CONTINUED

RAYETTE

You're depressed that I come along...

BOBBY

Who said I was depressed?

She looks over at him:

RAYETTE

Well is that a happy face I see?

He says nothing:

RAYETTE

Cause if it was me, I'd just catch a Greyhound...

BOBBY

Oh, this time you wouldn't kill yourself...
I wish I'd known...

He reaches over to bed stand, turns off the light, then rolls over on his side away from her. They lie in the dark awhile. Rayette becomes 'restless':

RAYETTE

Oh...

PAUSE:

I don't know if I'm goin to be able to sleep or not..

PAUSE:

Hint hint...

LONG PAUSE: (Rayette sighs)

Oh, well...Guess I'll count the sheep...

(she closes her eyes)

One - two - three - four - five - six

She opens her eyes and looks over at Bobby's back:

RAYETTE

Seven -

She reaches over and begins caressing his back:

RAYETTE

Look at this ol cold shoulder...

What am I goin a do with it?

Bobby moves his head around and looks at her. Then:

BOBBY

If you just wouldn't ever open your
mouth, everything would be fine...

She turns an imaginary key at her mouth:

RAYETTE

Tick a lock.

Bobby turns over and does right by Rayette. Her voice
begins singing over that 'action' the first verse of a song:

RAYETTE (O.S.)

(singing)

When there's a fire in your heart,
Break the glass, sound the alarm,
Call on me, I'll be there...
Instant service, speedy fast,
I was your first, I'll be your last,
No matter who you have in between...

EXT. HIGHWAY - EARLY MORNING

76 Bobby's car, going steady through the landscape, with Rayette's
voice continuing over:

RAYETTE (O.S.)

(singing)

When there's a fire in your heart,
Break the glass, sound the alarm,
When she's not all she seems...
Instant service, speedy fast,
I was your first, I'll be your last,
No matter who you have in between.

INT. CAR - EARLY MORNING

77 Rayette is certainly feeling fine. She continues song,
as she looks out window at the passing country.

RAYETTE

(singing)

There's been hot speels and cold speels
Ever since we met.
I've seen your small fires your big fires,
But I won't give up yet...
Oh someday you'll yearn
Cause your hearts goin a burn
For that old familiar glow...
You'll be...

Bobby laughs. Rayette looks over at him:

RAYETTE
You like it?

BOBBY
Oh yeah...I love it.

RAYETTE
(singing)
You'll be burned out or smoked out,
An come back to me I know...
Every trail that you blaze
Makes me stay up closer behind...

Bobby has become interested in something ahead on the road:

77A POV: Far up in the distance, on the left of the highway, a car is lying upside down off the road. There are TWO FIGURES at the margin of the highway. They seem to be actively engaged in something:

RAYETTE
(over the above)
While you've been datin,
I've been waitn just
Hurtin all the time.
Your new flames will smoulder...

77B SHOT of Rayette, singing:

RAYETTE
And all will grow colder...

She sees the same thing ahead, and stops singing:

RAYETTE
Oh, lookee, an accident...

77C POV: Closer to the two figures, it becomes apparent that what they are engaged in is a fight. A long-haired GIRL in a shirt and levi's is having at a 'YOUNG MAN", obviously getting the best of him.

As Bobby's car pulls across the highway from them and stops, the Girl has wrestled the Young Man to the ground, at the same time is having some angry words with him. Somewhere near them is a portable T.V. set, and a couple of pieces of luggage. One, well into the highway, is opened and most of the belongings from it are scattered into the road.

77D Bobby watches the above without comment. Rayette pushes over him so that she can see: then she aggressively calls out:

RAYETTE

Hey! What're you doin to the little guy!

77E POV: The Girl is getting up off the 'little guy'. She turns to the car, thrusts her arm out toward it and extends the finger:

GIRL

Rotate, Mack!

BOBBY

I didn't say anything...

The Girl turns around and looks at her car, as the 'Young Man' begins picking up the belongings from the street and putting them back into suitcase.

GIRL

(looking at her car)

Look at my car! Look at my car!

She turns around to Bobby:

GIRL

Can you believe it? I just bought it bran new from a Used Car Lot, and the steering goes to pot on me!

BOBBY

Well you're lucky no one was hurt...

GIRL

(mad)

Ooooooooo!

BOBBY

Do you want a lift...?

GIRL

(makes a fist)

I'd like to go back and punch the son of a bitch out!

RAYETTE

Jesus, what a rude person!

INT. BOBBY'S CAR - DAY

78 The Girl and her 'strange friend' sit in a heavy silence in the back seat of Bobby's car. The girl sits behind Rayette, from where it is possible for Bobby to see her in the rear view mirror. She is, of course, attractive to him!

78 CONTINUED

BOBBY
(into mirror)
What's your name?

GIRL
Palm Apodaca.

That's all she has to say. Rayette turns around to the 'little guy':

RAYETTE
What's your name?

TERRY
Terry Grouse.

That's all 'she' has to say. Rayette turns back around, shocked at the female voice coming from Terry Grouse. She reaches over and surreptitiously pokes Bobby on the leg; he looks at her:

BOBBY
(loudly)
What?

RAYETTE
Nevermind.
(then she spells out, very low):
L - a - t - e - r.

Bobby drives on, glancing now and then into the rear view mirror. The two in the back seat seem content to remain in an uncommunicative sulk. After a while Palm asks:

PALM
How far are you going to?

BOBBY
Washington.

PALM
Oh...We'll get off in Washington...We can hook a ride...

BOBBY
Where are you going?

PALM
Alaska.

BOBBY
Alaska? Are you on a vacation?

Palm says nothing, looks out the window. Terry speaks up;

TERRY

She wants to live there...because it's cleaner.

BOBBY

Cleaner than what?

PALM

(to Terry)

You don't have to tell everybody about it...pretty soon they'll all go there and it won't be so clean...

BOBBY

How do you know it's clean?

PALM

I saw a picture of it. Alaska is very clean. It appeared to look very white to me, don't you think.

BOBBY

That was before the big thaw...

PALM

(leans forward)

Before the what?

EXT. ROADSIDE CAFE - DAY

79 Bobby's car pulls into parking area of cafe and stops.

INT. CAFE - DAY

80 All four are seated at a table, and all but Bobby evidently, have given their orders to a WAITRESS who stands at Bobby's elbow. She is unpleasant in bearing as she looks at him, waiting for his order. He is still holding the menu before him, looking at it. She exhibits some kind of impatience which catches his attention. He closes the menu and looks up at her:

BOBBY

I'll have an omelett, no potatoes...
Give me tomatoes instead, and wheat toast
instead of rolls.

The Waitress reaches down to menu, opens it, and points with her pencil to where something is designated:

WAITRESS

No substitutions.

80 CONTINUED

BOBBY

Oh. What does that mean? You don't have any tomatoes?

WAITRESS

No. We have tomatoes.

BOBBY

(politely)

But I can't have any? Is that what you're saying? I can't have any tomatoes?

WAITRESS

Only what's on the menu.

(again she indicates specific item on menu with her pencil)

A Number Two: plain omelette. It comes with cottage fries and rolls.

BOBBY

I know what it comes with, but that's not what I want...

WAITRESS

(looks away coldly)

I'll come back when you've made up your mind...

She starts away and Bobby stops her:

BOBBY

Wait a minute. I've made up my mind. I want a plain omelette, forget the tomatoes, don't put potatoes on the plate, and give me a side of wheat toast and a cup of coffee.

WAITRESS

I'm sorry, we don't have side orders of toast. I can give you an English muffin or a coffee roll.

BOBBY

What do you mean you don't have side orders of toast? You make sandwiches don't you?

WAITRESS

Would you like to talk to the Manager, sir?

PALM

(aggressively, to Waitress)

Hey, Mack!

.GHT TO

BOBBY

(to Palm)

Shut up.

80 CONTINUED

BOBBY (CONT)

(to waitress, very reasonable)
You have bread don't you? You have a toaster
of some kind?

WAITRESS

I don't make the rules...

BOBBY

That's wonderful...She doesn't make rules and
she doesn't make toast...Okay...

(he opens menu, looks at it)

I'll make it as easy as I can for you...

(he looks back to Waitress)

Give me an omelette, plain, and a Chicken
Salad sandwich on wheat toast; no butter,
no mayonnaise, no lettuce, and a cup of coffee.

Waitress begins writing his order, repeating it sarcastically:

WAITRESS

One Number 2, and a Chicken Sal san, hold the
butter, the mayo, lettuce and a cup of coffee...
(to him)

Anything else?

BOBBY

Now all you have to do is hold the chicken,
bring me the toast, charge me for the sandwich,
and you haven't broken any rules...

WAITRESS

(challenging)

You want me to hold the chicken.

BOBBY

Yeah. I want you to hold it between your
knees...

Waitress takes that in, then she points with her pencil to
a sign across the room, above Counter:

WAITRESS

You see that sign, sir?

Bobby looks over: the sign reads: WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO
REFUSE SERVICE TO ANYONE. MANAGEMENT.

He looks back at her:

WAITRESS

Yes,..you'll all have to leave.
I'm not going to take any more of
your smartness and your sarcasm...

Bobby smiles politely at her, then:

BOBBY

You see this sign?

He reaches out with his arm and 'clears' the table for her. Everything goes, the water glasses, the silver, salt and pepper, the ketchup and steak sauce, the sugar bowl and the table cloth, onto the floor.

INT. BOBBY'S CAR - DAY

81 Bobby drives. Palm's face comes up beside him as she leans on the front seat:

PALM

That was fantastic, that you could figure that all out and lay that down on her so that you could come up with a way to get your toast.

BOBBY

I didn't get it, did I?

PALM

No, but it was very clever...I would have just punched her out...Hey!

(she points past him to the windshield)
Follow that truck! They know the best places to stop!

82 THRU WINDSHIELD: A Semi truck some distance ahead on the highway:

RAYETTE

Oh, that's an old maid's tale...

PALM

Wait a minute, truck drivers know what the best places to eat are on the road!

TERRY

That's right.

RAYETTE

Salesmen and Cops are the ones...If you'd ever waitress'd honey, you'd know...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

83 Bobby's car follows behind the semi:

PALM (O.S.)
Don't refer to me as 'honey', Mack.

RAYETTE (O.S.)
Don't call me Mack, honey.

PALM (O.S.)
I wouldn't be a waitress. They're nasty
an full of crap.

RAYETTE (O.S.)
You better hold onto your tongue...

PALM (O.S.)
Hold onto this!

RAYETTE (O.S.)
Just one minute...

BOBBY (O.S.)
Shut up!

The truck pulls up in front of a Diner. Bobby's car pulls
in behind it:

INT. DINER - DAY

84 Having already been served, all four are seated at a
table, eating. Palm is 'talking'.

PALM
I had to leave this place... I got de-
pressed seeing all the crap! An the thing
is, they're making more crap. You know?...
They've got so many stores an stuff an junk
full of crap, I can't believe it!

BOBBY
Who?

PALM
Who?! People! That's who. And pretty soon
there won't be any room for the people. They're
selling more crap that people go an buy than
you can imagine. Crap! I believe everybody
should have a big hole where they throw the
stuff in an burn it.

Rayette laughs:

84 CONTINUED

RAYETTE

That's smart. There wouldn't even be a hole big enough. Look at me, I was just one person 'fore Bobby, an I had so much garbage collectin on me every day, that I was thinkin of savin for a dispose-all...

PALM

A dispose-all, what's that but more crap... I've never seen such crap...ooohf...I don't see how people get up in the morning...

TERRY

Mass production is what does it...

PALM

What do you mean Mass...I have come out an tell you the truth, you're not that clean either.

TERRY

Wait a minute! I'm not that neat, maybe, but I am clean!

PALM

Well, you're not that bad, but...some people... Oh...Peoples homes. Just filth...I've been in peoples homes...

TERRY

In my personal observation I think that more people are neat than are...

PALM

(interrupting)

In my personal thing, I don't see that. I'm seeing more filth...a lot of filth. What they need to do everyday, no, once in a while, is do a cockroach thing, you know where they spray the homes. And uh...can you imagine if their doors were painted a pretty color, and they had a pot outside...

TERRY

Yeah, it could be adorable...

PALM

(overlapping)

And they picked up! I mean, then it wouldn't be filthy. With coke bottles and whiskey, and... Oooo! Those signs everywhere, they should be erased...All those signs selling crap, it's so disgusting to see, and uh...I don't know, I don't want to even talk about it...

84 CONTINUED

She continues eating. Bobby means to say something.

BOBBY

(looking down at his plate)
Well...

PALM

(goes right over him)
It's just filthy. People are dirty. I think that's the biggest thing that's wrong with people...I think they wouldn't be as violent if they were clean...Because then they wouldn't have nobody to pick on....Oooohf...Dirt! Not dirt...See dirt isn't bad...It's filth. Filth is bad...That's what starts maggots and riots...

Rayette starts to say something. She steamrollers her too:

PALM

I've seen it! You know, animals are not like that. They're always cleaning themselves... Did you ever see...uh...uh...Pigeons? Well he's always picking on himself, and his friends... they're always picking bugs out of their hair, all the time. And monkeys too,--except monkeys do something out in the open, that I don't go for.....But animals are always cleaning themselves. You know when they stink? You want to know when they stink? I'll tell you!...

INT. BOBBY'S CAR - DAY

85. The four of them ride along in the confinement of the car, while Palm carries on:

PALM (O.S.)

When man sticks them all together, like people are, in cages, and then they stink. I was in a place, I couldn't believe, it stunk so much that I fainted...Oooohf...Snakes, monkeys, everything you could imagine. I couldn't believe it. I walked in, I had to run out. It stunk!...Why? Man...crowding everything together for people to go peek at...And what are you causing? You're causing a stink. You know? They put them all like that, confined, living like in New York, some apartment, is the way they'er got them. What a place...They didn't even have an incense going. I could take you there and you would not believe it...Oooof...I had to go out an get some air...

There is a brief silence.

PALM

(off again)

But what a stink!EXT. LANDSCAPE - DAY

86 As Palm continues, Bobby's car passes through the exquisite natural setting of the Northern Redwoods, or some such:

PALM (O.S.)

Filth! You know? That's filth! I mean that's sad...that everything stinks, even the air... And who's doing this? Man. He can't even take care of his own garbage, that they have to put together a bunch of snakes and monkeys and people to cause another stink...You know I read where they invented this car that runs on...that runs on...when you boil water...?

TERRY (O.S.)

Steam.

PALM (O.S.)

Right, steam..A car that you could ride around an not cause a stink in, but do you know, they will not even let us have it? Can you believe it?...Why? Man! He likes to create a stink...I wrote them a note once. I told them to clean it, they could clean it... I mean don't you see that? Don't you see how people are filthy and making everything filthy? There are maybe a few wealthy areas that are clean, but there are blocks and blocks and miles and miles of filth elsewhere...

Another brief silence, as the country goes by.

PALM (O.S.)

No. I think you come out clean when you come out an you better live clean. You're not born with all this crap invented by Man. So why should you live in it...I mean I've seen filth that you wouldn't believe... Oooohf...What a stink...I don't want to even talk about it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

87 Palm and Terry stand at the edge of highway with their luggage and their T.V. set on the ground beside them. They are deposited at the conjunction of a main highway

87 CONTINUED

and a minor route.

They wave at Bobby, and Bobby waves at them, as he turns car off highway onto minor route, and pulls away from them.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

88 Bobby's car pulls into Motel parking area.

INT. BOBBY'S CAR - DAY

89 Rayette is already complaining. Bobby is taking some bills out of his wallet:

RAYETTE

Why can't I go out to your folks' house?
Give me one good reason.

Bobby thrusts the money into her lap:

BOBBY

I have to see how things are first.
My Father's sick, understand? They
wouldn't be prepared for you...For me
bringing anyone, I mean...

He gets out of car.

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EXT. MOTEL - DAY

90 He moves to the trunk and takes out her suitcase, carries it around to passenger side as she gets out.

RAYETTE

I don't know what I'm goin do without you for three days...

He sets suitcase down beside her.

RAYETTE

I guess I'll get a hold a some magazines, an things like that, an wait here like a bump on a log...

Bobby indicates Motel:

BOBBY

Well, they have T.V., and a swimming pool.

RAYETTE

Oh, maybe I'll get myself all nice an tan for you.

(she squints up at the forbidding northern sky)

Would you like that?

BOBBY

Sure...

RAYETTE

It brings my eyes out...

EXT. FERRY (CROSSING) - DAY

91 Bobby sits in his car, boarded on a Ferry, approaching Island. BOATMAN and Bobby AD LIB conversation about Bobby's return.

EXT. FERRY (LANDING) - DAY

92 He drives off Ferry onto Island.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

93 The car proceeds over a tree-lined country road, through rolling hills and passes an occasional dwelling off from the road.

EXT. DUPEA GROUNDS - DAY

94 Bobby's car, dirty and derelict, moves up the drive to in front of the Dupea house, and stops behind two newer and cleaner cars.

The house is, as seen in photographs of opening sequence, Victorian, with two stories rising to gabled ends. Bobby leaves his car, moves up the steps of the porch, hesitates briefly at the front door, then goes inside.

INT. DUPEA HOME - DAY

95 MUSIC: A Composition for two pianos comes from somewhere within. Bobby slowly moves through the house, pausing at various rooms to take in the familiar. At a table in the living room, he stops to look at several hinge-framed photographs in sepia tones. They are the same ones from the opening sequence. He picks up one of his mother and father, seated side by side. He continues his wanderings. He catches sight of a tall MAN with curly hair, dressed all in white, moving down a hall away from him and disappearing thru a door leading to some rear portion of the house. Bobby arrives at the door to the music room. He opens it and steps inside.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - DAY

96 MUSIC OVER:
Bobby stands just inside the door, closing it softly behind him. He remains there, watching. On the far side of the room, near the windows, which give view to a verdant exterior, are two concert grands, with the sounding boards faced to and overlapping each other. Tita sits at the one facing more or less toward Bobby, Carl at the one faced away. Both are too intent on their playing to give him notice. Close to, and faced toward them, listening to their performance is an OLD MAN in a wheelchair. A WOMAN with honey colored hair sits beside him. Bobby remains unnoticed until the percussive "write-off" of the piece concludes. The after-tone hovers in the room. It is broken into by CATHERINE VAN OOST. She claps her hands in appreciation, then turns her head to seek agreement to it from NICHOLAS DUPEA. He is still as a stone, but in so doing, she catches sight of Bobby, standing by the door. Bobby, as well, is looking at her. When he speaks, though it is to the general, it is addressed to her.

BOBBY

Hello.

Tita stands up from the piano, puts on her glasses as before, and, as before, smiles ecstatically at Bobby. Carl stands up and turns around to him. Catherine stands up and turns around to him. No one has anything to say. Bobby reminds them:

96 CONTINUED

BOBBY

It's me...

After the "hello's" --
 With the relish of a matchmaker, Tita turns the wheelchair
 around toward Bobby.
 Carl stands, a comradely arm around Bobby's shoulder,
 smiling at him.
 Nicholas Dupea stares dumbly up at Bobby from his wheelchair.
 Bobby stares silently back at his father, as in B.G. of
 him, Catherine discreetly leaves the room.
 Bobby would rather not betray the emotion of this encounter;
 still looking at his father:

BOBBY

He doesn't even know who the fuck I am.

EXT. DUPEA GROUNDS - DAY

97 Bobby, Tita, and Tita's dog (an elegant breed, such as
 Afghan or Irish Setter) walk away from the house across
 the lawn.
 Bobby glances back toward the house. Nicholas, in his
 wheelchair, is watching after them. Carl stands behind him.
 He waves at Tita and Bobby, and leans down over chair
 saying something to his father.
 Bobby puts his hands in his pockets and walks on with his
 head down. Tita catches up to him and puts her arm
 through his.
 The dog runs ahead and leads their way down to the water.

BOBBY

I didn't know what to say...What could
 I do...? Lean down and embrace a wheelchair?

Tita, in another world, hugs his arm and lays her head
 against his shoulder as they walk.

BOBBY

I couldn't even touch his hand. I couldn't
 do it...

TITA

I know. But it's strange -- that in a way
 you get used to it after a while, and it's
 not really as upsetting.

BOBBY

I'm not going to stay here long enough to
 get used to it. I wouldn't even want to get
 used to it.

Tita stops walking.

TITA

Robert, please don't run out on me immediately
 please.

97 CONTINUED

BOBBY
What's wrong?

She starts walking again.

TITA
I'm just not that happy, I feel.

BOBBY
Why?

TITA
I'd like to have someone I can talk
to once in a while, for pity's sake.

BOBBY
We're talking now, Tita.

TITA
For instance, there are lots of things
I'd like to know, I mean to ask you...

BOBBY
Like what?

TITA
Different things, different things...

BOBBY
What, Tita?

She stops again.

TITA
Do you know that I am 33 years old?

BOBBY
I don't think about it.

She sits on one of the garden chairs.
(NOTE: During the above, Bobby notes Catherine walking
near the water.)

TITA
Well, That's one thing...

BOBBY
Yeah.

She looks up at him.

TITA
Why don't you talk to me, Bobby?

He laughs.

97 CONTINUED

BOBBY

I am talking to you.

He sits down in another chair.

TITA

Do you...have you enjoyed all these...
different things that you've done?

BOBBY

Sometimes.

She stares at him in silence a moment.

Why? Am I some kind of a freak to you,
or something?

TITA

No, no. Oh, no. I'm just so curious
about it. Do you think I'm a freak?

He considers it.

BOBBY

Sort of.

TITA

Oh, no...really? What? Is it the way I look?

BOBBY

Well, you don't do much with yourself.

TITA

I don't? What don't I do?

BOBBY

Your hair isn't right, it looks slept in...

TITA

Well, my hair is very difficult, Bobby.

(she touches it)

It's more of a curse to me than anything.

(she stops touching it)

Oh, it's awful...what else?

BOBBY

What else?

TITA

No, let's drop this subject. I don't care
about it.

BOBBY

I think you have a very nice face.

97 CONTINUED

Feathers. TITA

BOBBY
No really. The best thing about it is
your mouth. It's possibly the most evil
mouth I've ever seen.

TITA
Oh stop. What a thing to say...

BOBBY
It's true.

TITA
"Evil"...that's terrible...good God...

BOBBY
It's true.

Bobby is looking back towards the house, at Nicholas.

TITA
Bobby, please don't disappear on me.

OMIT SCENE 98INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

99 Nicholas Dupea sits at the head of the dining room table. Directly to his left, seated close by him, is his nurse SPICER. He is the man seen by Bobby earlier, and as before, he wears a white shirt and white pants. He is presently feeding Nicholas. Bobby sits at the other end of the table looking down at his father. To his left is Tita. To his right is Carl and then Catherine. Bobby looks away from Nicholas to Catherine, and then down at his plate of food.

Catherine and Tita begin to speak simultaneously.

TITA
Remember, Mother always use to say "Bobby..."

CATHERINE
(simultaneously, to Bobby)
How long have you been...
(to Tita)
Oh, excuse me...

TITA
No, excuse me, go ahead...

99 CONTINUED

CATHERINE

I was just going to ask Robert how long it had been since he'd been away from here.

BOBBY

Three years.

CARL

No, it's more like two years, isn't it?

TITA

Oh, it's been more than that, Carl.

CARL

Tita, you have no sense of timing away from the piano, dear.

TITA

I don't think that's true.

CARL

It's true.

(to Bobby)

You know before my misfortune... Oh, I'm not sure you're aware of my accident, Robert.

BOBBY

Yeah, Tita was telling me about it.

CATHERINE

(simultaneously, to Bobby)

What have you been doing since then?

BOBBY

Odd jobs, work here and there. Nothing too interesting. Mostly roading around.

CARL

Well, you know it's very difficult for me to turn my neck.

BOBBY

I was real sorry to hear about it, Carl.

CATHERINE

Excuse me? Roading? I don't think I'm familiar with that term. What is that?

99 CONTINUED

BOBBY
It's bumming the rods. Hoboing and things of that nature.

CATHERINE
Oh, railrodding...

BOBBY
Roading. Then after that, I found it necessary to stay in one place for awhile and do some job of work, as they say...

CATHERINE
Like what...kind of things...?

BOBBY
Well, I worked in a fish cannery for awhile. Once I was an assistant blacksmith at...

CARL
(interrupts)
You know, I was on tour with the Betenthaller Quartet around that time. We were playing nearly all the major cities around the country and I kept anticipating that I might run into you some place, or better, that you might have looked me up at one of the concerts, but now I can see how there wasn't much likelihood of our paths crossing.

BOBBY
Yeah, I think it would have been unusual, Carl.

CATHERINE
You were a blacksmith...?

BOBBY
No, an "assistant". At Hialeah...

CATHERINE
...I love horses.

BOBBY
Ladies usually do.

CATHERINE
They're quite beautiful.

BOBBY
You want to put little boots on them. They want to bite you on the back of the neck.

CARL
I recall when I came back from the tour,
Dad and Herbert and myself, had a summit
conference about you...

TITA
(interrupting)
Oh my, "a summit conference"...I wonder
where I was, polishing silver behind the
coal bin?

CARL
I don't know where you were, penis-envy...

TITA
I hope I didn't hear that.

CARL
In any case, they wanted to hire a private
detective to ferret you out. My point, in
talking them out of it was that it was
apparent you wanted to be doing whatever the
hell you were doing, and it wasn't up to me
to judge whether that was a wasteful escapade
or not. Simple as that.

BOBBY
I appreciate it, Carl.

TITA
(to Carl)
I don't think you should imply that Daddy
was wrong in front of Daddy.

Carl, Tita and Bobby look at Daddy. Spicer is pushing a
spoon at Nicholas' closed mouth.

TITA
Don't force him like that, Spicer.

Spicer puts the spoon down, begins eating his own food.
There is another brief silence. Bobby looks at Catherine,
then:

BOBBY
How long have you been here?

CATHERINE
Only two months.

Carl leans back from the table, places a hand on his
stomach and announces:

CARL
Satiety is my father and mother.

99 CONTINUED

He amuses himself, and none other, and smiles with assurance at Bobby.

CATHERINE
I wouldn't mind getting to work now,
Carl, if you're finished.

Catherine smiles politely at Bobby.

CATHERINE (Cont'd)
Excuse me. I'll see you later.

She goes toward the dining room door. Carl puts a hand on Bobby's shoulder.

CARL
I hope you feel at home, Robert.

BOBBY
(he looks at Catherine going
out of the door)
I feel fine.

Carl exits. Bobby is left in the room, looking silently down at his father, as Spicer finishes his meal.

INT. BOBBY'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING

100 Bobby is in bed. Tita has brought him a cup of coffee.

BOBBY
I don't think I can take much of seeing
him sitting there like a piece of stone.

TITA
He has ways of communicating, Robert. I
can tell when he's expressing approval or
disapproval just from his eyes.

BOBBY
Umm humm. Some range.

TITA
It's not that bad.

BOBBY
Yes, it is.

TITA
Will you stay for awhile?

BOBBY
You make great coffee.

INT. DUPEA HOUSE - DAY

101 Bobby wanders "casually" about the house. He is looking for the opportunity to run into Catherine. He opens the door to the music room.

102 THRU THE DOOR: Catherine is at the piano. Carl stands beside her. They are having some incoherent exchange about a music score which sits upon the piano stand. He watches a moment, then closes the door.

EXT. REAR GROUNDS OF DUPEA HOUSE - DAY

103 Bobby wanders the rear grounds, passes a tarp-covered ping-pong table. He lifts up a corner of the tarp, to note the obvious disuse of the warped table beneath.

INT. DUPEA HOUSE - NIGHT

104 (CLOTHES CHANGE) Bobby is walking thru the downstairs hall. He catches sight of Spicer, looming half way down the stairs, carrying the brittle Nicholas in his arms. Bobby quickly ducks into a den, or other room off the hall, to avoid them, and:

INT. DEN OR OTHER ROOM - NIGHT

105 Frightens the life out of Tita, who is perusing herself in a mirror over a fireplace, imitating into it Bobby's imitation of her mouth. She turns around to him.

TITA

(embarrassed)

Oh! You frightened the life out of me.

She has done something "different" to herself. She has, perhaps, a little lipstick on, but her hair still looks slept in, and the change is not startling.

INT. DUPEA HOUSE. UPSTAIRS. - NEXT DAY

106 (CLOTHES CHANGE) VIOLIN OVER: Bobby comes past upstairs hall. He pauses by the open door to Nicholas' bedroom. He is lying in bed, listening to Carl who sits in a chair, and, "at great pain" to himself, is playing an abbreviated piece for his father. Carl breaks off, places a hand on his neck and whines:

CARL

That's all I can do, Daddy...really. I said five minutes, and already it's killing me.

Bobby continues to stairs and out the door.

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EXT. DUPEA HOUSE. - DAY

107 PIANO OVER from music room, where presumably Tita plays. Bobby exits the house. At the same time, Catherine comes energetically to the front door. She wears a wet bathingsuit under a robe slung about her shoulders. Her hair, as well, is damp and she carries a towel.

CATHERINE

Oh, hello.

BOBBY

Hi. I was just looking for you. I guess you fell in the water.

CATHERINE

(smiles)

Yes...intentionally. I went swimming.

BOBBY

That's dangerous, you know.

CATHERINE

Swimming?

BOBBY

Well, playing the piano all day, and then jumping into ice water, you could get a cramp...

She laughs, begins drying her hair with the corner of the towel.

CATHERINE

No. I love to swim, and I don't mind the cold at all. Rain or shine, I do it as often as I can find the time. It's really very invigorating.

BOBBY

It is?

CATHERINE

Yes.

BOBBY

Well, I don't want to get too invigorated, myself.

CATHERINE

Why?

BOBBY

Well, sometimes when I get invigorated... my nose begins to drip. What else do you do?

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107 CONTINUED

CATHERINE

Well, there's boating, there's fishing, there are concerts on the Mainland...well... I feel silly telling you, since it's really your home. You probably know better than I what there is to do.

BOBBY

Nothing.

CATHERINE

Nothing?

BOBBY

Nothing.

CATHERINE

Then, it must be very boring for you here.

BOBBY

That's right.

CATHERINE

That's hard for me to comprehend. I don't think I've ever been bored.
(she smiles at him)
Excuse me.

She takes a few steps, intending to move past him.
(NOTE: Possible staircase interior here.)

BOBBY

What are you doing right now?

CATHERINE

Right now I'm going to run a hot tub and soak myself.

BOBBY

What about after that?

CATHERINE

Oh, I'm sorry, but I'd planned to read some music and rest for awhile.

BOBBY

Tomorrow then.

CATHERINE

Uh..uh...full practice day tomorrow. But the day after tomorrow, I will have some free time. Carl goes to Hydro-therapy on Tuesdays.

107 CONTINUED

BOBBY
The day after tomorrow...

CATHERINE
If you're free.

BOBBY
Oh yeah, I'll probably be free.

CATHERINE
Okay.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

108 Dinner is about to conclude, with exact personae as before, now seated around kitchen table. Carl is not as talkative, seems off his feed. Spicer feed Nicholas. Tita has again done something different with her hair. It is neither worse nor better than before. All take their dinner in relative silence. Bobby's eyes are drawn continually to Catherine, a fact of which she is aware. Presently, in the quiet, a soft belch comes from the vicinity of Nicholas. Tita immediately insists:

TITA
Nobody look at him.

All comply and remain sober. Tita quickly changes the subject.

TITA
What's the matter with you, Carl? You hardly ate anything.

CARL
I took a muscle relaxant and it's upset my stomach.

A brief silence again, after which Tita rises and begins clearing the dishes from the table. Catherine rises also, and pours coffee around the table. As she does:

CATHERINE
(to Bobby)
One thing that's difficult for me to imagine, is how one could have this incredible background in music, and then just walk away from it without a second thought.

She pours him a cup of coffee.

BOBBY
I gave it a second thought.

108 CONTINUED

TITA

(to Spicer)

He looks very tired to me, Spicer.
I think you could put him to bed.

Spicer nods, rises and begins to wheel Nicholas from the room. Catherine continues around table to Tita's cup.

CATHERINE

(over the above, to Bobby)

I meant, how could you not play anymore,
at all. I think that's very strange.

BOBBY

I have played. I played a few times. Here
and there. As a matter of fact once I was
a rehearsal pianist for a musical revue in
a Las Vegas hotel.

Catherine pours Carl a cup and sits down beside him.

CATHERINE

Well, you don't call that music...

Tita removes the last plates from the table.

BOBBY

Of course I do. It's music...

Bobby begins playing piano on the table top, and vocalizing sounds indicative of music for a production dance number or show stopper.

Tita returns to the table, sits down to her coffee, and responds, with Catherine, to Bobby's number.

Carl suddenly begins vocalizing, loudly, a heavy (Beethoven) phrase, overlapping and interrupting Bobby. He stops, and Carl continues, conducting himself with one hand, looking at Catherine and emphasizing it to her. Then:

CARL

Do you hear that, that particular dynamic
is what I'd like to see...right?

CATHERINE

Oh, that's right...that is right!

BOBBY

Right.

Catherine and Carl exit the kitchen, holding hands.
Bobby watches them.

TITA

Would you like some apple sauce and
ginger bread?

INT. DUPEA HOUSE - NIGHT

109 Bobby stands outside the music room door listening. From inside sounds come from the piano, short silences followed by unexpected changes of rhythm, etc.

He reaches down to turn the door knob. It is locked.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

110 MUTE SOUNDS of Catherine's playing OVER:
The room is unlit. Bobby lies on the couch, waiting for Catherine to finish.
Tita approaches the entrance of the darkened room. She switches on the light and calls his name:

Bobby?

TITA

Concealed from sight by the back of the couch, he remains silent. She turns out the light and goes to look elsewhere. Bobby folds his arms across his chest and closes his eyes. The music continues endlessly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

111 Bobby is awakened by a loud thump from close by. He opens his eyes. The noise resounds thru the room again. He gets up and moves to the windows which give way to the porch outside.

112 THRU THE WINDOW: Spicer, shirtless and tattooed, leans down and lifts a bar bell with heavy weights attached. He presses it a few times, lowers it half way and then drops it to the porch floor.

INT. SOME UPSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

113 (COSTUME CHANGE) Bobby is standing by the windows of an upstairs room, talking to Rayette on the phone.

BOBBY

(into phone)

What am I telling you, Rayette? I'm
telling you things are not going well
here at all...

No...I don't know...you'll just have to
take my word for it. It's not convenient
at the...

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113 CONTINUED

BOBBY (Cont'd)

No...

No, you can't.

Well, I'm sorry, I'm not having any fun either.

If you can't be patient, you know what I suggest...

- 114 Bobby sees Catherine out thru window.
POV: She comes out of the house and moves up the drive toward one of the cars.
- 115 Bobby steps up his pace.

BOBBY

Yeah, well, that's what I suggest, because at the moment I can't say how long...

I have to get off, Ray...

He covers the mouthpiece and raps on the window. Catherine gets into the car; he uncovers the mouthpiece.

BOBBY

I have to get off. I'll call you in a couple of days. If you've gone, you've gone. Bye.

He hangs up, just as Catherine's car starts up and begins to move away from the house.

EXT. REAR GROUNDS (PING-PONG GAME) - DAY

- 116 Bobby smashes the ping-pong ball aggressively across net at Carl, who misses it, and goes after the ball. Tita sits in a chair at the side of the table watching them. In B.G., in her POV, Spicer working on the wheelchair. Carl comes back with the ball, tosses it to Bobby. Bobby announces the score and serves trickily. As he does:

BOBBY

You know Carl -- what with the shape you're in, I'm not sure you should be playing.

Carl manages to return the ball and they keep it in volley briefly.

CARL

What do you mean? I'm not in bad shape. Other than my neck, I'm superb...

116 CONTINUED

Carl misses the ball. Bobby calls the score, serves again.

BOBBY
I don't know, there's something wrong
with the way you move.

Carl misses the ball.

CARL
I'm not aware....Like what?

BOBBY
Your serve.

CARL
What's the score?

BOBBY
Eighteen - two.

Carl serves and they volley.

BOBBY
I'd hate to see you walk across a concert
stage like that.

Carl misses the ball; retrieves it with some annoyance.

CARL
Well, I have walked across a stage and
played violin and sat down at a piano,
without exciting any particular response...

BOBBY
That's what I mean.

CARL
Any particular humor or dismay, I meant.

BOBBY
Nineteen - two.

Carl serves. They volley.

BOBBY
You ought to get someone to coach you
how to walk. I think it's a substantial
problem.

Carl misses the ball.

CARL
Dammit!

116 CONTINUED

The ball sails past Carl and rolls off some distance in some shrubbery. Carl chases after it. Bobby gestures after him, to Tita.

BOBBY

Look at that.

TITA

Why are you being so mean?

BOBBY

I'm not being mean. He does walk funny. Don't you see that?

TITA

I don't think I'd notice it. I'm so used to Carl.

BOBBY

Well...

He begins chipping at the table top with his paddle. In B.G., Carl searches thru the shrubbery. Tita looks off toward Spicer.

TITA

Bobby?

BOBBY

What?

TITA

Do you think Spicer is attractive?

Bobby looks over at Spicer.

BOBBY

Yeah, he's got a terrific personality.

He looks at her. She is still looking at Spicer.

TITA

I don't know. I'm wondering if I should have him attending Daddy, whether he's the right person.

BOBBY

What's that have to do with whether he's attractive or not?

TITA

Oh, nothing. I was just concerned.

116 CONTINUED

Carl has found the ball, is walking back to them with it.
Bobby looks at him.

TITA
(over above)
You know, Spicer was formerly a sailor.

BOBBY
(looking at Carl)
Can't you see what I'm talking about?

TITA
Sailors are sadistic, I feel.

Carl comes up to the table with assurance.

CARL
Notice. There's nothing wrong with the
way I walk.
(he holds the ball up)
Now, where were we?

BOBBY
At game. Three games to Z.

He lays his paddle down on the table, indicating he is
through.

CARL
Come on, Bobby. A rematch.

BOBBY
I thought you were off to the mainland.
You'll miss the ferry.

Carl lays his paddle down on the table.

CARL
Just when I was hitting my stride...
(looks at watch)
Oh, you're right. Tell Catherine goodbye
for me.

BOBBY
Okay.

Carl picks up suitcase, starts toward car. Tita stands
up, to Bobby:

TITA
Can I play now?

Carl calls back again:

116 CONTINUED

CARL
I think I'll be back tomorrow sometime.
Will you tell her?

BOBBY
Sure.

Carl continues on and hurries to his car. Bobby looks up at Tita.

BOBBY
What?

TITA
My turn?

BOBBY
Where is she, anyway?

TITA
Who? Oh, shopping. In the village. My turn?

BOBBY
Why don't you and Spicer play?

Bobby enters house. Tita calls to Spicer.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALL. - DAY

117 Bobby stands outside of Catherine's room. He knocks once, not expecting an answer. Then he opens the door and goes inside.

INT. CATHERINE'S ROOM - DAY

118 SOUNDS of table tennis game come from outside the window. He wanders through her room, looking at her paraphernalia, sensing out the territory, etc. Then he moves over to the window, looks down at Tita and Spicer playing below.

Catherine's car pulls into view around to the back of the house and parks. She gets out with some package or purchase and waves at Tita and Spicer.

Bobby moves away from the window and towards the door.

INT. DUPEA HOUSE. - DAY

119 Bobby comes downstairs, and moves to kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

120 Catherine is putting away the groceries. She also has some fresh flowers. Bobby enters.

120 CONTINUED

Hi. CATHERINE

Hello. BOBBY

CATHERINE
(nodding towards game)
I've got winners.

BOBBY
They're hard to come by.

CATHERINE
What's the matter?

BOBBY
Nothing.

She exits kitchen with flowers. Bobby follows her to music room.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - DAY

121 Catherine arranges flowers in vase on piano.

CATHERINE
With the possible exception of fresh orange juice -- and music, of course, there's probably nothing in the world I adore more than flowers. Oh, yes, massages. Massages, also. Aren't these marigolds beautiful!

BOBBY
I don't know the names of flowers. Or of anything else, for that matter. Breeds of dogs, cats, wines...

CATHERINE
That's a shame, really. Lovely things have lovely names. Robert, would you do something for me...so long as you're here.

BOBBY
Massage you? Sure.

CATHERINE
(laughing)
No. I'm feeling quite relaxed really. No, I'd like you to play something. Now.

BOBBY
How's about instead I squeeze up some juice.

121 CONTINUED

Please.

CATHERINE

Tita enters hallway.

Catherine. TITA (OS)
Your game.CATHERINE
(softly, to Bobby)
Will you?

Catherine? TITA (OS)

A pause. The door SLAMS off screen. Bobby moves to the piano. Catherine shuts out any sound interference by closing the door. Then she takes a seat. Bobby plays a scale; shakes his head as if this were a laughable idea. Then, getting no relief from Catherine, he plays.

Bobby concludes the Chopin, with a series of meaningfully-spaced chords. His hands linger on the final one, before he slowly removes them to his lap. He glances over at Catherine. Her face is deeply serious.

CATHERINE
That was beautiful, Robert. I'm so surprised.

Bobby looks away from her.

Thank you. BOBBY

CATHERINE
I'm really very moved by the way you...

Bobby suddenly drops his head into his hands, covering his face.

What's wrong? CATHERINE (Cont'd)

Bobby shakes his head in his hands, still hiding his face. Catherine rises, sets her package on the piano and moves beside Bobby, placing a hand on his shoulder.

CATHERINE (Cont'd)
What's the matter, Robert?

He lifts his face out of his hands and looks at her. It is apparent that the expression he is restraining is...

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121 CONTINUED

BOBBY

Excuse me.

CATHERINE

Oh...

BOBBY

I'm sorry.

CATHERINE

What's so amusing?

BOBBY

Nothing...nothing. It's just that that's the easiest piece I could remember. I think I first played it when I was about eight years old. In this room. The whole family gathered. Plus their friends. Plus people from town. I was all got up in this suit and bow tie. If I remember correctly...that time I let go a resounding fart at the end.

CATHERINE

Can't you understand?..It was the feeling I was affected by.

BOBBY

I didn't have any feeling.

CATHERINE

You had no inner feeling while you were playing?

BOBBY

None.

CATHERINE

Oh. I guess I must have been supplying it.

She moves to go. Bobby rises.

BOBBY

Well, perhaps if you supplied more -- it might rub off. Who knows.

(punch drunk)

I might even make a comeback.

CATHERINE

I doubt it, Robert.

BOBBY

Oh, I could get interested.

CATHERINE

Well, I couldn't.

121 CONTINUED

She exits. Bobby hesitates. He sees Catherine head up the stairs. In a moment he turns to the piano, removes a single flower from the vase, then exits.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

122 He goes to ice box, gets something out.

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

123 He runs up.

INT. OUTSIDE CATHERINE'S ROOM - DAY

124 He knocks.

CATHERINE (OS)

Who is it?

INT. CATHERINE'S ROOM - DAY

125 Catherine is in a robe, pinning up her hair, preparing for a bath we can hear running. He enters, an orange in one hand; a flower in the other. Then, like an Italian tenor:

BOBBY

(singing Mozart)

La che darem La Mano...

CATHERINE

Very amusing. Now if you'll excuse me -- I'm running a bath.

Bobby throws flowers and orange on bed.

BOBBY

What does it have to be with you -- grim and serious?

CATHERINE

Look, you played, I was honestly moved -- then you made me feel embarrassed about responding to you. It wasn't necessary.

BOBBY

Yeah, it was. Look what happened. I faked a little Chopin -- you faked a big response.

CATHERINE

I don't think that's accurate.

125 CONTINUED

BOBBY

Up 'til now all I've been getting is meaningful looks at the dinner table and tentative suggestions about the day after tomorrow.

CATHERINE

I haven't been conscious of giving you very particular "looks". As for the day after tomorrow, it is the day after tomorrow and I am unfortunately, seeing you... excuse me.

She goes past him to dresser, searching for oils. He moves closer, begins aggressively lifting up bottles.

BOBBY

What the hell do you want, anyway?

CATHERINE

Some bath oil.

BOBBY

Oh, how about this one! Avocado.

(and another)

Do you want this one?

(and another)

Maybe some jasmine?

(another)

What about this one?

What about some musk...?

CATHERINE

What are you doing?

BOBBY

What are you doing? Screwing around with this crap....

CATHERINE

I really don't care for your language, I don't find it charming...

BOBBY

It's not. It's direct.

CATHERINE

Well then, let me be the same.

She walks away from him, to the night stand beside her bed, to where some cigarettes lie. She picks them up and takes a cigarette from the package.

125 CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

I'd like you to leave so I can take a bath. Is that direct?

Bobby says nothing. Catherine holds the cigarette in her hand, without a match available to light it, as he moves over to the door. He does not go out. He closes the door, and turns to her.

She looks at him a moment, then lays the cigarette back on the night stand.

CATHERINE

I can't take you seriously, Robert...

PAUSE:

CATHERINE (Cont'd)

The way you live your life, what you say, or coming up here like this...You're not a serious person, by your own admission. That may be interesting, but it doesn't interest me.

He starts across to her, very angry.

BOBBY

Oh, "serious"...that's what's important, being serious?

CATHERINE

Yes...

BOBBY

Okay then, let's be serious.

He pushes her backwards, forcing her to sit on the bed.

BOBBY (OVER ABOVE)

Sit down...

CATHERINE

(also angry)

Don't do that Robert.

BOBBY

Shut up.
You and I have a different idea about what "serious" is. You think it's making a choice, don't you? Deciding. You want to play, going at it eight hours a day and taking hot baths. Let me tell you what serious is...when you inherit it from a father...who only responds

125 CONTINUED

BOBBY (Cont'd)
 to your musical accomplishment, and nothing else. Then what you get is my sister Lita, who has more ability than anyone in this house, and no assurance - none - and as a result, is an incomplete, totally unhappy woman. And you've got Carl who has the conceit of assurance, without any notable ability, so he coaches somebody else to do what he can't. The only serious musician that isn't faking something in the family is Herbert, and you can't talk to the man about anything in life that goes on beyond the top row of the orchestra...

CATHERINE
 That's not true...

BOBBY
 (overlapping her)
 And if you want to complete your judgement on me, I came last into this predetermined heritage...and I worked at it every day... from the age of three to the age of twenty-eight, hating it...playing without assurance, without ability, without satisfaction. And their approval, their applause, their enthusiasm - or yours - doesn't mean a crap to me. I don't feel it!

Catherine says nothing for a moment, then:

CATHERINE
 No inner feeling?

BOBBY
 Absolutely none.

Catherine pauses again.

CATHERINE
 About anything?

BOBBY
 About anything.

Another long pause, in which she looks intently at him. Then she lies back against the pillows, silently watching his face for any change in the resolute statement. It does not become apparent. It moves her to make a soft challenge:

CATHERINE
 I don't believe you...

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125 CONTINUED

He moves onto the bed beside her, kisses her, begins to make love to her, accompanied by the continuing SOUNDS of Tita and Spicer playing table tennis.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

126 CHOPIN OVER SCENE:

Bobby drives a motor launch thru the Channel Islands. He shares himself with Catherine, perhaps confiding further "feelings" about himself, the words of which are only heard by her.

EXT. BOAT SLIP - DAY

127 FOLLOWING Bobby and Catherine on the walk back from the boat slip to the house.
IMPROVISE, as they walk.
At the end, she moves quickly into the house ahead of him.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

128 Bobby comes into the kitchen where Tita is preparing dinner.

BOBBY

Hi.

Tita is cold. She glances at him, then continues with her work.

BOBBY

What're you doing?

TITA

(as she works)

What does it look like? I'm doing what I do every day...

He comes over to where she works.

BOBBY

I didn't mean to bother you, I just meant to say hello.

He starts out.

TITA

Well it's nice you could work that in. I appreciate it.

BOBBY

What are you acting like that for?

TITA

Because you make me sick.

BOBBY

I make you sick?

TITA

I thought you came up here to see the family...Daddy in particular...

BOBBY

Yeah, I did.

TITA

Do I have to remind you it's perhaps for the last time?

BOBBY

There's nothing I can do about that... I told you.

TITA

(very emotional)

Then why are you here?

BOBBY

Because you asked me to stay!

TITA

No, not because I asked you anything! It has nothing to do with me...

BOBBY

Okay, Tita.

She turns back to her task. Bobby stands locking down at the floor.

Catherine enters the room in a buoyant mood.

CATHERINE

(to both)

Hi.

There is no response from anyone.

CATHERINE

Oh, I'm sorry. Did I walk into the midst of something?

BOBBY

No. I make her sick, that's all.

TITA

That isn't all

128 CONTINUED

She turns around and addresses Catherine.

TITA

I don't think Carl would be that pleased with your behavior, Catherine.

They confront each other in silent discomfort, which Tita has to break by turning back to her task. Catherine looks at Bobby, very concerned. He shakes his head. Catherine looks back to Tita and addresses her back.

CATHERINE

What behavior, Tita?

TITA

(very precise)

Carl called. He cannot be back until tomorrow

(emphasizing to Catherine)

He arranged a concert with Herbert, based upon your phenomenal ability to work, approximately six weeks from today. If you're interested in disappointing him, fine.

CATHERINE

I have no intention of disappointing him, Tita - or myself...

TITA

Well, I've communicated what he asked. I have nothing else to say.

Tita turns again to her work. Catherine glances briefly at Bobby. Tita turns back around, much more softened-

TITA

Except that I'm very pleased...and I'd like to congratulate you...

CATHERINE

Thank you, Tita...

Catherine turns and exits the kitchen, leaving Tita and Bobby alone again. After a moment, she comes over to him.

TITA

Bobby?

BOBBY

What?

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128 CONTINUED

TITA
I'm sorry I spoke to you that way.

Bobby says nothing:

TITA
Don't be mad.

BOBBY
Shit, I'm not mad, Tita...

He walks away from her, also exiting the kitchen.

INT. - MUSIC ROOM - DAY

129 Catherine stands at the piano, going through a music score.

Bobby comes up behind, puts his arms around her, kisses the back of her neck::

CATHERINE
No.

BOBBY
No, what?

She moves away, to sit at the piano:

CATHERINE
I can't make a ritual out of this Robert...

He sits down on the bench beside her:

BOBBY
What do you mean a ritual?

CATHERINE
Robert, please. Don't be insensitive to me.

Bobby is about to respond -- thinks better of it not to -- then as he exits the room:

INT. - HALLWAY - DAY

130 He notes Spicer pushing his father towards the front door. Bobby moves Spicer to the side, takes his father out the door.

EXT. - COUNTRY - DAY

131 Bobby pushes Nicholas' wheelchair down a beautiful country road. He stops at a pleasant setting near some fields, and moves around to the front of his father:

BOBBY

Are you cold?...

He adjusts the blanket which covers Nicholas' legs, closer about him, then he finds a rock or fence rail to sit on. He looks around at the setting, finding it difficult to devise a conversation:

BOBBY

I don't know if you'd find it particularly interesting to know about...anything about me...Anyway you probably already know...

He looks off, is silent, then gestures back at the fields:

BOBBY

I used to hide from you back up in there...I'd sit down in the grasses and you couldn't find me...

....

He looks back at his father:

BOBBY

Are you alright?

I don't know if you even want to be out here, talking...I mean listening to me...

He looks off again:

BOBBY

You know, I came to the conclusion a long time ago...that I didn't belong here. I was about nine or ten, and I got it into my head that I must have been adopted, because I just never felt I was a part of...any of it... Being here I mean...and then, I never felt comfortable being anyplace else for very long either...But the only thing that's ever happened to me...I mean, that I care a damn about...has happened to me since I've come back...And that's Catherine...

(He smiles his own wonderment)

...A stranger.

I like her.

...

(CONTINUED)

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131 CONTINUED

BOBBY (CON'D)

Are you okay, Dad? You seem okay. Jesus Christ. For the first time in my life I really wish you would say something to me. I don't know what, really. What could you say?

...
The only time you ever yelled at me actually was when Herbert had that flat tire. Remember. We were all on our way into town. What was I? Twelve? Thirteen? I was fooling with the jack, I guess, and the car came down on my hand.

...
You must have known then.
(He holds up his right hand)
What kind of piano player were you gonna have with a beat-up pinky.

...
Sorry it didn't work out.

INT. - CATHERINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

132 Catherine lies on her back, facing the ceiling. Next to her, Bobby. She speaks fondly of her ex-husband.

CATHERINE

He was my husband and I loved him...But it didn't wash any better the second time than it did the first...God knows why he wanted to stunt me that way, I thought maybe it was because his soul was so thin to begin with... And then his playing had gotten quite uninspired and automatic, and there was I, no longer seventeen...and looking up at him...So I said Haim, I think you're full of beans, and I left him again...

She puffs on her cigarette:

BOBBY

Is that what you said?

CATHERINE

Something like that...
As a matter of fact, Haim introduced me to Carl around that time...Say. How are you?

BOBBY

I'm incredible.

She leans over Bobby and puts her cigarette out:

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132 CONTINUED

CATHERINE
Carl restored me. He really did...

Catherine lies back down:

CATHERINE
He's much more substantial than you
give him credit for...

BOBBY
We're all incredible.

Catherine smiles, touches Bobby's face:

CATHERINE
Do you think you could discreetly move
across the hall now?

BOBBY
(Making fun of her)
Yes, I think I could discreetly move
across the hall now.

Bobby kisses her, then rises from the bed and moves across
to the door. She addresses him again before he opens it:

CATHERINE
Robert?

BOBBY
What?

CATHERINE
I could spend some time with you tomorrow
morning, before Carl comes back...if you'd
like...

BOBBY
Of course I'd like it...

EXT. - GROUNDS - DAY

133 Catherine is in the water, nude. O.S. There is a HONKING
SOUND.

CATHERINE
Oh my God -- it must be Carl! --Quick
throw me my robe.

BOBBY
(Smiling)
You get yourself together. I'll welcome him.

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134 Bobby runs up the hill, through the trees in a LONG TRACKING CLOSE UP, then out of the thicket to the front of the house.

EXT. - HOUSE - DAY

135 Bobby encounters Rayette - being helped with her bag by a taxi driver. They react.

INT. - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

136 Bobby sits depressed at foot of the table. Seated as before, at his left, Carl, next to him, Catherine, Nicholas and Spicer at the head of the table, then Tita, and next to Tita, seated at Bobby's right, is Rayette. She looks up to the head of the table at Nicholas, addressing him more loudly than is necessary:

RAYETTE

You certainly do have a beautiful piece
a real estate out here, Mr. Dupea.

There is of course no visible response from Nicholas. Rayette turns to Bobby, assuming what she thinks is a discreet tone:

RAYETTE

(Low)
Can he hear me?

Bobby doesn't answer. Tita does:

TITA

He's not hard of hearing.

RAYETTE

Huh? Well that's a blessing, at least...

She eats. Carl watches her, is fascinated by her. Rayette starts up again:

RAYETTE

Oh am I glad a get out a that motel.
I was 'bout to go crack-brained...

CARL

You were staying in a motel all this time?

RAYETTE

For two whole weeks, and there wasn't
hardly nobody there but me, to talk to...
There was one 25-year old kid...DeLyon, that
I went to the pictures with twice...but I
think he was on the vine or something,

(CON'D),

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136 CONTINUED

RAYETTE (CON'D)

'cause he didn' show much sense, I mean he didn' appear to be all there...

She eats, then goes on:

RAYETTE

The Manager a the place told me it was the off season, an it must a ben, because other than me an this kid DeLyon, there was an old married pair next to me that was always hollerin for quiet. Can you 'magine? All you could a heard was a pin, an them hollerin...an there was a younger team way on down the hall an that's it... The place was call the Victoria Seaside Motor Inn, an I told em they should call it the Jim Jams, because that's what it gave you to stay there...

CARL

I don't understand why you stayed there... There's more than enough room here.

RAYETTE

Well I was goin to, but Bobby had to kind a feel things up here, first, which I can understand...

(She nods discreetly toward Nicholas)

But then it went an took so long that I run flat out a money ...

(To Bobby).

I didn' have no number to call, you know.

(To Carl)

I had a clear out a that place an come on up, in the hopes that I wouldn' be intrudin myself...

CARL

Not at all. You're more than welcome.

RAYETTE

Well thank you, that's a very nice thing for you to say.

CARL

Not at all.

Rayette glances at Bobby, then goes back to eating. Everyone but her has finished with the meal. Bobby looks over at Catherine. She stares coldly at him, and he looks away.

RAYETTE

(To the general)

This certainly is an improvement on the Motel an the coffee shop...

(To Bobby)

How could you ever left such a beautiful place, Bobby?

BOBBY

I don't know...

RAYETTE

Tweeta showed me all aroun' an I said I wisht I could have it all on a postcard...

Tita inaudibly corrects the pronunciation:

TITA

Tita.

Rayette goes on eating, while the rest wait politely. Then she looks over at Catherine:

RAYETTE

You certainly do have a beautiful head a hair.

CATHERINE

Thank you.

RAYETTE

Is it natural?

BOBBY

Rayette!

RAYETTE

What?

BOBBY

Just finish eating.

RAYETTE

Oh. Am I holdin up dessert?

136 CONTINUED

Carl laughs:

CARL

No. Go ahead and take your time.

RAYETTE

I eat slow as a bird...Where Bobby can usually put it away like a speed swing.

She eats, then starts up again:

RAYETTE

For wantin to find things to do over there, I went an had my hair done three times at the Tantrum Beauty Salon, an the last time the damn bugs near burnt the natural curl right out of it...

She looks over at Tita:

RAYETTE

Do you have any ketchup around?

Bobby angrily throws his napkin on the table:

BOBBY

Oh for Christ sake...

CARL

Let's not be rude, Robert.

RAYETTE

It's alright...He don't mean anything...

Bobby suddenly gets up from the table:

BOBBY

I don't, huh?!

He turns and heads for the door, as Rayette explains him to the rest:

RAYETTE

Bobby's just about the moodiest man I ever ben with...

Bobby goes out the room, slamming the door behind him.

EXT. - MAINLAND - NIGHT

137

INSTRUMENTAL of D-i-v-o-r-c-e OVER:

Bobby's car drives along the coastline.

INT. - CAR - NIGHT

138 INSTRUMENTAL OVER:

Bobby unhappily drives nowhere.

EXT. - FISHING VILLAGE - NIGHT

139 INSTRUMENTAL OVER:

His car moves through a fishing village.

INT. - FISHERMAN'S PUB - NIGHT

140 INSTRUMENTAL OVER:

Bobby drinks and talks expansively with the BARTENDER and a FISHERMAN.

EXT. - PUB - NIGHT

141 INSTRUMENTAL OVER:

He comes out of the Pub anaesthetized, and carrying a bottle. He moves to his car, opens the rear door, and gets inside.

INT. - CAR - NIGHT

142 INSTRUMENTAL OVER:

Bobby lies down on the back seat and closes his eyes.

EXT. - FERRY SLIP - DAY

143 CLOSE UP Catherine, her face framed by the car window.

CATHERINE

You look awful, Robert.

Bobby sits looking out of his car window at her.

Their machines are abreast of each other near the Ferry Landing. Hers is pointed onto it and his, inland, toward the house. In the course of the scene, they block traffic wanting to board ferry, etc.

BOBBY

Where are you going?

CATHERINE

I'm going to pick up some friends of Carl's and mine...

143 CONTINUED

BOBBY
I want to talk to you.

CATHERINE
I'll be back later...

A car behind Catherine's honks once:

BOBBY
No I want to talk to you now, I want
to explain something about...

CATHERINE
You don't have to do that Robert, it's
not necessary...

BOBBY
Yes it is.

The horn honks a bit more impatiently:

CATHERINE
I haven't been being fair to Carl...

Bobby gestures at the car and yells:

BOBBY
Will you shut up!

CATHERINE
This is very confusing here, I have to go...

BOBBY
No, wait a minute, pull over to the side,
Catherine.

CATHERINE
I can't...I have to tell you, I'm supposed
to be thinking about marrying Carl...I
have to tell you that.

The honking has now gotten more insistent, and the DRIVER
begins to yell at them:

BOBBY
Oh...
(Very quietly)
You have to tell me that...

CATHERINE
What?...
I couldn't hear you...

BOBBY

(Louder)

Can you just pull your car over Catherine?

The FERRY MAN blows the boat horn and gestures angrily at Catherine. She looks at him and then back to Bobby:

CATHERINE

Let me go Robert...This is impossible...

Bobby just looks back at her, nodding his head.

CATHERINE

Are you alright?

BOBBY

Of course I'm alright...

She starts to pull the car ahead, slowly:

CATHERINE

I'm sorry everything's been so confused...

Bobby says nothing:

CATHERINE

I'll see you later this evening...

She pulls ahead and onto the ferry, leaving Bobby sitting immobile in his car.

INT. - BOBBY'S ROOM - DAY

144

Bobby lies on his bed. Rayette sits on the edge of it, beside him a Polaroid camera and cartridge in her lap. He is uncommunicative. She cannot manage to be silent:

RAYETTE

Your brother's a little doll, you know that? He tried to make me feel right at home...

...

He put me up in a real nice room down the hall...

...

Course I would a rather ben with you...But you were'nt here.

...

You sure tied one on, didn't you hon'?

Bobby says nothing:

RAYETTE

Can I do anything for you?

BOBBY

No.

A long silence, then:

RAYETTE

You know, it was real hard for me to keep myself up last night, with the way you acted to me in front of your folks...

...

If you're not glad to see me, you don't have to let that on to them.

...

I'm not in a situation you know, where I can just burn my temper off on you...An... I wouldn't want to be that disrespectful anyway...

...

That was a painful experience to me...

...

You understand what I'm sayin'?

BOBBY

I'm sorry.

PAUSE:

RAYETTE

You're not that glad to see me are you?

BOBBY

It's not that...

RAYETTE

I felt like I was some ugly thing, stashed over in that motel...

BOBBY

Rayette...

RAYETTE

I did. I felt uglier'n hell, stashed in that motel.

BOBBY

I couldn't help it...

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144 CONTINUED

RAYETTE

(Overlapping him)

I went an slep with that kid DeLyon...

Bobby looks at her, saying nothing:

RAYETTE

More'n once...That's how bad I was...

Nothing:

RAYETTE

You don' even care 'bout that do you?

BOBBY

What do you want me to say?

Rayette looks down at the camera in her lap:

BOBBY

What do you want me to say?...

I don't care about anything right now...

...

I'm tired Rayette. I want to sleep.

RAYETTE

Okay.

She sits for a moment, then holds the Camera and cartridge over to him:

RAYETTE

Will you put this in for me, I can't never do it right.

He takes it onto his stomach and begins doing it right:

RAYETTE

I love you, Bobby...

He finishes loading the camera, hands it back to her. She sets it down on the bed and moves over closer to him:

RAYETTE

Do you think you could give me one little hug?

She leans down, embracing him. He reciprocates without much conviction. She raises back up from him:

RAYETTE

There. That wasn' so bad was it?

144 CONTINUED

BOBBY

It's not going to work out to
anything, I told you that, Ray...

She stands up:

RAYETTE

Now I don't want hear any of that!
You're depress and tired...
I don't want a hear any talk like
that!

Bobby closes his eyes:

RAYETTE

You close your eyes an go to sleep.

She picks up the camera:

RAYETTE

I'm not goin a bother you
anymore...I'm goin on a walk an take
some pictures a the place...Okay...?

She leans down and kisses him, then moves to the door
and goes out.

Bobby opens his eyes and stares at the ceiling.

INT. - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

145 CLOSE UP Catherine, as she listens intently to Samia
Glavia's VOICE:

SAMIA (O.S.)

But you see Man is born into the world
with an existent adversary, from the
first. This is his historic mythic
inheritance... So. Is this startling?
Aggression is pre-historic, after all,
an organism behaves according to its
nature and its nature derives from the
circumstances of its inheritance...
in great...

FINCHER (O.S.)

If I may beg to...

146. Samia Glavia interrupts. She sits in the living room,
discussing with the pompous authority of her profession.
Also in the room are Catherine, and sitting side by side on
a couch, are Bobby and Rayette.

146 CONTINUED

Tita's dog lounges on the rug near the fireplace. The other new personage is JOHN FINCHER, presently being interrupted:

SAMIA

You may beg all you like, but the fact remains, primitive man absolutely delighted in tearing his adversary apart, with his incisors if necessary, if he was anxious, if he was frightened and not angrily aggressive, at least the feeling was then connected to the act and to be triumphant was major...Not to recognize this leads to these dehumanized situations of mass extinctions dispassionately accomplished...As an Analyst I am exposed...

FINCHER

(interrupts)

No, it might be said that there is something drastic in an organism progressing into a socio-dynamic structure which produces such unsavory results, yes, but to insist that what you implied constitutes what we are seem irrefutably to impale us on that base assumption like a butterfly on a pin...

SAMIA

But of course...

FINCHER

Doesn't that seem unnecessarily harsh, a bit too apocalyptic...

SAMIA

(shrugs)

I do not make poetry...

She looks across room at Carl, entering:

SAMIA

Carl! Come and reinforce me here.
John is having at me.

Carl moves over to where Catherine sits. He stands beside here, placing his hand familiarly at the back of here neck, troubling Bobby.

144 CONTINUED

CARL

What were you talking about?

FINCHER

Samia Glavia 'on aggression'...

RAYETTE

(interrupting)

Is there a T.V. in the house?

It is raining outside and now there is a significant crash of thunder. All heads turn momentarily toward Rayette with some surprise and nonchalant disregard. Their attention is immediately returned to the conversation at hand.

SAMIA

(continuing her train of thought)

I will more prove, John, that rationality is not a device, but moreover I feel it is an extraneous tool, a gadget, somewhat like the . . . the television. To look at it any other way is ridiculous.

RAYETTE

There's some good things on it though.

SAMIA

(forcing a smile)

I beg your pardon?

RAYETTE

The T.V. There's some good things on it sometimes.

Samia's frozen smile melts into a scowl.

SAMIA

I have strong doubts. Nevertheless I am not discussing the media.

Rayette gets up and goes to look out the window. Catherine catches Bobby's eye and she smiles.

CATHERINE

No, you were discussing man's unsavory and innate aggression. Now take Robert here, I don't see that in him.

SAMIA

(at Bobby)

Perhaps he's a man of action. Unpredictable.

Bobby just looks at her. Fincher over it:

FINCHER

But it interests me to know Samia, if you really hold these hopelessly bleak views, how you can in good conscience carry on a practice...

SAMIA

Oh but there is always hope...for a few... for certain individuals, but it can only exist when it is not based upon illusions and fantasies which are denials of fact...

CATHERINE

What about love?

SAMIA

What about it? Wouldn't you say more ill has been done in the name of love than in the name of abomination?

CATHERINE

(interrupting)

No. I wouldn't...

SAMIA

Well...You are a romantic, Catherine, and once more you are about to be married, which excuses you entirely from objective discussion. Ask Carl if even the arts are completely absent of aggressive content and conflict, or do they inevitably deal with it as subject matter, ask him if he even thinks the institution of marriage is free from it...

Bobby reacts to the engagement reference. Carl smiles at Catherine, answering Samia:

CARL

I would have to ask her, she's the expert there, and I'm the novice...

CATHERINE

I think these cold 'objective discussions' are aggressive. Excuse me...

(she rises)

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146 CONTINUED

SAMIA

That's reactive...But I must say, so as not to dampen the spirit of your adventure...

CATHERINE

You haven't dampened my spirit, Samia...

Catherine exits from room. Bobby watches her go:

SAMIA

(goes on)

Well I should hope not...But I'd like to say, tho, of course it's under some dispute... that aggression, or violence if you like... seems to have less appeal to loftier classes and natures, so they have the advantage in establishing a certain kind of 'relating' which we call 'love' if you like, but which certainly keeps the more sanguine elements at a minimum...These elements of course simply become more prevalent the lower the class level..

She would probably go on but that Fincher checks his watch and then addresses Carl:

FINCHER

Think it's about time to drive us to the Mainland, Carl?

CARL

Whenever you like...

Fincher holds up his drink:

FINCHER

Soon as I finish...

There is a brief silence in the room. Rayette looks at the dog, lying on the floor, and breaks it:

RAYETTE

What kind of doggy is that?

CARL

That's a Borzoi.

RAYETTE

A Bor...?

CARL

A Russian Wolfhound...

146 CONTINUED

RAYETTE

It certainly is a beautiful type a animal.

CARL

Yes. I gave it to Tita. His name is Scriabin...

RAYETTE

I had this baby Kitty cat once, that Bobby gave me...a little spotty one...an oh how I was crazy after her... 'Heidi'... 'member Bobby, with the four little white paws... We had a leave it one time at some frinds, an it went an got smashed flatter'n a tor-tila right outside their mobile home.

Samia gestures at Rayette as though she were not a person but an example that proved her point:

SAMIA

There! You see what I mean.

Bobby looks at Samia:

SAMIA

The choice of words... juxtaposed against the image of a fluffy kitten, the enchantment with words... 'smashed', flat, etcetera...

RAYETTE

Well she was...

SAMIA

Perhaps...

(she gestures at Rayette again)

But do you see how she has typified...

Bobby suddenly stands up, interrupting her:

BOBEY

Don't sit there pointing at her!

SAMIA

I beg your pardon.

He advances on her where she sits:

BOBEY

I said don't point at her, you creep!

SAMIA

I was simply telling...

BOBBY

What gives you the ass to sit there and tell anybody about class and who the hell's got it, and what she typifies! You shouldn't be in the same fucking room with her, you pompous celibate!

Samia turns to Carl, shocked:

SAMIA

Really, Carl, this is too much...

BOBBY

(to Samia)

You're totally full of shit!

CARL

Robert...

Bobby looks toward Carl:

BOBBY

You're all full of shit!

INT. DUPEA HOUSE - NIGHT

147 FOLLOWING: Bobby runs up the stairs, down the hall and into Catherine's bedroom. He looks quickly around in it, then goes back out into the hall, and down it, opening the doors to two other rooms and looking inside. He comes back up the hall to his own room, looks inside it, comes back out, moving further up the hall to Nicholas' room.

148 Bobby goes inside. Nicholas lies on the bed with his eyes closed. Bobby looks around quickly, comes back out of the room and heads for the top of the stairs.

149 Bobby runs down the steps, and runs into Rayette near the bottom landing, looking for him:

RAYETTE

Bobby...

He pushes her out of the way:

BOBBY

I can't talk to you, leave me alone.

150 He continues at the same pace, into the Music Room, back out and across the hall to the Den or Library, etc. He goes to the end of main hall toward kitchen, which gives way to two other rooms. He opens the first door. It is a bathroom. He moves on to the second door, opens it, goes inside:

INT. SPICER'S ROOM - NIGHT

151 Tita and Spicer, fully clothed, but 'caught' in some stage of 'feeling around' on top of Spicer's bed. Tita sits up immediately, mortally embarrassed. Bobby, in an extreme emotional state, does not take in the present situation at once:

Tita! BOBBY

TITA
(defensive)
What are you doing?

Spicer stands up:

BOBBY
Where's Catherine?

TITA
(overlapping)
I don't know! Will you leave me alone!

Bobby moves further into the room toward her. Spicer goes on his guard:

BOBBY
(overlapping)
What's going on in here!

SPICER
(overlapping)
Don't you believe in knocking?

Bobby moves to the edge of the bed standing over Tita, she buries her face in her hands:

BOBBY
I'm talking to you!

TITA
Oh, God, can't I have anything to myself!

BOBBY
Tita!

Spicer moves toward Bobby, takes hold of his arm:

SPICER
Hey, this happens to be my room buddy...

Bobby shakes Spicer loose then turns on him, pushing him against the wall:

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151 CONTINUED

BOBBY

What are you doing in here with her?

SPICER

Take your hands off...

BOBBY

Don't screw around with my sister, Nurse!

TITA

Bobby!

SPICER

(overlapping)

Take your hands off or I'll make a pretzel out of you.

Bobby yanks him away from the wall and pushes him toward the door:

BOBBY

Get out of here!

Spicer comes back toward Bobby. Bobby leaps at him and they begin thrashing around the room, while Tita screams at them. She tries to separate them and inadvertently gets knocked about herself. She screams again and runs from the room. They continue. Bobby makes a few early scores against Spicer, and that is all. He is outweighed. Spicer takes over and begins 'making a pretzel' out of him. He gets him down and holds his arm in a painful lock:

SPICER

-You want to give up?

Bobby doesn't want to:

Carl runs into the room, Spicer has Bobby in some kind of a leg vice, and is hitting him in the back with his fist, punctuating it with the repeated command:

SPICER

Give up!
Give up!...

Etc.

Carl struggles to pull Spicer off Bobby. He is yelling obscenities and threats at Spicer:

CARL

(over the above)

Get off of him!

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151 CONTINUED

SPICER

Tell him to give up!

Carl grabs hold of his arms to keep him from hitting Bobby.

CARL

Let loose of him!

SPICER

He's just going to start slugging again. Tell him to give up, I don't want to hurt him...

Carl quickly reaches to a heavy ashtray on a table. He holds it over Spicer:

CARL

Let him go or I'll smash your face in!

SPICER

Okay...But if he starts at me again I'll kill him.

Spicer cautiously releases his hold. Bobby collapses forward onto his face.

SPICER

He had no business pushing in here.

Carl helps Bobby onto his feet, just as Catherine appears in the doorway. He looks at her. His face is busted, blood comes from his nose and his mind is messed:

BOBBY

I wanted to talk to you.

He starts to collapse again, is kept from falling by Carl as Catherine disappears from the door.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

152

Catherine and Bobby sit, each staring out at the ocean, each separated for the moment by the silence which follows the exchange of impossible or accusatory words. Then Catherine addresses the ocean:

CATHERINE

It's impossible. If you do not sleep with them they find a way to make you feel bad... If you do sleep with them they also find a way to make you feel bad.

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152 CONTINUED

BOBBY

I'm not "them", don't talk to me about
some "them"...

CATHERINE

No, I won't allow you to make me feel bad...

BOBBY

There's a little more to it than that
for me, at this point...

CATHERINE

I'm really trying to be sensitive to
what you are saying to me, but you are
being impossible...

BOBBY

Because you're lying to me.

CATHERINE

I'm not lying to you.

BOBBY

(interrupts)
You don't love Carl...

CATHERINE

Yes I do.

BOBBY

No you don't.

CATHERINE

Oh, this is useless...

BOBBY

Look, just give me a chance.

CATHERINE

To what?

BOBBY

Some time, some place...away from here.

CATHERINE

You and I and your friend...

BOBBY

No...she knows, Rayette knows...that it
would last only as long as it lasted...

CATHERINE

...just leave her?

152 CONTINUED

BOBBY

I would...work something out. I have to do that. I've been trying to do that... before...

CATHERINE

Robert--it wouldn't work. I'm trying to be delicate, but you simply won't understand. I couldn't go with you. Not only because of Carl, and my music--because of you. There are some men that are fun to be with--you share certain things--but it can't last. It shouldn't last. You're a strange person Robert. I mean--what would it come to? If a person has no respect for themselves, no love of themselves, their work, their friends or family or something-- why should they ask for love in return? How can they expect it?

Silence:

BOBBY

Living out here, in this Rest Home asylum, that's what you want?

CATHERINE

Yes.

Silence.

BOBBY

That'll make you happy.

CATHERINE

I hope it will, yes.

Silence.

BOBBY

That's what you want?

CATHERINE

Yes.

Silence.

CATHERINE

I'm sorry.

A long silence: Bobby looks out toward the ocean.

BOBBY

Okay.

EXT. DUPEA PORCH - DAY

153 Bobby comes out the front door of the Dupea house with a suitcase.

Rayette is already up the drive, putting her 'gear' into the back seat of his car.

Before Bobby reaches the steps to descend, Tita comes out of the door behind him and calls out:

TITA

Bobby:

He turns to her. She comes up to him in her accustomed emotional pitch:

TITA

You're leaving.

BOBBY

Yeah...I said a week. I overstayed myself...

TITA

You were going without saying goodbye to me...

BOBBY

I didn't want to say goodbye to anyone.

TITA

But what about me...

BOBBY

(smiles at her)

I'll say goodbye to you, Tita.

He puts his suitcase down. She embraces him emotionally, then moves back a little to look at him:

TITA

I wish you would never go.

BOBBY

Don't wish that on me, Tita...or yourself.

TITA

I'm sorry...for everything...

BOBBY

Now Tita...

TITA

I don't know what you must think of me, you must think...

153 CONTINUED

BOBBY
I think you're wonderful...

TITA
You do?

BOBBY
I'm crazy about you.

TITA
Oh Robert...

She embraces him again. Over the above Rayette has approached the bottom of the steps with her Poloroid cocked:

RAYETTE
Hey!

Tita and Bobby look down at her:

RAYETTE
Look at the birdie.

She takes a picture of them. Bobby picks up his suitcase, kisses Tita on the cheek:

BOBBY
Bye now.

He goes down the steps. Rayette, fussing with camera at the bottom, stops him:

RAYETTE
Wait Bobby, I want Tita to take a picture of me an you in fron a the place...

He takes her by the arm:

BOBBY
I want to get out of here, Ray...

He starts to move her toward the car.

RAYETTE
Well wait a sec...

She looks up at Tita on the porch:

153 CONTINUED

RAYETTE

I didn't get the chance to thank you all for your hospitality... You tell Carl for me, any time any of you folks want to come on down to our place you'd be more'n welcome...

Bobby moves her along:

BOBBY

Come on.

RAYETTE

Bye Bye now.

Tita lifts a hand to her. She turns and heads with Bobby to the car.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

154 INSTRUMENTAL OVER: (My Arms Stay Open Late)

Once again Bobby's battered dusty car takes the road.

INT. CAR - DAY

155 Bobby drives in silence, his feelings kept to himself.

Rayette is animated, happy to be with him. After a moment:

RAYETTE

Where we off to, Hon?

He shakes his head:

RAYETTE

Home?

BOBBY

I don't know...

Silence:

RAYETTE

Oh am I glad a be with you by myself.

She puts a hand on the back of his neck:

RAYETTE

You don't know.

She looks over at him trying to take in his state:

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155 CONTINUED

RAYETTE

Feelin' bad?
He says nothing:

RAYETTE

Feelin' bad about leavin'?

BOBBY

No.

RAYETTE

Yes you are, though you'd never 'mit to it
in a million years...

...Don't I know you, honey?

...Sure.

Silence.

RAYETTE

You don't want to talk to me? An let me try
an cheer you up?

BOBBY

I don't need any cheering up.

RAYETTE

Okay...

...but just don't forget I'm here.

They drive in silence for a while. Then Rayette begins
to sing softly, the words to "Don't Touch Me."

RAYETTE

Your hand is like a torch
Each time you touch me.
That look in your eye pulls me apart.
Don't open the door to heaven...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

156 Bobby's car moves through a lake or ocean region. Somewher-
far ahead, a causeway or bridge is discernible:

RAYETTE (O.S.)

If I can't come in, Oh don't touch me,
If you don't love me, Sweetheart. Your
kiss is like a drink when I'm thirsty,
And I'm thirsty for you with all my heart...

INT. CAR - DAY

157 Rayette has moved over very close to Bobby. She sings to him:

RAYETTE

But don't love me, then act as tho
we've never kissed, Oh don't touch me...

She kisses him.

RAYETTE

Don't touch me...

She kisses him.

Don't touch me...

She kisses him.

Oh, don't...

Bobby suddenly pushes her away from him.

BOBBY

Cut it out.

Rayette is hurt, lets loose of a little temper.

RAYETTE

Now you quit pushin me away from you Bobby!
I've had enough a that to last me a life time!

She reaches over, hali nits, half pushes him back:

RAYETTE

Just try an be good to me for a change!

She does it again:

RAYETTE

You really get up my Eytalian blood!

She starts to push at him once again. He thrusts out his arm to shove her away. His hand on the wheel moves a shade counter to the thrust:

RAYETTE

Goddam you Bobby!

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EXT. FAR END OF THE BRIDGE - DAY

- 158 Bobby's car suddenly angles slightly to the left, goes slow through the guard rail away from us, glides off the side of the bridge, falls and breaks nose down into the water. It settles down into the silt and disappears from sight eight or ten feet from the bank.
- 159 DISTANT SHOT from the above vantage, as bubbles rise to the surface. There is nothing else for some time. Then a head rises and comes to the surface. It is Rayette.
- 160 She gets herself the short distance to shore and climbs onto the bank. She looks back to the spot the car went in, then begins running back and forth like a frantic dog, at the edge of the water. She stops and screams at the smooth surface empty of any sign, in words so distant to our ear they can barely be heard:

RAYETTE

You son of a bitch.

END